Nehru Abhinandan Granth

A Birthday Book



NEHRU

Abhinandan Gran

A BIRTHDAY BOOK

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PREFACE

This Volume does not contain an assessment of Nehru the Prime Minister, for such an evaluation is only possible in the historical sense and we are still too near the events which took place since he assumed office. It is truly a Birthday Book. Friends and admirers in and outside India have attempted to etch in broad detail the many qualities of head and heart of Nehru the man, and to integrate the life history of the subject into the Freedom battle of India and its consummation.

We recognise the difficulties inherent in weighing and marking contemporary events in relation to the life and being of an idol of the nation, as much as we are certain that individual contributors also are conscious of the same. However, the first half of the Volume deals with Nehru the man, and his contribution to the building up of modern India. The second broad division of the Volume begins with special articles by national and international contributors who are recognised to be specialists in their own respective fields of work. A representative selection of Indian Letters is also included in this division.

We have made an attempt to bring together the most representative collection of photographs covering the entire life of Nehru. A few specimen of distinctive Indian paintings (some of them so far unpublished) are also included, indicating the cultural heritage of the people of this country. Each one of the tail-pieces has been specially drawn for the Volume, and is an epitome in line of the life and sentiment of our people.

We are aware of the numerous limitations of the Volume, and part of these are traceable to the understandable reluctance to evaluate the work of one who holds the highest office in the country, which many friends and admirers would have liked to do in other circumstances.

An almost identical edition in the Hindi language is issued as a companion to this Volume.

The net proceeds from the sale of these two Volumes will be given away to any charity named by Jawaharlal Nehru.

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November 14, 1949

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I

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Jawaharlal Nehru was to Gandhiji what Lakshmana was to Rama in our national epic. I need say nothing more to men of my country. As for other nations, their statesmen know and love Jawaharlal Nehru almost to the point of rousing India's jealousy!— because her love of Jawaharlal Nehru is like that of a sweetheart. Our illustrious Prime Minister has completed sixty years. We can hardly believe it. To us he is ever young.

October 10, 1949

C Rajagopalachari



II
VALLABHBHAI PATEL

Jawaharlal and I have been fellow-members of the Congress, soldiers in the struggle for freedom, colleagues in the Congress Working Committee and other bodies of the Congress, devoted followers of the Great Master who has unhappily left us to battle with grave problems without his guidance, and co-sharers in the great and onerous burden of administration of this vast country. Having known each other in such intimate and varied fields of activity we have naturally grown fond of each other; our mutual affection has increased as years have advanced, and it is difficult for people to imagine how much we miss each other when we are apart and unable to take counsel together in order to resolve our problems and difficulties. This familiarity, nearness, intimacy and brotherly affection make it difficult for me to sum him up for public appreciation, but, then, the idol of the nation, the leader of the people, the Prime Minister of the country, and the hero of the masses, whose noble record and great achievements are an open book, hardly needs any commendation from me.

A clean and resolute fighter, he always fought hard and straight against the foreign government. Having received the baptism of "fire" in his early thirties as an organiser of peasants' movement in the U. P., he imbibed to the full the knowledge of the art and science of non-violent warfare. His ardent emotionalism and his hatred of injustice and oppression converted him into a crusader in the war against poverty, and with an instinctive sympathy for the poor he threw himself heart and soul into the struggle for the amelioration of the lot of the peasantry. His sphere of activities widened, and he soon blossomed forth into a silent organiser of the great institution to which we all dedicated ourselves as an instrument of our emancipation. Gifted with an idealism of a high order, a devotee of beauty and art in life, and equipped with an infinite capacity to magnetise and inspire others and a personality which would be remarkable in any gathering of world's foremost men, Jawaharlal has gone from strength to strength as a political leader. His trip to foreign countries necessitated by the ailment of his wife raised his conception of Indian nationalism to an ethereal international plane. That was the beginning of that international phase of his life and character which has throughout been noticeable in his approach to internal and world problems. Ever since, Jawaharlal has never looked back. He has grown in stature both in India and abroad. The sincerity of his convictions, the breadth of his outlook, the clarity of his vision, and the purity of his emotions—all these have brought to him the homage of millions in this country and outside.

It was, therefore, in the fitness of things that in the twilight preceding the dawn of independence he should have been our leading light, and that when India was faced with crisis after crisis, following the achievement of our freedom, he should have been the upholder of our faith and the leader of our legions. No one knows better

than myself how much he has laboured for his country in the last two years of our difficult existence. I have seen him age quickly during that period, on account of the worries of the high office that he holds and the tremendous responsibilities that he wields. He has never spared himself in the cause of the refugees who have seldom knocked at his door without redress. In the councils of the Commonwealth his has been a most notable contribution; on the world's stage he has played a very remarkable part. Yet, with all this he has maintained that original youthful look, that balanced poise, that sense of perspective and that *sangfroid* and *bonhomie* which are the results of a disciplined philosophy and trained intellect. True, we have some outbursts of his temper, but with his passion for promptness and right and his impatience of wrong and delay, such outbursts have been an incentive to exertion and quick disposal. They have been the reserve forces which, when suddenly released, have at times conquered lethargy, delays, circumlocution and absence of will to act.

As one older in years, it has been my privilege to tender advice to him on the manifold problems with which we have been faced in both administrative and organisational fields. I have always found him willing to seek and ready to take it. Contrary to the impression created by some interested persons and eagerly accepted in credulous circles, we have worked together as lifelong friends and colleagues, adjusting ourselves to each other's point of view as the occasion demanded, and valuing each other's advice as only those who have confidence in each other can. His moods vary from juvenile buoyancy to the seriousness of age and maturity, and exhibit that resilience which is at once disarming and accommodating. He is equally at home in the company of sportive children and deliberative elders. It is this variety and this adaptability which are the secret of his eternal youth, the amazing vitality which he exhibits and the invigorating freshness of his presence.

It is obviously impossible to do justice to his great and pre-eminent personality in these few condensed words. The versatility of his character and attainments at once defy delineation. His thoughts have sometimes a depth which it is not easy to fathom, but underlying them all is a transparent sincerity and a robustness of youth which endear him to every one without distinction of caste and creed, race or religion.

It is to this priceless possession of a Free India that we pay homage to-day on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of his birth. May he secure greater and greater triumphs in the cause of his country and in the pursuit of his ideals!

October 14, 1949

III

RAJENDRA PRASAD

The history of Bharat during the last thirty years or more is inextricably intertwined with the life and activity of Jawaharlal Nehru. He has been in the forefront of the struggle for freedom of the country, having courted imprisonments more times than I can recall and spent more time in gaol than I and perhaps even he can mention off-hand. For many years he has been the chief draftsman of the resolutions passed by the Indian National Congress and its All-India Committee and Working Committee, as also of the most important statements of its policy. He has presided over four sessions of the Congress, and in that capacity, and also as its Secretary in the earlier days, by his untiring work, great powers of organisation, sense of discipline and extensive whirlwind tours helped not only in rousing the spirit of the people but also in building up the organisation that the Congress has proved itself to be. He has on many important occasions not only influenced but laid down the policy which the Congress has adopted. Only one instance of this may be mentioned here. The Congress had adopted as its objective the attainment of *Swaraj*. The expression *Swaraj* is a most comprehensive expression, and its full meaning cannot be brought out by any single word in English. But it was felt by many that while it meant full and complete independence without any connection with the British Empire, it might also include and mean Dominion Status. They, therefore, wanted to amend the first article of the Congress Constitution and substitute it by some expressions which would include Dominion Status. Resolutions to this effect began to be moved at the sessions of the Congress in 1921 and they became a sort of a hardy annual. But the idea gathered strength and came within the range of practical politics when he took it up at the Madras session of the Congress in December, 1927. The first article was amended when he presided over the Lahore session of the Congress in December, 1929. Not that many other notables in the Congress did not have their share in changing and converting the mass of Congressmen, but there is no doubt that Jawaharlal Nehru was largely responsible for the amendment of the Congress Constitution.

It is well known that he did not accept Mahatma Gandhi's teachings, instinctively as it were. His life and training had not prepared him for any such sudden conversion. He accepted them to the extent he did after much mental struggle and cogitation, and I feel I shall not be misrepresenting him if I state that he had never accepted them even mentally in their entirety. It is this gift of discerning and discriminating between differing ideas and principles that distinguishes him at once from what may be called a *bhakta* or devotee and an unsympathetic and un-understanding critic of the great Master. His transparent integrity and capacity to see and understand the other point of view have, in spite of his not-infrequent, immediate and adverse reaction to many a proposal expressed with firmness not-unmixed with outbursts of

temper, enabled him to adjust himself and bring about a common course of action on many an important turning point in our history. When once he has accepted a proposition he has thrown himself heart and soul into action to implement it. He holds strong views, but has not allowed himself to be identified with any group or party within the Congress.

Since September 1946, when he with his colleagues first entered the Government of India, and more particularly since August 1947 he has been at the helm of affairs, and has been responsible for all that the Government has done or omitted to do as the Prime Minister of any other independent country would be. The country has had to take momentous decisions and face tremendous aftermaths of those decisions. Any lesser man would have long ago broken down under the strain. But he has stood like a firm rock and stuck to what he has felt to be the right course, despite mounting opposition by some of his intimate co-workers. We are not yet out of the woods. The problems which independence and partition of the country have created, many of them still remain to be solved. We have achieved independence, but it still needs constant and careful watching and nursing to be firmly established and able to withstand and counter and conquer all forces of aggression from without and of disorder from within. We have succeeded under the guidance of his great colleague, co-worker—and if I may be permitted to put it—counterpart—in integrating the whole of Bharat as it is today. But the great task of conquering and removing poverty, disease and ignorance and establishing a society which will ensure to all, in the words of our Constitution, justice, liberty, equality and fraternity, still remains to be accomplished. Indeed, we have only just launched our boat of independence on the limitless ocean, and the great work of making Bharat worthy of its great past and fit for a greater future has just begun. It needs a great vision to peer into the future, and a greater determination and capacity to act in the present to fulfil and complete it. Jawaharlal Nehru possesses these in abundance, and has been hailed not only by his own countrymen but by others who count in the world to-day as a great leader of men and statesman. He needs all the support that we can give him. The country and the world need his services for many many years to come. May he live long to shape and guide our destiny and to see the Bharat of his dreams, the Bharat of the dreams of the Father of the Nation, as a living, functioning reality—this is the wish and prayer of countless men and women on this, the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday!

November 14, 1949

Tributes

THE IDEAL ITSELF

ÉAMON DE VALÉRA

Next to Gandhi, the name Nehru has meant to us here in Ireland - Indian Independence - the ideal itself, and the movement to achieve it.

We rejoice that Free India has Nehru to guide it in its initial formative years. We pray that every noble dream that he has dreamed for India during the long period over which he has striven to win her freedom, may be realised - everything that would make for the well-being of the Indian people - everything that would exalt India among the nations - everything that would increase her contribution to the ennoblement and the happiness of mankind.

We wish him many further years of fruitful endeavour in the interests of his nation and his people.

GANDHI'S GREAT HEIR

S. N. AGARWAL

"Jawaharlal is my political heir. He may differ from me while I am living. But when I am gone he will begin speaking my language". These were the prophetic words of Bapu, the Father of our People, in the course of his memorable address to the A.I.C.C. at Wardha a few months before the historic August Rebellion. And it is, indeed, wonderful how Pandit Nehru has changed remarkably after the passing away of Gandhiji. During his lifetime, Jawaharlalji had many occasions to differ from Bapu, and differ violently even on the principle of non-violence. But today Nehru stands out, like a solemn and shining tower, as, perhaps, the greatest disciple of his Master. In a world which is weary of violence and hatred, Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, is the only outstanding statesman who always delivers the message of Love and *Ahimsa* to the warring nations. His *extempore* address to the Special Session of the United Nations General Assembly will go down in history as a classical speech of Mahatma Gandhi's noblest disciple and "heir".

In handling internal situations, our Prime Minister has been showing notable patience and broadness of outlook, even at the risk of being misunderstood. The way he has dealt with the intricate problems connected with Pakistan, Kashmir and Hyderabad always reminds us of Gandhiji's life-giving and eternal message, which might have been easily forgotten by a lesser leader. But Pandit Nehru always seems to follow in the footsteps of his Master, almost intuitively and even in the face of grave risks to his own life.

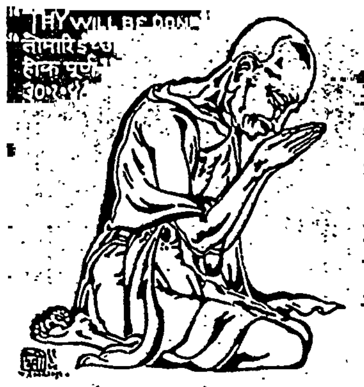
It will be foolish to doubt his sincerity even for a moment. Those who sometimes feel that Jawaharlalji only pays lip-worship to Gandhiji, by so often mentioning his name for exploiting public sentiment, do not seem to know their Prime Minister at all. Pandit Nehru may have any other fault or shortcoming, but not that of hypocrisy under any circumstances. It is simply unthinkable. His dignified sincerity is so noble and transparent that he who mistakes it for insincerity is surely a hypocrite himself. One may not like his occasional anger and hot words, but to express the slightest doubt about his radiant sincerity would be almost criminal.

Pandit Nehru is head and shoulders above us all; he is easily one of the most outstanding statesmen of the Age. His deep scholarship, broad vision, innate goodness and loveable personality have already made him immortal. Even as the brilliant author of the *Glimpses of World History, An Autobiography* and the *Discovery of India,* his name would live through the ages. As the first Prime Minister of Free India he will be gratefully remembered by the coming generations, as the great leader who successfully piloted the ship of Indian State through very rough seas, and at a time when the very freedom of the country was at stake.

But, despite all this greatness and uniqueness, our Prime Minister is as simple as a child. He smiles and laughs like a child, frowns and frets like a child, jumps and runs like a child. His physical energy and untiring activity is also childlike. He may speak harsh and angry words, but he never harbours ill-will against any body. When his anger, which he happens to inherit from his great father, cools down, he does not hesitate to apologise readily to the person concerned, without nursing any hatred or grievance. His childlike heart is full of affection for his people; it instantaneously revolts against injustice, inefficiency and untruth.

Nehru is, thus, rightly Gandhi's great heir in more senses than one. India is, indeed, fortunate in having him as her Prime Minister, or "the first servant" as Nehru likes to call himself. Nehru is a Man of Destiny, and India is a Nation of Destiny. May God give him health and strength to serve India for many years to come, so that she might grow into a great and united country, shedding radiant light in the midst of surrounding darkness which threatens to engulf the very existence of mankind.

March 3, 1949



MAN OF ACTION

UPTON SINCLAIR

I have read Nehru's autobiography, and I have followed his career with admiration and sympathy. It is seldom that a man of ideas lives long enough to have a chance to put his ideas into action.

To Nehru, whose ideas I share completely, I send cordial sympathy and best wishes.

February 18, 1949



TWO SONNETS TO JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

I

The ship of State ploughs stubbornly and plods
Across the darkling waters of the times
Which, captained by our Man of vision, climbs
The boisterous ocean, buffeting dark odds
Of self-intoxicate waters...Ever since
He gripped the helm, the unsteady compass-point
Grows steady; for "his form and cause conjoint"
Acclaim him of high leadership a prince.

With tolerance and ever-wakeful care
He toils at a whole nation's destiny
Moulding his life into a constant prayer
That Indian freedom may be truly free
Aiding the ship through thunder-thud and roar
And lightning threat, safely to reach the shore.

II

He is a lighthouse with illumined eye
Lighting the entire horizon darkening round,
While lo! on every side of him resound
Death-dealing tempests, threatening land and sky;
His is a splendour that can never die
Being born of wisdoms, quiet and profound,
With which his never-ageing brow is crowned,
At every turn proving the dark a lie!
We hail you, noble Lighthouse! on this day
When all the nation's eyes are turned to you
Trusting that you will rescue, ray by ray,
The floundering ship of life, and bring it through
Safely at last, despite black storms that rave
With challenging menace of wild wind and wave.

March 11, 1949

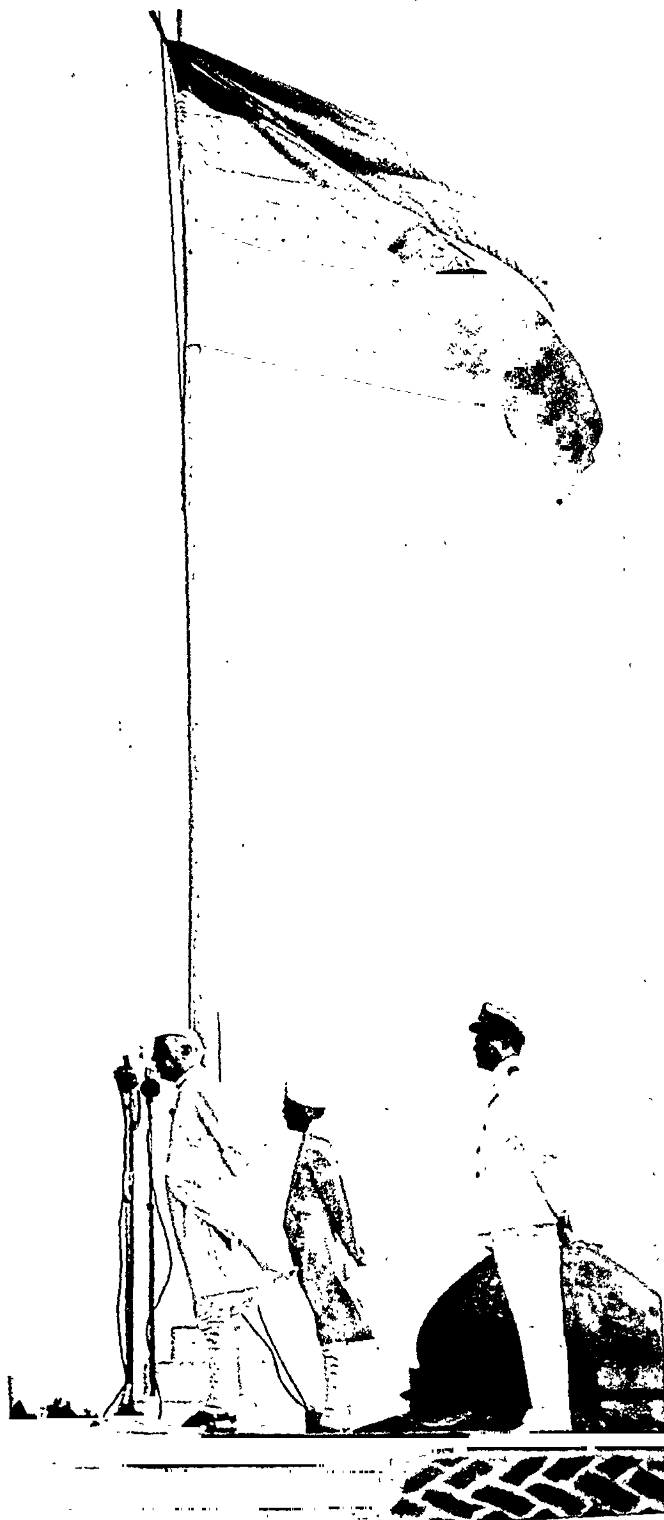
HISTORIC FIGURE OF STORMY AGE

GILBERT MURRAY

I feel it a great honour to be asked to contribute to the Commemoration Volume presented to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who will, without doubt, stand out as one of the great historic figures of this stormy age. In succession to my deeply revered friend, Mahatma Gandhi, Nehru has, with indomitable fortitude, high moral and intellectual integrity, and a remarkable mastery of the cultures of both East and West, pursued and achieved successfully the great aim of his own life and his country's aspiration. India has no longer any thing to claim in the way of freedom. The problems of that struggle are over; those which she had now to face are no less hard, but quite different. She is now a Great Power and has the responsibilities of a Great Power, concerned not merely with its independence or its national interests, but with its share in the wise direction of world affairs.

I remember a conversation many years ago with Mahatma Gandhi. He was emphasizing the principle of nationality and independence, while I, being at that time wrapped up in the movement for the League of Nations, ventured to stress the extreme dangers of nationalism and the need for inter-dependence. There was no real difference of opinion. We both recognised that independence was an ideal first to be won and then forgotten for the sake of the higher ideal of co-operation and brotherhood. India was already at that time making notable contributions to the thought of the world in the work of the League of Nations, and particularly in the sphere with which I was most concerned, the enterprise of Intellectual Co-operation.

This move from the claim for independence to a sense of co-operative responsibility is one through which many nations have passed. The United States, for many generations after her War of Independence, clung to her ideal of isolation and self-sufficiency, with an avoidance of all foreign entanglements; at last, she is recognising that the time for isolation is past, and her duty now is to accept the responsibilities of a Great Power. My own country, Australia, when I was a boy, looked forward always to "cutting the painter" which attached her to Britain; now she is concerned with playing her full part both in the Commonwealth and the United Nations. India is already being faced with problems of the type which used to be called "imperial"—that is, problems of responsibility and guardianship. She has had the problems of Pakistan, Kashmir, Hyderabad, not always easy of solution. She may be faced with both duties and dangers resulting from the long civil war in China and the reverberations of Japanese activity in South East Asia. And, meantime, there is the complex domestic problem of uniting in a common Indian patriotism the sectional interests necessarily arising from so great a diversity of race, language,



BANNER OF THE INDIAN UNION

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru addressing the nation from the ramparts of the historic Red Fort after unfurling the flag on the second anniversary of India's Independence on August 15, 1949.

Punjab Photo Service, New Delhi



NEHRU SHARES A JOKE WITH HIS GURU

caste and creed. It is a great thing that in the present critical period India is led by one who, while he well understands the psychology of resistance and rebellion, has also the experience and intellectual power of a wise and responsible statesman. May Pandit Nehru long be spared to lead India towards her due position in the world as one of the chief pillars of peace and law.

February 18, 1949



MEETING OF EAST AND WEST

ANNA KAMENSKY

"East and West belong to Allah." (*Quran*)

To all the brilliant testimonies given in the *Nehru Abhinandan Granth,* this sincere homage is added very heartily, for, in all countries, Prime Minister Nehru is admired for the way he carries on the work of his responsible office amidst many difficulties in these troubled times. Great are his faith, his devotion and his courage. As a true son of India, he remains faithful to the best of her noble traditions, so precious to us all.

How can we win World Peace? That is the problem as many Vanguard Societies are facing in the present time. After the lessons of the recent two wars, it is clear that the problem cannot be solved without the collaboration of all nations and races. Yet, at peace congresses and conferences, it is often spoken only of Europe, of the future United States of Europe and of the necessity of saving her civilization for the sake of the world, forgetting that it has a link so important with the world that there must be a universal collaboration to achieve this end. Especially Asia must not be forgotten, for she has much to say and her voice is of the greatest importance.

It was a joy to read recently the speech of the Prime Minister, addressed to the Assembly of the United Nations in Paris, on November 3, 1948.

He reminded the Assembly of the world aspects of the problem. He spoke of the interest of India and of the East in the tragedy of Europe, but he said also how Asia was surprised to see that often she was forgotten in the discussion, as if her voice and co-operation were not important in the matter. His speech deserves our greatest attention. "May I say, as a representative of Asia, that we honour Europe for her culture and for her advance in the civilization which it represents? May I say that we are equally interested in the solution of European problems; but may I also say that the world is somewhat bigger than Europe, and you will not solve your problem by thinking that the problems of the world are mainly European problems... There are vast tracts of the world which may not, in the past, have taken much of a part in world affairs, but they are awake, their people are moving, and they have no intention whatever of being ignored, or of being passed by ... It is a simple fact that we have to remember, because unless you have a full picture of the world before you, if you isolate any single problem in the world from the rest, you do not understand the world problem. To-day I venture to say that Asia counts in the world affairs. To-morrow it will count much more than today. Great countries like India, which have passed out of the colonial stage, do not conceive it possible that other countries should remain under the yoke of colonial

rule. We in Asia regard it as a vital privilege, because it has been a vital problem to us, and it is a question to which I wish to draw attention—that is, a question of racial equality, which is something laid down in the provisions of the United Nations Charter..." (*One World*, December-January, 1949).

The Prime Minister asks the Assembly to leave for a while the political side of the question, and to think of places where in the world food is lacking. He speaks also of the atmosphere of doubt and fear, which may have terrible consequences and which must be dissipated. We must bring a message of hope to the world. The atmosphere of hope and good-will must be created before we begin to assemble a world-wide Parliament.

A great pacifist, Captain Bach, has expressed the same idea when speaking of World's reconstruction. (*The Tragedy of Peace*) He compared the atmosphere of good-will and understanding with the pure atmosphere of the Alps. It is in this atmosphere that those who dream of rebuilding the World ought to be bathed, before beginning to work together on the physical plane. The first contact of the members of the Universal Parliament ought to be taken on the heights of the hills. Of course, "the Parliament must be composed of the representatives of *all* religions, creating the real atmosphere for the political Parliament in the valley. First, human souls must meet on the summits." This is his declaration.

Often it is said: "East is East, and West is West; and never the twain shall meet." Quoting a word of Kipling, people forget that the writer has added two lines to the contrary: "But people wise and full of good-will can meet together from East and West, and understand each other." Of course, the Eastern and Western ideals are somewhat different, but both are necessary for the perfection of the human race in the far-off future. The perishing of either of them would mean, as Dr. Annie Besant puts it, "that the perfection of the Race would not and could not be reached." ("*The Great Plan*" by Annie Besant). The law of the family, expanded to the nation-basis of the ideal of civilization, is the Eastern ideal. The ideal of the individual, exaggerated by the Western conception, brings in struggle, strife and combat, dividing instead of uniting. The idea of duty and the idea of human right, having gone to excess, must complete each other, East and West collaborating heartily together. Then the world shall find its equilibrium, and the state of turmoil and unrest will come to an end in Europe and in the whole world. So you cannot forget Asia. West wants East for the reconstruction task. India is the heart of Asia, and her voice and co-operation are of the greatest importance for the good of all peoples of the earth, because of her noble traditions and her high ideals.

Thus, the Prime Minister is right in reminding the Assembly of the share of Asia in the work of reconstruction. The problem of Peace is a world problem, not only an European.

In beginning his speech, Brother Nehru reminds us of the real factor of Peace, which is not based on physical force, but on the spirit of love and wisdom. If we are entering a new cycle of human history, an era of Peace, human consciousness must be illuminated by love. As Huxley put it beautifully in the UNESCO: "The

war was prepared in the mental of men; Peace must be built first of all in the mental". Not the mental of the little "I", but the mental of the noble, "higher I". Its inspiration comes from the heart, whose expression is greatness and loving service.

March 6, 1949



EMANCIPATION OF ASIA

AHMED EMIN YALMAN

It was in 1942. As a member of a group of five Turkish editors, I was flying back to Turkey by way of Miami, Haiti, British Guiana, Brazil and Africa after visiting Canada and America. While spending a night on a vast airport in British Guiana, I lost my way in the darkness. Finally, I came across a native boy of about sixteen years of age, employed in one of the messes, who accepted to act as guide. When he heard in the course of our talk that I was a Turk, he said enthusiastically:

"Then you are my friend."

"Why should I be your friend?" I enquired. "Are you perhaps Muhammadan?"

"No I am a Christian. You are my friend, because you belong to a nation which Great Powers worked very hard to enslave, but you succeeded to assert your independence. This is encouraging for us. It gives us the hope that we too may acquire our independence and respect for our human dignity."

I was startled by the urge of dignity and emancipation in this simple boy. He was fortunate to receive some education: he seemed to have a remunerative job. Still, the important thing for him was not to be treated as a subordinate being, but to enjoy human rights as a full equal.

Many Europeans who pretend to bring some of the benefits of modern technique and some sort of justice and public order to retarded countries, have never understood why people are not grateful for their services and why they don't accept their subordinate position in full humility. It is obvious, however, that the sense of human dignity for people in some sort of subjugation is as important at least as food and shelter. Particularly those deprived of it against their will would be apt to suffer deeply, when they are treated as subordinates in their own country by foreign intruders.

The Turks, with one foot in Asia, had to devote the greater part of their energy during the last hundred and fifty years to maintain their independence and dignity, and have felt a close sympathy and understanding for the struggle of the Asiatic people in the same direction. Mahatma Gandhi was admired by every Turk; also Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, a closest co-worker and pioneer fighter for the emancipation of India and general uplift of human dignity.

We are now on the threshold of a new era. Relationship by compulsion is making place more and more to that by free volition. The long, patient struggle of Gandhi, Nehru and many other pioneers has certainly borne almost complete fruits. The people of India can be considered to be masters of their destinies.

It is now the common problem for Asiatic people to assert their ability to accomplish constructive work and to establish order and stability in their environment,

so that they can rightly make claims to equality with nations which have been beneficiaries in the recent historical period of technical and social progress. We all must put our pride into this problem, take advantage of each other's experiences, maintain a close contact, and morally uphold each other in our difficult task.

We have found in our own struggle that freedom and tolerance are the main keys to the realm of progress. Turkey has started to advance in a continuous way, only after separating religion from politics and divorcing all traces of a theocratic form of Government. This was by no means an irreligious act. On the contrary, religion gained in sincerity after becoming an instrument of ethical uplift and devotion alone.

As a result of this experience, we heartily wish that religious differences should not be a separating influence in the relations of India and Pakistan, but an era of tolerance and co-operation should set in, which will enable the continent of the entire area to resist all sorts of destructive and subversive influences, and to feel jointly the responsibility for establishing stability and progress in entire Asia. This solidarity, again, should not be a discrimination against Europe and America, but a regional activity for the common human purposes. The time has come for the East, which has furnished, thousands of years ago, the main ethical background of civilization, to assert itself and to become a dynamic influence in the creation of a new world.

While we in Turkey, in a most self-critical mood and in full realization of our shortcomings, are preparing ourselves to do our share in this common struggle, we consider the personality of Nehru as one of the great hopes for making our common dream about Asia to come true. We admire his past work, and feel sure that his future work will further the cause of the fundamental emancipation and progress of Asia.

March 10, 1949



INDIA'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

LORD PETHICK-LAWRENCE

I am happy to be given the opportunity to pay a tribute to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in the pages of this volume. During the years that I have been privileged to count him among my friends my admiration for his qualities has steadily grown. But he has told me that where so many have rendered service to his country he dislikes being singled out for special praise. On the personal side, I will content myself, therefore, with the one incontrovertible statement that India has been indeed fortunate to have as her first Prime Minister a man of his noble character, rich and varied experience and exceptional breadth of outlook.

India has secured control of her own destiny at a time when the whole civilization of the world is being reincarnated. Old customs and old ideas which have held sway almost from the dawn of history are being discarded. The nation-states of Western Europe in which these ideas were recently embodied are fallen from their high estate. New thoughts are filling the minds of men and women. Some of these have already taken shape. Others are in the realm of the sub-conscious, waiting to be born. India has not merely to adapt herself to these kaleidoscopic changes in the pattern of human life, she has also to play an active part in the conception and gestation of the civilization that is to be. How important this part is will be realised when we descend from the general to the particular.

First, on the purely material plane, the world is being transformed by the new powers of mass production, radio, television, flight, radar and atomic fission. Every one of these is capable of being used to set men and women free from the sordid scramble for animal existence and enable them to develop to its full stature their physical, moral and spiritual being. But, alternatively, they may be abused so as to bring about the greater enslavement and degradation of the human race. Which shall it be? The voice of India will be an important factor in the decision.

Next come the recent biological discoveries, including new means of eradicating disease in men, plants and animals. It is even possible that we are on the eve of revolutionary changes in the whole matter of the growth and production of food. India has suffered grievously in the past from malnutrition and preventable ill-health. The responsibility now rests upon her own scientists to find out the remedy, and upon her statesmen to apply it.

The civilization now passing away was founded upon inequality. Even upright and religious men and women seemed to see nothing wrong in a structure of society in which some people lived in luxury, while others toiled unceasingly and remained in squalor and degradation. But Gandhiji was one of those who saw in this system an affront to human dignity; and he inveighed against it unceasingly by

precept and example. At first the doctrine of communism in its pure form seemed to be the answer, but in its application it has got entangled in power politics and totalitarian dictatorship. The new civilization has to be founded upon human equality; and India, in memory of her Mahatma and in accord with the generous impulses of her Prime Minister, will wish to take a foremost place among the nations who are imbued with the new spirit.

In the realm of internal government India has astonished the world by her achievement. Even those of us who had the greatest faith in her statesmen scarcely dared to hope that she would be able to integrate the whole of her territory in so short a time and with such general approval. The highest praise is due to all those who have contributed to this remarkable result. It augurs well for the future stability of her State and provides a fine example to other nations.

What of the international outlook? Here I am convinced that India has a part of paramount importance to play. She occupies a pivotal place on the map of the World. She looks westward to Europe and the Atlantic Ocean, eastward to China, to the Pacific and to the Americas, northward to the lands of the Soviet Union in Asia, south-west to the varied races of Africa, and south-east to the new civilization of Australia and New Zealand. So situated, she cannot exist isolated and detached.

The world needs friendship and co-operation. It needs the mutual interchange of materials and ideas. Above all, it needs peace. But peace, like liberty, requires eternal vigilance for its preservation. It requires the constant avoidance of the pairs of opposites—arrogance and cowardice, aggressiveness and subservience, self-sufficiency and undue dependence, anarchy and regimentation. A free and democratic India, in close association with other like-minded, free and democratic peoples, can be a great bulwark of peace and of constructive fellowship in the community of nations.

Long may Panditji be spared to exercise his wise leadership in guiding the destinies of his country!

March 9, 1949



A MAN OF ACTION

Sardul Singh Caveeshar

His well-chiselled profile, as that of a Grecian statue, clearly indicates that Jawaharlalji has the mental make up of a cultured idealist. His enthusiastic interest in international affairs in general; his whole-hearted support of the U.N.O.'s ideal; his active share in Spanish, Chinese and Indonesian politics; his sympathy with Russia and regard for the United States and English institutions; his devotion to literature, history and science; all go to show how large is his heart and how high the reach of his mind. If his features have descended from some marble in the Parthenon, his mind seems to have been cast from some such mould as gave birth to the family of philosophers who produced masterpieces like Plato's *Republic* and Aristotle's *Metaphysics*.

I think it was Lord Linlithgow who invited about five dozen Indian politicians to know what they thought of British-Indian relations. Jawaharlalji was of course invited. After the interview, the Viceroy informed his Law Member, Sir Nilratan Sarkar, that all the time Nehru was talking with him he thought he was moving in some higher region. Panditji was invited to talk with the Viceroy about Indian politics, but he talked of India and the British Empire, not as if they were some isolated phenomena, but as if they were the playgrounds of the general forces that enveloped the whole world. His observations transcended all narrow parochial outlook; he was not like other politicians, lost in the contemplation of the tree and its leaves, without realising what was to be the fate of the whole of the encircling wood.

The late Maharaja Bhupindar Singh of Patiala, a very astute reader of human character, also told me the same story. Lord Willingdon had invited Gandhiji to Simla to discuss about the Congress participation in the Second Round Table Conference in London. Nehruji was also there to help him in the discussions. Patiala met Nehruji by chance in a book-shop; he introduced himself as one of Panditji's admirers and invited him next afternoon to tea. Panditji gladly accepted the invitation. He was with the Maharaja only for about an hour. But the Maharaja told me that he learnt from Panditji about world politics in that one hour as he had not learnt from any one else in his whole life, though he had travelled all over Europe many times, and seen kings and their ministers as few other Indians had ever the opportunity to do. The Maharaja also told me that he was simply thrilled; he forgot all about his State and the Princely Order about whose fate he wanted to discuss. Panditji took the Maharaja quite out of local and petty interests; he showed His Highness how the world forces were moving, and placed before him a vision of to-morrow, which only a seer and a prophet could conjure up.

Panditji is an idealist. His dignified simplicity, aristocratic cleanliness, and detached outlook on life make him an ideal philosopher. But that is only one aspect of his life and character. If Panditji's head floats aloft in the heavens, his feet never leave the earth. Idealistic thought and realistic action go in him hand in hand. He not only thinks and dreams, he also works to give a practical shape to these dreams; and he works to this end as hard as few others can.

Indians, as a nation, have been blamed as being visionaries and dreamers. Their backwardness in material resources is often attributed to the tropical climate, which induces mental laziness and physical lethargy. Critics accuse Indians that owing to these climatic effects they are not a race of very active people.

But here is a curious phenomenon. New India's two great leaders, Gandhiji and Pandit Nehru, both of them dream great dreams and see great visions; but at the same time work for their people, day and night, without respite or relaxation. The solid output of their work can compare very favourably with the work of any two European, American or Asiatic statesmen of these days put together. As was the case with Gandhiji, Nehruji works tirelessly like a machine. If Gandhiji did not die early of hard work, or if Nehruji's health is so good, it is mainly due to the blessed trait of their life that both of them have lived a simple and chaste life that borders on austerity.

Pandit Jawaharlal is a dreamer and a visionary, but not of the lotus-eating type; he is pre-eminently a man of action. If Gandhiji gave the Congress a new life, it was Jawaharlalji who gave it a new body.

Before the advent of Gandhiji, the Congress was an organisation of the select few, mostly that of the lawyers and businessmen who were wedded to evolutionary and constitutional methods. Similarly, the parallel revolutionary movement believing in the cult of the pistol and the bomb was manned by a few ardent young men, who naturally worked secretly and in small restricted numbers. Gandhiji not only brought the most ardent of the evolutionary and revolutionaries on one platform; he made the Congress organisation an organisation of the masses. He infused new life in the dead bones of Indian politics. Not the educated few, but the man in the street and behind the plough, old and young, women and children, under Gandhiji's leadership, became politically conscious as never before.

From an organisation of the select few Gandhiji made the Congress the most popular organisation of the country. But, before India got political freedom, the Congress was not only the most popular organisation, it was also the most powerful organisation in the country. And for its organisational strength almost all, if not all, the credit is due to Jawaharlalji.

Before Jawaharlalji became its General Secretary, the Congress was only an yearly show. Usually it had three General Secretaries who functioned only in name. Jawaharlalji organised the secretariat of the Congress, gave it a central home, and turned it into a living organisation, functioning from day to day, and creating a network of similar units all over the country, in the provinces, in the districts, in the *talukas* and even in the villages.

Before Jawaharlalji, the Congress Secretary used to be a sort of personal assistant to the President of the Congress, and his living room used to function as the office of the Congress. Jawaharlalji inspired his great father, Motilalji, to dedicate their old Allahabad home for the use of the Congress secretariat, and *Anand Bhawan* became *Swaraj Bhawan* in the true sense of the words. It was from this office that, during all the active years of the Congress struggle for Indian independence, orders, instructions, and propaganda literature were issued to regularise the whole of the political life of the country. The Congress became not only a living organization but also a well-regulated and an effective party machine that functioned like a living organism, having mind and brain to direct and control its activities with a set purpose and a well-defined aim. Under Jawaharlalji's secretaryship the Congress organisation became one of the most powerful and effective party organisations of the world. In numerical strength of its membership and in the wide-spread effect of its decisions, it could easily rival the great political parties of America, England and Russia.

The strength of the Congress organisation is a good example of Jawaharlalji's practical bent of mind. But even here his selfless idealism never left him for a moment. Panditji, by his steady, hard and tireless work, has created a great party machine, but he has no party of his own. All great leaders, Indian or others, have always had a party or clique to support them through thick and thin, whether right or wrong. Such a party is regarded as the leader's special concern. But Jawaharlalji has organised no such party. He has admirers in legion, but his selflessness and intellectual pride would not allow him to have a party of his own. Often he stands all alone, in solitary grandeur, having no one whom he could call his follower in the narrow sense of the word.

Jawaharlalji's practical commonsense is well displayed in another sphere also. He holds very strong and well-defined views on all important questions; political, economic, social, ethical and even religious. But when it comes to working for common good, he would not hesitate to work whole-heartedly with those who do not share his ideas or ideals. He shall work indefatigably to put forward his own point of view before his colleagues; but if he cannot carry others with him, for the common cause, he would gladly put aside his own ideas and views and carry out faithfully what is decided by his colleagues and friends. It is this spirit of healthy compromise that does not allow him to break with those who appear to be standing poles asunder from his political or social ideas.

Panditji did not believe in the extreme form of pacifism that was often insisted upon by Gandhiji. But few Indians were more loyal and more zealous to uphold Gandhiji's ideals than Panditji. No one dare speak a word in his presence in criticism of Gandhiji's ideas. It was not for nothing that Gandhiji regarded Jawaharlalji as his political heir. Notwithstanding ideological differences, Gandhiji knew that it was Jawaharlalji alone who could give his ideas a practical form in the political life of the country.

The terms of the Gandhi-Irwin Pact greatly upset Jawaharlalji, who was then

the President of the Congress. For two days he was quarrelling with the Working Committee of the Congress and Gandhiji about the weakness of those terms. Every minute during those fateful days he was complaining and fidgeting. Even the Viceroy came to know of these differences and expressed to Gandhiji his concern at the situation. But Gandhiji assured him that it was only a family quarrel which would compose itself in no time. When Gandhiji and the Working Committee accepted the Pact, Jawaharlalji carried it out as loyally as if it were of his own making. He gladly and vigorously put forward the Congress resolution before the annual session at Karachi for the acceptance of the pact by the whole nation.

Similar tolerance and large-heartedness are also manifest in Panditji's leadership of the National Cabinet. His leanings towards the Left are well-known. It is also well-known that he hates communalism from the very bottom of his heart. But there are in his Cabinet people who are said to represent capitalistic interests, and who are said to have a communal outlook in politics. On account of these differences, rumour-mongers often predict of a split in the Cabinet. But all this is wrong and wishful thinking. Panditji is not a fanatic; he is not wedded to any ideology. His only concern is the betterment of the Indian masses and the glorification of the name and fame of his country. For this objective he is prepared to turn to the left or right, from wherever he could get support to reach his objective. Panditji does not know how to break with any one; for the sake of the good of the country he is ready to bend down to any reasonable extent. His sound commonsense always directs him to find the right quarters.

This elasticity of mind is reflected also in his physical habits. He is now sixty years of age. According to Indian standards, he can be regarded as a man of advanced years. But there is a spring in his gait; he blissfully frisks about, not even like a youngman but like a school boy full of vim and vigour. He loves life, he loves nature, and he loves beauty. Flowers and forests, hills and valleys, snow-clad mountains and vast seas, stars and clouds, are ever fresh and new to him. He feels as much at home with them as with the learned tomes and intricate files. Endowed with the spirit of never-tiring curiosity, his encyclopædic tastes press him for more and more knowledge in every direction. Like an exquisite dancer he skips from one subject to the other, with gusto and enthusiasm born of perennial youth.

Sometimes Panditji accuses himself of effervescent temper. But he forgets that he has not out-grown his divine childhood. Like a child he cannot help being impatient with evil and ugliness. Years have made him tolerant and generous, but it takes long for acquired social habits to overcome innate physical and mental traits.

He would regard it as a sacrilege to compare him with Gandhiji. He is cast in quite a different mould. But if there is anyone in India who can pull up his countrymen to the heights where Gandhiji wanted Indians to reach, it is Pandit Jawaharlalji, the man with a heart ever fresh and young and a mind growing ever in knowledge and wisdom.

March 9, 1949

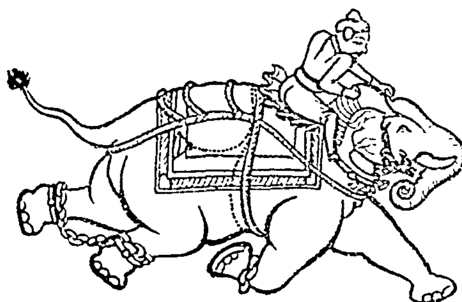
REMARKABLE RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT

HAROLD J. LASKI

I am very glad to pay my tribute to Jawaharlal Nehru as one of his English friends. Few things in my life have been more impressive than his emergence from the position of an intermittent political prisoner to that of the Prime Minister of India, with an influence in the Far East so wide, so creative, and so clearly exercised with imagination and responsibility. I do not need to add that this is what everyone who knew him would have expected from their previous knowledge of Mr. Nehru. I feel sure that in his hands one can look forward with confidence to the continuance of the remarkable record he has so far achieved.

One hope I strongly express, bold though the claim may be, is that he will be able, midst his special preoccupations to assist India to move from one party government to the normal representative system of bi-partisan government, in furtherance of my own belief that upon the existence of an opposition, with powers at once critical and constructive, rests the basis of good government. I am confident that Mr. Nehru is also of this view, since it was his achievement as Leader of the Opposition to the British Government in India which gave him the high status he now enjoys among all who care for freedom and democracy.

March 3, 1949



AN INDIAN HAMLET

Arthur Moore

Harrow school has a song with a somewhat mournful burden:

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help us that once we were strong?

If we look round the world today, we find certain notable Harrovians who have put on considerably more than forty years since their school days but show none of this prophesied feebleness. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Amery, and H.E. Maharaj Singh, Governor of Bombay, were all contemporaries at Harrow in the nineties, and India's Prime Minister left school early in the present century. The recipe against rheumatism which the song prescribes is to have goals both to guard and beleaguer, and games to play out, whether earnest or fun; above all, not to weary of the game, but to "follow up, follow up, follow up!"

A goal in front, a steady purpose, these Jawaharlal Nehru has had from school days, and they do something to explain the amazing energy he displays today. Three years ago he showed signs of weariness; now he seems to carry confidently an enormous burden.

The secret, I think, lies in fulfilment. Here is a man who has spent a great part of a lifetime in fighting for his country's freedom against a Power with which he was otherwise in much sympathy. The fight ended suddenly and he finds himself not only the idolized arbiter of his country's fortunes, but also with the internal conflict produced by his English education resolved. He is a more fortunate Hamlet who has discovered that he was mistaken in supposing that one of his parents wished the death of the other. In his autobiography he gave us a glimpse of the reality of that inner conflict:

> "Do what I will, I cannot get rid of the habits of mind and the standards and ways of judging other countries, as well as life generally, which I acquired at school and college in England. All my predilections (apart from the political plane) are in favour of England and the English people, and if I have become what is called an uncompromising opponent of British rule in India it is almost in spite of myself."

No longer does his desire for vengeance and justice preoccupy him, nor an ever-recurring Hindu-Moslem dilemma frustrate him. His talents turn freely to meet the great constructive demands made upon them. No longer is it "cursed spite" to be called upon to set right the times that are so out of joint.

Nevertheless, he remains Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark amongst the world's statesmen today. Introspective but freely self-revealing; sociable yet a man apart, with a core of loneliness; gifted with a musical tongue and a ready pen; incisive in wit and quick in temperament—he is as ruthless in pursuit of what he deems right purpose as was the Hamlet who was ready to feign madness and to sacrifice Ophelia, her father and her brother, and even his own mother, without a qualm, in order that he might avenge his father's murder.

He has more than once given us a self-portrait. In the most revealing of these he admits that he is a puzzle to himself:

> "Indeed, I often wonder if I represent any one at all, and I am inclined to think that I do not, though many have kindly and friendly feelings towards me. I have become a queer mixture of the East and the West, out of place everywhere and at home nowhere. Perhaps my thoughts and approach to life are more akin to what is called Western than Eastern, but India clings to me, as she does to all her children, in innumerable ways, and behind me lie somewhere in the sub-conscious racial memories of a hundred, or whatever the number may be, generations of Brahmans. I cannot get rid of either that past inheritance or my recent acquisitions. They are both part of me and, though they help me in both the East and the West, they also create in me a feeling of spiritual loneliness not only in public activities but in life itself. I am a stranger, an alien in the West. I cannot be of it. But in my own country also sometimes I have an exile's feelings."

Yet there was an unseen fellowship of the lonely in those days, and more than one of the "England-returned" shared Panditji's feelings. I remember the late Maharaja of Burdwan expressing them to me in most poignant language. Like Kipling's Tomlinson, he felt himself a lost soul between two worlds:

"And the Wind that blows between the worlds did answer him never a word."

Now in the era of fulfilment what seemed a handicap has become an asset. Instead of being "out of place everywhere and at home nowhere", Jawaharlal is out of place nowhere and at home everywhere. In a world going through difficult and dangerous transitions, India is fortunate to have Hamlet for her Foreign Minister as well as her Prime Minister. In the international sphere he has a clear vision of a future world federation. In internal affairs he has the masses on his mind, and the poor are always with him.

Belonging as I do to an older generation, I knew Panditji's much loved father as a colleague in the Indian Assembly with an intimacy for which I have never had opportunity with the son. But I derive vicarious pleasure in imagining the intense happiness of that wonderful man, Motilal Nehru, in contemplating his brilliant son's fulfilment of their noble purposes.

March 6, 1949

INDIA'S FIRST CITIZEN

PURSHOTAMDAS THAKURDAS

Many names are mentioned with respect—almost reverence—in the struggle for *swaraj* in India. Of all these, Mahatma Gandhi's name is outstanding as the Architect of India's Freedom. Unfortunately, Mahatma Gandhi died within a year after India attained independence, and the constructive work of building the body politic, the body economic, and the body cultural of India, in harmony with the newly won freedom, has been left to his followers, with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru as their leader. It has been repeated several times that it is one thing to get freedom but a different thing to retain it. It is a still more different thing to retain it in a manner that will be beneficial to the country at large, and redound to the credit of the country in the international world. This very difficult task has fallen to the lot of the existing Cabinet at the Centre. Although the President of the Congress and his Working Committee venture to take some responsibility on certain questions, the public, and the world at large, look to two persons specifically in the Central Cabinet, and the world still knows of one person with whom, in their eyes, the political progress of the country since Mahatma Gandhi is identified. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, the Deputy Prime Minister, are the two persons to whom the public look up to set right all sorts of ills in the machine of Government, but of these two Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru as the Prime Minister has the larger share of responsibility.

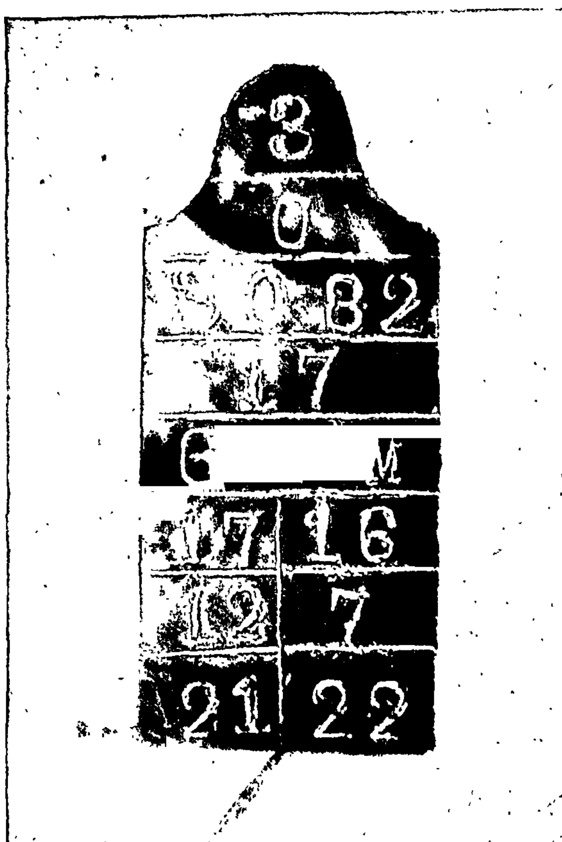
This responsibility is of no ordinary character. They had to face problems brought on not merely by the changed position of the country from a dependency to a free country, but also to face innumerable and unprecedented complications brought on by the ill-conceived, hastily devised and almost recklessly carried through division of the country. I will not refer here to the problems raised by movements of population and influx of refugees on a scale without parallel in the history of the world, but will confine my remarks to the economic problems facing the new Government. As recently as the beginning of this month, India's Food and Agriculture Minister put forward the following as his apology for the chaotic state of affairs, particularly as far as food supply is concerned, in the country. Addressing the Governing Body of the Indian Council of Agricultural Research, he said as follows:

> "As a result of partition, the country's resources have been materially cut down. India has to maintain nearly 80% of the total original population. For feeding it, however, she was left with only about 65% of the rice production. Another feature of partition is the disproportionate area which has become dependent on the uncertainties of monsoon. As against the share of 80% of the population India has been left with



THE PRIME MINISTER

This photograph of Pandit Nehru was taken soon after his assumption of office.



CONVICT TICKET

This wooden ticket was worn by Jawaharlal Nehru during his first conviction for six months, 1921—22.

only 66% of the original irrigated area, and, in regard to wheat, with 54% of the original irrigated area. The magnificent barrages and dams and extensive irrigation systems lie today in Pakistan, to give an assured supply of wheat and rice and other food crops to 20% of the population of undivided India which has remained with that Dominion."

Similarly, regarding jute, the mills are left with India, and raw jute which, owing to economic conditions in the world, has been figuratively said to be worth its weight in gold, is left with Pakistan as surplus produce. While most of the cotton textile mills are in India, Pakistan has secured the regions producing some of the best Indian cotton varieties. *Per contra*, it may be pointed out that Pakistan has to buy its cloth from other countries until it begins to manufacture its own cloth.

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru must be recognized as having had some of the most formidable tasks in the world for a Prime Minister to cope with. It is a no mean achievement that, in spite of the problems which would have taxed an old established administration to the utmost, peace and security have been maintained in India and the prestige of India has been held high in the international world. Many difficult problems, both economic and psychological, have still got to be solved. One of the problems to be reckoned with is the mentality of the people of India, who consider it difficult to overlook any errors of omission or commission made by the people in power, who, like others, are human beings.

By education and training Pandit Nehru is eminently fitted to be the leader of a Nation that has a great cultural heritage such as India. He had made the cause of Indian freedom his objective in life, and threw himself into the freedom fight very early in his career. A gifted youth of such attainments and sincerity of purpose naturally attracted Mahatma Gandhi's attention, and the relationship between the two drew closer and closer, till at last Pandit Nehru came to be recognized as the Mahatma's political heir, and the one undisputed personality to hold the loyalty of the millions in the country.

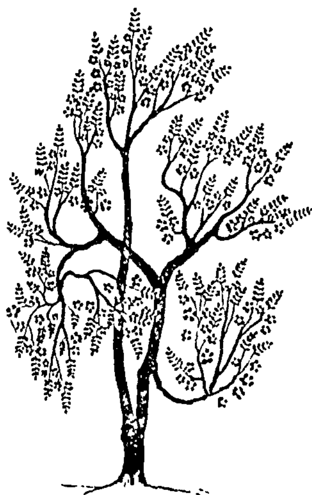
A digression at this stage is called for. India is composed of peoples speaking diverse languages, with cultures differing widely from one another. During the time of the British occupation, the geographical unity of the country was maintained, but by a different sort of control. The most desperate need of India at present, and may for long time to be, is a unifying force that can hold together the country, and, after the loss of Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit Nehru, luckily for India, provides that unifying force. His transparent sincerity of purpose is beyond dispute, and his worst critics admit that all they seek is an amendment to some of his policies or the policies of his Government, rather than their replacement. This by itself is a tribute to him.

With Mahatma Gandhi he shares the love of the common man, and with Mahatma Gandhi he is at times described as a visionary.

In the present context of a war-torn world and the great social and economic problems created as a result of the war, it is only natural that every Indian should

wish all strength to Pandit Nehru on his sixtieth birthday, and many returns of the Happy Day to enable him to serve India with devotion, integrity and sense of duty all his own, for many years to come.

March 5, 1949



LIFE OF SACRIFICE

B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya

To be the foremost man in one's place is the natural ambition of every person, and equally to be the foremost man in one's profession. To be the foremost man in one's province and one's country is a natural development in the evolution of such legitimate ambition. But to be the foremost man in the world is the rare privilege of a prophet here or a statesman there. Gandhi had this privilege in his day, and his name will continue to shine for centuries after his demise, while his "successor" Jawaharlalji, whom he had nominated as such, fills his place worthily and well in the world's affairs today. To one who has watched his progress from stage to stage during these thirty years—ever since he made his first appearance at the special session of the Congress in 1918, as a young Barrister-at-Law, dressed in English style *cap-a-pie*, to the present day when, clad in immaculate white and in plain *khaddar*, he functions as the Prime Minister of India, after having been elected to the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress four times—a unique honour in the annals of India—the processes of rise to high eminence seem but the logical and inevitable reward of a life of sacrifice coupled with hard work, of talent combined with opportunity, and of pride joined to service. As the Prime Minister is about to complete his sixty, he easily occupies the topmost place amongst the world's statesmen, seated on the arch formed by the Atlantic and the Pacific, with India as its keystone, wherefrom it will be his enviable duty to work for maintaining world's *Peace*.

January 1, 1949



ONLY GREAT INDIAN

HALIDE EDIB

I feel honoured by the request of your Committee to contribute to the Commemoration Volume. Unfortunately all that I know about India belongs to the Mahatma's time, and I know nothing definite about the present situation. And all that I know about Jawaharlal Nehru is in *Inside India* (chapter XXII, p. 31-37, "Jawaharlal the Socialist Leader").

At the moment there is no leader in Asia who has a greater responsibility and a more difficult task in hand than your Prime Minister. And there is not the slightest doubt he is the fittest and the ablest person to handle this vast responsibility and the most intricate problem from the internal or the external point of view. Though somewhat different in certain aspects from our beloved Mahatma, I believe him to be the only great Indian able to lay the foundations of One Indian Nation, regardless of the differences of faiths, classes or sects.

India is (and should be) heir to a really great and significant future, with a telling influence both on the East and the West. Hence, whether it will be possible to knit it into a single nation or into a federal state it is up to the Indian Nation to decide. The Mahatma's martyrdom has awakened the deepest love and reverence for him, as well as a vital interest in India among the Turkish public here. Personally I owe a great deal to India, for my visit to your country, the privilege to know the Mahatma, and to meet your people has been like a finishing school for me, the like of which one cannot acquire from books. All of us hope and pray that, whatever the form, Jawaharlal Nehru will be able to realise the high human ideal of the Mahatma in his life time, and any information about the present situation and about his work will be most welcome. Nevertheless, I don't dare begin the series of articles I should like to write in Turkish and the Turkish public expect, before having enough information on the subject.

March 12, 1949



BETTER HISTORY AND BETTER ENGLISH

Tom Wintringham

The immediate use of history is the understanding it can give of today; the first question to ask of pages describing the past is: what light do they throw on the times we live in? Here is one answer: "it is a stirring period of history, and it is good to be alive and to take one's share in it, even though that share may consist of solitude in Dehra Dun Gaol!" These words end one of the letters that make up Pandit Nehru's *Glimpses of World History*, letters written from the various prisons in which various British governments have kept him.

It is a pity this book cannot be usefully compared with histories written by other Prime Ministers; the only book apparently comparable is, I think, Guizot's *Histoire de France, recontée à mes petits enfants*, and that cannot stand the comparison for a moment; it is dull and conservative in spirit and its provincialism well illustrates Nehru's words: "history is one connected whole, and you cannot understand the history of any one country if you do not know what has happened in other parts of the world." Other French Prime Ministers have written histories; the greatest reputation is that of Thiers. George Saintsbury, a gentle and conservative critic, wrote of him that "all Thiers' historical work is marked by extreme inaccuracy, by prejudice which passes the limits of accidental unfairness." Here again comparison is impossible.

Naturally there are inaccuracies in Nehru's *Glimpses;* he had no library in jail and could not check details. (There are so few slips that I have just spent an hour finding one trivial error of place or date or person, to put down here as an example of the sort of inaccuracy I mean; and have not found any thing more important than the statement that Tom Paine wrote his *Age of Reason* in a Paris jail; in fact Paine had finished half the book before he was arrested; there are not many great books wholly written in prison). But of the more serious type of inaccuracy, perhaps the only serious type, which embodies prejudice, unfairness, Nehru's book is clean. He is much kinder than any American historian to the British who once ruled India—who in another age, one might write now, used to rule India. He is the leader of a vast people's movement who can admit, as in letter number 161, the divisions, the distractions, even the errors of that movement. I have heard much of "political self-criticism" from members of another movement; but I have never met any appreciable amount of it in print except in the writings of Lenin and of Nehru.

British Prime Ministers—to continue the search for a standard of comparison —do not write histories. They apologise for their governments or their ancestors, or describe how, thanks to their leadership and the death of millions, a world war was won. Some do this with gusto; some like Lloyd George find that "to tell the

story at all is like repeating what was seen in a nightmare, and I shrank for years from writing my record of the horrifying details." (Preface to his *War Memoirs*). Nehru has also necessarily written of many wars—but in so much more civilised a fashion and spirit that again I find no way to a useful comparison, except perhaps in the matter of style. Ways of writing can always be balanced against each other, even across a world's width of difference in attitude and meaning.

Compare pages from two books on great events. One has the pomp of a Moghal *durbar;* sentences move with the gross dignity of elephants; paragraphs are marshalled armies, armies of old Emperors, with banners, with drums, with the pride and stir and tumult of the East. On the other page words move like a bar of music; emphasis is in the placing, the rhythm, the straightness of things seen or said, not in the piling of colour over these things; sentences and paragraphs are complete in themselves, yet connected as precisely to the flow of the language as in a scientist's account of his discoveries. It is indeed curious that the first page is written by Churchill, the second by Nehru.

Others with more patience than myself might expand this comparison. They could wade through the writings of Ramsay MacDonald (from whose description of Ceylon I treasure a passage ten words long, seven of these words being adjectives), or of any British Prime Minister since Gladstone. Then let them analyse in the scientific modern way, word by word, several of Nehru's letters. They will find in Nehru, far more than in the men of our House of Commons, use of the familiar word rather than the far-fetched; concrete words rather than abstract; single words instead of circumlocutions; short words instead of long. To prefer these is to keep the rules given on the first page of Fowler's textbook, *The King's English*, a masterpiece that has nothing to change but its title. No British Prime Minister of this century has had an equal regard for these rules, or for the more subtle virtues of the language.

Indians will soon be releasing themselves from the use of any foreign language. But if in the future some Indian children are to learn English they will do well to insist that they are taught from these *Glimpses* rather than from Macaulay or from Gibbon. They will learn better history and better English. And they will learn of an attitude to human progress and the hopes of men that is today's, modern; with their help this attitude can be the future's. Nehru has nothing of the dogmatic optimism of the last century that seems so pathetic and absurd to us now, the certainty that human progress is inevitable. As he writes in his last letter:

"Our age is...an age of disillusion, of doubt and uncertainty and questioning. We can no longer accept many of the ancient beliefs and customs; we have no more faith in them, in Asia or in Europe or America. So we search for new ways...Sometimes the injustice, the unhappiness, the brutality of the world oppress us and darken our minds, and we see no way out... And yet if we take such a dismal view we have not learnt aright the lesson of life or of history. For, history teaches us of growth and progress and of the possibility of an infinite advance for man."

It is this faith that makes Nehru a world statesman; all who have kept hope alive in the past few years feel that he belongs to them as well as to the nation that

has made him its Prime Minister. And how little we in Britain get of this faith from those who lead us!

My last comparison shall be between three answers to the question with which I began: how should these times we live in be described? I have given a sufficient part of Nehru's answer, not only in the quotation just above this but in my first quotation from him—"stirring times" in which "it is good to be alive." The two other answers to be quoted are from a book by the British Prime Minister who first jailed Nehru.

When Bonar Law died, his successor spoke in the House of Commons of Bonar Law's "state of depression which never left him... What he regarded as the hopeless situation of Europe weighed upon him day and night. He said he could see no way through it, and he himself attributed his own illness to anxiety caused by that."

That grim picture—one of the most powerful rulers of the world dying of despair—is from Stanley Baldwin's *On England;* other phrases in the same book show this next Prime Minister's views of the times we live in:

"The present are difficult times... They are difficult because times are bad. There is not a great deal of money about in this country."

Comparisons are odious, says the proverb; the polite and trite phrase for them is "invidious comparisons." That is why I must explain the reason for these embarrassing comparisons. I have made them in order to show clearly not only a feeling but why that feeling exists. Some of us in Britain who have read these *Glimpses of World History*, the *Discovery of India*, or Nehru's *Autobiography*, feel envious of India. And is it not easy to see why? Our own past rulers taught despair and greed. Our present leaders take a tepid pride in persuading us to endure, without hope or aim great enough to stir us, some inconveniences. It is natural we should envy a nation led by a man aware of the whole world's agony, past and present, yet inspired by its "possibility of infinite advance." Some of us, if we felt our right equal to our need, would prefer to claim rather than to envy; would claim Nehru as a world's leader rather than a nation's.

"It is good to be alive and to take one's share..." Yes, it is good to be alive when the goodness of living, embodied in a man's voice and acts, has power in the governing of men.

March 7, 1949

SAINTLY STEADFASTNESS

WILL DURANT

May I add a brief word of tribute to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru? We admire his learning, his high morality, his saintly steadfastness in the lifelong pursuit of a great aim; his patient but undiscourageable labour for the liberation of his country; his loyal and effective co-operation with Mahatma Gandhi in the most profound and spectacular achievement of this generation. We compliment free India on having such a man to lead her; we acclaim the wisdom with which the new nation has been guided through a difficult period of gestation; and we look forward to a brilliant new culture rising from such leadership and such struggles to the great heights of civilization so often reached by India in the past.

February 7, 1949



IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER

N. R. Malkani

On January 22 last, Miss Muriel Lester, while speaking in the Y.W.C.A., Nagpur, on the message of Gandhiji, posed a question: "on whom does the mantle of Bapu fall", and significantly answered: "on no one in particular—but on every one of us". The World produces a Master once in millenniums, and then sees to it that he is denied or ignored for long before recognition. That a master follows in the line of the Master has never happened. Gandhiji is unique in that he was recognised while living, and has left a chosen few determined to follow him, however painfully and falteringly. Among them, I think, Pandit Jawaharlalji is one of the foremost.

Gandhiji enunciated many truths as so many others have done in the past. His greatness lay less in enunciations but more in the practical working out of those truths, with all their implications, in a rapidly changing world. They were not academic truths, but practical truths. We must judge Jawaharlalji by the same severe standard. I do not think he has ever enunciated great truths, for I do not think he is a profound thinker or philosopher. But he has courage, sincerity, hard-rock integrity, and a scientific mind. For years he was known for his staunch loyalty to the Congress, and even to Bapu. But who does not know that he, more often than not, agreed to differ from Bapu. It is only since the mantle of power fell on his shoulders that he needed strength and found springs of inexhaustible energy in that great personality. But it is only since his death that he has learnt to talk in tones that remind us of Bapu, and tries to walk in his footsteps against all odds. My real respect for him was born not when he sobbed over the riddled body of Gandhiji, and almost broke down at the evening broadcast. The mere thought of Bapu's death brings tears to our eyes even now. But I think that no one felt his absence so acutely and was so woebegone without him as Jawaharlalji. Yet, like a strong man, he has converted his woe into strong action that his Master would have approved.

For years India had been seething with the hidden fires of communalism. These broke out into a conflagration a year before Bapu's death. And not even he was able to quench them. Who knows God in his inscrutable ways willed that his blood, and not his sweat or tears, should quench them? But the sweat, if not tears, of Jawaharlalji has done the rest. There was a time when the highest amongst us faltered and were even way-laid. A mass mania had engulfed even our best minds. At that time, it was Jawaharlalji's lucid mind and firm faith that dispelled the mists that blinded us. If a year after Bapu's death we are returning almost to normal with regard to Moslems and Pakistan, it is the achievement of Jawaharlalji more than anyone else's, not even excepting Rajaji. I, as a refugee, know how bitter all of us felt towards Jawaharlalji, and even now all is not well with us. Gandhiji

achieved so much during his life but not Hindu-Moslem unity. It is left for Jawaharlalji to achieve amity, if not unity.

The controversy about Hindi *versus* Hindustani is another bye-product of the Hindu-Moslem conflict. Gandhiji died showing us the right path, and he walked the right way without reaching the proper destination. His approach to the problem was one of wise compromise and mutual adjustment. This lost much of its significance after the birth of Pakistan and its aftermath. Jawaharlalji is now trying to clear the cobwebs of communal prejudices by taking the question of national language to a higher level of science and literature. It is our good fortune that, almost alone among our leaders, his is a scientific and modern mind that looks to the future more than to the past. And he does not bother about looking West even oftener than he looks East. He is also a literary person with artistic taste who writes well, and perhaps better in English than anything else. He knows how languages grow by acceptance and not by rejection of that which is assimilable. He knows that beauty, even literary beauty, cannot show well in any straight jacket, however indigenous. He will succeed, for he is taking the question of Hindi and Hindustani to the higher level of the needs of a national language. In this Gandhiji's soul would find peace *plus* pleasure.

We all know that Gandhiji was great because he came with a mission and died with faith in that mission. It was the achievement of Truth by non-violent means. His search for Truth was really a search for non-violent means for achieving objectives that appeared to him right or true. The field for his experiments was originally the Tolstoi Farm in South Africa. When he died, that field had grown to be the whole of India with all its various problems. Jawaharlalji's destiny seems to be to take that mission to the warring nations of the world and have the world for the field of Bapu's mission. He is our Foreign Minister, who is preparing for the *role* of a Foreign Missionary. The *role* fits him well. He is handsome, educated in Cambridge, world-travelled, scientific in outlook, Prime Minister of India—and wants to follow the Master in his mission of peace for all the peoples of the world. Before independence, very often his visits to Abyssinia, Spain, China and other war-torn countries used to appear to us quixotic, and his pronouncements gratuitous. Even Bapu accepted them half-humouredly. It is now apparent that those were days of preparation for the Great Foreign Missionary. He has now both the requisite knowledge and faith necessary for his high office. The speech that he made on November 3, 1948 before the U. N. General Assembly is a speech that reads like one of the best speeches made by Gandhiji before that hopeless Round Table Conference, only listened to with greater esteem and admiration. It put Jawaharlal in the warm hearts of the best people of the world. Like a whiff of oxygen it seemed to dispel the miasma of an atomic age. The cease-fire in Kashmir, on the real initiative of Jawaharlalji, was the implementation of that speech and put India on the map of the world. For once the U. N. O. seemed to succeed when it had failed badly in Berlin, Palestine and Indonesia. The U.N.O. enjoyed the fruit, but it was Jawaharlalji who had nurtured the tree. The calling of the All-Asia Indonesian Conference at Delhi on

January 20 put Asia on the map of the world, but it was Asia in response to the noble call of Nehru. All talk of India being leader of Asia is bunkum. It is India, independent, defending the independence of sister countries—in the ways of peace and non-co-operation carried out by the Great Master. "We meet in no spirit of hostility to any nation but in an endeavour to promote peace through the extension of freedom...Therefore let us adhere to the right means, with the conviction that right means will inevitably lead to right ends". Are these words of an Indian ambitious of Asian leadership, dreaming in terms of continental or global alliances and counter-alliances? These are but words of a truly great and noble soul following in the footsteps of his Master. These are words of a Foreign Minister attempting to get realism into sur-realism, who is the follower of the greatest practical idealist of the world.

Is then Jawaharlalji a Gandhiite—a disciple of all the teachings of Gandhiji? Truly Gandhiji was and could be the only follower of Gandhiji. Jawaharlalji is not a Gandhiite but one who loved Gandhiji and is beginning to have faith in his teachings. Uptil now Jawaharlalji is not a Communist. He is liberal in thought without being a Liberal. He is a democrat in tradition and past training, who hates fascism of all forms, racial, communal or political. He is a socialist at heart without leading the Socialist Party. Whatever else he is or he is not, he is a great Progressive with an alert mind and warm heart. But he lacked one quality of the great—he lacked faith. I think, since the death of Gandhiji, he is beginning to have some faith. And in that he is nearer to Gandhiji, now than ever before. One great thing that he seems to have imbibed in that faith is that "right means only shall lead to right ends". That great human light is not extinguished for Jawaharlalji, if this great light of Truth is lit for him by the Master. In the awe of that personality and reverence for that Truth, let us pray that he may have strength to lead not only India but the world in the path of peace and plenty.

February 8, 1949



NEHRU'S SIGNIFICANCE FOR MANKIND

GERALD HEARD

"East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet"—that was the dictum of Imperialism. It was the modernised apology for the ancient Roman formula "Divide and Rule". Nothing is more interesting to the student of History than the sudden disappearance of these aged divisions. And there is no more striking example of the end of Occidentalism and Orientalism than the political emergence of India. Indeed, the fact is so remarkable, so unique, that if we are not careful we may well fail to grasp its profound originality. For two reasons it is a mistake to say that History repeats. There is not only the economic advance, but there is also the psychological evolution. This double integrating process assures the uniqueness of each historical epoch. McKinder, in his important study, *Democratic Ideals and Reality*, brought out one aspect of this issue: the shape of the European nations (and hence the rigidity and limitation of their life) was set by the area over which a constabulary (the mounted force of a district ruler) could impose order and prevent invasion. Within the frontiers so set grew up the specific mores—the local answers to the Five Natural Moral Laws—as to Marriage, Property, Contracts, Permitted Force and Freedom of Thought. The tragedy of Europe and of this its particular social contribution, the notion of the nation, was that while its economy, from arms to engines, developed through constant invention, its psychology remained arrested, if not actually contracting. The economy, the power of administrative grasp (of production and distribution) grew: until the whole of Europe should, for efficiency's sake, have been one economic unit. The arrested social psychology, however, forbade this. Hence the European anarchy: each nation, equipped and armed to administer the whole area, competed with the rest for the hegemony. But the headship could never be won, because always, owing to the psychological recessionalism, the only factor that could even temporarily combine a majority of the states was a league to prevent any one uniting them all. Nationalism has then proved one thing beyond a doubt. It is tragically plain that economic-administrative expansion (however mechanically possible and nutritionally necessary) will fail and result in anarchy if the psycho-social forces (on which social cohesion depends) are against such expansion. When man has to choose between increased bread and diminished psycho-social value, he chooses the value rather than the bread. And in so doing he is not necessarily irrational. He is not blindly choosing a liberty which is anarchy, against an efficiency that would mean ordered plenty. Intuitively he knows that his present social unit is "viable", because it can awake spontaneous loyalty, uncoerced service. While the giant State, however efficient "on paper", is actually inefficient because it has to waste its force in coercion necessary to counteract its own

internal stresses. But in Europe, though each group knew this fact about itself, none would allow it freely to the others. Hence, the peoples that led the world in economic expansion are no longer expanding, they were exploded. Though it was clear that the very countries with the highest standards of liberty (e.g. Great Britain and Ireland; Sweden and Norway; Holland and Belgium) were the very countries that fissured still further, nothing was done to understand this process. Physical expansion (economic and armament invention) was pursued regardless of the arrested, and indeed contracting (recessionalist) psyche. As always, the psyche won. But also, as always will be until the psyche is taught, it has only been able to show its strength by a veto and a defiance that has pulled the common culture and economy down in ruin on its head.

This, then, is the lesson that India and the rest of the world must learn. Nationalism means "what we were born". But the nation, the social heredity also is born, lives, grows, and can die. In Sanskrit it is said that even the Gods are mortal. In modern biology it is recognised that even species grow, grow up and grow old. The nation, the social heredity has in it two strains and they must grow and interweave in balanced reciprocation. The one is the people's capacity to grow in understanding their environment—resulting in an increase of economic power with the possibility of administrative expansion. The other is the people's capacity to grow in understanding themselves—resulting in increased psycho-social power, and hence increased cohesive capacity. It is on this second force that the endurance of a nation depends. Otherwise nationalism is no more than a temporary phase, between regionalism (the unstable area of a shifting clan) and imperialism (the attempt to swallow the world.) Nations that cling to the second, the psycho-social cohesive force, may lose the whole of their economy and yet survive indefinitely (as have the Jews). Nations that give their all to the other force often become mere historical memories (Assyria, Macedonia, the Tatars etc.).

Every nation today must, then, think out anew its psychology. For today, as much for nations as for individuals, a vast change of outlook is upon us all. We are all passing from an epoch obsessed with Economics, from an outlook which was certain that power over the environment was the one essential knowledge (and therefore arms and mechanical equipment alone gave safety and plenty) to an age challenged by Psychology, to an insight that detects that the final secret of our power and also the source of our deepest danger lies hidden in ourselves. The nation, the social heredity has till now been an un-thought-out notion. We took it for granted, generally assuming that it grew of itself, a naturally developing power of human combination. As a matter of fact, the European nations are the shore lines, the isolated, and indeed shrinking lake-areas left by the retreat of what was once a single sea of civilization. When the barbarian overflow (that swamped the Helleno-Roman culture-form) abated and the barbarians themselves wished to advance their cultural-administrative education, the cohesive idea was the notion of the Holy Roman Empire, a federation of states held together in the sharing of a common civilization by the possession of a common religion, law and language, and presided over by the twin rulership of the

Sacerdos and the Rex, that dual control which, as Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy always taught, indicates the acknowledged balance of the psycho-cohesive power and the economo-expansive force. It was only when that federalist idea of sharing a common civilization failed that men fell back on regionalism. The rise of nationalism (as we know it, the state that considers itself above international law), though it accompanied the rise of physical science, was not, alas, an equal advance in social psychology. On the contrary, instead of men becoming more scientific in their understanding of their social inter-human relationships, they actually became less so. Politically, the modern age was a retreat, not an advance—a confession of failure, not a discovery of a new way for men to succeed together. Nationalism was no more than a declaration of secession from civilization. It was the acknowledged bankruptcy of the educated minds and the New Learning to hold Western man together—to keep, in one uniting idea, in a single sense of social solidarity a single cultural area.

But today the issue holds out a great hope, if we can only be really contemporary, if we can forge the next link in the chain of man's social development. For, firstly, we now see where we must work—on the supreme problem of psycho-social cohesion of unification by consent. The idea, the "creative word" whereby a nation is "oned", that we must make manifest and no longer leave it vague and undefined, so that people desert to any casual fraud who tickles their ear and plays on their idle hope. The first great "Founding Fathers" of China understood this. They saw that it was the demonstrable power of a cultural pattern, a splendid and productive way of life, a way of life that balanced economic skill with psychological insight—it was this that gave a nation not only the power to hold together but to commend itself to others. This prestige-power ("Te") was a nation's real embassy. India possesses an incomparable prestige in this respect. The thought of no other people has gone so deep. None has gone further, by its power of psychological insight, to solve the problem of the individual and the community, by the perception that each person is bonded, through the deeper levels of his consciousness, with that of his fellows. India has all the psychological knowledge whence a new practical social cohesive power can now be wrought, a new cement for society be produced. Secondly, the world-time is ripe for such a construction. India as a political force, as a people free to show the creative pattern made by itself to manifest its nationhood, comes on the world scene most appositely. She can learn from past failures, and her great psychological knowledge can and must save her from making the mistakes of the past nations. Her insight into human consciousness must save her from the fatal attempt to use physical force to achieve psychological cohesion. For a generation enquirers have perceived that psycho-sociology was our supreme need, our lack of it our instant danger. But only today have we begun to see how it might be achieved. The triumphs of science in controlling the outer world seemed brought to a humiliating standstill when reaching the frontier of the inner. Now we see that the main reason for our check and discouragement was our mistaken diagnosis of man. If modern Nationalism was a retreat, modern Democracy was a misapprehension. Nationalism having lost the idea of nations as constituents of a common

culture fell back, for emotional cohesion, on zenophobia, helped out by police coercion. Democracy, reacting from this, but psychologically as ignorant, considering men as no more than bodies, tried to bribe them with bodily rewards to remain within the State. This is a misapprehension for which the Dictators have made us pay dearly. But we may learn our lesson. Modern anthropology shows that man is a group-being before he is an individual. If you do not destroy his intuitive loyalty by coercion, if you will show him a cause for which he may live, you will not have to bother with secret police to tell you whether he is loyal. As, then, Nationalism must move once again toward a Federalism, round the idea of a common civilization, so Democracy must move on, grow on from the "atomistic" democracy that was pre-anthropological to that organic democracy, which will make every nation not a congeries of individuals seeking personal private rewards, and held by these and the risk of punishments, but a multi-celled living organism and harmonic creative field in which every cell finds its life, an Ecology, rising above and beyond and Economy.

Clearly, this is India's opportunity. It is a country which is not only an epitome of the world, a land inevitably federal, embracing all cultures from almost the most primitive to the most advanced. It is a social heredity which has given more thought than any other to the mystery of consciousness and the power that mind-training can have in linking up the now strangulated ego-consciousness with those large ranges of consciousness, now only known to our minds as dim and conflicting loyalties. The future of mankind undoubtedly turns on the answer that India will give to this appeal of mankind.

And the man that India has chosen to lead her is himself an epitome. Descended from learned administrators; educated in the West just as the West crested to its fall through its psychological ignorance; like a Moses returning to champion his own people; suffering repeated imprisonment and loss for them; a scholar aware of the length and breadth of mankind's story; a statesman responding to the high vision and inflexible demand of a Mahatma, and patient of the varied bewilderment, delay and compromise of the vast train, travail and trail of mankind: is there another so suited, so placed to lead the human race into its third great revolutionary phase, when the political and economic revolutions have in turn exhausted themselves and the psycho-social revolution is now demanding birth? The process may be longer than any of us can see. But we need not question that, when after-generations look back for encouragement to the outstanding figures of the Past, they will see beside the figure of the Mahatma Gandhi that of the heroic Nehru.

January 26, 1949

SPIRIT OF COMPROMISE

Mirza M. Ismail

It gives me great pleasure to contribute to this Commemoration Volume, which is to be presented on his sixtieth birthday to Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru.

I cannot say that I know him intimately, but his life is an open book for all to read; nor is any such personal intimacy necessary to enable me to acknowledge the eminence that he has attained in the life of the country.

Mr. Nehru stands out as one of the great leaders of this age, and as one who loves Indian freedom with a passionate vehemence and intensity comparable only to his hatred of foreign rule. While his utter sincerity commands the admiration of all, he is probably the most brilliant intellectual exponent of latter-day Indian Nationalism. Yet, somehow, one feels that in his skilful advocacy of the freedom of his country, it is freedom itself rather than Indian freedom that is always uppermost in his thoughts; nor has he made any secret of a belief that to him Indian freedom is but a stepping-stone to the freedom of Asia and, ultimately, to the freedom of the whole world. This international-nationalism is one of the reasons for Mr. Nehru's great popularity in foreign lands, notably in the United States of America.

Recognising the compelling force of events, the Socialist President of the Indian National Congress, whose leanings were once avowedly Marxist, has to-day turned constitutionalist. An idealist impatient of tyranny, Jawaharlal Nehru has an outlook that is widely humanistic, and while not concealing an aversion to sacerdotalism and to kingship, he is prepared, for the sake of political unity, to live at peace with both.

To a politician this spirit of compromise is a great asset; to a statesman it is a necessity, and Mr. Nehru possesses it in ample measure. Thus, while professing himself a socialist, he could wait until India is ripe for socialism; while holding that Mahatma Gandhi was ideologically sometimes amazingly backward, he could still follow his leadership; and while condemning the lawyer's mentality of thinking of freedom in terms of a paper constitution, he has appreciated that constitutions must be written on paper unless they are to be written with human blood. Thus, the sponsor of the resolution which declared the objective of the Indian people to be the establishment of one Sovereign Indian Republic, was able to accept the plan of the British Government for the creation of two Sovereign States. In the business of politics it is not abstract logic, but the logic of events which prevails in the long run. Morally, the choice sometimes lies between theory and practice, and it may so happen that, knowing what is theoretically good, we may yet have to choose between imperfect alternatives. If, therefore, it sometimes happens in these days, when every phase of life is in crisis, that we are led by events, instead of leading them, the

fault is not in ourselves but in our stars. The dynamics of History may well be the decree of Fate.

Today India is a free country. The battle has been won—a long and drawn-out battle, in which Mr. Nehru has fought valiantly. A man of rare literary gifts, he has brought a highly cultured mind and a broad outlook to the position of great responsibility that he now holds. He doubtless realizes that you can only govern men by serving them. A great gentleman, singularly free from conventions, of simple habits, generous and warm-hearted even to his adversaries, devoid of bigotry and rancour, proud, intrepid, rebèllious; all this and more can truthfully be said of him.

Three things have been particularly dear to his heart: the uplift of the common man, the unity of India, and the unity of Asia and the world. The first is an urgent and imperative task to be achieved in India. So far as the second is concerned, we must admit failure. The third remains a far cry, despite the success of the Asian Relations Conference and the efforts of the United Nations. May the new freedom bring tolerable conditions of livelihood to the people of India. The prospect is bleak, but it is not hopeless.

Would that it were possible to offer him rest after a quarter of a century's hard fighting, but the success that has been won is merely the end of a chapter in the history of Indian freedom. We are in a world of sudden bewildering changes. There is struggle ahead, perhaps for us, a much harder struggle before India can fulfil her destiny in peace and unity and widespread prosperity. In that struggle, it may be our destiny, as Shelly has said:

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night,
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent,
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates;
From its own wreck, the thing it contemplates,
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent,
This, with thy glory, Titan, is to be,
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free.
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.

March 4, 1949

GREAT CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

EDMOND PRIVAT

When Bapu's death was announced in Europe by all the radio stations on the evening of January 30, 1948, one of our first thoughts was about Jawaharlal Nehru losing a beloved father for the second time. "How lonely he must feel!" we thought.

Sorrows, jail, cares have been his lot, and now...this new blow just when he is shouldering the most colossal burden that human History can load a man with. We had not seen him since 1938. Ten years had passed and yet he seemed so near. We felt deeply for him and our common grief seemed to abolish space.

Then we heard his voice on the radio, we read his speeches, we followed his activity and, gradually, we could see how he mastered this new sorrow and worked to make Gandhiji's influence still greater than before.

It is not often that the Prime Minister of a great country is so faithful to a spiritual message and applies it to his policy. With great modesty India's present leader helps Gandhiji to win victories after his death, just as he helped him while he was alive.

And he does it in the name of wisdom and reason. To the sceptical western world he showed that what was for Gandhiji a matter of faith has become through experience a matter of fact. It would be reasonable for the world to abandon the way of intrigues, hatred and violence to follow the path of truth, understanding and friendship.

When Jawaharlal Nehru explains these things to the United Nations, or to the American Students in some radio-broadcast, he renders us an invaluable service. No one can accuse him of being a dreamer or even a mystic. He is one with our modern youth. He looks at realities in the face and has an objective point of view.

With his cool reason he can best help the West to understand how much in the right Gandhiji was. The English philosopher Locke once wrote a book on the reasonableness of Christianity. India's first Prime Minister proves by something much better than a book the reasonableness of Gandhiji's teaching. Let him be thanked for it!

Bapu once wrote in *Young India* that India may be proud to have such a noble and able son as Jawaharlal Nehru. We in the West feel grateful to India for this great citizen of the world.

February 4, 1949

POLITICIAN AND PRIME MINISTER

HARI SINGH GOUR

I know Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru for over thirty years. On his return from Cambridge, I met him when he was a young politician and had made up his mind to follow politics in preference to law, in which he would have distinguished himself if he had joined the Bar, for which he returned duly qualified. I knew his father Pandit Motilal Nehru for a period over twenty-five years from 1918, when I met Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru at Mussoorie, where he was then making a short stay with his mother, wife and his sister and children.

Pandit Motilal Nehru was a distinguished member of the Bar, and I had the good fortune of appearing with and against him in several important cases both in the U.P. and Bengal. He was himself a lawyer first and a politician afterwards. When he joined the Legislative Assembly, I met him and was his colleague for a number of years. He was returned to the Assembly under the ægis of the Swaraj Party formed under the late Deshbandhu Das. On his death Jawaharlalji came into prominence, and was several times incarcerated for his political activities, which began as far back as 1918 when he was suspected of helping the Afghan Delegation then resident in the Savoy Hotel to carry on negotiations for the independence of Afghanistan. Jawaharlalji was suspected of helping them and was ordered to leave Mussoorie. He did so, and the only man who accompanied him to see him off was myself.

After a long lapse of time, I met Jawaharlalji in his own house, *Anand Bhawan* at Allahabad, where I told him how my political views had developed, and he agreed with me on all the points I discussed with him. Jawaharlalji was a Congressman and so was I, but in 1921 when Mahatma Gandhi ostracized all legislatures established under the Act of 1919, I ventured to differ from Mahatmaji and joined the Legislature to keep out the *Ji-Huzoors*, who had got in because of the boycott of the Congress. The Legislature of those days was very different to the Dominion Parliament now. It was presided over by an Englishman who had been appointed for a period of three years, but continued to act for another year, after which Shri Vitthalbhai Patel was elected as the President of the Legislative Assembly for whom I canvassed and voted. His term of office was marked by his independence and detached impartiality. After his death, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru emerged from the prison and took his just place as the leader of political India. He was the right-hand man of Mahatma Gandhi, who rightly selected him as the first Prime Minister of India. He has not only justified but adorned the office which he has held as the leader of free India both in the Parliament and outside of it. His colleague Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel has made a record, and history will ever remember him as one who has united the disunited India that the British left behind them in 1947. That work is well progressing and will unite

India, creating in the country a real homogeneity and solidarity without which no Government can exist.

The communist party has adopted its natural course of force and fraud in thwarting the established Government, but Nehruji is dealing with it firmly, adroitly, wisely and well. The first basic principle of the Indian Union is the establishment of a secular State freed from the trammels of religion and theocratic control. In this he has emulated the example of that wise and ever-to-be-remembered Kamal Pasha Ataturq, who recreated the Muslim Turkey into the secular Republic which is flourishing in the Middle East. Innumerable nationalities inhabit the United States, but they have eschewed religion from politics. The question that is at present engaging the attention of India is one of national unity and solidarity. This can only be achieved by giving all communities the same measure of freedom, liberty and opportunity for self-improvement and advancement. The State is blind to communalism, caste, creed, or the theocratic distractions of religion. Religion is the private concern of each man which he is free to enjoy it, but he cannot use it as a lever for guiding a political State intended for the civil government of the country. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has taken long views on this subject, and his views have been universally acclaimed by the intelligentsia of this country and outside of it. The holding of two conferences at Delhi to establish the freedom of all Asian countries has made the mark in the life of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru which will survive in history.

The recent resolution of the House of Representatives of the U.S.A. removing all colour bar from their law of naturalization is a step which owes its existence indirectly, though closely, to the Asian Conference held and so successfully terminated at New Delhi. Jawaharlal Nehru has already become a world statesman and his voice is heard all over the globe, and it is not only respected but followed because his voice is only raised for the peace and good government of all countries. He is the champion of freedom and, as such, he holds a torch that will glow and shed its light through the darkest corners of the earth, as it has already started removing their gloom of poverty, subjection, slavery and hunger. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has wisely proclaimed that India does not aspire to be the leader of Asia, but leaders are not made. They are recognized by the will of the people, and India has already started being recognized as the intellectual mentor of not only Asia but even of the West. On his birthday I cannot but congratulate him on his unique success, and wish him a long life and a happier *regime* freed from the entanglements of communalism and communism.

March 3, 1949

OUTSTANDING IN LEADERSHIP

William Nunn

The invitation to make a contribution to the Diamond Jubilee Volume in celebration of Pandit Nehru's 61st birthday came to me as something of a surprise, since, during the Parliament of 1931 to 1935, when the India Bill was passing through the House, my attitude was one of modest but persistent opposition; but it is significant in showing that India's leaders are prepared broadmindedly to acknowledge that there lives more faith in honest doubt than in the more or less casual acceptance of events.

Most of the opposition to the India Bill was, in fact, based upon a conviction that the British people, having acquired and accepted a trusteeship for India, could not honourably shuffle off their responsibility with, perhaps, the suspicion of a sigh of relief, and leave the few enlightened leaders to cope, unaided, with the problems presented by the existence of great untutored masses on whom would fall the burden of carrying and managing a political system which is, after all, of alien origin.

Race, as race, did not effect the question. Some of us had, indeed, spent years in training Oriental people to take up their own responsibilities and had worked naturally in close association with them, untroubled by any difficulties other than those arising from a difference in traditions and experience of Occidental methods. We are concerned solely with a fear that we should betray a trust and be compelled to withhold help in a time of extreme difficulty. It was, perhaps, natural enough that, in the heat of controversy, the charge should be made that we were actuated by racial arrogance and outmoded imperialism.

India has opened a new chapter in her history. In that long and varied course few men have had work of higher calling than has fallen to the lot of Pandit Nehru. Throughout the long struggle to gain freedom from tutelage and achieve actual independence it has been his mission to translate the mysticism of Mahatma Gandhi into the practical terms of everyday life, to inspire the movement with his own ideals and infuse it with his unflagging energy. It is the combination of spiritual aims with practicality in execution which makes Pandit Nehru so outstanding in leadership.

The East has been the birthplace of the great spiritual forces of the world; and India, in particular, has been pre-eminent in recognising that the things of the spirit transcend the physical in strength and value. It is this deep-rooted belief in the power of the mind to subdue and control materialism which makes the great contrast between India and the West, where development has tended to move mainly upon a road where progress has been marked by tangible signs of material achievement; and it is this, also, which presents India with her gravest problem to-day. Will her new path lead her more and more towards the seductive fields of material profit, or will she climb to the austere uplands of spiritual development?

That is the problem which faces Pandit Nehru and his colleagues. It lies in

their hands to assist in keeping their people above fog and mist, in an atmosphere in which sight may never long be lost of the new Star of Hope in the Eastern sky, to guide them to a nobler way of life. If high resolve should weaken and fail they may wander blindly, fog-bound, and be swallowed up in the evil hordes which range the world, battling lustfully for material lordship.

India has held a special place in the minds and hearts of the British people. She has been a great field of enterprise, openly of commerce and of practical administration, and, less publicly, in the rather shamefaced British way where ideals are concerned, of the working out of ethical problems. Apart from the pride Britons have felt in the material tie between themselves and their Eastern sister there has been a spiritual connection, impossible to define, which has made India not just a place of temporary exile but a second home of infinite attraction, left behind with regret and looked back upon with wistful longing. This affinity between East and West, none the less real because it has often been strained by human frailty and the natural opposition of ideas, is no accident. It is due to the fact that the peoples of India, through centuries of conflict, have kept burning in their soul the light of the spirit and belief in the supreme value of things unseen, while the British people, in their less mystic way, have fought for the rule of the law and the establishment of rights of the common man, striving also, although less consciously, to attain a spiritual objective.

In adopting the political, economic and social systems which the West brought to her, without full appreciation of what it was supplanting, India has challenged many of the traditions of her own people. In particular, time is not so significantly short as in the West, nor so narrowly limited to the present. The span of a man's life is not so all-important that it is necessary to tolerate hastily indifferent building in order that the structure may gratify the eyes of the designer; and tangible results lose much of their value if they have been gained at the cost of time to think, or even to dream.

It would be ignorant presumption to suppose that this is not fully in Pandit Nehru's mind, or that he is not conscious of the heaviness of his task, especially in blocking the road against the advance of the organised barbarism which threatens to sweep across the world, pulping millions of individuals in its inexorable machine. In a world dominated by a ruthless determination to achieve immediate material results, a world regimented and policed, where freely offered service has no place and no honour, and where lust for power burns up principles, there will be no opportunity for cultivation of the soul and no room for freedom-loving people to live their own lives as their consciences direct. A publicly owned and officially administered conscience has no spiritual value.

Pandit Nehru has undertaken high service and has followed his course with patience and unswerving purpose. His aim is to set India on the road to greatness in her own right, and he knows that the height of a people is measured by the depth of its soul.

February 20, 1949

NEHRU AS HISTORIAN

K. M. Panikkar

It is perhaps unfair to describe Pandit Nehru's *Discovery of India* as a history, and yet it is the first and perhaps the best interpretation of the history of the Indian people. Ever since India became conscious of her nationhood there was a growing demand for a history of India, which would not read like a telephone directory in the enumeration of names, or like a dull record of dynasties, but try and reconstruct the past in a way that would give us an idea of our heritage. Brought up on text books written by foreigners, whose one object would seem to have been to prove that there was no such thing as "India" till the British, out of their generosity, created it for us, we had each to "discover India" for ourselves. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that it was a spiritual adventure for each one to gain in any measure an understanding of historical processes in India, and to evaluate the heritage which has come down to us through five thousand years of history. This led to some curious and strange results. The orthodox thought of India in terms of the Vedic age. The Hindu nationalists generally re-created an India of their own imagination based on glories of the Gupta period, while the Muslims' vision of India hardly went beyond the days of Mahmood of Ghazni and equated Indian culture with the achievements of the Moghuls.

Pandit Nehru, like many others of his generation, was forced by the circumstances of our national resurgence to undertake this adventurous pilgrimage, which enabled him to "discover India." He made known to others what he had discovered, and the educated public, groping in the dark and trying to understand its own living past, realised in a flash that the India they were searching to find now lay unfolded before them in its main contours.

The *Discovery of India* is, therefore, something of a Pilgrim's Progress in history. Its great value lies not so much in its ordered narrative, or the literary beauty of many of its passages, or even in the reactions of a modern mind with a rationalist Marxian background to the uneven developments of India's social and political life, but in the perspective which it gives to the chaotic accumulation of facts which goes by the name of Indian history. For the first time we were enabled to catch a vision of India through the ages—as it struck one whose approach was not only with reverence, but also in a spirit of criticism, who was glad to see and appreciate what was good and of value, but also ready to denounce and to discard what was bad and of no value. The *Discovery of India* is, therefore, a personal record : it almost gives the impression of a scientist exploring an Aladin's cave: a strange thrill of unexpectedly coming across things which are beautiful, inspiring and valuable. It is this personal quality which makes it more than a history, and conveys to its readers the feeling that they

are themselves going through those experiences and discovering India for themselves.

Even as a history in the limited and technical sense, the *Discovery of India* is an unusual performance. There is hardly any aspect of India's life in the past that the *Discovery* does not touch; the development of her social organisation, no less than of her schools of philosophy; the continuing political background, no less than the development of arts, literature and civilisation; the process of growth and also of decay—in fact the strength and weakness of India as a whole. The dynastic stories and imperial triumphs fall very much into the background, though the periods of creative activity receive ample treatment. The artificial "ages and periods", into which our foreign historians and, following them, our text-book writers had divided Indian history, find hardly any mention. The so-called division into Hindu, Muslim and British periods has done more to warp Indian historical thinking than any other single idea. Nehru as a historian has his eye firmly fixed on the common man and the evolution of his life in all its aspects. Thus, in dealing with the history of the last 150 years he is not concerned with the activities of fleeting Governors-General, but mainly with the effects of British rule.

Perhaps the unique feature of the *Discovery* is its insistence on India's international contacts all through her history. Nehru's vision of India is primarily in an Asian setting, as an integral part of an Asian civilisation, and the earlier sections dealing with India and Iran, India and China merge naturally and without effort into the later chapters leading with Kemal Pasha and nationalism in Asia. In fact, the Asian background of India's life and civilisation and the inter-relationship of the different Asian cultures form a major theme in the narrative. The expansion of Indian culture in South-East Asia and in Serindia, and the great contributions of Indian Buddhism to the life of China and the Far Eastern countries are to Nehru the expressions of this inter-relationship of Asian civilisations, and this aspect of the *Discovery* is a fact of tremendous portent in Asia's current history. Here we see the spirit behind the organisation of Asian conferences and the championship of Asian freedom. What took Nehru to Chungking, and what led him to convene the historic Asian Conference of 1947, and what urges him on in his determination to champion the cause of Indonesia is the truth which has found noble expression in some of the most inspiring passages of the *Discovery*.

Nehru makes no claim to historical research. He has proved once again that while research can provide historians with material, the qualities necessary to make history a source of inspiration, to convey to others the spirit of a nation's story, are not the ones generally found in those who devote themselves to the study of meticulous details of some selected incident or period. It is not the pure researchers who have produced historical literature of high value, but men of affairs who have themselves played some part in the life of their country. Thucydides, Gibbon and Macaulay were not professors, or researchers who spent their lives in libraries and archives. Clarendon was an active participant in many of the events he described, and Paine was a political leader of eminence. In fact, to give life to history, and to convey

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Dear Motilalji,
So Jawahar
is to have six
months' rest.
He has worked
like a Trojan.
He needed this
rest. If things
continue to
move with the
present velocity
he won't have
even six months'
rest. The Jambusar
you saw the
other day is dif-
ferent today
whole villages
have turned
out. I never
expected this
phenomenal
response. In
many villages
Government
servants can
get no service

The above letter was written by Mahatma Gandhi to Pandit Motilal Nehru on Jawaharlal being sentenced to six months' imprisonment during the 1930 Satyagraha movement. The text runs:—

" Dear Motilalji,

So Jawahar is to have six months' rest. He has worked like a Trojan. He needed this rest. If things continue to move with the present velocity he won't have even six months' rest. The Jambusar you saw the other day is different today. Whole villages have turned out. I never expected this phenomenal response. In many villages Government servants can get no service.

(*Continued on next page*)

3

The removal of some of our picked men has only stiffened the ~~of~~ resistance of the people. But enough of this optimism. He will be a wise man who can say what will happen tomorrow. Accounts arriving

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from Bombay too are most encouraging. I take it you are following the pages of Young India.

How are you keeping?

Dandi
14-4-30

Yours
MKGandhi

(*Continued from Plate 5 I*)

"The removal of some of our picked men has only stiffened the resistance of the people. But enough of this optimism. He will be a wise man who can say what will happen tomorrow. Accounts arriving from Bombay too are most encouraging. I take it you are following the pages of '*Young India*'.

"How are you keeping?

Dandi 14-4-30.

Yours
M. K. GANDHI.

Courtesy: Municipal Museum, Allahabad

to the readers the spirit of historical evolution, it would seem that experience of public affairs is in some degree essential. The material used by the historian has no doubt to come from what others have collected. In this matter he is like an artist who knows the qualities of the paints he uses and how to mix them, but does not himself produce the paints or manufacture the canvas. Those who criticise the *Discovery* as merely literary writing based on materials accumulated by others and therefore not "original," forget that originality in history is mainly in presentation, in bringing known facts into focus, and in discovering the underlying relationships of what seem to be disconnected events. In this sense, the *Discovery of India* is a work of great originality, a history in the best sense of the word.

To have written an interpretation of Indian history is itself a major achievement. To have infused into that interpretation a spirit of intellectual adventure, the thrill of entering a new world, and to have conveyed, at the same time, a sense of hope and a vision of the future is more than what a mere historian could have done. The *Discovery of India* may, therefore, be described legitimately as an event in Indian history. It is the future that is of importance to Nehru. The story of the past 5,000 years provides the preamble: a long and sustained piece of writing is the preamble he has written, but all the same a preamble. It is the future, the programme, that dominates. Is that not the true view of history? No doubt, in the case of a civilisation, dead and buried, a narrative can be wholly of the past. But in the case of a living nation the past, however glorious, however inspiring, is but a preamble: it is the living present, and the future that matter. The following passage, perhaps one of the most beautiful in the whole book, brings out this approach to the past:

"Every country and people in the East and the West has had an individuality, a message, and has attempted to solve life's problems in its own way. Greece is something definite, superb in its own way; so is India, so is China, so is Iran. Ancient India and ancient Greece were different from each other, and yet they were akin, just as ancient India and ancient China had kinship in thought, in spite of great differences. They all had the same broad, tolerant, pagan outlook, joy in life and in the surprising beauty and infinite variety of nature, love of art, and the wisdom that comes from the accumulated experience of an old race. Each of them developed in accordance with its racial genius, influenced by its natural environment, and emphasised some one aspect of life more than others. This emphasis varied. The Greeks, as a race, may have lived more in the present, and found joy and harmony in the beauty they saw around them or which they themselves created. The Indians found this joy and harmony also in the present but, at the same time, their eyes were turned towards deeper knowledge, and their minds trafficked with strange questioning. The Chinese, fully aware of these questions and their wisdom, avoided entanglement with them. In their different ways, each tried to express the fullness and beauty of life. History has shown that India and China had stronger foundations and greater staying power; they have thus far survived, though they have been badly shaken and have greatly deteriorated, and the future is obscure. Old Greece, for all its brilliance, had a short

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life; it did not survive except in its splendid achievements, its influence on succeeding cultures, and the memory of that short bright day of abundant life. Perhaps because it was too much engrossed in the present, it became the past.

"India is far nearer in spirit and outlook to the old Greece than the nations of Europe are today, although they call themselves children of the Hellenic spirit. We are apt to forget this, because we have inherited fixed concepts which prevent reasoned thought. India, it is said, is religious, philosophical, speculative, metaphysical, unconcerned with this world, and lost in dreams of the beyond and the hereafter. So we are told, and perhaps those who tell us so would like India to remain plunged in thought and entangled in speculation, so that they might possess this world and the fullness thereof, unhindered by these thinkers, and take their joy of it. Yes, India has been all this, but also much more than this. She has known the innocence and insouciance of childhood, the passion and abandon of youth, and the ripe wisdom of maturity that comes from long experience of pain and pleasure; and over and over again she has renewed her childhood and youth and age. The tremendous inertia of age and size have weighed her down, degrading custom and evil practice have eaten into her, many a parasite has clung to her and sucked her blood, but behind all this lie the strength of ages and the subconscious wisdom of an ancient race. For, we are very old, and trackless centuries whisper in our ears; yet we have known how to regain our youth again, though the memory and dreams of those past ages endure with us.

"It is not some secret doctrine and esoteric knowledge that has kept India vital and going through these long ages, but a tender humanity, a varied and tolerant culture, and a deep understanding of life and its mysterious ways. Her abundant vitality flows out from age to age in her magnificent literature and art, though we have only a small part of this with us, and much lies hidden still or has been destroyed by nature or man's vandalism. The *Trimurti* in the Elephanta caves might well be the many-faced statue of India herself, powerful, with compelling eyes, full of deep knowledge and understanding, looking down upon us. The Ajanta frescoes are full of a tenderness and love of beauty and life, and yet always with a suspicion of something deeper, something beyond."

Here we have the essential qualities of Nehru as a historian, his internationalism, his vision of India in a world setting, his idea of the past merging into the present and flowing on into an unfolded future, his command over facts, his impatience with all who see only good and glorious things in India's past, his fervent nationalism and his flaming hope. What more do we require in a great historian?

March 7, 1949

GREETING FROM SWEDEN

ULLA ALM-LINDSTRÖM

When I was a young student on my first visit to England, I met two Indian pupils at the Sandhurst military college and they became my friends. These Indian boys were ardently interested in the freedom of India and the fight for this freedom, and I remember how we spent the evenings of their vacation, sitting before the coal-fire and discussing the problems of India's liberation. One of them (I hope he is still alive) presented me with the two volumes of the Indian Statutory Commission's Report—Survey and Recommendations—and when I returned back to Sweden I read them carefully and agitated then for India's sake among Swedish university-comrades with all the enthusiasm of youth. It is now 20 years ago. But I have never lost my interest in Indian life and India's future, and in my northern country, though on the opposite side of the globe, the understanding of India and sympathy for the Indian liberation-movement have had a good soil among the young generations. In this connection we heard, of course, the name of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, and we understood quite well his passion for self-government, because we ourselves could never think of a life without freedom.

I thought of all that again, when I myself saw Pandit Nehru for the first time and heard him speak at the United Nations' General Assembly in Paris last autumn, where I was present as one of the Swedish delegates, representing the Swedish women, and he spoke so fervently and sincerely about freedom and peace. Many times before I had heard his sister, the Indian chief-delegate, speak, and had felt proud of her as the very clever woman she is. I thought—and I hope I am right—that her position in the world's politics is not only the result of a famous brother's appreciation of the unique political genius she is endowed with, but an appreciation of women in general as co-workers in building up a modern, social and free state. In Sweden the women always have had a relatively free and respected status, and it is certainly one of the causes for the powerful social development of my country. We are now about 30 women in the Swedish Parliament, and in all professions—except in military and clerical ones—there are women just as good citizens as the men. I think that it is one of the fundamental conditions of creating a real democracy, as it is now the new free India's and Pandit Nehru's great task to do. It is wonderful to fight for a liberation—I can imagine which funds of enthusiasm and activity it can mobilize in a people—especially in its youth longing for self-government and a future quite of its own. But here is always a risk for a falling off in this enthusiasm, when the laborious and practical daily work for creation of a new democratic society will begin—with good living-standards and justice for all citizens without any discrimination. Experiences from Sweden have learnt me how difficult it can be to win, not the freedom but the real everyday

democracy that is to *keep* the freedom. I hope, however, very much that your country will succeed in that, and I send my most hearty congratulations to India for having such men as Pandit Nehru at the head of its government.

March 10, 1949



NEHRU THE WRITER

HUMAYUN KABIR

The quality of a writer is ultimately the quality of the man. The fact may escape our notice for brief periods, but in the end we are compelled to admit that an author must write himself into all his work. He may seek to escape from himself, but after all his wanderings he must come back to the centre of his being. He may try to be objective, but the objects are what he sees. His background, character and training are private to him, and yet they determine the texture of his public world. In a word, however much he may try to suppress his personality, his efforts end only in expressing it.

This is the inescapable law for all artists, but some seek, though in vain, to get beyond it. Their efforts only succeed in creating a wall between their inner thought and its outward expression. The result is lack of clarity, which, in the end, is always a manifestation of lack of sincerity. Sometimes, society forces such dissimulation on weak artists. Their work suffers from a loss of energy due to the incessant conflict between an inner urge and the outer restraint imposed on it.

The essential fact about Nehru as a writer is that he has never recognized such a barrier. His outstanding characteristic as a man and hence as a writer is his utter sincerity. His expression is, therefore, transparent to his thought. For him, to think is to feel and to feel is to act. Such swiftness of response puzzles and at times irritates slower minds. Baffled by his sharpness of reaction, some call him short-tempered, others imperious. They fail to see that it is neither short temper nor imperiousness, but a manifestation of the artist in him. With the artist, experience and expression are simultaneous. To conceive is to concretize.

Sincerity brings with it directness and strength. These are the qualities which characterize almost all Nehru's writings. There is a force and simplicity in his work which at first attracts and then retains the reader's admiration. It also indicates that there is no inner conflict or division in his mind. Whether it be an object of nature or an experience of man, it evokes in him a response charged with the full strength of his personality. Mountains attract him, sunsets haunt his memory, beautiful words and acts enrich his life. He writes about them all with a delicacy and power that are the measure of the exquisite nature of his sensibility.

Sincerity makes for integration of personality. One finds a curious evidence of this in Nehru's life history. Imprisonment is always a test of character, not so much for the physical suffering it involves as for the strain it imposes upon a man's balance of mind. Shut off from normal activities and denied the opportunity of meeting his fellows, a man is thrown back upon the resources of his own character and will. Forced inactivity imposes a terrible strain, which is directly proportionate

to the vitality and energy of the man. This explains why so many political leaders suffer a breakdown of health, if not of spirit, while in jail. Nehru, however, has gone through his prison life almost unscathed. This was possible only because of the integration of imagination and will in his personality. When the will had no outlet in movement and deed, imagination made the life of thought and emotion equally real to him.

It is again imagination which brought Nehru into politics. Artists have been attracted to it through indignation or sympathy. In the common man indignation against existing wrongs is dulled with the passage of time. The artist knows no such respite. Time and the growth of experience increase the intensity of his feelings, till they will no longer let him rest in the world of his imagination. Sympathy with suffering leads to the same result. He can no longer remain in the shell of his personality, but must, whether he likes it or not, march out to take his place on the battle front. The artist in him, however, cannot be suppressed. His struggles show an imaginative quality that distinguishes him from the primarily practical man. The man of affairs may compromise with misery and inequity, but not so the artist in public life.

The difference between the imaginative and the practical approach to politics is seen even in the distribution of sympathy of the two types. The practical man is concerned only with what immediately concerns him. This is a characteristic he shares with the average man. Everywhere, and more especially in India, he is burdened with the weight of his own cares and sorrows. After meeting the demands of his own life, he has little energy left to enter into the sorrows and joys of others. He can at best feel a passing sympathy for the sufferings of men and women he has not seen. With an artist it is different. The sorrows of imagination are as vivid as the sorrows experienced in one's own person. He reacts to them as sharply as to the suffering he directly sees. It is the artist's sensitiveness to suffering and pain that makes Nehru respond to reports of human misery with an intensity that often baffles his countrymen. They try to find an explanation by labelling him an internationalist. The simple truth, however, is that his approach to all problems of suffering is that of a humanist.

An artist's sensitiveness distinguishes all Nehru's political acts and utterances as well. Artists are proverbially shy and self-centred, and yet, by a curious law of psychological compensation, they love to display their thoughts and emotions before the world. They are generally content to express in line, colour or words their reactions to the stimuli of the outer world. In some rare cases, however, the reaction is so strong that expression alone does not satisfy them. They seek to enter the arena of public life and change the environment which provokes them. The artist is then merged in the political fighter, but even in the midst of strife and struggle the mantle of the artist clings to him. History has rarely brought upon the stage a more perfect specimen of the artist in public life than Nehru.

Acute æsthetic sensibility and a broad interest in the affairs of man have been delicately balanced in all Nehru's writings. His earliest work, *Letters from A Father*

to his Daughter, is ostensibly a story of the formation and growth of the world. The accounts of geology and biology are, however, interspersed with touches of personal feeling. The large movement of planetary life becomes in his hands something immediately related to our personal hopes and fears. The sorrows and joys of our life become in their turn integrated in the larger life of the universe and attain a permanence beyond the mutations of time. The oscillation between the reactions of the individual and the processes of the universe never ends. This is further evidence, if evidence be necessary, of the integration of personality which is the source of Nehru's abounding vitality.

Glimpses of World History and, its sequel, *Discovery of India* show the same concern with the individual and the world. *Glimpses of World History* paints the affairs of man on a broad canvas. The strokes are firm and sweeping. The pageant of ages lives before our eyes in a few bold touches. The writer himself is, however, always there, and the panorama of the world is *his* panorama. Not only so, but with a *naïveté* that is disarming, Nehru stops in the midst of the most exciting of human adventures to tell us of his personal feelings, or, perhaps, of the blossoming of a single flower in the courtyard of his jail. All art is, in a sense, abstraction: it is reality mirrored in the frame of a personality. In Nehru's writings, an additional frame is often supplied by the limitations of his prison life. The mirror, however, is always the untarnished personality of an artist, whose spirit confinement cannot quell.

This quality of fusing the personal with the universal is evident also in his *Discovery of India*. The work is in fact as much a discovery of Nehru as a discovery of India. There is of course no contradiction between the two. The life of every individual is a focus in which the life of the entire universe is reflected. In the case of the ordinary man, this perception is unconscious and blind. With an artist the perception is a conscious endeavour that gives meaning and purpose to all his work. T. S. Elliot has pointed out that any genuine work of art is not only influenced by all previous works of art, but in its own turn modifies them. The temporal law where effect succeeds cause thus seems to be violated in the world of art. Reflection will show that the paradox in Elliot's statement is only apparent. The work of art has its being in the mind of man. Our experience of a new work of art is conditioned by all that we have experienced before. Once experienced, it however becomes an element in our being, and must influence our feeling for even old values. Perception of a new work of art, therefore, alters our appreciation of all previous works of art. Nehru's *Discovery of India*, therefore, discovers at the same time the fascinating world of experience that is Nehru. This also explains why the book has had such immediate and universal appeal.

It is, however, his *Autobiography* that marks Nehru's highest achievement in the field of letters. At once lyrical and epic, it displays his manifold qualities as a writer and a man. The story of his own life is fused in the story of the nation and its struggle for freedom and liberty. The poignancy of the birth-pangs of a nation is matched by the poignancy of personal sorrow that broods over its pages. Sincerity, directness

and vigour are in evidence on every page. But, what is more, there is a delicacy of feeling that verges on the limits of the ineffable. His handling of masses of facts has never been surer, nor his judgment of men and issues more objective. And yet the whole work is instinct with a searching of the spirit and a sense of quest. It is this spirit of questing which marks the artist from the prophet, priest or king.

As a story of India's national struggle, the *Autobiography* is unsurpassed; as a sympathetic study into the characters of some of the men and women who shaped India's destiny in those fateful days, it has no equal. The character of his father, Pandit Motilal Nehru, dominates the whole account, so that the son's *Autobiography* is at the same time the biography of the father. The massive intellect and masculinity of the father is, without set purpose or conscious endeavour, contrasted to the eager and emotional quality of the son. A feeling for the drama of life is matched by the sense of impending events and a deep insight into the motives of man. Nehru's feeling for Gandhiji is known all over the world, but in his *Autobiography* Nehru has put even the Mahatma under the microscope. His analysis of his relations with the Mahatma is one of the most illuminating psychological studies that we find in modern political literature.

The power of searching analysis into the mind of man tends to make an author introspective. The feeling for the broad movements of history encourages, on the other hand, an attitude of objectivity. It is only a combination of the two that makes a truly great writer. The evidence of that combination in his *Autobiography* makes us at times regret that in gaining a great political leader India has perhaps lost a writer who could have been greater still.

Greatness in any sphere has in it an element of paradox. It is the combination of contraries that gives richness and complexity to genius. It is, therefore, not surprising that the sweep of Nehru's vision should be lit up by occasions of exquisite beauty. His sensitiveness to the change of seasons and the variations in light and colour, his deep joy in the sport of diminutive life, his awareness of the moods of evening and dawn—all bespeak the lyric temper of his mind. The sensitive, winged and vital words in which he has fashioned the record of his impressions proclaim an artist of rare quality.

There is at the same time in all his writings a balance and sobriety that is characteristic of the scientific temper. Nehru has always struggled to bring into his study of men and affairs the impersonal and objective attitude of Science. His attempt to see the other side of the shield at one time led his critics to describe him as the Hamlet of Indian politics. Whatever the consequence on his public activities, his searching, critical and questing spirit has given to his writing a breadth of vision and sanity that distinguishes the essential man of Science.

With the *Autobiography* Nehru has established for himself a permanent position in the world of letters. It expresses the manifold aspects of his rich personality, more adequately than perhaps anything else he has done. With the artist's sensitiveness to pain, he combines the fighter's indignation against wrong. Both aspects of his personality have full and satisfying expression in the *Autobiography*. His

flaming words bring cheer to depressed minds. His voice rings through the darkness and brings a ray of hope to those who are in despair. His exquisite expression of the fleeting and evanescent feelings of the heart evokes a response in all sensitive minds. His passionate insistence on judging things rationally gives to his writing a quality of understanding charity.

The transience of time and the inevitability of decay fill us with a sense of the tragedy of all being. No sensitive soul can escape that feeling, but the heroic spirit seeks to transcend sorrow and despair by its insistence on the dignity of man. The great writer is he who has walked in the valley of the shadow of death but never forgotten the shining peaks that lie beyond. Nehru invokes in us an awareness of values that demand the qualities of fortitude, courage and endurance in the face of suffering and death. His writings and his acts are full of this sense of human dignity. It is his reverence for man that makes him not only a champion but also a bard of oppressed humanity.

March 17, 1949



NEHRU AND THE MIDDLE WAY

STUART CHASE

In 1931 I wrote a book called *A New Deal,* before Mr. Roosevelt employed the term. I said in the book that there were three economic roads which mankind might take in the years ahead: the road to the left; the road to the right; and the middle road. I said that I hoped America, then struggling in an apparently bottomless depression, would take the last, for if she followed either of the others her democracy might be lost.

Now in 1949, eighteen years later, this still seems the choice. Mr. Roosevelt did take the middle road—and Mr. Truman is pressing along it as best he can. Marquis Childs, in a famous book, showed how Sweden has been successfully following this path for many years, and it has brought her the highest standard of living in Europe. Britain has followed it in a general way, and Australia and New Zealand.

But Mussolini and Hitler led Italy and Germany down the road to the right, where they met Japan and her war-lords. Meanwhile Russia, starting with Lenin in 1918, has gone far along the road to the left. Other nations are now joining her—though not always willingly.

The military defeat of the fascist states in World War II seemed to narrow the choice to the left and the middle. But reactionaries are still waiting hopefully, and we must not forget Franco in Spain and Peron in Argentina, nor must we forget General DeGaulle. The road to the right has not unfortunately been permanently abandoned.

It is perhaps too early to predict with any confidence which way mankind will go during the rest of the twentieth century. But for those of us who support the middle way, it is most encouraging to note the rise of a new champion in Asia. The whole world, indeed, has its eyes on Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the first Prime Minister of Free India. The world knows that the pattern set in Asia may be more important than the pattern of Europe, or of the Americas. More than half mankind live there.

The three roads still branch before us, but it is heartening to know that Prime Minister Nehru has elected to follow, as far as he is able, the middle way. He may prove to be the force which swings the whole world in that direction. It is the only direction which can take us, all two billion of us, to that One World that men of good will are dreaming about and working for. It is the only road where tolerance and understanding can rise superior to prejudice and dogma. Prejudice, intolerance and dogma are poor foundations on which to build a world government.

Why dream about One World, cries the sceptic, don't you know it is impossible? But the ghosts of Hiroshima will not lie still in their graves. They haunt the air wherever men breathe. They say we must find the road to One World, and that

there is not much time. They say we are now in the fifth year of the atomic age, and we must hurry.

What is the middle road? The countries west of the iron curtain are beginning to give it a new name, "The Third Force." What are the major characteristics of this force or this road? I will try to give a preliminary definition. It is shaped by one brought up in the culture of the West. Students from another culture might shape it somewhat differently, but I think we would agree on the main outlines.

A society which travels along the middle way will seek to preserve:

1. A strong government, prepared to act swiftly in emergencies.
2. But a government responsible so far as possible to the people. The people shall appoint it, and if they do not like it, the people shall depose it, by proper constitutional methods.
3. Certain freedoms must be guaranteed as well as free elections. They include freedom to choose one's job, freedom to choose one's goods, free speech, free press, freedom of worship, freedom of person and free trial. If one or more of these freedoms are not in the culture, the society will seek to bring them in.
4. The society will follow the general principle of "men first, money and property second"; its primary care being the well-being, security and happiness of its members—all of them. The term now used for this is the "welfare state." Such a state does not revile the rich, it only holds firmly to the idea that the rich must not block the furthering of adequate economic security to all. Such a state welcomes and protects private businessmen, so long as they are producing goods and services the public needs, at prices the public can afford to pay. Sweden is an excellent example.
5. The middle road society is a pragmatic society in the economic sense. It believes in doing something about services or institutions which are breaking down, but does not believe in changing institutions suddenly for ideological reasons. It does not believe in hurting and perplexing people for ideological reasons. Such a society will not hesitate to nationalize an essential industry which private capital can no longer operate, but it does not nationalize industries purely for the sake of nationalizing them. The question is not "what did Marx say to do?", but rather "what shall we do about these coal mines?", or "what shall we do about these sick children without proper medical care?"
6. Finally, the society which follows the middle way respects scientists and the scientific method. It would never be guilty of the purges of scientists which the Russian government has recently carried out in 1948. It is well aware that the scientific method applied to the study of human relations may be the last, best hope to keep the atomic age from running amuck. Furthermore, the culture concept, as developed by the anthropologists, is perhaps

> the mightiest lever ever devised for enabling the different peoples of the world to understand one another, and work together for One World.

This, or something like it, is the middle road. It is a broad road, a good road.

I hope that Jawaharlal Nehru can continue to lead us along this road. Without leaders we shall be lost. And we must have strong, wise leaders, able to hold their own against those men on horseback who flourish their swords, and call so loudly on the right and on the left.

March 15, 1949



SYMBOL OF PEACE AND PROGRESS

Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah

Pandit Nehru's achievement consists in the integration of the Indian struggle for independence into a united and successful upsurge against foreign domination. The Indian National Movement has evolved through definite stages of an increasing measure of concretisation of its economic and political programme, as well as of increase in its volume. Pandit Nehru has contributed in a distinct and prominent way to the shaping of such programmes. Before and after he strode into the Indian political arena, people in many parts of the country were fighting local freedom battles which were operationally unrelated to the broad national movement in the country, for instance, in some of the States, or the N.-W. F. P. It is his dynamic personality which is responsible for channelising all these streams into a stormy torrent which swept away a mighty empire.

To start with, the national movement was confined to the so-called British India. The great mass of humanity inhabiting Indian India had yet not been awakened to sufficient militancy to be able to play an effective role in the liberation of the country. The people in the States continued to groan under the weight of slavery. The Princely Order was the greatest ally of the British in India. No struggle against alien rule could succeed without the reduction of this stronghold of Imperialism. With a profound insight into the future, Pandit Nehru was among the first to realise that to achieve national ideals it was essential to organise the State's people, to weld the rising, isolated movements in the States into one political framework, on one platform and a united programme of action.

Such an organisation had necessarily got to be separated from the Indian National Congress, because the problems facing the people in the States were different in many respects from the problems of the people in British India. The conditions prevalent in the States were different—Panditji had the opportunity of experiencing them when he was arbitrarily detained by the Nabha State authorities. The situation there was complicated by the fact that the fight against foreign rule involved the priority of liquidating unhampered the autocratic power wielded by the princes. Hence, the need for States People's Conference which was to lead the attack against the Princely Order. Panditji was the guiding source of inspiration in forging the States People's Conference.

In our own State, the expression of grievances on the part of the people was confined to presenting of appeals to the Prince before 1925. The year 1925, for the first time in history, saw the people involved in an organised political campaign: the State-owned Silk Factory workers struck work demanding more education and better wages. However, the large mass of people remained unmoved. By 1931,

the unrest had become universal. The causes operating were the same as those which culminated in the Civil Disobedience Movement in India. The peasant could no longer tolerate the gruelling conditions of poverty and starvation; there was mass unemployment in the country. The only solution was the abolition of the old order. The whole of the State was shaken by a colossal political earthquake. The tiller demanded his right to the fruit of his labour; the right to employment and the right to a popular share in the administration were insisted upon.

One of the weaknesses of the movement was that it was isolated. There were people who slandered it as being communal in import and purpose. It goes to the undying credit of Pandit Nehru that he stood up to defend the movement against slanders. He characterised it as an expression of the progressive will of the Kashmiris to throw away the yoke of autocracy and foreign rule. It is he who was responsible for ushering in our movement into the fold of States People's Conference.

Likewise the *role* of Pandit Nehru with regard to the freedom movement of the Pathans is significant. Living on a strategically the most important and the most vulnerable of India's frontiers, the Pathans have ever refused to submit to any of India's conquerors, from Alexander to the British. The British tried to rule them through ruthless use of force, by bribery, and by fomenting mutual feuds. The Khan brothers united the Pathans as one people, and led them against the common enemy, suffering untold hardships and sacrifices. In their bitter struggle what they needed most was allies. People who were posing as the guardians of the claims of Mussalmans of India refused to show them any quarter. Pandit Nehru embraced them with welcoming arms and was instrumental in getting the *Khudai Khidmatgars*[1] linked up with Indian National Congress.

Pandit Nehru has been a fighter not only for national freedom. His activities have had a vaster canvas. He has all along fought for the liberation of all the oppressed peoples of the world. Endowed with a historical perspective, he knew that national freedom and international progress are interlinked. There are two contending camps in the world—the camp of progress and the camp of reaction, the camp of democracy and the camp of tyranny. The victory of freedom and democracy depends on unity within the camp of progress. Any reverse to progress in one country would result in a weakening of its forces in others. That explains why his heart wept when the Nazis trampled under the beautiful squares of Vienna; that is why he was so keenly interested in the issue of the Spanish Civil War. His support for the Arabs of Palestine was unstinted. His one recent concern is the Dutch aggression against Indonesian freedom. The loudest in protest against injustice and tyranny, he is the Shelley of our times, with the added capacity of being able to translate his ideals into action.

This comparison is not unfair to Shelley, for Panditji is a poet at heart. Possessed of a refined sensibility and a catholic intellect, he has all the ingredients in his personality which constitute a poet. The urgent problems of poverty and

[1] Servants of god, the name given to the followers of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan. (*Eds.*)

ignorance of his people forced him to dedicate his entire faculties and energy to the stress and storm of politics. But whenever he could get opportunities to recollect emotion in tranquillity i.e., in the cloistered solitude of a prison cell, he poured forth lyrics in prose, which his writings are.

I have known Panditji intimately since over a decade now. He has been to me not only a comrade-in-arms, but also a friend, philosopher and guide. He has always regarded me with deep affection, and his love has flown abundantly to the people of Jammu and Kashmir to whose rescue he always came in moments of crisis. During "Quit Kashmir" days, when we were engaged in a last ditch battle against autocracy, he arrived post-haste in Kashmir and did all he could to steer us successfully through during a sorely trying period.

Pandit Nehru rose to magnificent heights of personality during the communal disturbance in the Punjab and Delhi. In a frenzied world, when man had ceased to be human, when civilisation was carried to the primitive period, when crime had ceased to be a crime, when killing and rape were regarded as patriotic acts, Nehru, along with Gandhiji, stood firm as a rock in a turbulent ocean, emanating the light of love, peace and fellow-feeling. And it is his stand that has finally been vindicated. He has been able to establish that the path of progress lies in the direction of communal concord, towards the setting up of a non-communal, secular State.

In the world today, torn as it is by bitter strife, Pandit Nehru emerges as a glorious symbol of peace and progress. There are forces which are driving the world in the direction of a devastating conflagration, although it has not yet recovered from the ravages of the last great war. The forces of aggression are polarising in two camps, a clash between which will mean the destruction of mankind. A race for armament has already started, and we know from past experience where this race leads to. The need of the moment is the marshalling of all forces of peace, to abolish war as a method of international arbitration. The single biggest factor which can turn the balance in favour of peace is Pandit Nehru.

April 6, 1949



INDIA'S MAN OF DESTINY

R. G. CAVELL

The history of human leadership has been magnificently enriched by the life of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Upon no leader has fate ever placed heavier burdens or greater responsibilities, and India was fortunate, indeed, that at her great moment in history, she should have had ready—trained and tested in her long struggle for freedom and independence—such a great Indian as Pandit Nehru to become the first Prime Minister of Free India. Not only was India fortunate, but free men throughout the world should rejoice that at the head of a new, free India, there stands today a man who has devoted his life to the greatest cause of all—the freedom of the human spirit.

Unquestionably, there is coming into being a new age in Asia, and everything points to the fact that it is largely India which will shape the destiny of that age. If that is true—as I think it is—then India's leader at the dawn of her new life is a vitally important person whose influence will be felt not only by millions in India, but by many more outside her borders.

It has always seemed to me that Kipling's

> "East is East and West is West,
> And never the twain shall meet"

has never been true, and must never, under any circumstances, be allowed to become a justified truth; actually, East and West have been meeting and mingling since the dawn of recorded history.

The very foundations of our Western civilization reached us from the Orient, and the early history of human trade shows that India, particularly, was advanced in industry, and exported her technical and artistic products all over the world long before we of the West had developed any industrialization worthy of mention.

But, the West can claim its share of pride in New India's leader. It was in a Western school and University that he received some of the preparation for his great responsibilities, and it is most fortunate that this should have been so.

Once more, it proves Kipling to have been wrong. In the personality of the man who is Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, there mingles the teachings of the *Vedas*—which he has beautifully described as

> "the unfolding of the human mind in the
> earliest stages of thought"—

and the democratic ideals of the West.

All this we know through his two remarkable books, both written in prison: *Toward Freedom* and *The Discovery of India.*



HEAD OF NEHRU BY EPSTEIN (1948)

Courtesy : Artist

I have never ceased to marvel at these books, or humbly to revere the greatness of this man, who, without a library, without all the usual—and for lesser mortals—indispensable appurtenances of scholarship, could sit in a bare and lonely prison cell and produce these masterpieces of literature—in my language, not his—both written with a command of words and graciousness of style which few of us, whose Mother tongue is English, could ever hope to attain.

It is an inestimable piece of good fortune that, in view of India's Asian position, the first Prime Minister of a free India should be a man of such wide outlook and knowledge. Every day it becomes more obvious that no nation can stand alone and that, more than ever, the hope for world peace lies in the effective co-operation of the nations in a collective security organization.

Never before has the aftermath and economic dislocation of war been so widespread and so terrible in its effect as following World War II.

At San Franscisco, in 1945, the Nations met in a spirit of great optimism; world co-operation seemed really possible and the war-torn peoples of the many Nations which assembled there felt that at last the serious problems which the war had created could be solved by sane people working amicably together in a sane world. Alas, we were wrong once again! Mankind as a whole has proved to be anything but sane and rational. After frustrating attempts to solve our problems by comprehensive, world-wide co-operation, we have had to admit failure and to see our efforts end in a division of the world into two opposing ideologies, each fighting for supremacy.

In place of a real world co-operation for the betterment of the lot of mankind, we have been compelled to accept the compromise of Regional Co-operation. We have the Atlantic Pact; a Mediterranean Pact is being discussed, and the makings of a Far Eastern Pact are already discernible. What we must constantly guard against is the danger that these Regional Pacts might degenerate into powerful groupings, with ends other than those expressed in the Charter of the United Nations.

Always, we must keep before us the great ideal of human freedom and the sanctity of the human spirit and personality.

Having spent some twenty years of my life in the Far East, I am deeply conscious of the fact that we who live in the Western Hemisphere are a minority on this earth and, ultimately, the preservation of human freedom and the full and world-wide development of Human Rights will largely depend on the forms of Government which are evolved for the millions of Asia, and upon the type of political education they receive.

Pandit Nehru, amidst the background of chaos which World War II left in Asia, has made a momentous start towards stability in India and the promótion of Regional Unity in Southern Asia; to him must go the credit for laying these first foundations of stability and unity.

This great Indian—who could write outstanding books requiring prodigious feats of memory, whilst incarcerated in prison—has demonstrated a calibre of statesmanship which might well fashion the future course of world history.

The emergence of Southern Asia from its long period of control by Western powers, and the *rising tide of* self-government now so strongly coming in, could easily mould this area into one resembling the Balkans, a troublesome sore spot and war breeding ground for generations in Europe. Feuds just as bitter as the war-creating feuds of the Balkans could develop between the independent new states of Southern Asia: India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, and those inevitably to become new independent states: Indo-China, Indonesia and Malaya.

But to us of the West who watch Asia anxiously, it seems that Pandit Nehru is acutely aware of these dangers, and that the "Asian Conference" which he brought into being was not only his answer to our fears, but also the beginning of what we all hope will prove to be the foundation of a system of Far Eastern regional security, stability and goodwill.

But many of us in the West are concerned; we hear troubled whispers from our Indian friends; their great leader works too hard they tell us, and they fear for his health. They watch with apprehension whilst he puts upon himself superhuman burdens which must tax his strength and might even shorten his life. Their fears become our fears, because it seems to us that the real work of this remarkable man has only just begun.

It would not be possible for me, a Westerner, to list even a fraction of the tasks which face him, but three seem to stand out as being of paramount importance:

To raise the standard of living of the Indian people, and to end the desperate poverty which has for too long been the patiently accepted lot of all too many of them.

To build around India a system of regional security, which will safeguard her from the ravages of war and protect the freedom and living standards of her people.

To lend his great prestige and ability to bringing about a better understanding and a real spirit of co-operation between East and West, to the mutual advantage of both and in the interests of world unity and lasting peace.

Actually, it seems to me, these tasks are closely linked together, and perhaps they could be best facilitated at this time were it possible for Pandit Nehru to visit the North American Continent. He would find a great welcome awaiting him. In the United States there is a vast body of public opinion, intensely interested in, and very sympathetic to, the problems of India and of South East Asia. I predict that vast audiences would assemble to welcome and listen to the first Prime Minister of Free India. In my own country of Canada, our twelve millions of scattered population might not provide such large audiences, but what we lacked in size we would make up in enthusiasm and genuine welcome, and what an opportunity would be afforded to commence the building of that bridge between East and West which is so vitally necessary!

India is now free to solve her problems in her own way and to develop within herself such political forms and ideals as are best suited to the happiness of her people, but, in the economic and industrial development of the country, the West can

perhaps repay some of the debt it owes for the philosophical, mathematical and other ideas it obtained from India centuries ago. Across the bridge which must be built between East and West, this ancient exchange must continue.

One of the most disastrous consequences of World War II has been the disruption of world trade and the resulting confusion between world currencies. But if we can once create a real desire for increased trade between the East and the North American Continent, I am sure that these difficulties—insuperable as they might now seem to be—can be overcome, and that a friendly and mutually advantageous exchange of goods and service can be brought into being.

There are thousands of North Americans—democratic citizens of the United States and of Canada—who would be delighted to know that a start had been made, even a small start, toward providing the Indian peasant with more modern agricultural tools and thus relieve him of some of the back-breaking physical labour, which destroys his health, cuts down his span of life and likewise that of his family.

There are, I believe, millions of North Americans who would be sympathetic to measures of aid in assisting the Government of India to raise the standards of living of the Indian people. But, first, they must be given an understanding of Indian problems of which, today, they have no knowledge at all, and without such knowledge there can be no real understanding.

A visit by Pandit Nehru to North America would quicken interest in India and her people, and would do more than anything else I can think of to help establish understanding.

But it is not alone of material well-being that I am thinking, important though that is to India's poor; but, as I have said elsewhere in this article, which I have been given the great privilege of writing, our paramount concern must be the preservation of the sanctity of human personality and the freedom of the human soul.

From the depths of his knowledge of Eastern and Western philosophy, the First Prime Minister of a free India has a vital contribution to make to the mutual problem of making freedom secure.

India is, indeed, fortunate in her great leader who, let us hope, will find time and strength to assist in building that bridge over which East and West will meet and understand each other better.[1]

April 1, 1949

[1] While this Volume was in the press, Pandit Nehru's visit to North America was announced to take place in October-November 1949. (*Eds.*)

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BATTLE-SCARRED SOLDIER

KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAY

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is acknowledged today as one of the most important personalities of the world. He enjoys a high status among the political figures and statesmen. It is, however, necessary, and of interest, to realise that he has come to occupy this position in rather an unusual manner. For that, in a way, gives the clue to India's *role* in international affairs.

Men come to assume importance in world politics because they represent countries that are a power in global affairs. They wield influence because their countries dominate economically, or politically or both. Their every move has an impact on the destinies of millions or billions. But Gandhiji initiated a new type of personality, a new influence, a new *role*—equally dominant, but of a different order of power. With him came a leadership that won following and approbation all the world over, but on a different footing. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has followed in his footsteps. Gandhiji and Nehru became world-recognised leaders long before India became free—in fact, when freedom seemed only a dream-star hovering on the dim horizon. One may say that the Gandhian leadership is symbolised as the moral conscience of the world. Not only did this leadership develop a vision that sees beyond the narrow, irrational, man-made frontiers of the world, but it operated on a wider and more elevated plane. Its high idealism was not to be reduced to formal platitudes aired from platforms or dusty foreign official desks, but rather to be worked out and implemented in the everyday affairs of mankind. The idealism had a ringing message for every human heart in which it found a ready echo. It was not a distant and vain dream, but an experience here and now. This leadership nas stood for the larger and deeper human values that have an abiding significance—honesty, integrity and decency. Gandhiji's initiation of a new technique of struggle against tyranny, injustice and force brought with it a new climate for humanity to breathe in. *Satyagraha* was the weapon that the common man could wield against the mightiest force. The Gandhian technique inevitably assumed a universal significance. Its simplicity and its dynamism were tested and proved. This leadership identified the Indian struggle with the larger colonial struggle against world imperialism, wherever it existed, raising it from the narrow seclusion of nationalism into the vast arena of humanitarianism. The channel swelled into an ocean.

It is against this background that Pandit Nehru's personality has to be posed in perspective. For then alone do we get a grasp of the distinguishing characteristics which might otherwise be lost. Let us now turn to his personal self, for he is undoubtedly one of the most colourful figures not only of India but of the world. To be born with the proverbial silver spoon in the mouth and yet to be the indefatigable

champion of the common man, cannot but capture one's imagination. All the good fairies of luck must have presided at his birth to lavish on him most extravagantly their choicest gifts. He lacks nothing, not even perennial youthfulness, a quality so rare in this country of ours.

A childhood spent in the gorgeous *Anand Bhavan*, whose splendours have dazzled every visitor, and English public-school education and the high-brow Cambridge University to round off with, he has had the most envied and coveted of opportunities at easy call. Rare though such circumstances may be, they are not exceptional. But it is not everyone who plays on the Eton grounds, or wears the colours of Harrow, or walks the historic halls of Cambridge that becomes a Jawaharlal. More than one contemporary of his at college has remarked: "We always felt he would become somebody. There was something exceptional about him".

It is the misfortune of many a worthy child to be eclipsed by its parent, should that parent but happen to be a strong individual. But Jawaharlal is a marked exception. In spite of the towering personality of Pandit Motilal, Jawaharlal carved out a special place for himself in the world, and has impressed it with his own individual stamp. Adored by the father, worshipped by the mother, he defied tradition and remained unspoilt. Superficial critics might say that he owes half his glory to his father, his birth and his home. But one has only to know him and review his life even cursorily, to feel that minus all these great assets there were equal chances for him still to become the Jawahar he is—one of the finest jewels of India, and one of the greatest leaders of the world today.

In build he is not as towering as the atmosphere around him gives one the impression. The first consciousness one has is of strength—indomitable, almost overpowering. The air of aloofness, the aggressive and challenging manner, do not put one at one's ease at first. At times the head is raised and thrown back with almost a haughty air that may make you feel either very small or resentful. But it is not long before these unpalatable sensations are dispelled. Before you realise it you know that you have surrendered to an impregnable rock that you may have had every intention of first attacking. You may agree with him or you may not, but you cannot ignore him.

The far-away look in his eyes speaks of hidden dreams. Once that deep-set mouth must have broken into smiles oftener; those firm lips melted into softer lines; the stern eyes danced with a more tender light. Those delicately shaped hands, the exquisitely chiselled feet, all so eloquent of a dream-laden soul, are today masked by the hard, relentless marks of a terrible struggle, that a nation in travail indelibly leaves on everyone who has been in it.

It has been perhaps the rare privilege of a few to see the human side of Jawaharlal. To see him become a child crawling on all fours to play the comrade to a baby; join in an excited game of hide and seek with youngsters; carry a kid on his back marching at the head of a troop of children in a make-believe procession—to see all this is to glimpse an entirely new being, perhaps to see the real Jawahar with the mask off. For, most of us regard great men as institutions. We gaze at them as

we would into the interior of a room through a window, catch a few transitory flashes and then pass on. The real man within remains hidden, unknown to us. To know an individual one has to know his human side: read the unspoken thoughts, gauge the hidden depths of emotions, mark the trembling dreams stir into life, trace the lines of unguarded movements, see him in the common walks of life. It is this background that reveals the real man, not the resplendent canopy of leadership.

Pandit Nehru's contribution to politics has naturally to be analysed in the Indian context in which his ideologies were evolved. He had acquired a scientific approach to problems and the habit of precise analysis—two very essential and refreshing qualities that he brought to current Indian thought. The overall humanism of Gandhiji he could streamline; chisel the colossus of the Gandhian mountain to sharper contours. To the sophisticated youth of this atomic century he interpreted in their lingo the chaste crystalline thought-forms of his leader. He translated into scientific terms the very original Gandhian terminology which has no dictionary yet for precise defining. The dynamics behind conventional terms such as "truth" and *Ramrajya* in the Gandhian context, might have been lost, if he had not made them as synonymous with human integrity and a new social order.

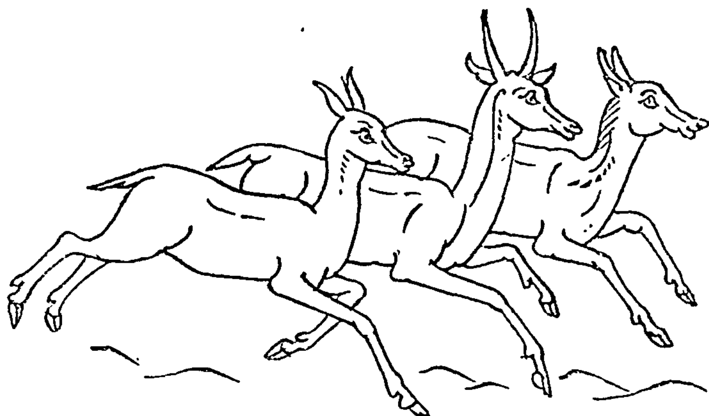
Pandit Jawaharlal's advent into Indian politics marks a new epoch, even as Gandhiji's entry marks a new era. The new social philosophy which Gandhiji poured into the Indian political goblet, Nehru flavoured with a spicy tang. Undoubtedly the two personalities complemented each other. The Gandhian context could be given the modern socialist form. If today one traces the beginning of a happy blending of some of the principles or truths (as Gandhiji preferred to call them) that Gandhiji preached and something of the Marxian precepts in the developing Indian Socialist ideology, it is due in no mean measure to Nehru's impact on Indian political thought. A discerning acceptance of new ideas, together with a keen awareness of realities, made him rise above a blind succumbing to any personality or ideology. His vision could grasp the dynamics in the Gandhian context, so peculiarly suited not only to the Indian scene but to all the colonial struggles, nay to all struggling humanity. The element of idealism, the emphasis on recognised standards of conduct, the need for the purity of the means to be adopted in achieving an objective, which find today an important place in the Socialist movement in India, are a proof of this happy combination, and make a valuable contribution to the picture of a new social order. The world owes much of this orientation, this unique task of filling new jars with some of the precious old wine, to Pandit Nehru.

In a way Nehru today occupies the centre of the new world that is emerging out of the struggle of the subject peoples. Not only Asia but the oppressed and the exploited everywhere, in a sense, look to him for the initiative in striking out new pathways, evolving new codes of public conduct and international relationship. No doubt, Pandit Nehru as the Prime Minister of India enjoys considerable status and importance, for India is a vast and powerful country. But he owes his leadership to more than that, to the concrete shape he gave to Gandhiji's

universal humanitarianism. His identifying India with the people of Ethiopia when that country was invaded; his support of the Medical Mission to China, and the ban on Japanese goods when China became the victim of Japanese aggression; his campaigning for the Spanish Republican cause, and his personal visit to that country in the dark days of its civil war, had made him a symbol of the larger human urge for freedom that overleaps narrow boundaries. It was, therefore, inevitable that he should instinctively take up the challenge of imperialism when Indonesia was invaded afresh by the Dutch. India alone was in the position to do that, and, thanks to the leadership she has evolved, the clarion call given by Pandit Nehru found a spontaneous response in every country of Asia. "We look to him not because he is the Prime Minister of India, but because we have confidence he will give the right lead", said the Asian leaders as they wended their way to Delhi to attend the Conference on Indonesia that he had summoned.

His is not a meteoric glory; he did not win his laurels on the smooth floor of the Legislature, nor make his mark reclining amongst the soft cushions of *Anand Bhawan*. He is the tried soldier, who literally carries battle scars on his body. He has had his baptism of the *lathi*, initiation into the ritual of wearing iron manacles on the wrist, repeated retreats behind prison cloisters. Perhaps few among the leaders have been tried in so scarlet and fiery a flame as he has been. He has sometimes humorously remarked when people in an intriguing tone have asked him if he was really at school with the Prince of Wales, that perhaps he owed some of his popularity to this legend. But what matters to those thousands of villagers who flock to see him, keeping a weary vigil through a freezing night on station platforms, if only to catch a glimpse of the train which carries him—for, most often they see nothing more than the blinding orange glare of the engine light, or the vanishing red flare of the rear carriage. No, they honour and love him because they hope they have a friend in him; one, who will feel and suffer with them; gauge the darkness of their distress, quicken at the terror of their empty lives.

March 30, 1949



SEVERAL DISTINCT LIVES

IQBAL SINGH

The limits of the human personality are not only physical: they are also psychological, spiritual and historical. It is easy to recognise and accept physical limits. It is much more difficult to recognise and accept the other, subtler, yet no less binding, no less compulsive, limits. It is much more difficult because the Universe in which we like to live, in which we imagine we actually do live, is an egocentric Universe. And, as such, there is no illusion so universal, so deep-rooted, as the illusion of the human ego regarding its own limitlessness, its infinitude; no illusion which is so infectious, so easily transferable. We think of our own egoes as well as those of others to whom we are attached, or whom we admire, as having unlimited significance. This in its turn serves as the martrix of a whole series of other illusions, necessary no doubt to sustain human self-confidence in the face of an overwhelming, always indifferent, often alien Universe beyond man, but which dis-orientate our outlook and destroy the sense of proportion essential to objective understanding. For to such an understanding the most manifest aspect of human personality is the strictly limited character of its significance in time and in space. The limits may be variable; they are variable; but they are inescapably there and cannot be transcended. For what is significant is significant only for one place and for one time. To displace a personality outside its proper historical limits is to distort its significance, to render it out of focus, and, where we are concerned with contemporary figures, to ensure disenchantment.

These reflections are germane to our understanding of Jawaharlal Nehru, especially germane at a moment when he is about to cross the nodal line beyond which even a prolonged youthfulness, such as his, must inevitably develop some of the gravity, acquire some of the qualities, assume some of the responsibilities normally associated with elder statesmanship. They are pertinent also because today in writing or speaking of him there is no longer any need for being sentimental, no longer any need even of being cautious and watchful, since one is no longer haunted by the feeling of apprehension of being misinterpreted by an overhearing, eavesdropping stranger within and without the gate. We can afford to be objective about Nehru, as about other significant Indians of our time. Objectivity is, or ought to be, an inalienable prerogative of freedom; and the measure in which we can afford to be objective in judgment is the measure, too, of India's advance towards her destiny.

To what time and to what place, then, does Nehru belong? To many such a question is bound to appear superfluous, even impertinent. For millions he belongs pre-eminently, unquestionably, to the present, to the here and now. After

all, he is the Prime Minister of India. He can be seen any day in a multiplicity of *roles:* opening institutions, laying foundation-stones of vast multi-purpose projects, launching ships, distributing prizes to owners of pedigree bulls, talking to princes of finance and industry, sipping ice-cream under the admiring gaze of India's *nouveaux riches* socialites, taking salutes at military parades and tattoos, shaking hands with foreign diplomats, and, with all these varied and variegated preoccupations, still finding time to lose his temper with the vast, anonymous, unhappy and refractory crowds who are the living body of India. He is easily the most photographed and publicised figure of India today: his face is daily presented to us in all the changing moods—distracted and serene, disconsolate and jubilant, angry and smiling. Outside India, he is by far the best loved Indian since Gandhiji's death; certainly no one else has played so great a part in making India intelligible to the modern world. And yet, the question remains; impertinence or no impertinence, it demands an answer.

It remains because all the diverse facets, all the amplitude of activity, all the power and the glory which are today associated with Jawaharlal, have about them something not wholly convincing. One has the uncanny feeling that he does not really belong to them; that they do not belong to him. For, what they reveal is a shadow, a deceptive simulacrum, of a reality which has its significant focus elsewhere, in some other sphere and in some other moment. This is perhaps putting it in too esoteric terms. Perhaps, the truth is that, within the span of an individual life, there is not one but several distinct lives to be lived, and that all of them cannot be lived on an identical level of intensity and purposefulness. In the life of each individual one has to look for a specific phase of maximum human significance, the phase in which a personality truly fulfils its inner nature, realises its full potential. And it is hard to discover this point of realisation, for it does not always coincide with periods of more spectacular achievements. Where, in Jawaharlal's life, is one to locate this moment?

There will be many answers, and it is right that there should be many answers. But for the writer, at any rate, the period to which he ineluctably belongs lies between the Lahore Congress and the August Resolution. Those were his years. Beyond them one enters into the realm of disturbing incertitudes, of doubts that rankle like thorns in the spirit, of controversy that undermines the sense of conviction; beyond them one feels—it has got to be said—the withering breath of incipient disenchantment. But those twelve years are free of all taints of uncertainty, doubt, controversy and disillusionment. It is impossible to think of them without thinking of Nehru. During this period his personality appeared to be constantly gaining in stature, revealing new horizons of promise. He had not arrived where he has arrived today, but it was in journeying towards the destination that he was most magnificent, most himself.

All that he has done since is, of course, important in its own way. It cannot be assessed at its true valuation since we are too near it to judge dispassionately. But one has the impression that many others could have done it, played the part that he is playing, if not with the same grace, at least with the same and possibly even

greater competence. But what he did during those years and what he said could not have been done or said by anybody else quite so convincingly, so urgently, and with the same poignancy. And the paradox is that what mattered was not the things done by him or the words spoken by him, but the fact that he was there in the midst of the struggle. His presence was a kind of guarantee and a pledge of something intangible and indefinable, and yet without that intangible and indefinable element the struggle itself would not have had the meaning it had.

Great political movements, involving large aggregates of humanity, are not always models of purity of purpose. They have a complex anatomy; and they attract all sorts of people for all sorts of reasons and motives. They are not for the pure in heart, or those who have delicate consciences. The Indian national movement was no exception to this. Even at its best it was not altogether free from equivocations, defects of will, opportunitism, translucency of belief, confusion and ambivalence of aims. Yet, during those years of hope, behind and beyond all this, there was a golden lucidity of impulse, and one felt that Nehru was the symbol of that lucidity.

More than that. Jawaharlal occupied a position that was unique and will remain unique. He belonged, primarily, to the heart and mind of the Indian intelligentsia. He was not like the others, great as many of them undoubtedly were. There was Gandhiji, for instance. He had the paradoxical quality of being at once intimately of the people and yet so vastly beyond one. He stood for a way of life, an abstract ideal, which one accepted or rejected according to one's views and one's temperament. However, even for those who accepted his way of life, his ideal, he was ultimately something outside them—something even unattainable. To the intellectuals Nehru presented no such difficulty. With him there was no question of "otherness". Spiritually and psychologically he was always accessible because, in a very profound sense, he was a part of oneself. In him, all that one felt passionately, if incoherently, all that one desired, all one's aspirations, all one's doubts and hesitancies even, found a language. And what a language, sensitive, limpid, tormented at times, but always superbly adequate. Of all the books that have appeared during the past quarter of a century his *Autobiograpy* is the one most likely to outlast our epoch. For it is not merely the testament of an individual, but of a whole generation. No other intellectual of our time, in so far as the Indian intelligentsia is concerned, will ever fulfil the representative *role* which Nehru did during these years which constituted an epoch in themselves.

And for the excellent reason that that *role* is exhausted and over. The period in which the intelligentsia, as such, could act as an independent factor in moulding the course of events is no more. Another age has been, and other palms will have to be won. And by others, not the intellectuals. The stage in India, as elsewhere, is set for a new drama of human destiny; the actors are no longer individuals, but impersonal forces—on one side all the power and obstinate determination of well-entrenched privilege; on the other those elemental urges of hunger, of desire for human dignity, on the part of the disinherited of the earth, to which Nehru himself

once referred during his trial at Gorakhpur. The intellectuals all over the world will have to take their sides in this conflict; there is no possibility of remaining in the no man's land, caught between two fires; the ivory tower was long ago demolished, if it ever existed outside the world of imagination. Now only the historical barricades are real, and not only in a metaphorical sense. Each one has to choose. Jawaharlal has made his choice. It would be beside the point to say that one wishes he had made a different choice. To each one his choice: that is the measure of one's freedom of will in the process of History.

But the real point of significance is something else. The real point of significance is that even those who make a different choice, and take a different road, will freely acknowledge that it is possible for them, to do so, partly, at any rate, because of Jawaharlal. He has clarified so many things for one, illuminated so many dark valleys of decision and indecision, that one is able today to face up to the problem of the choice with a certain degree of clairvoyance and confidence. More than that. There are gulfs in time, as there are gulfs in space. One needs bridges to cross these gulfs. Nehru's personality provides one such bridge between two epochs, between two worlds, the one dead and the other still struggling to be born. He belongs partially to both and wholly to neither. Hence, the inner dichotomy of his own being, hence also his choice which is not one's own choice. But it is not that which matters. What matters is that without him it would have been more difficult to go across the gulf, the access to the Future would have been infinitely harder. So, even across the gulf, one feels towards him a sense of gratitude—and affection.

March 21, 1949



NEHRU AND CHINA

TAN YUN-SHAN

As the names of Lord Buddha and the Bodhisattavas of ancient India, three names of modern India are very well-known to the Chinese people, namely, Mahatma Gandhi, Gurudeva Tagore, and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

Gandhi was the most revered, Tagore the most adored, Nehru remains the most beloved of all. The Chinese people revere the Mahatma as a saint, adore the Gurudeva as a teacher, but regard the Pandit as a friend and brother of their own. Or, to be more accurate, to the Chinese people, Tagore was like a mother, Gandhi a father, and Nehru a darling.

Indeed, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru possessed many characteristics which the Chinese have had themselves, and which they cherish. We really feel that he is more lovely, more affectionate, more humane, more social, more friendly and more considerate than any other foreigner. And yet he is so dignified and majestic that he commands the respect and admiration of all people, especially the Chinese, besides their love and affection for him. In other words, he has gained the heart of the citizens of the world in general, and of the Chinese in particular.

When we look at him with a long Chinese gown in a photo taken together with the Chinese Generalissimo and Madame Chiang, published in his book *China, Spain and the War*, but for his Gandhi-cap we can hardly distinguish him from a Chinese.

Like the visit of the Poet Rabindranath Tagore to China in 1924, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's visit to China in 1939 has been a great event in Sino-Indian history. The warm and genuine reception that the Chinese people and their National Government accorded to him exceeded any given to foreign guests in recent times.

As Pandit Nehru has himself recorded, when he arrived in Chunking, the wartime capital of China, he was greeted by thousands of people including many political, cultural, educational, social and also military leaders. At the aerodrome, "there was a brief speech of welcome and presentation of bouquets, and then we passed along a line of girls and boys in some kind of uniform who greeted me with rythmic waving of flags. Then to a boat to cross the river." (*China, Spain and the War*, p. 44.) The whole city of Chungking was decorated with flags, flowers and festoons, and the streets lined by people when he passed by. One thing to be specially noted here is that this was the first time that the Chinese people hoisted their national flag in welcoming a foreign guest.

Although his visit to China was a very short one and was limited to two or three cities, due to the war situation of that country and the urgent call from India, the impression he left with the Chinese people has been lasting. The goodwill and

hospitality of the Chinese people was no doubt very splendid and touching. As Pandit Nehru himself said:

> "Abundant goodwill and hospitality met me everywhere, and soon I realised that this had far more than personal significance. I was looked upon as a representative of India, of the Congress, although I had no such official status, and the people of China were anxious and eager to make friends with the Indian people and to develop contacts with them. Nothing could have pleased me better, for that also was my heart's desire.
>
> "And so I came back after thirteen days, reluctantly, and yet inevitably, for the call of India in these days of crisis was imperative. But that brief stay had been worth while for me certainly, and possibly for India and China."
>
> (*China, Spain and the War*, pp. 24-25)

Yes, this brief stay for thirteen days of Pandit Nehru in China will always be remembered, and that Pandit Nehru, I am sure, will himself never forget it. There is even now a very sincere hope and wish of the Chinese people that there would be another chance and opportunity for them to welcome the Indian national leader once again to China, and to get him to stay there for a much longer period and to visit many more cities and places.

The world of to-day is full of snobbishness and flattery. People ingratiate themselves with the strong and the rich and look down upon the weak and the poor. They blindly or even slavishly worship force and power and foolishly or rather pitiably ignore human feeling and justice and dignity. When Mussolini and his Italy were strong, people praised and admired them. When Hitler and Germany were in power, people admired and adored them. When the Japanese militarists and Japan were in a mighty position, people extolled and eulogised them. Now people have changed their attitude towards these figures and countries. Now they come to laud Soviet Russia and Comrade Stalin. But Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru did not, and does not, and will never do these. The Chinese people also did not and do not, and will never do these.

Just the opposite. When Abyssinia was trodden under the iron heel of Mussolini and the Italian Fascists, Jawaharlal lost no time to condemn the wanton actions of Mussolini and the Fascists, and expressed his sympathy with the Abyssinian people. When Czechoslovakia was invaded by Hitler and the German Nazis, he immediately did the same. When the people of the Spanish Republic were distressed during the Civil War, Jawaharlal went to their help. And when the Japanese Militarists invaded China, and China was in a very difficult position, again he did the same. It is a fact that it was Jawaharlal Nehru, along with Rabindranath Tagore, who first and foremost condemned the foolish and suicidal Japanese aggression upon China, and declared his whole-hearted sympathy with the Chinese people in this country, India, where pro-Japanese feeling had been strong for some time.

So also did the Chinese people. When India was under the dominion of a

foreign power, the Chinese people were always sympathetic towards the Indian brethren. They aspired for India's freedom as for their own. They did never look down upon India because she was under the foreign yoke. They always regarded India as a religious, cultural and spiritual home, whether India was politically free or not. They did never think of India's weakness, still never did they try to find fault with the Indian nation. They respect and admire Indian leaders simply for their personality, their character and their virtues, not for their fame or position, or influence or power. I remember, when Generalissimo and Madame Chiang met Gandhiji in the Birla Palace, Calcutta, the first words the Generalissimo said to his interpreter were: "Tell Gandhiji, I am very happy to meet him; we regard him as our own National Father, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen". When His Excellency Dr. Tai Chi-Tao first met Gandhiji at Sevagram, he said exactly the same.

The Generalissimo's farewell message to India during his visit to this country in 1942, was very well known to and read by all the Indian people. My own humble article "An Appeal to Conscience" written in September 1942, which appeared as a statement in almost all the newspapers of India through the United Press, and published as a special article in the *Modern Review* (Calcutta) and the *Blitz* (Bombay) and later on included in my book, *China, India and the War*, edited and published by the China Press (Calcutta), was also very well received by my Indian friends. In spite of the disgust and dislike of our British friends and ally, we strongly appealed for India's independence. We did all these for reasons of sympathy, for the sense of love, affliction and justice we had for India and our Indian brethren. We never thought of any advantage or disadvantage. Now what we said and appealed have all come to be facts and we are very happy. We equally rejoiced with our Indian brethren at India's independence and freedom. We share their joy and happiness and wish them every prosperity.

The Chinese proverb says : "A friend in need, a friend indeed". To China Jawaharlal Nehru is really such a friend. Now, China is again passing through a dangerous crisis. People thought that China is going to be ruined and finished and with no hope of revival or regeneration. The same country which they used to extol so much a few years back, they look down upon and disdain now. The same man whom they used to praise as the greatest personality and statesman of the Far East some time ago, they criticise and ridicule and even scandalise now. They use all kinds of satiric and sarcastic words and irony to describe the affairs of China. They quote China for all bad examples. I am sure Pandit Nehru would never do this, and my Indian friends would not do this.

Is China really going to be ruined and finished? Will China remain under the present condition and lose her position and glory in the world for ever? I can definitely say "No". China had survived countless crises and perils, witnessed numerous vicissitudes of countries and peoples of the world in her long recorded history of five thousand years. Whatever may be the present situation, whatever may be the political changes in the world, China will always be there, the Chinese nation and their culture and wisdom will always be there. So also will be India and the Indian nation.

From the historical point of view, a few years or a few decades, or even a few centuries of prosperity or poverty, of power or weakness, is nothing, especially in a history as long as China's. Let me quote Pandit Nehru again :

> "The present will pass and merge into the future, and India will remain and China will remain, and the two will work together for their own good and the good of the world". (*China, Spain and the War*, p. 18)

Less than two months back, when the Annual Meeting of the General Assembly of the Sino-Indian Cultural Society in India was held at Santiniketan on December 24, 1948, the Prime Minister of free India, the same Jawaharlal, again sent his sympathetic and inspiring message, which reads :

> "I send my greetings to the Meeting of the General Assembly of the Sino-Indian Cultural Society. The bonds that have held China and India together in the past were far deeper and more abiding than political bonds can be. Whatever the future may bring to our respective countries, I have no doubt that these cultural bonds should and will continue. The Sino-Indian Cultural Society represents these, and I wish it all success".

O, beloved Panditji ! We shall ever cherish and appreciate your noble thoughts. That is why the Chinese people specially love you, admire you, and adore you among all their friends.

On the auspicious occasion of Pandit Nehru's 61st birthday, let the Chinese people pray together with their Indian brethren for his good health and long life. For with him is linked not only the fate of India, but also that of Asia and the peace of the world.

Long live Jawaharlal ! Jai Hind !

February 16, 1949



A GREAT HUMANIST

JOHN SARGENT

Of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's achievement as a world statesman and as a protagonist of Indian independence others can speak with greater knowledge and authority than I can, but I count it a real privilege to have this opportunity of paying a sincere tribute to him as a great humanist and an eloquent advocate of international understanding through cultural relations.

His own writings and speeches are sufficient evidence of his mastery of the English language, and of his love for all that is best in English literature and in the English way of life. I also know from occasional talks which I have had with him that his interest in maintaining the study of English, in the widest sense and at the highest possible level, is not a mere gesture, but arises from a genuine conviction that whatever our political differences may have been in the past, and whatever may have been said in the heat of controversy, the greater minds of India and Great Britain will never be likely to forget what each owes to the other, and that in the future it should be increasingly easy for them to meet on the plane of mutual understanding and appreciation. Moreover, the welcome he has given to the British Council, with which I am connected, is further proof, if proof were needed, of the interest he takes in, and the importance he attaches to, the establishment of cultural or spiritual relations.

I look forward, as most of my fellow countrymen do, to his showing how what has been good in our past relations—and they have not all been bad by any means—can be consolidated and strengthened, by fresh contacts in the new dispensation over which, to the good fortune of India, he has been called upon to preside.

March 23, 1949

or not? Hardly a reference to what we are driving at, hardly a thought of real issues.

Never in the long range of history has the world been in such a state of flux as it is today. Never has there been so much anxious questioning, so much doubt and bewilderment, so much examining of old institutions, existing ills and suggested remedies. There is a continuous process of change and revolution going on all over the world, and everywhere anxious statesmen are almost at their wits' end and grope about in the dark. It is obvious that we are a part of this great world problem and must be affected by world events. And yet, judging from the attention paid to these events in India, one would not think so. Major events are recorded in the news columns of papers but little attempt is made to see behind and beneath them, to understand the forces that are shaking and re-forming the world before our eyes, to comprehend the essential nature of social, economic, and political reality. History, whether past or present, becomes just a magic show with little rhyme or reason, and with no lesson for us which might guide our future path. On the gaily-decked official stage of India or England phantom figures come and go, posing for a while as great statesman; Round Tablers flit about like pale shadows of those who created them, engaged in pitiful and interminable talk which interests ~~nobody~~ few and affects

FACSIMILE HANDWRITING OF JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

unsteady on ever smaller number. Their main concern is how to save the vested interests of various and to splinter classes or groups; their main diversion, apart from feasting, is self-praise. Others, blissfully ignorant of all that has happened in the last half century, still talk in terms the jargon of the Victorian Age and are surprised and resentful that nobody listens to them. Even the nasmyth hammer of war and revolution and world change has failed to produce the slightest dent on their remarkably hard heads. Yet others hide vested interests under cover of communalism or even nationalism. And then there is the vague but persistent nationalism of many who find present conditions intolerable and hunger for national freedom without clearly realising what form that freedom will take. And then there are also here, as in many other countries, the usual many other accompaniments of a growing nationalism — an idealism, a mysticism, a feeling of exaltation, a belief in the mission of one's country, and something of the nature of religious revivalism. Essentially all these are middle class phenomena.

Gandhiji is of course responsible of

Our politics must either be those of magic or of science. The former of course requires no argument or logic; the latter is in theory at least entirely based on clarity of thought and reasoning and has no room for for vague idealistic or religious idealistic or religious or sentimentalist processes which confuse and befog the mind.

FACSIMILE HANDWRITING OF JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

NEHRU'S INTERNATIONAL APPEAL

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

What is it that makes foreigners sit up at the mention of Nehru's name? What is it about the man that enchants them? What is it that makes the Indian leader's personality internationally appealing? How does he manage, first, to arrest attention, and, then, to hold it, in a world scene studded with stars?

This is not an Indian query, I know. Tradition-bound India pays more attention to position than to personality. We are not success-minded, and even when we are we attribute it largely to a man's position rather than to his personality. But in truly democratic countries, competition is keen even in the field of becoming a luminary. Hence the growth of the American approach, which vivisects the soul and analyses the personality in order to bare the sources of power that a great man exercises over his contemporaries. This is a two-way process. The man is subjected to psycho-analysis, while the ethos within which he functions is described in the terms of social-psychology.

What makes a man tick conspicuously, then, is born out of the interaction of personality and ethos. Indian ethos is not quite the same as the Western ethos. Nehru may be outstanding in India for reasons different from those which make him a world figure. Over a decade ago I tried to explain to my American readers the sources of Nehru's hold on the Indian people. A national hero, I wrote then, starts out by being a legend in any country, though the *motif* of that legend may differ from culture to culture. In the United States, for example, it is the success *motif* and the log-cabin legend that appeal to the people. In India, it is the renunciation *motif* that galvanizes the masses. In America, a "have-not" should become a "have" to prove his mettle, while in India a "have" should voluntarily become a "have-not" to prove his spirit of selfless service. An Abraham Lincoln rising from a log cabin to the Presidency of the United States was in the American tradition. Nehru's change of heart has been peculiarly Indian. It was in the tradition of Prince Gautama who became a mendicant Buddha. Gandhi, a Diwan's son, becoming the champion of the dispossessed and thus capturing the devotion of the Indian people, illustrates the same cultural determinant. Nehru, the Brahmin aristocrat, became Nehru the socialist and won his people's hearts.

The Indian spring of emotion, however, is not adequate to explain Nehru's pre-eminent position in the Western world. What sways the Indian heart does not necessarily touch the mind of the West. And yet Nehru has something that has made him one of the brilliant citizens of the world. In Hollywood parlance, Nehru has "it." To use another expression of that land of make-believe, Nehru has

international "oomph". These are very expressive terms, and we have a vague idea as to what they mean. But unless we know the distinguishing qualities of Nehru's international "it" or "oomph", we are simply begging the question; it becomes a game of explaining an imponderable with an inexplicable. We have to take into account the personality-mindedness of the West.

For one thing, Nehru is photogenic. This is frightfully important so far as Western audiences are concerned, not only for cinema stars but for celebrities of all sorts, including politicians. Faces that do not photograph well have ruined many a presidential dream in America. Nehru is as high-spirited as a thoroughbred, elegant of carriage, and his well-proportioned head sets off a handsome physique. His regular classical features seem chiselled out of marble. His shapely nostrils flare with the sensitivity of a race horse, and save for his bald head, which is carefully hidden under a Gandhi cap, he would be regarded as exquisite in any part of the West. Women are very important in the West, and Nehru has already won half his battle.

For another thing, Nehru is newsgenic, if such an expression could be coined. The impulsive and the intuitive find a perfect blend in him. The impulsion lends him boldness, while the intuitive gives him the right inspiration at the right time. He has a flare for dramatic action, and his intuition sometimes converts his dramatic gestures into historic events. The Asian Relations Conference and the Regional Conference on Indonesia are good illustrations of the point I am making. Apart, however, from these outstanding steps, Nehru is good newspaper copy almost daily. He is graceful, often unpredictable, and always at the centre of the stage, be it a small party or a mass meeting. The things he says and the way he rushes into a crowd without any thought of self-protection are always good for a despatch. He is the newspaperman's dream. There is always a story in him. And you have to be in the eyes and ears of the Western man, almost constantly, in order to be a leader.

Then, there is the Nehru glamour. The West has come to know recently whst India has known for a long time. Nehrus are Nehrus. They have aristocratic traditions behind them. Quite a few important people have borne that illustrious name. They dress neatly and even richly, know the fineries of life, have discernment for food and wine, and they are good conversationalists. They live fully and often dangerously. So knowledgeable people in the West are fascinated by India's glamour boy.

There is the Hamlet charm. Like Hamlet, Nehru cogitates in front of a vast audience, and does it in inspired idiom. Like Hamlet he vacillates, not in the privacy of his heart, but on a public platform, and thus gives the audience the thrill of being witness to the workings of a complex mentality. Like Hamlet he is a Prima Donna, and like the Prince of Denmark he is moody; his magnificent autobiography (which has played a decisive part in making Nehru a world figure) is a study in moodiness. Read that book, or hear him speak extempore, and you will find out that he seldom makes a clear, unqualified, unequivocal statement in the realm of thought. For his effort is to bring out all the subtle nuances. Many times his next sentence

appears to cancel the previous one, but actually it is the poet's pattern to play with nuances. Nehru is essentially a poet and not a thinker, and he has a fascination for the lyrical twist. In a world full of politicians who make prepared and careful speeches and pronouncements, Nehru is the one head of a government who does not mind thinking aloud, and this gives his admirers a feeling of coziness.

So far as the West is concerned, Nehru has the Napoleonic charm. Napoleon's loyalty to his family, to his friends, to his generals, to the people of his choice, is a part of the Napoleonic legend. Nehru has old-school-tie loyalty in addition, and this seeming contradiction adds special charm to an avowed socialist. Nehru will stand by the person of his choice, and the more that person is criticised, the more Nehru will defend him. The West appreciates personal loyalties in a public man.

Nehru fascinates the West as a revealer. He is a sort of an interpreter of East to the West. His idiom is Western, so the West understands him. But he never loses the "native touch", the "local tang", and so he is exotic as well as understandable at the same time. His books can be described as "India Made Easy", or "Gandhi Without Tears". Gandhiji baffled the West, and India overpowered it with complexity. Nehru, with his Western idiom, lifted the curtain, and thus established himself as the revealer.

In a world full of politicians who are opportunists and manœuvrers, Nehru brings freshness by the sheer nobility of his character. Here is an upright man in a field where few upright men succeed, and Nehru's guileless success in politics has intrigued the knowing Westerners.

Finally, there is the vague charm of Nehru's idealism. The Western man is practical and hard-boiled, and he is not likely to follow a Gandhi, or a Nehru. But he has a great admiration for a person whose teachings he would like to follow but cannot follow because the world is wicked. Nehru is one world figure who has the courage to advocate what a majority of mankind considers impracticable. This phenomenon has peculiar appeal. It has brought Nehru admirers, if not followers, around the globe.

March 25, 1949

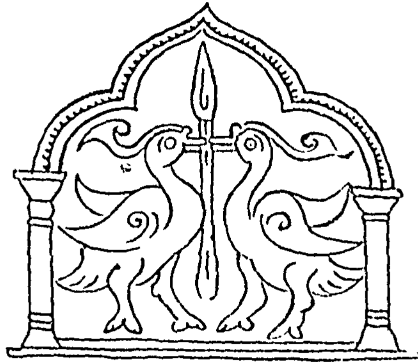
COUNTRY'S BRIGHTEST JEWEL

RAVISHANKAR SHUKLA

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is one of our country's brightest jewels. His sacrifice, bravery, patriotism and deep humanity have made him the idol of India's millions. His statesmanship and his idealism have earned for him a unique place amongst the world's great men. His leadership has established India's status amongst the nations of the world. What people but would rejoice in having such a man to guide their destiny?

(*Translated from Hindi*)

February 18, 1949



LEADER, THINKER AND PRACTICAL DREAMER

THE AGA KHAN

I have had totally different direct experiences of life than Pandit Nehru, but certainly our readings of Western thought inevitably must have been similar.

On the other hand, his instructions from Eastern sources came probably from others than Persian and Arabic, as in my case. However, I can say that no one more admires or totally agrees with his direction of India's foreign policy, or with his fundamental views as to the proper position of India in the World of to-day in general, or Asia in particular, than myself.

Here is a leader, a thinker, a practical dreamer, who goes through life ever consciously or by the sub-conscious, seeing the vast triangle of India bounded in the North by the greatest mountains in the world, but South, East and West united by the vast seas, which are our real lungs with every other continent or country.

What Italy has been historically, artistically and geographically to Europe, India has been and is for Asia. It was the misfortune of our British rulers in the past that they failed to realise this fact and, when there was time still, to bring India honourably within the orbit of the Anglo-Saxon world.

At the turn of the Century it would have been a comparatively easy task to unite the hearts of the British and Indian peoples, in a world policy of uplift and prosperity for the backward areas and undeveloped lands of Asia and Africa, but they failed to see the light.

Now under the imagination, practical experience, united idealism and realism of Pandit Nehru, there is today new hope for all of us, that a better and happier destiny awaits the 600,000,000 inhabitants of Southern Asia and North Africa, from the Atlantic to the Philippines.

The ultimate result of Pandit Nehru's policy will be a vast Southern Peace Union with India as the centre and pivot, freeing from foreign rule our neighbours by the force of India's example, her moral superiority and unselfishness, thinking of her weaker neighbours and winning the confidence of each and every one, to begin with her former associates in Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, and ever increasing the area of goodwill, self-confidence and peace, to reach the furthest lands of Asia, in the South East, and perhaps, influencing the African races too.

This is the hope and prayer of those like myself who have followed from a distance the spirit behind Pandit Nehru's activity and his words.

April 8, 1949

PERSONALITY WHICH COMPELS ATTENTION

B. G. Kher

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, I believe, is now the widest-known man, at any rate Indian, in the world, after Mahatma Gandhi, but even if he had not been so, he is one of those who, when they enter an assembly of men, make you turn your head, and ask your neighbour "Who is he"? He has a distinguished personality which compels attention, and an intelligence and charm of manner which rivet it. I will not speak here of his character, learning, authorship and versatility, but about his personal impact. Behind the mask of reserve bordering on cold aloofness which meet you first when you see him, if you have patience—(and you may have to wait long)—you will find a friendliness and warmth which should be an ample reward. Simple, straightforward, clean, courageous, scornful of anything base or mean, he has vitality and independence of mind which mark the born leader of men. He has himself analysed his own merits and defects in his *Autobiography*. I will not refer to them. His unparalleled suffering, service and sacrifice in the cause of India's freedom deservedly gave him the most eminent position in Free India that an Indian can attain. When I saw and heard him first in the Congress about 25 years ago, I used to think that he was unnecessarily fussing about foreign countries, and I thought then his insistence on the immediate independence of India as rather unreal. Gradually I found out that he was right, and I found his dream was coming true. There was no occasion for personal contact till 1936.

The first Congress session to be held in a rural area was in Maharashtra—at Faizpur in Khandesh District, in that year. We had made grand preparations. The G. I. P. Railway had constructed a special overbridge on the way-side station of Savda which cost them some lakhs of rupees. I was, by a piece of rare good fortune, placed in charge of the reception of the President and the guests. That was when I first came into personal contact with Pandit Nehru. I travelled to the nearest big railway junction to receive him. We had prepared a special train consisting of one third class carriage and an engine, and after an all-night vigil decorated it with tons of *zendu* flowers. He arrived with his small party at night, with two or three young girls among them. One was, I believe, a Parsee Barrister-at-law. He went straight to the public meeting which was waiting patiently for hours to hear him. I remember Upadhyay's[1] anxiety to give him a glass of hot water—this must have been his umpteenth talk that day—and what struck me and made a vivid impression on me—and this has repeated itself frequently later—is the thousands of pairs of eyes, male and female, just shining, fixed on him and devouring him—rows upon rows of them.

[1] Private Secretary of Pandit Nehru (*Eds.*)

The fun of it is, I knew, that while he was expounding to them, in his rather placid, impersonal manner, the political situation in *Hindustani*, the crowd was just watching him fascinated. I do not think the women understood him at all, and only about fifty per cent of the men; their mother tongue was Marathi, and in those days *Hindustani* was not half as well understood as it is now. What is the secret of his hold over the crowd? Why does everybody, everywhere (I saw this again in Gujerat recently) leave his or her occupation—men, women, children, young, old, sick, hale—all—and gather just to watch him, almost reminding you of the Pied Piper of Hamelin—of the flute of Shri Krishna? Why do crowds just worship him? Personal magnetism? Well, that is alright as a scientific explanation. He is wonderfully patient with a crowd, he is eager to meet it, no matter how tired, fatigued he is, and enjoys seeing and meeting it. He revels in a crowd, just hurls himself about, jostles and rushes, and is never so happy as when he finds himself in the thick of it. I believe the secret is that this born aristocrat just worships—loves, the common people, and loves them so intensely. And all the world loves a lover.

April 13, 1949



THE GREAT SOUL'S HEIR

EDGAR SNOW

It is presumptuous for anyone—particularly a non-Indian—to try to "interpret" Jawaharlal Nehru to the world, for no one has written more lucidly of Nehru than Nehru himself. It is more appropriate to pay tribute to his own works which probably told the West more about living India than those of any man save Gandhi. His *Autobiography* is not only indispensable to any student of Asia, it is among the treasures of English literature. No figure of his international stature has more frankly examined himself in public, nor given us such intimate glimpses into the sources of his thought and action. He continues to speak to the millions on a personal level and with a candour that would make most western politicians blush.

"He has all the makings of a dictator in him", an anonymous author wrote in an article about Nehru some years ago. "Vast popularity, a strong will, energy, pride—and, with all his love of the crowd, an intolerance of others and a certain contempt for the weak and inefficient. His flashes of temper are well known. His overwhelming desire to get things done, to sweep away what he dislikes and build anew, will hardly brook long the process of democracy".

Nehru fans protested against this dubious treatment of their hero, and dared the writer to reveal himself. Finally he did so—as Jawaharlal Nehru. And much of his description still holds good of the Prime Minister. Far from being a threat to India's nascent democracy, however, he is today its effective friend. "Jawaharlal will protect us", answered an old Moslem farmer near Delhi, when I asked what would happen, soon after Gandhi was killed. "Jawaharlal is a servant of all the people, and as long as he is here we'll be safe".

Anyone who watches Nehru's work today is impressed above all by his inexhaustible energy and the wide variety of his interests. But his "overwhelming desire to get things done" was at first confined more to "sweeping away what he dislikes", rather than to "building anew". All his action took on the appearance of improvisation, in a period of cataclysm no one had foreseen. To mention only the major disasters in his first half year as Prime Minister: the partitioning of India and the frightful massacres in the Punjab which followed it; the tribal invasion of Kashmir, backed by Pakistan, which nearly brought the two new-born dominions to real war; and the assassination of the Mahatma.

Yet, he met those crises with a cool competence and presence of mind that surprised even those who knew him best. To a few he confided his pain, horror and disillusionment, but to the world—which condemned India, hypocritically, he thought—he turned a face more resolute and surer than ever in his faith. "I have learned that a Prime Minister cannot afford to be sensitive", he remarked to



HEAD OF NEHRU BY SUDHIR KHASTGIR

Courtesy : Artist



This photograph was taken after Pandit Nehru's [illegible] at Saint Lawrence

me, dourly, in the midst of one siege of trouble. Tragedy and personal attack seemed to equip him with a needed armour. Mysteriously it revitalized his slight frame, bending a little now as he reaches 60, with the resilience of unspent youth.

Pre-eminently an intellectual, today Nehru finds he has little time for meditating or writing in his extremely active and mobile day—except on airplanes or trains. His only recreative reading, he told me, is done in the 20 or 30 minutes before he falls off to sleep at night, which is usually around 1 a. m. He is seldom in bed more than five hours. A little after dawn he is on his feet again—or on his head, where he spends five to ten minutes every morning. "It's a complete reversal of the normal situation", he explained the head-stand to me. "The body is forced to adapt itself to new conditions. One sits or walks all day and forgets about giving the spine a change".

After this *yogi*-work Nehru has a light breakfast, hastily looks through the morning papers, and begins his engagements, on a schedule to which he seldom rigidly adheres. He dictates scores of telegrams and letters, and he insists on personal answers to many hundreds of correspondents. It is an unusual day when he doesn't make at least one speech; half a dozen are routine. During one election period he averaged more than 20 speeches a day for a week, and in six months he travelled over 100,000 miles around India.

Despite their extemporaneous character, one seldom finds a solecism in Nehru's speeches made in English, and some are gems of the language. His posture is bad, his voice is often hardly audible, and he employs no histrionic tricks. For him the platform seems an extension of conversation, and he subtly draws the audience into the private chambers of his mind.

Occupied with responsibility for dozens of really grave issues of State, Jawaharlal nevertheless rarely rejects an invitation from any group without genuine regret. Sometimes he seems to have a kind of cub reporter's fear of missing "something important". Punctilious in his engagements, he never cancels an acceptance without excellent reason. His attendance at even purely social functions is seldom merely perfunctory; he arrives early and often stays late. At Christmas morning egg-nogs at the home of an American, where he was a frequent guest, I noticed that he stayed for an hour—on one egg-nog!

Much of Nehru's work is done at night, he keeps most of his evenings free, and he seldom entertains. A widower since 1936, he is the handsomest Prime Minister out of captivity, as his widowed sister, Lakshmi,[1] is the world's most eligible ambassadress. When she is not at her post, in Washington, she acts as Nehru's hostess. Despite numerous and variegated approaches from starry-eyed females, both Indian and foreign, he has shown no inclination to re-enter matrimony. His wife, Kamala, remains a treasured memory of something approximating ideal love. Women interest him—he is intensely human—but he has no time for the romantically disposed.

[1] Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit (*Eds.*)

Nehru is a complete fatalist about death; though he believes in no after-life, he has no fear of leaving this one. "It used to bother me, when I still had dependents, that I might die before they were properly taken care of", he told me, "but they're all grown and able to look after themselves now. I still have a lot to do, but I'm ready to go at any time. Of course I'll always make reasonable attempts to resist, but when it comes, in some inevitable way, I'll be ready".

Although he considers Pakistan a "historical throw-back," it must be said that Pandit Nehru has tried to accept the reality of it in good faith. He has been a positive influence for non-communal, friendly relations between the two Dominions, and I found that fact freely acknowledged in Karachi. Because of it, and because, after all, there are still about 40 million Moslems living under his protection, anyone who talks of turning India into a "Hindu power" infuriates him. "The idea of a theocratic state has no place in the mind of modern man," he repeats. "As far as India is concerned, I can say with some certainty that we shall proceed on secular and national lines, in keeping with powerful trends towards internationalism. The only ultimate aim we can have is that of one world."

What Gandhi meant to Nehru had little in common with devotion to a cult, but in its deepest sense meant labour for one's fellow man—for the brotherhood of man. And in his personal definition of Gandhi's greatness one sees—beyond the obvious father-son relationship—not only what the younger man loved in the Mahatma, but something of what Panditji aspires to signify himself. "Gandhi's dominating passion," his "heir" said in his tribute, "was truth. That truth led him to proclaim without ceasing that good ends could never be attained by evil methods, that the end itself is distorted if the method pursued is bad."

So also thinks Nehru. And:

> "That truth made the service of the poor and the dispossessed the passion of his life, for where there is inequality and discrimination and suppression there is injustice and evil and untruth...Not merely on moral and humanitarian grounds, but also from the point of view of political common sense, it has become essential to raise the standards of the common man and to give him full opportunity in progress. A social structure which denies him this opportunity stands self-condemned and must be changed."

Thus spoke Nehru of his teacher, and thus, I deduce, he thinks of the purpose of his own life and work.

Between the kind of Tolstoyian socialism of Gandhi, and Nehru's belief in the manifold benefits of the machine when put to proper social use, there always seemed to me very wide differences, but many now begin to doubt whether they were really as basic as supposed. Indian socialists have lately begun to say that Gandhi was more radical than Nehru, with whom they express growing impatience for two reasons. First, he showed no signs of leading a purge of the corrupt elements of the Congress party, as many had hoped he would, after independence. Second, he continued to work with a cabinet which underwent no changes after Gandhi's death—a cabinet possibly

dominated, as the Congress Party is itself, as much more by the conservative, 72-year-old Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, than as by Nehru himself.

One night I asked Nehru frankly whether it was correct to represent him and Patel as political duellists, and whether the future depended upon who won out. How could he continue to work with Patel against the socialists, with whose aims he proclaimed his sympathy? Nehru's reply revealed again the sentimentalism in his character, the strength of comradely ties with him, and the scheme of compromise which envelops all office.

He said that Patel and he "differed sharply on details of concrete measures, and often naturally found themselves at opposite poles." Gandhi had frequently come between them in the past, to work out a reconciliation. "And now, it's odd, but the memory of Gandhi keeps us together. In death he is stronger even than he was when alive." There was also a mutual confidence between them in each other's integrity, and the belief that neither was avid for power in itself. "A nod from me and Patel would resign, I know that. He knows the same thing about me."

People forget that the years have here interwoven very dissimilar personalities into the fabric of a common destiny. "When you have been working with a man 28 years, you know all about him and forgive a lot," Nehru remarked. "It's hard to leave people you have struggled with and suffered with that long." Probably Nehru will not give the "nod" to Patel. The pattern of compromise between them is part of their common legacy from Gandhi, and stronger than ideology as such.

Responsibility of power has also revealed that Nehru's socialist aims are now limited by the horizon of what he calls the "larger considerations," or the "long view." Each concrete step toward progress, as he sees it, has to fit into a perspective of compromise, between the ideally desirable and imminently necessary and possible. And the "imminently necessary" now is increased production rather than radical social experimentation, Nehru believes.

The erstwhile "subversive character" now appears to have reached that stage in his political life and power where he wants to concentrate on great works which can bring lasting benefits to man, regardless of the shape of things to come. And for their realization he may be ready to go farther than he has, yet, in sacrificing popular but superficial satisfactions of the immediate needs of the masses. His purpose requires communal peace, and class collaboration, imposed by force, if necessary. Hence, his acceptance of Patel's formula for labour-capital peace, and a five-year truce between employers and employees, maintained by arbitration of disputes under government-appointed "adjudication committees." Hence, his defence of anti-strike legislation and severe measures against communist labour leaders accused of "interfering with production."

By now it has become manifest that Nehru in power is no social revolutionary but a social reformer, in the tradition of change by parliamentary means. His methods have the stamp of the well-bred radical-in-office about them. He would play "straight criquet" with everybody. No one has heard him suggest outright expropriation of the threatened classes. Even the discarded princes are now being put to pasture

on handsome pensions, and remain a heavy burden on the State. Unlike other gradualists, however, Nehru does not deceive himself into thinking that present palliatives are really socialism. He ridicules the notion that the Congress programme is (as some have claimed) "a sudden jump toward socialism." He knows it is nothing of the kind. "It is very far from socialism. It is the continuation of a process of change which is going on all over the world, including the capitalists, excepting possibly the biggest of them all, that is the U. S. A."

Nehru is also conscious of the highly transitory character of the present *regime*, and, hence, of all the agreements made for compensation to landlords, industrialists and princes. "Governments in the future can bring an end to such payments," he told me, "and they probably will, fairly soon." His task is to "build the foundations." Future generations can change the mansion to suit new needs.

Thus, as Gandhi is known as the father and founder of the republic, Nehru the son will be known as the builder. Judged by his contemporaries, his contribution, not just to India but to the world beyond, is a mighty one. Already he stands as a giant among men. Not so much because of men's faith in him, as because of the greatness of his own faith in man, Jawaharlal Nehru is quite possibly the most indispensable chief of state in the world today.

Long may he live!

April 18, 1949



CLEAN ADVOCATE OF GREAT IDEALS

S. Radhakrishnan

Nehru is unquestionably one of the world's great men. He is known as a political leader. But like many of his countrymen who have earned that distinction, he has much more than political leadership in him. His main work till now has been with the political welfare of his people, but that side of his life is just one aspect of a personality more than usually many-sided and complete. Those who know him at close quarters will testify to his wide-roving curiosity, his intense and passionate interest in every phase of life. I have rarely met another with so wide a range of interests and enjoyment, one who seemed to find such intense pleasure in so many different things, great and small, science and philosophy, history and archæology, sport and solitary walks. Few loved leisure more or used it better. He is not an erudite scholar, but he knows a good deal about a good many things. He seldom travelled without books. The nobility of his worn features at sixty, the look in his eyes of yearning, and his nature, warm, full of sensibility and even tenderness, if such a term can be applied to one who for a long period of his life had dealt in the rough and tumble of public life, reveal a reflective and artistic temperament, which throws itself with delight into the daily tasks, whether he be addressing large crowds in India or debating with fellow Prime Ministers in London. As a man he is sensitive, gentle and kind. He is loyal to his friends, sometimes loyal to a fault. His sincerity is transparent, even when he says things which would have been better left unsaid. His weaknesses are on the surface and make him the more likeable.

He has few friends. He is essentially a lonely man. The crowds attract him and he is attracted by them. In company he is youthful, light-hearted; these are the usual devices of covering up one's inner loneliness.

His writings show a warm love for humanity, an intensity of emotion, a wide range of imagination. He, again and again, holds up before our vision vast horizons, large perspectives. In his delineation of history there is more vision than analysis. His mind is fitted to deal with large issues rather than with small disputes, dominant principles rather than with the casuistries incidental to passing controversies. The gift of overlooking details and difficulties is a part of the genius of leadership. If great writers are those who communicate to their readers the tremor of their souls, then Nehru is a great writer. The discoveries of modern science enchant him and give him a sense of proportion and poise. What, after all, is human civilisation, which may be at best 6,000 years old compared to the age of the human race, of life on this planet, of the planet itself, of the solar system, of the galaxy in which our solar system is but one grain of dust, or of the immensely vaster and older stellar cosmos?

Where the personal element appears in his writings, we find a very loveable modesty, an admission of uneasy thoughts and doubts, and an impatience for change which he does not conceal.

Since I first heard him he has improved as a public speaker. The strength of conviction, the fervour of emotion, the sincerity of feeling, make a deep appeal to the crowds who hang on his words. His great speeches on the big things of life when he feels them in his bones belong to the highest kind of oratory. On such occasions he orders his ideas, but leaves the words pretty much to the inspiration of the moment. We hear it said that Nehru speaks too often. But leaders have to spend a large part of their time capturing the imagination of the people.

It is fortunate for this country that Nehru has been at the head of the administration after the transfer of power on August 15, 1947. When the two Dominions came into being, cutting in two the Provinces of the Punjab and Bengal, communal fury spread over large parts of the country. Gandhi attempted to extinguish these flames by his missions of peace in Bengal and Delhi, and in the end he paid the price of his life for the noble cause of communal unity. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." Nehru risked his life to bring peace and protection to the afflicted, and worked for the same end. While Gandhi took his stand on the will of God and the inner voice, Nehru is sustained in his conviction by his high sense of duty and political reason. They adopt different approaches but aim at the same goal.

They both believe that economics and politics are not the whole of life. Beyond all material interests, behind all clash of creeds, beyond all the illusions of egoism, individual and collective, there is in almost all men a sense of values, of social obligations, of things of beauty, which are somehow beyond question, and which humanity must not betray whatever be the cost it may have to pay in discipline and endurance. The kingdom of heaven is within us fighting against the brute forces of the world. The essential decency of human nature is attracted by love as a virtue. It only requires cultivation for us to be able to sacrifice the profits of power for the integrity of spirit.

Political freedom both for Gandhi and Nehru is essentially a means for the increase of virtue and greatness, for moral and spiritual emancipation, for liberation from the sins of inertia and cowardice, hatred and uncharitableness. Political liberty is a means for the establishment of social equality and fraternity. We must widen and fortify the freedom we have won, secure justice for all classes, vanquish the oppression of economic dictatorship. We must achieve a casteless and classless society through a non-violent social and economic revolution.

While Nehru does not belong to the Socialist Party, he represents the socialist movement in the country. While he is keenly appreciative of the social work which the Soviet Revolution has achieved, he is critical of the mechanisation of life which it has produced. As a sensitive artist and believer in human freedom, he has no sympathy with the tendency to standardise men's lives, their work and play attitudes. By making all citizens at home and school, in factory and field, conform to certain

rigid patterns, we create deep discords, tensions and inhibitions. Nehru is opposed to any system which eliminates the human from man.

In the supreme issue which divides the world today, democracy *versus* totalitarianism, Nehru's sympathies are clear. Democracy is based on a growing solicitude for freedom and justice while totalitarianism is based on a negation of both. Nehru is on the side of democracy, but he knows clearly the motives which help to spread Communism, the attraction it has not only for the proletariat but for the intellectual cynics and diffidents. Communism thrives on the mental and social wreckage which the two world wars have produced. Hunger and misery generate hate and Communism.

If governments do not learn to adjust themselves, to remove poverty and unemployment, frustration and discontent, they invite the spread of Communism. As long ago as 1930, in his Presidential Address at the Lahore Congress, Nehru defined his position: "I must frankly confess that I am a socialist and a republican, and am no believer in kings and princes, or in the order which produces the modern kings of industry, who have greater power over the lives and fortunes of men than even the kings of old, and whose methods are as predatory as those of the old feudal aristocracy. ....The Congress, it is said, must hold the balance fairly between Capital and Labour, and *Zamindar* and Tenant. But the balance has been, and is, terribly weighted on one side, and to maintain the *status quo* is to maintain injustice and exploitation. The only way to do right is to do away with the domination of any one class over another."

His friends complain that Nehru is growing less enthusiastic about these great ideals which he proclaimed all through his political life, that as the head of the Government he is compromising with vested interests, that he is not able to rise above his surroundings. It is true that these ideals cannot be accomplished within a few weeks or months. Even to boil water, we require time as well as heat. The Socialist programme is a long one on which we have to work with zeal and determination. It is too soon to judge, as Nehru has not been long in office. It is possible that any hurried decisions may precipitate chaos, which will expose the country to the very danger which we wish to avert. It is unfortunate that the Socialist Party, which worked as vigorously and suffered as nobly as any other section of the Congress, is in the Opposition. Every revolutionary party like the Congress shows its unity and strength before it comes into power but, after defeating the enemy and achieving power, it begins to crumble and split from internal strife. Labels do not matter. Different systems may be helpful or harmful in different circumstances. We should not give up our faith in establishing a Socialist Democracy. If we stifle opposition, resent criticism, we tend to become totalitarian. The present government is facing that danger. A government which is insensitive to criticism, which is not conscious of its failures, will cease to command respect. Chivalrous, proud, eager and impatient to bring about revolutionary changes in India's social and economic structure, Nehru can still direct the Socialist movement to the benefit of India and the world. Nehru the Prime Minister must get closer to Nehru the Socialist.

We must rescue the race of man from its tendency to self-destruction. It can only be done by steadfast loyalty to the principles of democracy and freedom. Nehru has a clean and consistent record as an advocate of these great ideals. Even in pre-Independence days, he stood against Fascism and Imperialism, in Manchuria, China, Abyssinia, Spain, Czechoslovakia. He has now become recognised by the oppressed and suffering people as the friend to turn to for sympathy and advice, for practical help too, when help is feasible. He is convinced that India represents the voice of Asia and will have a formative *role* in shaping the future of the world.

In his inaugural speech at the recent Delhi Conference on Indonesia, Nehru said: "We represent the ancient civilisation of the East, as well as the dynamic civilisation of the West. Politically we symbolise, in particular, the spirit of freedom and democracy, which is so significant a feature of new Asia." Nehru is anxious that Asia should not lose her individuality. She must preserve her character while accepting whatever is vital in other countries. If we open a quarrel between the past and the present, we shall find that we have lost the future. Under his leadership, Asia is reclaiming her place in the world's councils.

There is one thing of which all men are equally ignorant, and that is the future, but we can be sure of this that Nehru's achievements are of the kind that do not vanish on the wings of time. He has built for himself an imperishable monument, and his name will be long remembered as one of the great fighters for human freedom.

April 15, 1949



PERFECT SYNTHESIS OF EAST AND WEST

S. VESEY-FITZGERALD

From the battle of Plassey (June 23, 1757) to the establishment of Indian Independence (August 15, 1947) is a few days over 190 years. From the Cabinet declaration of August 20, 1917 to Independence is almost exactly thirty years. Measured by the standard of human life, these are long periods: measured in terms of history they are short. What will the historian of India, two or three hundred years hence, say of British rule in India? What, in particular, will he say of its termination—the Indian Revolution of 1947? The handing over of complete and absolute control of their own affairs to the people of India is perhaps one of the most sweeping transfers of power in all history. How does it compare with other great revolutions?

The French Revolution was a transfer of power from Frenchmen to Frenchmen, the Russian Revolution a transfer of power from Russians to Russians. One might have expected, therefore, that they would have been carried through in a spirit of racial brotherhood. Quite the contrary: each was the expression by the party which came into power of ideas which the party deposed from power strenuously denied; each was expressed in wholesale spoliation, accompanied by great bitterness and violent hatreds, and disgraced not merely by acts of violence committed in hot blood, but also by judicial and quasi-judicial murder on a large scale.

Compared with these two classic revolutions, Indians and Englishmen alike have reason to congratulate themselves on that of 1947. By contrast with France and Russia, a racial transfer of power was involved. There would have been nothing surprising, therefore, had it been accompanied by bitter hatreds and the excesses to which such hatreds give rise. Yet, apart from the tension between Hindus and Muslims which is really a separate matter, the revolution was carried through with a remarkable amount of good feeling, indeed of cordiality, on both sides, British and Indian. Again, it was not only a racial transfer, it was a transfer of power from an Occidental people to Oriental races rightly proud of their distinctive civilisations; and an inquirer ignorant of all the facts might well have expected it to be accompanied by a wholesale sweeping away of established legal, economic and social landmarks. Nothing of the sort has occurred, nor is it likely to occur. There is reason to believe that the judicious historian of the future, as he looks back to 1947, will decide that this great revolution was not really a revolution at all, but a step forward in the orderly development of political institutions. Its nearest parallels are the English "Glorious Revolution" of 1688 which transferred power from the Crown to the Whig aristocracy, or that of 1832 by which the same Whig aristocracy laid the foundations of modern democratic Britain. In retrospect, each of these is seen as an orderly and peaceful

step forward (a big step, no doubt) in a continuous process of development; and the same is true also of the Indian Revolution, to which for the same reasons the word "Glorious" may with equal justice be applied.

For this orderly development and for this high standard of good-will it is impossible to exaggerate the credit due to the uniform sweetness of temper of the two great leaders on the Indian side, Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Thirty years may indeed be a mere nothing in the stately march of history: but it is a very long period in the life of any man. There must have been many occasions during these thirty years when Indian leaders were justifiably exasperated by the cautiousness of the British Government and tempted to question its good faith. The Government of India Acts, 1920 and 1935 for example: each was the result of much hard thinking and of careful, indeed over-careful, preparation: each was intended in good faith to be a substantial step forward on the road to Home Rule: and their authors were not unnaturally surprised and hurt when their good faith was called in question, and the "instalments of home rule" which they had elaborated with such meticulous care were flatly rejected. Yet, equally natural was the reaction of Indian politicians. They refused to be kept in leading strings, or to admit that the leading strings were necessary: they regarded the idea that they must prove their fitness for independence before being granted independence, as not merely an insult to their nationhood but a contradiction in terms. How can a man prove his fitness for realities by playing with shadows? There was ample room, therefore, for justifiable irritation on both sides. That the expression of such irritation did not go beyond the limits commonly observed in Parliamentary controversy is due primarily to the fact that both sides were agreed in ultimate aims. The difference between them was not as to destination but as to speed. Indian nationalists wanted a non-stop express. English politicians were content to travel by what in France is called *petite vitesse*, or in mid-Victorian England would have been called a "Parliamentary" train. Yet, during all these thirty years while hope deferred, aspirations pushed aside and powers under-estimated might well have engendered bitterness, neither Mahatma Gandhi nor Pandit Nehru ever lost his unruffled sweetness of temper, or the capacity for personal friendship with political opponents which we like to think of as a British trait. Nor was this spirit of goodwill which they embodied confined to them. One or two anecdotes, among many, are perhaps worth preserving from the period when Congress politicians were applying with great vigour a technique first perfected, I believe almost simultaneously by Mr. Lloyd George in Wales and by Mr. Gandhi in South Africa, under the titles of Passive Resistance and Non-Co-operation respectively—the technique, namely, of committing breaches of the law for the express purpose of being sent to jail. In the height of this agitation it fell to a British magistrate to send a Congress leader in his province to jail for such a breach of the law. Time passed, and the leader became a Minister in the Local Government; he toured the Province as such, and was received at a District Headquarters by the Head of the District—the same man who had sent him to jail. The magistrate wondered what his reception would be. The Minister shook him

vigorously by the hand, saying "Do you recollect, Mr. F., what you said to me on the last occasion that we met?"

Mr. F. replied that he did not. "You said, Mr. F., that you hoped we should meet again in happier times; and we have, Mr. F., we have."

In another case the local Congress leaders had made up their minds to get themselves into jail by breaking the forest law, a particularly popular pursuit at that time. They went to the District Magistrate, and told him their intention, adding gleefully: "You will have to arrest us, and send us to jail." He replied: "Well, that is rather a pity, but since you have made up your minds to do so, I had better come along with you." They rode out quite happily together to the nearest forest bungalow, about ten miles away, where the non-co-operators solemnly committed their formal breach of the law and were duly arrested. They then had tea with the District Magistrate and rode home together parting company at the gates of the jail, where they were committed to the under-trial ward.

It was the good fortune of the present writer to be a private guest, years ago at a meeting of the Raleigh Club, an under-graduate society in Oxford, at which Mahatma Gandhi was the guest of honour. He made a short speech and expressed his willingness to answer questions. One of his hosts thereupon asked: "How far do you wish to be separated from the British Empire?" He replied: "From the British Empire absolutely; from the British people not at all." There could be no mistaking the affection which inspired the latter part of this reply: and we may rejoice at the prospect that the solution which has just been arrived at will fulfil both branches of the Mahatma's ambition.

May I, in conclusion, be permitted for a moment a personal note? I would indeed have felt grieved if the result of Indian Independence had been to make me an alien from the land where I was born, where my mother's dust is laid, and which my father and myself have served for a continuous period of nearly eighty years—even though it seems improbable that I shall ever see that land again. When the Mahatma spoke of absolute separation from the British Empire, he meant the absolute rejection of all theories of overlordship, racial superiority, and those journalistic efforts at big-drum-beating, which were in fact almost as nauseating to us who served India as they were irritating to Indians. I regret, perhaps, that that romantic loyalty to the Crown which was felt to the full by so many of the older generation of Indian politicians has found no more poetic expression than the somewhat humdrum phrase; "Head of the Commonwealth." But words are, after all, only words: it is the spirit which matters, and it was with a thrill that I read a few days ago that the practice had been resumed by Indians of laying wreaths on the statues of Queen Victoria ("the Rani" as we loved to call her, rather than the Empress).

For Indian Independence is not the end of the ideals for which we worked: it is the fruition. The advantages to England and India of the association between the two are commonly assessed in material terms, irrigation, railways, commerce and so forth. These things are important: but the union of spiritual values is still more so, and this could not have taken place if there had not been a kinship between the

two. English ideas of freedom, friendship, law and the equality of all men before the law were not foreign to India: they were seed which has fallen in a congenial soil and brought forth fruit (in the words of Holy Writ) a hundred-fold. They are now not only English, but Indian. Of that perfect synthesis of East and West, no mere mixture but an enduring, developing and fruitful unity, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru may well stand as the supreme example.

May 4, 1949



ATOMIC PILE OF ENERGY AND VIGOUR

GAGANVIHARI L. MEHTA

When Gandhiji named Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru as his heir, there was surprise in many quarters, disappointment in others, and subdued doubts elsewhere. People had thought of one name or another, but had mostly fastened on Jawaharlal's differences with Gandhiji, which sometimes led to explosive scenes followed by mutual understanding and reconciliation. People knew, no doubt, that Gandhiji was as passionately fond of him, as he was deeply attached to Gandhiji; that Gandhiji had not only affection but admiration and respect for his many qualities. On occasions, when differences developed, he treated him with innate tolerance, as a father treats a "wayward" child. On nearly every occasion—whether the issue was the Gandhi-Irwin pact, Independence *versus* Dominion Status, or the launching and withdrawal of a movement—Jawaharlal eventually reconciled himself to Gandhiji's ways and accepted his decision. He bowed to Gandhiji not because of any blind faith and superstitious reverence, nor, indeed, because he would otherwise be out of court and have no place in national affairs. Jawaharlal has never been known to lack the courage of his convictions. What persuaded and impelled him to accept Gandhiji's verdict was an intuitive belief that the Mahatma would eventually turn out right: that he "knew better" in a fundamental sense than others: that, whether he was right or wrong on a practical issue, he would never be on the side of wrong: that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and that such righteousness was personified in this supreme moral leader more than anyone else. In his *Recollections*, Morley quotes Dean Church as saying that "like most human beings discipleship has its good and its evil, its strong and its poor and dangerous side, but it has really a good and a strong side; its manly and reasonable humility, the enthusiasm of having and recognising a great master and doing what he wanted done." Jawaharlal was no disciple in the ordinary sense; if anything, until a few years ago, his rational mind would have revolted at the mere mention of a *guru* or mentor. But that his confidence in Gandhiji was something more than a matter of intelligence, or born of a sense of national discipline, is evident from the way in which his faith grew until, in later years, he described the great leader as "Our Master."

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When, therefore, Gandhiji chose Jawaharlal as his virtual successor, it was no mere partiality; Gandhiji, for all his saintliness, was a shrewd judge of men. He knew what he was doing. He knew that Jawaharlal was "temperamental," that he was apt to be a "visionary" and indifferent to the mechanism of politics, that he did not always find it easy to work with people, that he was often the despair of his colleagues and followers. Others there were who had keener political insight and acumen, better

drive and organising capacity. But Jawaharlal had something which attracted Gandhiji the most—a spiritual beauty and dignity, a moral outlook, intellectual integrity, and utter selflessness. Despite their widely divergent approaches in social and cultural spheres alike, they had many qualities in common; a passion for truthfulness and a deep sense of moral values, a zeal for the freedom of India, fearlessness, a capacity to sacrifice, a feeling for the under-dog, and a human spirit transgressing communal and sectarian bounds. For Gandhiji knew that he was

"True as a dial to the sun
Although it be not shined upon."

* * *

It is significant that Jawaharlal's attitude is primarily "intellectual." His "socialism," for instance, is a matter of theory rather than of deep compassion with the poor; his non-communal outlook proceeds not from any abiding feelings but from a rational conviction of the absurdity of such artificial divisions. It is, of course, not easy to draw the line between thought and feeling, to distinguish between the purely logical and the predominantly emotional elements in the mental make-up. And the greater the man, the greater the difficulty; for such men think and feel at the same time. But it remains true, nevertheless, that what in Gandhiji was a matter of faith and predominantly of feeling is in Jawaharlal a matter of reason and of the mind.

And who can say that Gandhiji's choice has not been amply vindicated? Who else could have filled the post of the first Prime Minister of Free India with such ability and dignity and enthusiasm, with such devotion to duty and such integrity? Despite what has been happening in South and East Africa, and, to a lesser extent, in Burma and Ceylon, India's prestige in the international world has risen high during the last three years, and particularly during the last one year. Without doubt, India "under Nehru" has become the focal point of the aspirations of the peoples of Asia. The lead he took in convening the Conference on Indonesia and the statesmanship and moderation with which he conducted it have impressed informed opinion all over the world. True, Pandit Nehru, as he would himself be the first to acknowledge, would not be able to run the machinery of Government without the comradeship and the wise and firm handling of affairs by Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. In many ways, they make an ideal combination—between internationalism and nationalism, between idealism and realism, between ideas and organisation, between generous impulses and the stern facts of life. Each has his strong points and his weaknesses like all human beings; indeed, sometimes strong points themselves are a source of weakness —an open-mind, for instance, might lead to indecision, and unrelenting firmness might develop autocratic habits. But together these two men stand to-day between India and chaos.

* * *

Frequently, we find journalists quoting from Pandit Nehru's *Autobiography* and other writings to show his inconsistencies or to prove that office has changed his

perspective and attitude, as though a rigid, formal consistency throughout life is desirable or, indeed, even possible. A pedantic consistency shows an arid and a sterile mind. We all change if we are alive. One might as well be proud, as A. G. Gardiner remarked, of never having grown up since one was five. If, with all the experience of life, we cannot change our opinion on anything, then our opinion must not be worth a change. We must have been fixed and immutable like the Sphinx. We must have been full of prejudices derived from our parents and teachers. The main point is not the fact of inconsistency but the reason of such inconsistency, and whether even under such "inconsistency" there is not a broad consistency of a central purpose. It may be a paradox to say with Oscar Wilde that "I am never more true to myself than when I am inconsistent," but the fact remains that "consistency" and "inconsistency" are matters not merely of opinion but of moral principles. And, what is more, "inconsistency" can always be alleged by quoting a man's views expressed in circumstances entirely different, when he was fighting an alien power, as against his actions in office, when he has the responsibilities of governance and when the objective conditions set a limit to the realisation of aspirations. And for a change, it is interesting to remember that he envisaged the possibility of co-operation with a Socialist Britain:

> "It may also happen then that persons like me, who want national independence and severance of that [British] connection, may change their minds and prefer close association with a socialist Britain. None of us surely has any objection to co-operating with the British people; it is their imperialism that we object to, and once they have shed this the way to co-operation will be open."[1]

Rarely is a forecast so completely fulfilled. And, what is even more remarkable, the person who visualised the possibility is the principal actor in the drama.

* * *

For, Jawaharlal, as he mentions in his *Autobiography*, is continuously evolving:

> "More and more I have looked upon life as an adventure of absorbing interest, where there is so much to learn, so much to do. I have continually had a feeling of growing up, and that feeling is still with me and gives a zest to my activities as well as to the reading of books, and generally makes life worth while."[2]

He formulated certain principles of national freedom, of socialism, of internationalism, of the emancipation of the coloured and oppressed peoples of the world. Now that he is at the head of the State, it is his arduous task to translate those ideas into facts, to implement the broad objectives into terms of a policy. Any man on

[1] *Autobiography*, pp. 583-4.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 596-7.

whom devolves this duty can, to a greater or smaller extent, shape the destiny of his people. William Watson, speaking of Gladstone, put it well:

"Sculptor of nobler stuff than marble, thou
Shaping the Morrow from the plastic Now
Fain would'st thou carve it fair!"

Jawaharlal, like other makers of modern India, has to shape the Morrow from the Now when the plastic materials are not always easy to mould. He shaped the Morrow in the welter of a national struggle. He gave so much to it—the best part of his life, domestic happiness and, what was least to him, his career and wealth, as also what was most precious, his cultural pursuits and his inner peace, for the freedom of his country. As Gokhale used to say, we have to serve India by our failures. The sense of frustration and despair overwhelmed the stoutest and the most optimistic among us. The life of a people fighting for freedom is a long and arduous march through the night, surrounded by hostile forces and beset with impediments, towards a goal which few can hope to reach. But Jawaharlal is among those fortunate few. And now it is his privilege and his responsibility to carve the Morrow of a free people from the strains and stresses of to-day. The harder the task, the nobler the call. Often, perhaps, he longs to resign politics and return to the quieter and saner recreations of the mind crying

"O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heaven!"

Even though Jawaharlal may not hope for a conventional Heaven which is a bribe for the virtuous, his restless, impulsive spirit too must be yearning for some harmony in the midst of discord, some balance in the midst of friction. Often, perhaps late at night, he must be looking out of his window and sighing during the night for

"The silence that is in the starry sky
The peace that is among the lonely hills."

* * *

And yet he knows that there is now no going back. It is not the lust for power, the glamour of office that attracts him, but the sense of a trust bequeathed by one whom he lovingly calls his Master. For, it is not only a ruthless hand at the helm that is wanted but also a nobler chart. Jawaharlal can work out that chart principally because of his selflessness, his aversion to power politics. He is, perhaps, singular among the political leaders of the world in his indifference to the machinery of politics, the art of organisation. Lloyd George often used to recall Joseph Chamberlain's dictum: "Whatever you are tempted to do in politics, be sure you have the party machine behind you." This prudent advice Jawaharlal has consistently ignored. He has not built up a machine, nor won a personal following, which might go into the wilderness with him. And yet there are thousands of men in the Congress and outside who recognise him as their leader and have a kind of personal affection for him.

They know that he might make mistakes, he might even offend them in the heat of the moment, but they also feel that his heart is of gold, that the purity of his motives is above question. He has the good fortune of not only being sincere but of people having confidence in his sincerity. In other countries, national leaders are admired and feared; in our land, Gandhiji was revered and loved; Jawaharlal too is respected and loved.

Jawaharlal, as Tej Bahadur Sapru once remarked, is a "human dynamo." He is an atomic pile of intellectual energy and physical vigour. How he is able to stand the enormous strain, mental and physical, day after day for years, is inexplicable. His early physical training here and in England and his rigorous self-discipline have apparently stood him well. He can travel at a stretch by air, car, *tonga* and bullock-cart, ride and walk without feeling tired, address scores of meetings in a day, work at odd hours, sleep little and yet remain fresh and alert. He must, therefore, have a secret and inexhaustible store of spiritual energy at his command. He is, indeed, spiritual without being religious in the conventional sense; he has a fundamentally moral outlook without that puritanic air, that ostentatious superciliousness, which so many moralists have.

* * *

Jawaharlal writes superbly. He is not only one of the half-a-dozen finest writers in our own country, but one of the best writers of English prose to-day. He has something of poetry in him, an artistry strangely combined with a love of science which, of course, is not the same thing as a scientific attitude of mind. As a speaker, he is not always impressive. He is halting and slightly diffident, he has a habit of repeating himself, of going off at a tangent, a weakness for certain words, and a tendency to fall back upon platitudes. But on great occasions, when he is moved deeply, he can rise to heights hardly reached by any speaker in India. And he does this without any of the artifices of rhetoric, without any flourishes of oratory. His first speech in the Constituent Assembly on the Independence Resolution and the one on the National Flag, his unforgettable tributes to Gandhiji in his broadcast on the night of January 30, 1948, and his speech in the Dominion Legislature, will have an abiding place not merely in political literature but also in the world's classics. His speech at the Asian Relations Conference also outshone the eloquent oration of Sarojini Naidu. One cannot , however, help having the feeling that on all important occasions, and especially where he speaks as the Prime Minister of India, it would be good if he made it a practice of writing out his speeches, if for nothing else than because his written speeches are, more often than not, literary gems.

Jawaharlal like many a great man is a bundle of contradictions in himself, a personality of divergent and conflicting forces. He has faith but he doubts, he has dogged determination and yet is indecisive, he is against compromise and has had to compromise all his life, he has an innate humility and still has pride. People like him despite his little foibles and weaknesses, are fond of him, indeed, *because of them*; for he is no party "boss," no idol aloof from the common man—mechanical in his

behaviour and dealings with others, divine in his claims. He is of the earth, earthy. He laughs, and loses his temper, jostles with the crowds and pats somebody on the back. He is one of us, like many of us, although very much higher up in stature and in quality.

We salute him with pride and affection.

April 14, 1949



FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE

NARENDRA DEVA

I first met Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, if I remember aright, in 1916 or 1917, when he was Secretary of the Provincial Home Rule League. I was then Secretary of the Faizabad branch. Panditji came to Faizabad in connection with the non-co-operation movement. The peasant movement was in full swing in the Akbarpur and Tanda *tehsils*, and the Gohanna *maidan* in Akbarpur had become famous for its historic meetings. I had then given up practice at the bar. Panditji had been profoundly influenced by the non-co-operation movement. It would not be an exaggeration to say that he was experiencing a spiritual re-birth. This had completely changed his mode of living, for Panditji reacts intensely to environmental changes. But outwardly also the change was marked: life at the *Anand Bhawan* was completely transformed. All foreign cloth was burned in a gigantic bonfire. Panditji gave up smoking and betelnut, and cardamoms were passed round to guests instead of the cigarettes from the bag that he always carried with him. He lived with an austere simplicity, visiting and staying with just anybody, however lowly or insignificant. Under Gandhiji's influence he had started reading the *Gita*—the children of the family were already reading Sanskrit.

It was a special feature of Pandit Motilal Nehru's character that he would devote himself whole-heartedly to any cause that he took up. So also, when he associated himself with the non-co-operation movement, he threw himself into it heart and soul. Not only did he give up his flourishing practice, but he also completely recast his life in a new mould. It is often said that he joined the movement on account of Jawaharlal, but this is only partly true. He was not sentimentally inclined; he would only accept what appealed to his reason and detached judgment. But it is true that he was deeply attached to his family and particularly to Jawaharlal, and so the fact that Jawaharlal had joined the movement did affect him. In spite of all this it must be admitted that his decision was made independently. He was very much affected by happenings in the Punjab, and Gandhiji's unique personality had also made a deep impression. Pandit Motilal Nehru joined the movement rather earlier than the other leaders of the "old guard." C. R. Das could only make a final decision at the Nagpur Congress (1920). The main problem then agitating his mind was as to where the money would come from for public work if he gave up his practice. I recall how, during the Congress Session at Nagpur, a number of Bengali workers came to him in my presence and urged him to lead the movement. He placed his dilemma before them, and after some discussion, and an assurance by the young band of workers that money would not be lacking, he made his final choice and joined the movement.

Jawaharlal's whole family participated in the movement. There was no argument or friction in the family as had happened in many other cases. It is not easy to devote oneself to political work in opposition to one's parents, wife and family; but very few are fortunate in securing their blessings and active co-operation. Jawaharlal was able to devote himself completely to politics, and he was a changed man. Had he stayed in the profession he would at the most have become a moderately successful barrister. He did not practise very long, but even with his father's support he had not made a very great name in the profession, and it is difficult to say whether he could ever have attained the position at the bar which his father held. He was very much like other average sons of very well-to-do parents and his life also was true to pattern. He had a very sheltered childhood, receiving much affection and being sent abroad in childhood, where he acquired foreign ways of living, and was kept completely aloof from politics. In those days, under the influence of Shri Shyamji Krishna Varma, a number of Indian students had turned revolutionary. They had set up a centre called "Swaraj House"; Savarkar and Hardayal were notable products of this centre. Hardayal renounced his government scholarship and returned to India to take part in politics. Jawaharlalji, however, was not affected by this group, though he was influenced by Lokamanya Tilak who received a sentence of six years' hard labour in 1908. The work of the Fabian Society also influenced him. But these influences were not such as to change his life or ideas fundamentally. On return to India he attended sessions of the Indian National Congress like other lawyers. The Congress was not then an active institution, and its influence had waned considerably after the secession of the Tilak group. It was only from 1916, when the two groups coalesced again, that the Congress began to grow in power and influence. Jawaharlalji took considerable interest in the Home Rule League, but this also did not fundamentally affect his life. It was the advent of Gandhi on the scene, and the impact of his personality and movement, that transformed Jawaharlalji. I know many who were deeply affected. I recall one instance in particular—a man who was also given to gambling and drink, and a dissipated son of a rich family, a do-nothing, a spendthrift wasting inherited wealth and innocent of politics—such a man was transformed as if by magic: he joined the non-co-operation movement giving up all his old habits, and he has never touched liquor from that day. The transformation in Jawaharlalji was of a fundamental character, as he readily conceded himself. He confessed to me during our incarceration in Ahmednagar Fort that "prison had made a man of him". This is completely true, for if participation in the non-co-operation movement had not so profoundly affected his life his personality would not have attained the growth and stature that it did, and he would have been very far from the international personality that he is today. A visit to Europe in 1925-27 and frequent imprisonments gave him an opportunity for reading and thinking, an opportunity that he turned to good use.

* * *

Jawaharlal writes well and at great speed. I remember an incident in 1936 when the All-India Parliamentary Board was entrusted with the task of drafting an

election programme. I was also a member of the Board. The Board met in Bombay. I was very disappointed with the draft because it lacked vigour and appeal, but with a few minor changes it went through. That night I met Jawaharlalji and urged him to prepare another draft. He promised to try. The Working Committee and the All-India Congress Committee were to have considered and passed the draft finally next morning. I met Jawaharlal again in the morning and found that he had a new draft ready. I learnt that he had stayed up till 5 o'clock in the morning writing it. I was delighted with the new version which was finally adopted by the All-India Congress Committee. Draft resolutions for the Working Committee were generally prepared by Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlalji, only occasional drafts being entrusted to other members. Alteration in their drafts were rare.

* * *

When Jawaharlalji came to Faizabad in the beginning of 1921 he spoke to me about the Kashi Vidyapith and indicated the desire of the governing body that I should take up teaching work there. The Vidyapith had been founded by Mahatmaji on February 10, 1921. The governing body had already been formed and my name had been included therein; though at that time there had been no talk of my joining the teaching staff. But Jawaharlalji thought they wanted me. The idea appealed to me, and at his instance I wrote to Shri Shivprasad Gupta indicating my willingness to come. He called me there, and I started teaching shortly after. But for Jawaharlalji's interest the question of my going to the Vidyapith would never have arisen, and I have often wondered what the pattern of my life would have been in that case. Up to that time my acquaintance with him had been only slight. But association with the Vidyapith led to closer contacts, and, when he returned from Europe in 1927, similarity of ideas led to more intimate friendship.

In 1922 the Congress had split into two over the question of Council entry. Those who did not want any changes in the non-co-operation programme were called "no-changers"; these were led by Shri Rajagopalachari. In the other group were Pandit Motilal and C. R. Das, who favoured entry into the legislatures. Mahatmaji was then in prison. The controversy grew hot. Jawaharlalji kept aloof; at heart he was a no-changer, but he did not wish to make a quarrel over this issue. In those days resignations from the Working Committee were frequent. At last the Swaraj Party was formed and elections were fought, but Jawaharlalji stood apart from both. The national movement began to decline and Hindu-Muslim riots became the order of the day. Jawaharlalji and his wife went away to Europe. In this voluntary exile he made a deep study of affairs and returned to the country a Socialist. His first political act on return was to sponsor a resolution to change the goal of the Congress to full independence. Mahatmaji, however, was not very pleased with this. Jawaharlalji founded the "Independence of India League", of which I became a member. Since his return from Europe Jawaharlalji's disagreement with his father had increased; there were frequent hot discussions at the table. In 1928 in the Calcutta session of the Congress there was further argument about the creed of the Congress. During this session I was once walking with Jawaharlalji and Shri Sri Prakasa; a little

ahead of us was Shri Subhas Bose with a few companions. Noticing him Jawaharlalji commented appreciatively on Subhas Bose's treating all his colleagues on a basis of equality and invariably walking to meetings with them rather than taking a car by himself. Jawaharlalji held it out to us as an example to follow. In those days his mind was deeply disturbed by economic and social problems, and he was unhappy on account of the divergence of his views with Gandhiji and his father. If the Congress had not adopted complete independence as its objective at the Lahore Session in the following year, and if the new movement had not been started immediately thereafter and continued for four or five years, I think Jawaharlalji's life would have taken a different path: he would have become the leader of a party within the Congress.

This is, of course, a hypothetical proposition, but I base it on my knowledge of his attitude in 1928-29. The impossibility of agreement on fundamental issues with the Congress High Command would have left him with no alternative. But such a contingency did not arise. Mahatmaji knew Jawaharlalji's value, and Jawaharlalji also realised that it was Gandhi's era and that nothing could be achieved without his participation. That was why he would fight hard for every concession and then rest content with whatever he was able to secure. Sometimes he would argue obstinately and even grow irritated. Gandhiji would generally listen to him with complete equanimity and ignore his bitter remarks. Once in a while, however, Gandhiji would clearly enunciate his own views and quietly indicate that such and such a thing would not be. In 1942, when Gandhiji and Jawaharlal held divergent views on *Satyagraha*, he had once gone to Sevagram to talk things out with Mahatmaji. I was then in Sevagram. Jawaharlalji told me in conversation that he regarded Gandhiji himself as a vital factor of the "objective situation". What he thought or was going to do was a most important consideration. When he realised that Gandhiji was adamant, he contented himself with securing clarification of certain issues and gave his assent. Gandhiji had asked me one day, before Jawaharlal's arrival, as to how Jawaharlal was going to react. I had answered that in my opinion if *Satyagraha* was decided on Jawaharlalji would not stay out. That was Gandhiji's impression also, but he was concerned to secure Jawaharlal's agreement, and was not satisfied till he had secured it. But Jawaharlalji's intellect never really approved of the decision. During our imprisonment in Ahmednagar Fort he confessed more than once that in his view the step had been hurriedly taken, and that it might have been possible to bring Britain to terms with the help of American pressure.

* * *

In 1929 Jawaharlal Nehru became President of the Congress. At the Lahore session Motilalji surrendered his seat to Jawaharlal, and said that the son would accomplish what the father had failed to achieve. It was an unforgettable moment. There had been few cases of great leaders being surpassed by greater sons; the general tendency is for the sons of great men to turn out incompetents, and our own country can provide many instances of the latter. But Motilalji's prediction came true. At that time Jawaharlalji's mother was in a sort of ecstasy, which was quite natural

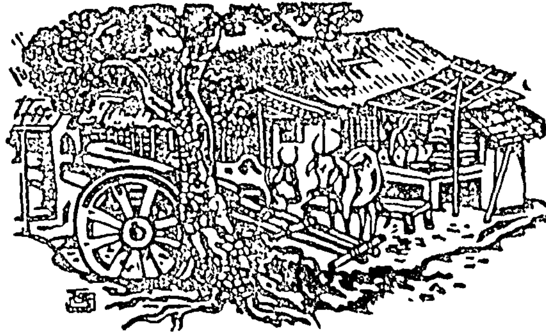
considering that the presidentship of the Congress was the highest honour that the nation could confer. Things may have changed to-day and this office may have lost its glamour or importance now, but before the achievement of independence it was not so. Jawaharlalji was indeed the favourite of fortune: it was under his guidance that the independence pledge was adopted. The night after the resolution was carried there was great rejoicing in the delegates' camp, and Jawaharlalji danced with the delegates. Pandit Motilal Nehru and Jawaharlal had great influence with the Punjabis: this dated from the days of Martial Law when Motilalji had worked in their midst. Jawaharlal was the hero of Punjab's youth and had a staggering reception.

In 1942 we were arrested together and confined in Ahmednagar Fort. We were together there, and when the Ahmednagar prison camp was disbanded I was sent with him to the Bareilly Central Jail; thence we were transferred together to Almora, and finally released together. In prison, association is forced and continuous: no one can hide his faults. I had the opportunity of studying Jawaharlalji very carefully during three years of incarceration. He had a very severely regulated life. He took regular exercise, bathed before breakfast, and then immediately settled down to work. He went on till three in the afternoon with a short break for lunch; after three he occasionally took a short nap. In the evening he played badminton or took a brisk walk. From 9 to 11 in the evening he was again at work, reading and taking notes. He received many Indian and foreign papers and was always getting new books. He was devoted to his friends and companions and would nurse a sick comrade with the most scrupulous attention. Once Dr. Mahmood fell considerably ill. Jawaharlalji would sit by him till midnight and thereafter come to see him at regular intervals. During the first year I too had a bad time, getting severe attacks of asthma every three weeks. I grew very weak and everyone was worried. Jawaharlalji persuaded me to try halibut liver oil which did me much good, and my attacks ceased. The mess was managed by us in turns; Jawaharlalji used to teach other prisoners how to prepare eggs and make tea. We used to celebrate our national festivals: the dining room would be decorated, with Jawaharlalji taking the lead. There was a large big courtyard where we were confined; this became Jawaharlal's garden patch and he beautified it with a variety of flowers. He has a passion for order and cleanliness. This order and regularity can be observed even outside prison, though here he rarely has time for play and not much time for reading—this last lack, however, he used to make up by voracious reading in trains. Under conditions of continuous association there are bound to be occasional bickerings and displays of temper. We too occasionally had discussions which would sometimes become heated and even lead to quarrels; these, however, did not last long. In Ahmednagar Fort we had a coffee club in which political discussions often took place and sometimes people told stories and anecdotes. Dr. Mahmood was a most interesting *recontenr*. Amongst political workers discussions on principle often lead to bitterness and a permanent breach: politics is a game of set opinions, and few pay attention to contrary opinions even when

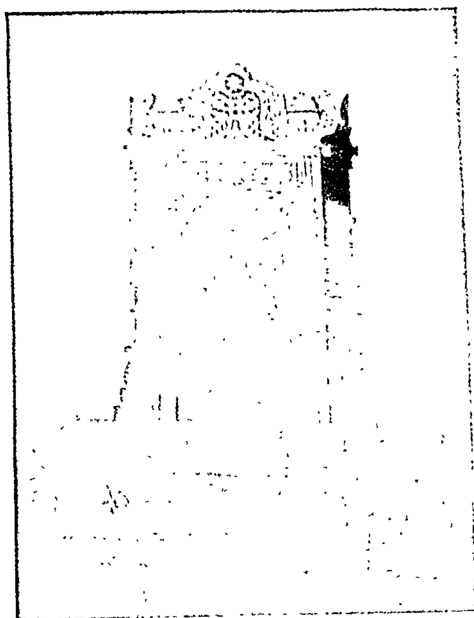
there is close reasoning adduced in support. Jawaharlalji, however, was an exception; he always made an effort to see the other man's point of view and was open to persuasion. There are two sides to every question, and an element of truth in each side, but those who see both sides often find it difficult to arrive at a decision. Such is the case with Jawaharlal, and he often finds it difficult to make up his mind finally on a particular issue. This, however, does not mean that he has no definite opinions on any subject; he has and he can defend his opinions with great tenacity of argument. Only, there is a number of questions on which there has been no need for him to make a final choice.

Jawaharlal derives strength from the people. He likes vast crowds. Personal popularity leads him to believe that the people are satisfied with his administration: this conclusion, however, is not always justified. He is particularly influenced by his immediate circle: as the people in this circle have also had a European education he finds greater affinities with them than with others. But in the last fifteen years the culture of ancient India has exerted a deep influence on him. The late R. S. Pandit had first roused his interest in this direction, and it has since steadily increased. He said to me once: "If I were convinced that the people of India were worthless I would not bother to work for them. But my country's history tells me that India has been a great country. She has undergone vast historical changes and produced many great men." Jawaharlalji expects little from the middle class which he regards as decadent. But, in the common people he sees life and vitality; it is on them that he founds his hopes for the future of his country.

April 2, 1949 (*Translated from Hindi*)







TRIBUTES OF HOMAGE AND ADMIRATION

(i) Mother-of-pearl peacock presented by Mr. C. V. Mehta, Bombay, 1937.

(ii) Silver casket presented by the Ahmedabad Municipality, 1939.

(iii) Silver chariot presented by the city of Cuttack, August 15, 1947.

Courtesy: Municipa' Museum, Allahabad. Photographs by G. P. Argal



LEFT HAND IMPRESSION OF PANDIT NEHRU

Courtesy Sri Prem Narain Tripathi, Jubbulpore



RIGHT HAND IMPRESSION OF PANDIT NEHRU

Courtesy : Sri Prem Narain Tripathi, Jubbulpore



PRESIDENTIAL PROCESSION U. P. POLITICAL CONFERENCE, MATHURA, 1939

EXILE AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

MURIEL WASI

"In my own country also, sometimes, I have an exile's feeling".
—*Nehru.*

When we and our grandchildren are dead and the world runs its course unimpressed by the fact that we have lived and died, the legend will still be told of a man who, trained to the traditions of the West, felt at a critical point in his life the need to put these aside, to go down into the arena of his own country's strife and to don, howbeit belatedly, the clothing of an Indian prophet.

To the historian this will present material for fresh commentary upon the strength of the nation-spirit; to the psychologist, one more proof, if proof were needed, that an idealistic spirit will always find itself upon the losing side.

To the present writer, interested more keenly in the psychology of autobiography than of history, and in the history of individual conflict than of nationalism, not Nehru, nor the Nehru legend only, but the symbol of exile is of some contemporary importance.

Nehru is no more unique than any of the world's modern leaders. It does not require much penetration to see that a man who rises above his generation is for that reason never wholly representative of it. Be he a Lincoln or a Lenin, a Gandhi or a Churchill, a Weizmann or a Nehru, in some measure he must part company with his world, and in some wise stand above it.

But the conflict that makes an exile of a professed nationalist is one that we need not be great or historic to feel. It is enough to have lived in two or more cultures. A large number of Indians of the rich middle-class have been born into homes where English literature, English language and English history were dominant for all educative purposes. Nevertheless, in these Indian homes, there was the same suspicion of British ends and the same growing hatred of British means that inspired the national movement.

It is possible that an English education, with its strong democratic bias, in fact, strengthened the need and the demand for Indian freedom. So it was, that the paradox occured that many of our most rabid nationalists were at heart English gentlemen, trained to a code of ethics, behaviour and outlook that were substantially British of the best kind, but strongly coloured by the fact that this heritage had to be used as an instrument of attack upon British Imperialism.

It is as interpreter of this section of the middle-class that Nehru appears to us to be of contemporary literary importance in India.

He would have been important to literature and to new writing in India even if he had not himself written, because men such as he inspire good writing. They

help, too, to create an atmosphere in which human and personal conflict seeks to express itself in writing of some creative power.

The fact that he does write and that he has chosen the autobiographical form as the most natural medium of expression for him, makes him doubly important to a movement of new writing in India.

There is nothing new under the visiting sun about autobiography. It is as old as egotism, or as man. But to us, in India, it is a comparatively new creative form, and one that, with a people as introspective as ourselves, may yield interesting results.

One need not be great to write the story of one's life. One need not have met the great, though a sprinkling of the world's personages may help to make autobiography marketable. But one must have something intrinsically new to reveal as an experience.

The something new may be factual. Of this class are a large number of war and diplomatic memoirs, and even much globe-trotting, finished reportage, valuable for an "inside-story". It may or may not rank as literature, depending on the power and *finesse* with which it is written. But it is a natural medium for a great number of egotistic writers.

For us, in India, the something new that makes good autobiography is an attitude of mind, an expression of conflict that though it may be shared by a minority, and an unpopular minority in the country, is still sufficiently rare to commend itself to the contemporary Indian reader.

That is one reason why Nehru's autobiography, important as it is for the politician and the historian, is particularly important for the student of writing in India. Much of it will doubtless interest the psychologist; some of it will rank as literature. But to his contemporaries, and to those of us who are divided from him by a generation, the autobiography is important because it offers us a creative form to experiment in.

The novel and the short story are both forms that we have borrowed from Europe. The novel is better adapted to our gifts than the short story which, in its compactness and the swift narrative and portraiture that it demands, is better suited to peoples who live more rapidly and less intensely than we do.

But the autobiography is a form which can easily and naturally be turned to our temperament and purposes. It affords us the opportunity that we so badly desire, to think aloud about ourselves, and to give rein to a subtle vein of egotism that underlies our most laudable actions.

The field for creative writing of this sort is immense. Not the statesman and the politician only, not the prophet and the poet only, but the more ordinary man or woman of varied experience has much to offer that will illumine this sub-continent for the rest of the world.

With Nehru, as with the minority he represents, the conflict was and is bet-

ween two ways of life. Despite all attempts by popular psychologists to whittle down the barriers that exist between races, peoples and hemispheres, there remains, to the common man, a fundamental difference between the outlook generally prevalent in the West, and that which is commonly referred to as "Eastern".

We do not propose to argue the case for or against either way of life. This is a matter for individual judgment, and, indeed, partisanship is contrary to the whole spirit of adult enquiry. But, in essence, this conflict is one between practicality, concreteness and speed—or respect for time, with scepticism and some measure of agnosticism thrown in, on the one hand; and, on the other, passivity or acceptance, philosophic tolerance, fatalism and a large measure of unthinking conservatism.

In a country such as India, impressed for centuries with the need to maintain order on a sub-continental scale and to draw homogeneity out of diversity, it should not be difficult to explain why the traditional outlook and attitude is what it is. The last two hundred years have set up conflicts between the two ways of life that have influenced a small section of the Indian people. From a purely nationalistic standpoint, this may not be an admirable section of India. It is generally, though not always, the section that was prepared to compromise in order to survive. It had a keen eye to the main chance, sometimes embraced a religion as a line of least resistance; sometimes undertook to alter its entire way of life to keep in with the European conqueror.

But however contemptible the reasons for what it is today, this is a section with gifts and education, with poise and stamina, with experience and travel, accustomed to use money, to organise and, above all, to create. It would be folly to penalise it for the sins of its forefathers, or to seek to teach it, what it finds difficult to understand, that nationalism and self-renunciation are convertible, or that the mere act of self-renunciation is a good thing.

These people have all the subconscious attachment to the country of their blood and birth to which Nehru refers in his autobiography. India clings to them in a hundred ways, as it does to their interpreter. In them, too, there are undertones of mystic feeling, a queer half-belief in the wisdom of the ancients, and a constant conflict between acting in a rational forward-looking way and waiting passively for the best or the worst to overtake them.

Of this hesitancy and the anguish that it frequently brings to people as sensitive as himself, Nehru is the best example. Not merely the British conqueror and an English education, not merely the riches of English literature and the lessons of English history, but a temperament possibly derived from all these, that is western in pattern, in that it wants to get so much done in a given time, is a problem with which modern educated India is probably well acquainted.

Let us not make a fuss or a fetish of it. It exists—whether for good or bad no one knows. It is one more legacy of the last two hundred years that neither wit nor wisdom, in or out of India, could foresee or prevent.

But in India, today, it is this section that yields us intellectuals and potential

creative writers who, with their faults thick upon them, have still a contribution to make, that it would be a pity for us to underrate. We do not need to indulge them. But it would pay us to induce them to come to terms with life as it is in India, and to draw from them that "service without vanity" that is the only true patriotism.

April 8, 1949



GANDHI AND NEHRU

Fenner Brockway

The association of Gandhi and Nehru for over thirty years is an epic in human co-operation. Their names are indissoluble in the record of India's struggle for freedom. Gandhi comes first, for he was one of the world's great figures not only of his own time, but of all time; that another name should be coupled with his at all is tribute enough to Nehru's stature. So long as history is written and read, they will be remembered together.

Yet, in many ways Gandhi and Nehru are opposites.

Although he influenced, above all others, one of the most progressive events in history—the recognition by Britain of India's right to independence—Gandhi was, in the real meaning of the word, a conservative. He hated the impact which science has had on life during the last century, the industrial revolution, the machine age, the new atomic age. His ideal was the simple life of the village and its domestic crafts.

Nehru, on the other hand, has always been essentially a progressive. He does not quarrel with history. He hates the way in which science has been applied; but he rejoices in the expanding powers of man. He believes that they can be used for the emancipation of the human race, and he sees his task as the aiding of this process.

How did it come about, then, that these two men, with their fundamentally different social philosophies, came to be wedded in such close political partnership?

The contact between them began, of course, in their common devotion to the cause of Indian freedom. Growing towards manhood, Nehru read with excitement and admiration of Gandhi's defiance of racial discrimination in South Africa. Under Gandhi's leadership the Indians of Natal and the Transvaal were asserting their human equality not merely by resolutions and speeches, but by dynamic action. An army of them crossed the frontier, from one province to another, without the passes demanded only of "coloured" persons; hundreds of Indian miners stopped work; arrested Indians filled the gaols. Nehru in those days did not pause to examine the social philosophy of Gandhi—indeed, the Mahatma's basic beliefs were then only in a formative stage. He was not troubled by the issue as to whether resistance should be violent or non-violent. He saw only that challenging and courageous deeds were being performed in Africa and that they were proving effective. Gandhi became a hero to him.

When young Nehru met his hero, he fell under the charm and magnetism of the sublime personality of the man who was both saint and politician. It was this personal devotion to Gandhi's unique character, which, more than anything

else, bound Nehru to the Mahatma all through his life, despite their differences of social outlook. Gandhi's utter selflessness, his entire fearlessness, his complete identification with the poorest peasant and the scorned "untouchable", the beauty and kindliness and simplicity of his life—these won Nehru's reverence, so that philosophy became of less account in their relationship than personality. What mattered Gandhi's views of social progress, when he was prepared to fast unto death for the emancipation of India?

Nehru found, too, that Gandhi's sense of human values was his own, even if the Mahatma gave them different intellectual expression. Gandhi's devotion to the peasant: that became Nehru's first devotion to the peasant; that became Nehru's first devotion also when he had seen for himself the cruel privations under which they lived. Gandhi's passion for Hindu-Moslem unity: the achievement of that became equally Nehru's mission, when he saw how both were humiliated by alien rule and exploited by economic privilege. Gandhi's claim for the natural equality of all human beings, whatever their race: that was no less Nehru's supreme motive. Spiritually Gandhi and Nehru were one in all these essential principles, however different their conceptions were of the way of social advance.

But, in addition to these personal approximations, there was an historical reason for the political partnership of Gandhi and Nehru. Gandhi's philosophy was suited to the stage of struggle which India had reached, and Nehru understood this. Nehru might not accept entirely Gandhi's belief in non-violence, but he knew that in India no other policy was possible. However much he differed from Gandhi's subjective approach to political problems, he knew that the Mahatma was expressing in this the mind and spirit of the millions of peasants of India. Gandhi's saintly character, his manner of thought and life, the example of his own courage and sacrifice, his voluntary abandonment of all material possessions, the sincerity of his religion—these were in tune with the soul of India, and only Gandhi could bring about the spiritual revolution which must precede India's political revolution. Nehru appreciated this and devoted himself loyally in service of the man destined by history to lift India from its knees, to give it the spirit to stand erect, the conscious equal of all.

And now India has passed to another stage. It is not only standing self-reliantly and proudly erect. It is marching forward. And here the qualities of Nehru are required.

His modern constructive mind, his grasp of social changes in every part of the earth, his understanding of international affairs, these qualities were held in reserve during the struggle for India's independence, waiting for the day when India would need them, used even then as occasion demanded but germinating for full use when they would be supremely necessary.

That time has come.

March 15, 1949

NEHRU THE INTERNATIONALIST

KALIDAS NAG

Born twenty years after Mahatma Gandhi and ten years after Sarojini Naidu, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru may fittingly be characterized as a spiritual son of Mahatmaji and a brother of Sarojini Devi. He is in the true hierarchical succession—spiritual as well as cultural; and, therefore, I am tempted to examine his world outlook in the context of the development of internationalism in India.

The question may arise as to the propriety of using the categories of internationalism for a country like India where nationalism was supposed to be the dominant note in the XIX century, and therefore internationalism seemed to be out of court from the Western point of view. It may even be alleged that the Indians, in spite of their strenuous and persistent efforts to attain national freedom, could not realise nationalism in the effective sense of Political Science and International Law. India was not a nation till August 15, 1947. How, therefore, in this period of formative nationalism, can we talk of the international attitude of Indian leaders ?

It is exactly here that India would join issue with Western theorisers on nationalism, who have framed their own dogmatic definition, making nationalism dependent, almost totally, on political autonomy and military efficiency. The disastrous consequences of such a definition have been ruthlessly exposed by Rabindranath Tagore in his epoch-making book *Nationalism*, published in 1917. It was Rabindranath, though a mere poet, who made the first suggestive criticism against the Western theory of nationalism, and also offered the constructive formulation of a new order of cultural nationalism which is profoundly spiritual in its content. The poet-laureate of Asia was also the pioneer of the method of integrating the spiritual experiences of the nations of Asia with the world vision of our Indian seers. That is why and how we find the great Raja Rammohan Roy at the very opening, and Swami Vivekananda at the end, of the XIX century, upholding the *spiritual unity of mankind* through their expositions of the philosophy of the *Vedanta*. That philosophical-cum-religious monism must have influenced the cultural and political life of Modern India, exemplified in the career and thoughts of Pandit Nehru. Though destined to play a dominant *rôle* in our national politics, he is a philosopher in disguise and a worthy descendant of Tagore and Gandhi. It is a matter of common knowledge to all of us that Panditji showed the deepest attachment to and respect for the life and activities of Rabindranath and Mahatmaji.

But Panditji lived, moved and had his being, in the last decade of the XIX century and during the first of the XX. During this fateful period, as we all know, all the romantic idealism of the mid-Victorian type came into clash with the cruel realities of our political and economic life, which contradicted the premature pro-

phecies of the champions of the Industrial Revolution. Most of the mechanical inventions tended to get detached from the context of "the greatest good of the greatest number." That is how, within a century of the publication of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, we confronted the tragic fact of a few successful nations savagely fighting one another to build up and maintain their national empires or colonies, based on the slavery of the majority of the less favoured nations. Hence, also, the emergence of the spurious racial doctrine of the White Man's Burden, logically developing into Hitler's "Herrnvolk" and the tragedies of the Second World War.

While Jawaharlal was at school the vast continent of Africa was convulsed with the Boer War, resulting from the selfish partitioning of Africa by a few European Powers. When Jawaharlal, as a school boy, was probing the map of the world for his geography lessons, Rabindranath was pronouncing his prophetic judgment on the Occident through his immortal poem (composed on December 31, 1899), *The Sunset of the Century*. That was also the period when Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was fighting the cause of oppressed humanity in South Africa (since 1893). Gandhiji returned in 1896 to Calcutta, where as a public man he appeared again in 1901 to move his first resolution before the Indian National Congress on behalf of our oppressed brothers and sisters in Africa. He was introduced to some of our political leaders, spending over a month in Calcutta in the company of Gopal Krishna Gokhale, with whom he worked closely for nearly twenty years (1896-1916), after which he waged his non-violent warfare against the armed powers of Western Government. His Passive Resistance Movement, which almost synchronised with the *Swadeshi* movement of the Bengal Partition, lifted that struggle far above the problems of conflicting nationalism; for we find Gandhiji corresponding with Leo Tolstoy and getting his fraternal response. Tolstoy, the last sage of the Western World, was to die in 1910 and Gandhiji was to return from South Africa to India in 1914, the years of apprenticeship of Jawaharlal in England. A sensitive youth like him must have seen and assimilated lots of ideas and opinions while studying his geography and history at Harrow, his science and economics at Cambridge, and his legal subjects in the Inns of Court. Jawaharlal the historian has helped us by recording many important traits of world opinion in his significant *Autobiography*[1].

Born in 1889, Jawaharlal recorded his first vivid impressions of the Russo-Japanese War (1904-5), saying how at that early age of 15 he used to wait for the arrival of newspapers to get the latest war news. He even purchased some books on Japan,

[1] Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941), Swami Vivekananda (1863-1902) and Mahatma Gandhi (1869-1948), each worked in his specially chosen field of national regeneration. But they were unique in spirit and outlook, bringing to culmination, as it were, the lonely activities of our pioneer internationalist Raja Rammohan Roy (1774-1833), who not only laid the foundation of the first Universalist Church of India (1828), based on respect for all religions, but who was also our first cultural ambassador abroad. Rammohan expressed in Persian, Bengali and English his sympathies with the sufferings of Ireland and Italy, of Turkey and of the toiling ryots of India, of the Latin Americans and others struggling for independence. So Rammohan was greeted by Jeremy Bentham as the "intensely admired and dearly beloved collaborator in the service of mankind." In a recently discovered letter, addressed to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, France, dated December 1831, Rammohan appeared to have laid the foundation of a true League of Nations in a league of national

for example, the charming narratives of Lafcadio Hearn. He used to imagine himself fighting, sword in hand, for the liberation of Asia from European domination, and also for the independence of India. He was tremendously impressed by the victory of Japan, an Oriental Power, over European Russia; he was surcharged with the spirit of aggressive nationalism which, as we know, dawned upon the mind of young India under the repressive régime of Lord Curzon, who partitioned Bengal and thus liberated the gigantic forces of the *Swadeshi* Movement. In May 1905 Jawaharlal sailed for England, with his father, mother and infant sister. Towards the end of 1905 he was interested to watch the General Election in England, in which the Liberal Party emerged victorious, and he startled his teachers, in early 1906, by repeating the names of all members of Campbell-Bannerman's ministry. He was already deeply interested in the progress of aeronautics, and was watching the flight records of the Wright brothers and of M. Bleriot of Paris. He even predicted, forty years ago, in a *naive* letter to Pandit Motilal Nehru, that he may soon be able to visit India from Harrow by plane every week.

In 1906-7 he was closely following the *Swadeshi* and Boycott Movements and the careers of our extremist-leaders—Tilak, Lajpat Rai, Ajit Singh etc. Those were glorious days when the venerable leader, Dadabhai Naoroji, first formulated the idea of *Swaraj*, in the Calcutta Congress of 1906. Already we find Jawaharlal stretching his vision beyond the narrow school-walls of Harrow, and studying intensely Trevelyan's life of the Italian patriot Garibaldi. His heroism in the creation of Free Italy evoked the vision of Indian freedom in the mind of youthful Jawaharlal when he joined the Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1907. Studying three years here, he took his Natural Science Tripos in 1910, with Chemistry, Geology and Botany as his special subjects. No wonder that in later life Jawaharlal was our first statesman who was well posted in the world trends of Science and emerged as the President of the National Planning Committee. Among his hot favourites in those college days, we find Bernard Shaw, Lowes Dickinson, Nietzsche, Kraft Ebing, Havelock Ellis etc. So, along with the Natural Sciences, the Mental and Moral Sciences were also studied. We now find that Jawaharlal was also moved by the conflicting problems of the East and the West, and that he was deeply influenced by Meredith Townsend's *Asia and Europe*, a happy augury for the sponsor of the First Asian Relations' Conference in 1947!

Very significantly does Jawaharlal remember that in the year of the fiftieth anniversary of the Indian Mutiny (our First War of Independence), India was convulsed, from 1907 onwards, with the whirlwind of discontent leading to the disrup-

cultures. He appealed to the Occidental nations "to encourage and facilitate human intercourse in every manner, by removing, as far as possible, all impediments to it, in order to promote the reciprocal advantage and enjoyment of the *whole human race.*"

This positive ideal of Human Fellowship and Freedom incarnate in Rammohan, and not the negative aspect of mere conflicts and strifes is what gives an international, nay spiritual, character to the national movement of India, from the age of Rammohan Roy to that of Mahatma Gandhi. Pandit Nehru carries on that glorious tradition right down to the beginning of the second half of the XX century, when we seem to be facing another world war and fragmentation of humanity.

tion of the old Congress at Surat. His father Pandit Motilal Nehru entertained, as his guest, the noted British journalist H. W. Nevinson, who wrote on Indian nationalism. Leaving Cambridge with second class Honours, Jawaharlal came to spend two more years in London, leisurely studying Law and discussing politics and various socialistic theories and ideologies, primarily of the Fabian type. His first direct contact with the Continent was in the company of his father who was in Berlin in 1909, when Count Zeppelin flew in his special airship to that city. Later on, in Paris, Jawaharlal watched Count de Lambert flying his plane over the Eiffel Tower. He made a short excursion to Norway, and in the summer of 1912, completing his Law courses and after seven years of exile from home, Jawaharlal the Barrister returned to India at the age of 23.

In 1912 when Jawaharlal was getting ready to return from Europe to India, his youthful soul was charged with the hopes and doubts of the generation facing the First World War. He must have heard of the Second Hague Conference of 1907 (continuing the work of the first one of 1899), and of the Declaration of London (1910). Tolstoy, the last Pacifist sage of Europe, was dead (1910), and Mahatma Gandhi was collaborating with Gokhale to give finishing touches to the Smuts-Gandhi Agreement (1912), hoping to terminate the twenty years' war between the South African Government and the Indian settlers (1893-1912). The dire problems of race hatred were examined at the Universal Races Congress (London 1912), commented on by Sister Nivedita (the noble Irish disciple of Swami Vivekananda) and by the great Indian philosopher Acharya Brojendra Nath Seal, who wrote on *Race Origins*. Rabindranath Tagore had already depicted, in his great novel *Gora*, the drama of conflict between Nationalism and Internationalism. The poet was already in London in 1912 with his first volume of English translations, the *Gitanjali*—Song Offerings—which was to bring to Asia the first Nobel Prize for Literature and Idealism (1913). He has, by his uncanny poetic intuition, prophesied India's plunge into the passive resistance movement through his drama *Prayaschitta* or Atonement (1907), and followed it up with two other symbolical plays, the *Dak-Ghar* (Post Office) or sublimation of suffering, and *Achalayatan*, or the Immobile (1912). Nothing could pretend to be inviolate and immovable—not even the British Empire—in the face of the surging of the ocean of human suffering. That suffering would be transfigured by the magic harp of Tagore and the saintly hand of Gandhiji. It was a glorious age of Asian Renaissance, which synchronized with the collapse of the Manchu régime, the foundation of the Chinese Republic, and the transformation of the Indian National Congress, which would soon claim Jawaharlal as its devoted servant and outstanding guide.

He was married to Kamala Nehru in 1916. She died prematurely in 1936, leaving behind their only child Indira, who is responsible for evoking a series of brilliant letters (written in prison between 1930-1933), which were published in Jawaharlal's *Glimpses of World History* (1934).

As a natural science Tripos-man of Cambridge, Nehru might have started his career as a Science Professor and researcher in any of the Indian Universities and, by

virtue of his devotion to science, might easily have gone to the top. So, as a young Barrister and the only son of Pandit Motilal Nehru, one of the leading lawyers of India, Jawaharlal, with a little concentration on the professional side, might have made a fortune in the legal profession. But he did neither, preferring by a mysterious urge, as it were, the perilous path of national politics. Whether he gained or lost thereby is no more a matter of speculation but of current history; but it is crystal clear today that he made the right choice, and that he succeeded in importing certain factors into our national politics which are of international consequence.

The first session of the Congress that he attended, in the winter of 1912, was held at Bankipore, Patna, and he found it to be more or less a social party—with only one outstanding figure, G.K. Gokhale, who by his genius and strength of character fascinated him. In fact, he was attracted to join the "Servants of India Society", vacillating as to whether he should give up law altogether. The days of moderate politics were coming to an end; and with the outbreak of the First World War the "Home Rule Movement" was sponsored simultaneously by Tilak and by Mrs. Besant. The British authorities grew suspicious and interned Mrs. Besant, because the Home Rule activities might create division in the country and interfere with the war efforts. That hastened the expansion of the Home Rule League, by the joining of moderate leaders like Dr. Tej Bahadur Sapru and Pandit Motilal Nehru. Dr. Sapru affectionately embraced Jawaharlal, at his first public appearance as a political speaker in a meeting at Allahabad in 1915, where Jawaharlal vigorously protested against the British Government's policy of suppressing, by ordinance, freedom of speech and publication. Co-operation between the Congress and the Muslim League formed the basis of a joint plan which was adopted by the Lucknow Congress of 1916.[1] Meanwhile the British Government sent Mr. Montagu to India, but the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, while offering very little for the advancement of the country, created division in the camps of the Hindu and Muslim leaders, who definitely drifted away from one another in 1918.

The First World War terminated. The Allies were victorious, and as India made tremendous sacrifices in men and money the Indians very naturally expected some improvement in their status; but just the opposite thing happened. The British Government forced the Rowlatt Act upon the desperate people who organised protest meetings,which resulted in the shocking massacre at Amritsar (1918). Motilal Nehru was getting impatient with the moderates. So he started *The Independent* from Allahabad, and urged Jawaharlal to serve as a Director of the paper for a while. In the winter of 1919 the Congress met at Amritsar, and it was in every sense the first all-Gandhi Congress. Jawaharlal completed his thirtieth year. Gandhji embraced the Ali Brothers, recently released from internment, and they started, from January 1920, a new chapter with the Khilafat Movement. On August 1, 1920, Gandhiji launched his great Non-co-operation Movement against the British Government.

[1] It was at the Lucknow Congress, in 1916, that Jawaharlal met Mahatma Gandhi for the first time, and soon after he was inspired by the address of Sarojini Naidu at Allahabad.

Jawaharlal, during this momentous change of front from moderate to extremist politics, was for the first time studying the deplorable condition of the peasantry of Oudh. Within three years of the foundation of the Soviet *régime* in Russia, we find him condemning the average politicians of India as hypnotised by *bourgeois* politics. He realised that a veritable Peasant Revolt (1920-21) was brewing in Pratapgarh, Rai Bareilly and Faizabad. Gandhiji already gave a new lead to the Kisan Movement through his activities in Champaran (Bihar) and Kaira (Gujarat). These new developments made Jawaharlal conscious of his ignorance of the actual conditions of 80 per cent of India's peasant population; and with scientific thoroughness he went to study them against their international setting. From 1920 we find him conscious also about the wretched condition of the industrial labourers in Indian factories, mostly under the domination of European capitalists or their Indian sub-agents. Thus, Jawaharlal the Socialist began probing, for the first time, the problems of agricultural and industrial labour in India, in the context of labour movements abroad. The problems of economic justice and social security, which are neither regional nor national, were realised by Jawaharlal who, as we know, would vacillate, for a long time, between our political nationalism and socio-economic internationalism, as we find from numerous passages in his *Autobiography* and other writings.[1]

In 1921-22, when with many other prominent political workers Mahatma Gandhi, our accredited leader, was jailed by the British Government, Jawaharlal made a statement before the District Magistrate, Allahabad. That statement, on the eve of his imprisonment, deserves to be quoted: "Less than ten years ago I returned from England after a lengthy stay there. I have imbibed most of the prejudices of Harrow and Cambridge, and in my likes and dislikes I was perhaps more an Englishman than an Indian." This anglicised young Indian was destined to take charge of the Government of Free India from the hands of the English Rulers, quitting India. Jawaharlal at the age of 32 pronounced thus his articles of faith: "All the world knows that our strength lies in the support of our people and the goodwill of our countrymen. Our weapons are not the old-time ones of force and coercion. The weapons which our Great Leader (Gandhiji) has put in our hands are those of love and sacrifice. We suffer ourselves, and by our sufferings seek to convert our adversary........ What greater good-fortune can befall an Indian in these days?....Death for the cause, or the full realisation of our glorious dream." This international significance of

[1] This aspect of his life and activities has been briefly discussed in a short paper published in *Nehru Our Neighbour*.

In this connection we should read the significant passages from his inaugural speech on the midnight of August 14, 1947:

"Long years ago we made a tryst with Destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge. At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom. It is fitting that at this solemn moment we take the pledge of dedication to the service of India and her people, and to the still larger cause of Humanity....Uprooting the foreign domination is not all. Unless and until each and every Indian breathes the air of Freedom, and his miseries are banished and his hard lot is improved, our task remains unfinished......Peace has been said to be indivisible; so is freedom; so is prosperity—now; and so also is disaster in this One World that can no longer be split into isolated fragments."

Indian nationalism, which found such warm expression in Jawaharlal, assumed a quasi-spiritual character when Mahatma Gandhi, as a criminal in the dock, addressed the Judge undertaking his trial in Ahmedabad. I had the privilege of making in 1922 a commentary on this aspect of Gandhian politics, in Switzerland at the invitation of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Mlle Rolland and her illustrious brother Romain Rolland were there; and M. Rolland urged me to help him in presenting the first European biography of Mahatma Gandhi (1923) which was forthwith translated into all the languages of Europe, including Russian. Gandhism, since then, is a World Movement, and in that context the later career and pronouncements of Jawaharlal Nehru should be studied. He was glad to spend 1926-27 (full one year and nine months) in Europe, because Kamala Nehru was seriously ill and was to take a full course of treatment in Switzerland. Here he came into contact with Indian revolutionaries of the early epoch, like Shyamji Krishna Varma, Mahendra Pratap, Madam Cama, S. R. Rana, Lala Har Dyal, Viren Chattopadhyay and others. Towards the end of 1926 Panditji was shocked to hear of the brutal murder of Swami Sraddhananda by a Muslim fanatic, and he inwardly groaned to think of the future of Indian nationalism as against such bitter communal hatred.

In February 1927 Jawaharlal participated in the International Congress against Imperialism at Brussels. He referred to the Chinese nationalists fighting for their freedom, and explained how the Indian National Congress was trying to organise the Freedom Movement of India against the British world-empire, under which he saw "a harmful agreement between the British capitalists and Indian capitalists." He attended a session of the Anti-Imperialist Conference at Cologne, and in November 1927 he was glad to spend a few days in Moscow which was celebrating the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the Soviet Republic.

Returning to India, Jawaharlal delivered a memorable speech at the Madras session of the Congress, where he moved the epoch-making resolution: "The Congress declares the goal of the Indian people to be *complete national independence*." In October 1928, Jawaharlal emphasised, in his address at the Jhansi Conference, that political independence by itself was not enough, and that it must be supported by social justice and economic security for the toiling millions of India. Thus, he was importing new ideas, and initiating a new youth movement in India which would be linked up with similar movements abroad.

In the winter of 1928-29 I had the privilege of meeting Panditji during session of the Calcutta Congress presided over by Pandit Motilal Nehru. Jawaharlal was completing his fortieth year, and he already struck me not only as one of our prominent national leaders, but as a statesman of international stature. I already heard from Romain Rolland what a splendid impression he made among the Continental group of men and women working for the cause of internationalism; and they already marked out Jawaharlal Nehru to be the coming man, as I came to gather from my conversations with many European leaders whom I met in 1930-31 while attending the League of Nations' Assembly sessions at Geneva. The All-India Trade Union Congress elected

Pandit Nehru as its President in 1929, and in 1930 at the Lahore session of the Indian National Congress he made his epoch-making challenge simultaneously to imperialism and to capitalism. While passing the resolution of complete independence for India Jawaharlal reminded us at the same time of the stupendous problem of the "liberation of humanity from its present bondage." The second peak of Indian non-co-operation, as well as of British persecution, was reached in 1930-31, when Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal and his colleagues courted repeated imprisonment. There was a total break-down in the health of Kamala Nehru, who had to be removed to Europe, where, as we know, she expired in 1936. They were married in 1916 and in 1936 she expired—endowing Jawaharlal, through her devotion and sacrifice, with a new sense of respect for Indian womanhood; for Jawaharlal discovered, more than any one else, that the freedom of India could not have been won by men alone, and that we are indebted to the self-effacing womanhood of India for our ultimate liberation. The history of those tragic days of 1935-36, in the sanatorium and hospital of Badenweller and Lausanne, is only recently narrated by Jawaharlal in his *Discovery of India*. That moving narrative of India on the march was planned to place India in the perspective of world history.

The profundity of affection and poignancy of feelings seemed to have transformed Jawaharlal altogether, and his personal life, as recorded in his *Autobiography* and other writings, ceased to be a personal record, but grew into the autobiography of a generation. Many of the facts of his life and incidents of modern Indian history were not understood by the foreign readers of Jawaharlal's *Autobiography*. But I can bear personal testimony, from my contact with persons of diverse nationalities whom I met in the course of my trip to South America for the P.E.N. Congress of Buenos Aires and also during my trip to Hawaii in 1936-37, that the fundamental truths, realised by Jawaharlal in his personal as well as in his public life were clearly understood by the foreign readers who took Jawaharlal's India to be a symbol of human liberation. Early in February 1936, Jawaharlal clarified some of the fundamental problems of Indian politics and society, by answering a series of questions mooted by Carl Heath, Chairman of the Indian Conciliation Group, London. In 1937 he visited Burma and Malaya. In 1939 Jawaharlal visited Ceylon, completed his fiftieth year, and the whole world was convulsed with the outbreak of the Second World War. In June 1938, he visited the Republican War Front of Spain, and in September 1938 he was in Geneva reporting, in his cryptic style, the Munich Conference. Panditji's Spanish adventure might appear to be Quixotic to many Westerners; but we in India hailed in Jawaharlal the spirit of reckless adventure in the path of justice and humanity, so often betrayed by the shrewd and calculating diplomats of Western internationalism. The prolonged sufferings which came to be a part and parcel of Jawaharlal's life transformed his nationalism into internationalism of a rare brand which might be difficult for outsiders to understand, but which was in every way worthy of a spiritual descendant of Rammohan Roy and Rabindranath Tagore. Rammohan, as we know, gave a public banquet

to his European and Indian friends, when he heard about the triumph of the Spanish colony of Latin America against the tyrannical Empire of Spain. Jawaharlal never considered the case of the Spanish Republicans as outside the jurisdiction of his internationalism. With the same elemental urge, he arranged for first-aid for the Chinese victims of the Japanese invasion, and we greeted him warmly when he paid a visit to Gurudev Tagore's Calcutta residence and carried his blessings while flying to China in August 1939. The gratitude of China to India was expressed spontaneously and concretely by Marshal and Madam Chiang Kai-Shek who visited India, as we know, in 1942. In the rise and fall of diverse *régimes* of China or elsewhere, we remember only this capital fact, that even in the difficult days of the Second World War Jawaharlal never allowed his vision to be blurred or circumscribed by considerations of his national politics only, but that he felt equally for the suffering humanity of any race or creed, in any part of the world. It is this element in his character and this positive content of his national thought which brought the highest praise in the simplest language that only Mahatma Gandhi could use: "Be it said to his credit that he (Jawaharlal) will consider it beneath his dignity to purchase freedom at the price of any other country. *His nationalism is equal to his internationalism.*"

From the rejection, in 1927-28, of the Simon Commission to the rejection of the Cripps offer in 1942, there was waged in India a fifteen years' war of Independence against British Imperialism, culminating in the ruthless persecution of the masses and the total imprisonment of all the top-ranking leaders. These were matters of domestic history, some of which were to assume, later on, some importance of All-Asian magnitude. But we have two unexpected gains from the imprisonments of Jawaharlal—one, his monumental *Autobiography*, and the other, his recent historical interpretation, the *Discovery of India*. Time and space would not permit any detailed discussion of these books, which are contributions to the study of nationalism, as well as of internationalism. Studying these books we often feel that Jawaharlal, although a politician by the law of pre-destination, might have been a philosopher and a historian, in fact a synthesiser of world movements. The quality of his soul and the character of his historical revelations can only be expressed in his own words: "How amazing is this spirit of man! In spite of innumerable failings, man, throughout the ages, has sacrificed his life and all he held dear for an ideal, for truth, for faith, for country and honour. That ideal may change, but that capacity for self-sacrifice continues; and, because of that, much may be forgiven to man, and it is impossible to lose hope for him. In the midst of disaster he has not lost his dignity or his faith in the values he cherished. Plaything of nature's mighty forces, less than the speck of dust in this vast Universe, he has hurled defiance at the elemental powers, and with his mind, cradle of revolution, sought to master them. Whatever gods there be, there is something godlike in man, as there is also something of the devil in him.

"The future is dark, uncertain. But we can see part of the way leading to it, and can tread it with firm steps, remembering that nothing that can happen is likely to overcome the spirit of man which has survived so many perils........"

April 1949

SYMBOL OF OUR UNITY

K. N. KATJU

It is so difficult to write anything about Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, and this for a variety of reasons. He has lived such an open life that even on the public platform you feel as if he were thinking aloud, sometimes becoming quite oblivious of his audience. And, then, he has in his own inimitable language written his own life's story, in a book which I am sure will rank with the leading biographies of the world—so transparently candid and honest he is about himself and about others with whom he has come into contact. Moreover, ever since 1946 when he was called upon to shoulder responsibility for the affairs of this country, he has lived in a world of publicity and propaganda. Whether the partition of the country was right or wrong would remain a much-debated question for centuries to come, but of this there can be no doubt whatsoever, that but for Gandhiji, Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, the ship of State in India would have foundered completely on the rocks. No one in India had even dreamt of the catastrophic upheavals which followed the partition—it was as if all the furies had burst together on the Punjab. Gandhiji's passing away was another shattering blow. At such a terrific moment in our national history, when anything might have happened, the mere personality of Jawaharlal kept the people together. He became the symbol of our unity and the centre of our affection. It really did not matter whether he and his Government had acted throughout with prescience and foresight. He has confessed himself of many governmental shortcomings, but that was all irrelevant in the context. The people trusted him, looked up to him as the very embodiment of India re-born, and he was the silken thread which kept together all the gems and precious stones which constitute this great heritage of ours. When by the turn of the wheel of destiny any human being reaches such heights, then I sometimes think that it is really improper, and may be even imprudent and unwise, to assess his personality and his worth while he is living. In cold intellectual terms it may be a paradox, but I think it is definitely true that Jawaharlal has risen above all parties. I do not know whether he can even be said to be the leader of any particular party, no matter how vast may be its strength in numbers or in influence. Jawaharlal's leadership rests on the affection in which the common people of India, men and women, boys and girls, hold him. In the possession of this affection he is truly the heir of his great master, Gandhiji. It is a curious thing—this indescribable affection of the people: it is something quite apart and unconnected with the reliance on the political judgment or wisdom of the person held in affection. This affection is something characteristically Indian. Here in India, counts neither the astuteness of the politician, nor the wealth of the multi-millionnaire who may have built up his vast fortune from a humble origin in life—but what counts here with us is the spirit of renunciation, selfless

devotion and essential integrity of character, and a chastity of thought and of mind which will consider the smallest blemish as a great blot, and Jawaharlal in his own person presents a living example of one engaged in the pursuit of an ideal which our saints and seers have held up as the highest one, worthy of attainment by human beings. Many men have endeavoured to reach such heights by meditation and complete annihilation of the self. Others like Gandhiji have followed the more difficult path of action to reach the same goal. As regards this path it is a matter of little consequence what the traveller upon it may describe himself to be. Religious beliefs are irrelevant or of small moment so long as you continue to travel the path of action, incessant, unresting action, selfless disinterested action, directed to achieve the good of humanity or of your countrymen. The use of the term *karmayogi*[1] has become much too common these days, but it is an apt one and describes compendiously one who walks the path, and, like his master Gandhiji, Jawaharlal has been a *karmayogi* almost all his life.

He has traced his own mental growth and development in his autobiography. My acquaintance with him began in 1914 when I joined the High Court Bar at Allahabad and I saw him living with his father, a great leader of the Allahabad Bar and an aristocrat of aristocrats, living in luxury in the famous *Anand Bhawan.* Though we practised in the same Court, there was not much common then between him and me. I lived in a different environment altogether, but within three years came the great Home Rule Movement inaugurated by and associated with the name of Mrs. Annie Besant, and I remember so distinctly the great speech which Jawaharlal delivered in 1916 in a public hall. It was a revelation to all of us. Not only was it powerful in language, but it was something more: it was so manifestly sincere, and from 1917 onwards began the great adventure which has now ended in such fulfilment.

I have heard some people describe Jawaharlal as a visionary. He is not a good administrator, they say. I do not precisely understand what the term "administrator" means. Keeping 350 millions of people together, I should think, is in itself a great administrative achievement, and as for a visionary it is only visionaries who see visions of a great future and then endeavour hard to make them realities. The man with an idea is worth his weight in diamonds and millions of solid administrators and matter-of-fact individuals. It is true that Jawaharlal's name will not go down to posterity connected with any particular philosophy of life. He will be readily described as the greatest disciple of Gandhiji, and in many respects the best exponent of his master's policy and philosophy which led to the emancipation of a people from moral and economical and political bondage. Posterity will acclaim him as one of the chief makers of modern India, an India which we, her children, now fervently hope will play a great part in winning the peace for mankind.

On this auspicious day when Jawaharlal completes 60 years of his life, prayers will go forth from every home in India that he may be spared for many, many years for the service of his motherland and humanity at large.

May 22, 1949.

[1] Man of action (*Eds.*)

BOUNTEOUS PROVIDENCE

VINOBA BHAVE

I cannot think what I should write about Pandit Nehru. After Gandhi's, his is the one name that stands for India—is India. God's infinite grace has given us such leaders as Dadabhai Naoroji, Tilak, Gandhi and Jawaharlal, one after the other. May we prove worthy of such a bounteous providence.

April 1949

(*Translated from Hindi*)



SPIRITUAL BASIS OF NEHRU'S SECULAR GOVERNMENT

MUHAMMAD HAFIZ SYED

The greatest achievement of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru as the Prime Minister of India is the establishment of republican secular Government on the strictest principle of truth, justice, freedom and equal rights and opportunity for all the citizens, born and bred or domiciled in India.

"The secularity of a State", says Dr. Sampurnanand, "consists only in its remaining neutral as between the various religions, but does not compel the State to deny the spiritual values of life. If a secular State, as the U.S.S.R. certainly is, can adopt one system of philosophy as its sheet-anchor, there is nothing to prevent India from seeking shelter beneath the hospitable branches of that tree of knowledge which is our richest inheritance." When we analyse the fundamental principles of the secular State of India, we find that it was an act of the highest wisdom which conceived and promulgated it. If the Indian Government had identified itself with one particular set of religion there would have been clash not only within its own fold, but one religion would have looked askance at another religion and might have given rise to mutual jealousy and rivalry, of the kind which exists unfortunately today. To favour one religion is to antagonise another. It must be clearly borne in mind that under the auspices of secular democratic Government, every religion is perfectly free to preach and practise its tenets and live up to its highest ideals—the greatest boon that one can enjoy under a free, democratic and secular Government.

Now, when we look closely into the basic principles of the secular Government established in India we find that they by no means do violence to the highest ideals that a religion holds dear; on the other hand, they fully and firmly corroborated them.

The Constitution of the Indian Government has laid down that all its citizens, irrespective of caste, creed, sex, race or religion which they may be professing, would be treated absolutely alike, and in the eyes of law no invidious distinction would be made to discriminate one from the other. Every one in this State has equal rights and opportunities. The common humanity of all peoples of any nation or country is recognised. No one is to be persecuted for free expression of opinion, provided he does not do anything against the law of the State, in which service of mankind is enjoined by all the religions and confirmed by the new Constitution of India.

Whenever Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has had an opportunity of addressing international gatherings he has made this clear, that he and his government stand for mutual good-will, peace, non-violence and the welfare of all human beings. So long as it lies in his power, he would never be a party to any offensive step which may lead to war and mutual destruction. He has pledged himself to live up to the highest

ideals of *satya* and *ahimsa* as taught by the Father of the Indian Nation. In proof of these statements I take the liberty of quoting from the various sacred scriptures to show that the fundamental principles of Indian secular Government are in harmony with the highest ideals of various religions that exist in this country, and, therefore, the followers of no religion need have any fear that its ideals would be dis-regarded and its moral principles trifled with.

The religions of the world aim at purifying the human heart and bringing it nearer God, but people in their indifference do not study their own faiths. This is why they act against them. I dare to say there is no religion in the world which has preached against human equality and the Brotherhood of Man, and it is to establish this thesis, which might perhaps be doubted by some sceptics, that I quote from the various scriptures of the world-religions.

The oldest of all the religions of the world is Hinduism. All the sacred scriptures of this ancient faith contain unmistakable references to the Brotherhood of Man.

Hinduism

In the Sixth Chapter of the *Bhagvad Gita* we read the following verses:

"He who regards impartially lovers, friends and foes, strangers, neutrals, foreigners and relatives, also the righteous and unrighteous, he excelleth."

In the Third Chapter, we read the following: "Having an eye to the welfare of the world also, thou shouldst perform action (III.20-25)." There are many other such *slokas*.

In the *Manusmriti* occur the following: "He who befriendeth all creatures, his name is *Brahman*." "He who thus seeth the Self in all beings, by his own self, he realizes the equality of all, and attaineth to the supreme state of *Brahman*."

In *Katha Upanishad* (V.10) we come across the following: "Thus one universal Inner Self of all beings becometh one separate individual self for each form."

Again, in the *Isa Upanishad* we read: "He who seeth all beings in the Self and the Self in all beings, he hateth no more."

In the *Shanti Parva* of the *Mahabharat* the following verse appears: "He who is the friend of all beings; he who is intent on the welfare of all, with act and thought and speech—he only knoweth Religions."

Vishnu Purana: "Knowing the Supreme to be all beings, the wise extend love to all creatures undeviatingly".

Zoroastrianism

The next religion in order of historic sequence is Zoroastrianism. We read the following in the *Patet Pashemani:* "If I have committed any sin against the law of brotherhood in relation to my father, mother, sister, brother, mate or children, in relation to my leader, my next-of-kin and acquaintances, my own townsmen and my servants, then I repent and pray for pardon."

BUDDHISM

Buddhists in the *Dhammapada* are taught the following: "Let us live happily then, not hating those who hate us; among men who hate us let us dwell free from hatred."

In the *Mattasutta*, 7, 8, we read: "And let him (every one) cultivate good-will, towards all the world, a boundless (friendly) mind, above, below and across, unobstructed, without hatred and without enmity."

CHRISTIANITY

"One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." (*Math.*, XXIII, 8.)

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men........for to dwell on all the face of the earth." (*Acts*, XVII, 24, 26, 29). "We are the offspring of God." (*Galations*, III. 28).

In *Colossians*, III, 11, we read the following: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

In *John* IV, 7, II, 20, 21: "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God......Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another......He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him: That he who loveth God loveth his brother also."

ISLAM

The Holy *Koran* teaches: "To your parents show kindness, and to kindred and orphans, and the poor, and the neighbour who is a kin and the neighbour who is a stranger, and the companion who is a stranger, and the son of the road, and what your right hand possesses (slaves). As for the orphan oppress him not, and as for the beggar drive him not away."

The sayings of Prophet Muhammad: "No man is a true believer, unless he desireth for his brother that which he desireth for himself." He who is not affectionate to God's creatures and to his own children, God will not be affectionate to him." "Who is the most favoured of God? He from whom the greatest good cometh to his creatures." "The best of men is he from whom good accrueth to humanity. All God's creatures are his family, and he is most beloved of God who trieth to do most good to God's creatures." "Feed the hungry and visit the sick, and free the captive if he is unjustly confined. Assist any person oppressed, whether *he be Muslim or non-Muslim*. God enjoins you to treat women well, for they are your mothers, daughters and aunts. Do you love your Creator? Love your fellow men first."

Says the *Koran*: "O, you who believe; let not one people or nation scoff or laugh at another people or nation, perchance they may be better (in the eyes of God, i.e., possess greater potentialities of doing good) than the scoffers."

The Prophet of Islam said during his last pilgrimage: "Remember you are all brothers. All men are equal in the eyes of God. And your homes, your lives and your properties are all sacred, and in no case should you attack each other's life and property. To day I trample under my feet all distinctions of caste, colour and nationality. All men are sons of Adam, and Adam was of dust."

The great Khalifa Omar renewed this charter in the following words: "I will make no invidious dinstinction between the red and the black, between Arabs and non-Arabs, and will follow the footsteps of the Holy Prophet."

From these quotations it is abundantly clear that none of the religions of the world ever taught anything anti-humanitarian, or encouraged persecution.

The followers of a religion, and not the religion itself, are to be blamed for any offence they may have committed against their fellow men. At times the noble truths of religion were misunderstood and perverted, giving rise to dissension and quarrel among the faithful.

If the common ideal of human unity is universally recognised and accepted by all, the civilised nations of the world would try to extend a helping hand to those of their fellow-nations which are weaker, less equipped, less fortunate and more backward than their own, in the name of humanity, good-will and fellow-feeling. They would not, then, be actuated by any racial feeling, nor would they be guided by the time-worn and almost primitive consideration of the so-called national prestige, power and glory; but they would be mostly influenced by the more lofty ideals of human unity, and consider it a privilege rather to uphold the cause of truth and justice and to stand by people in distress.

So far we have dealt with the teachings of various religions the fundamental principles of which are found to be in harmony with the basic principles of the secular Government. We have to see whether the moral principles accepted by all religions have been accepted as equally binding upon the ruling principles of the secular State or not. As a matter of fact, it appears to be unnecessary to emphasize the necessity of moral principles in framing the constitution of a secular State; because, firstly, it is universally recognised that morality is the heart and core of every religion; and, secondly, irrespective of religious and doctrinal considerations, all the laws of the State of every civilized country are inherently based on sound moral principles. No law of a State has ever connived at falsehood, murder, theft, and plunder. All evil acts are punishable by law. So the secular Government of Pandit Jawaharlal's conception, as he has repeatedly assured us, cannot and should never disregard the moral principle.

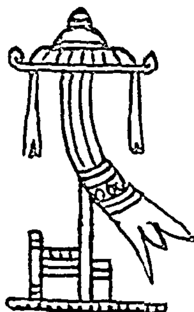
The great *rishis* of old, knowing the supreme fact that the Self of all being is one, based on this all their precepts, and on this rock they build the morality they taught. The authoritative declarations of the *shruti* on general morality are final, because they are based on this fact, and they can be defended by reason, and shown to be of binding and universal application.

As the health of the individual body depends on obedience to the laws of hygiene, each organ working harmoniously with the rest, so the health of Humanity, the

Universal body, depends on obedience to the laws of Morality, by which each organ of the great human body works in harmonious relation with the others. The recognition of this truth, according to the ancient wisdom of the unity of life guides us in the establishment of mutually helpful relations between the separated lives of all human beings. Every moral precept finds its sanction in this Unity, and Universal Love, which is the expression of Unity, is the root of all virtues. Only this teaching can eradicate class, racial and national hatreds, put an end to suspicion and contempt, and draw all men into one human family, in which there are elders and youngers, indeed, but no aliens. This was constantly borne in mind by Mahatma Gandhi from whom Nehru drew all his inspiration, in regard to his well-known teaching of *ahimsa*, social service and treatment of all human beings with love and affection as represented in the concept of *sarvodaya*. Of all the leaders of India, to my mind, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has been exerting his very best to tread in the foot-steps of Mahatmaji, and to hold aloft the torch of Truth and non-violence. All his public utterances, delivered in India and abroad, reveal, to no small extent, his breadth of view and large-heartedness. His high moral principles, inspired by his Chief, have dominated all his thoughts and actions during the whole period of the struggle for the freedom of India, and after the assumption of his exalted office as the head of the Indian secular Government. Every community, major or minor, should feel secure, that its interest is safe in his wise hands.

India, the sacred land of *rishis*, has her own message of common humanity to give to the world, although, she may seem to be torn for the moment into various castes and creeds. She has also to convey a message of the Oneness of Life that dwells in every heart. Her present leader Jawaharlal is the fittest person to pilot the ship of State, and to weather every storm. He is a true representative of ancient Indian ideals, and we have no doubt that he will guide the destiny of our nation safely and securely.

May 26, 1949



INTELLECT, FAITH AND ACTION

KISHORLAL G. MASHRUWALA

It is rather difficult to write about Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. I have not had many opportunities of close contact with him. We are acquainted with each other, and, during our association with Bapu, may have sat together occasionally and exchanged a few words. We have also corresponded, rather formally, in the course of political work. Yet, I know him more through friends, who know both of us intimately. This is the more surprising, because I have always desired to come into closer contact with him and to know him better. Of course, the fault is in my own nature; it is not only in the case of Panditji that this has happened. Many important leaders and national and international celebrities visited Bapu, and I used to be present, or even working with him, but did not establish close personal contacts with any of them. It is only with those with whom I have had direct close dealings in pursuit of common aims, that I have been able to develop intimate relations.

Besides, I am a slow reader. I cannot say that I have read all Panditji's books, or miscellaneous writings. I have only read them in bits.

Even so, I have observed his emergence since 1931, if not earlier. I learned about him also from Bapu, from Mahadev Desai, Jamnalal Bajaj and others, and have also seen occasional letters of his to them. I have hardly seen him demonstratively affectionate. I have seen him in a temper. And I have noticed that when he is in a temper he does not provoke his victims to return it, but rather to an amused affection.

I recall an incident in 1932, recounted to me by my young nephew who was an actual witness. In those days Bapu used to stay at *Manibhavan*, in Gamdevi, Bombay. Jawaharlalji was either going to him or coming from him, I forget which. He was in a car, but there was a line of cars in front of him, and the road too was choked full with a watching crowd. Jawaharlalji's progress was completely blocked, his car had come to a stop, and he was very restive. In a sudden fit of exasperation he stood up in the car and shouted at everybody—the cars in front, the car at his side (my nephew was in this one, with two or three others), and the crowd all around. My nephew on return home said gleefully: "It was great fun watching Jawaharlal scolding. I had thought only boys like me flew into a rage at such moments, not such great men. Panditji's anger was absolutely delightful, he looked so handsome in his anger!"

Handsome in anger: it sounds odd, yet somehow this phrase has always seemed to me an apt description. When in his sober moments he is interpreting international politics, or drawing imaginative pictures of the future, he is impressive and receives the admiration of learned men, politicians and students. But when he dashes forward

in his sudden tempers and scolds someone, or any one, he is an exhilarating sight. People then recognise him as one of themselves, but far more outspoken, straightforward, a man great of heart, frank in speech, and of indomitable courage.

I have sometimes thought that the populace reacts to his endearing anger rather as a mother to the tantrums of an only son—I am reminded of classical descriptions of Krishna's boyhood pranks. (Indeed Jawaharlalji's outburst may be due to the fact that he was an only child. This, however, is a subject for psychologists, not laymen like myself.)

What of Panditji's political and economic policies? I know that they cause anxiety in many quarters. Not all socialists are happy about them, nor the capitalists, nor the disciples of Gandhi. Gandhiji himself declared Jawaharlal to be his heir and successor, and did so with pride and satisfaction. But those who consider themselves Gandhi's disciples have generally refused to recognise Panditji as an elder brother. Panditji considers himself a socialist, but the socialists and Marxists do not accept him as one of themselves. As for the capitalists, that they should regard Panditji as their man is inconceivable.

How then shall Jawaharlal be labelled? The same question used to be asked about Bapu. He always called himself an orthodox Hindu, but the orthodox Hindus not only never accepted him but always considered him an enemy of the Hindus; indeed, it was the bitterness of this denial that lead to his murder. The Jaina *pandits* always considered his conception of *ahimsa* to be immature, and believed that it could only be perfected through full allegiance to the Jaina faith. The Christians and Muslims similarly considered it a failing that he did not regard Christ as the Christians did, or the Prophet Muhammad as Islam did.

I have made this comparison on the inspiration of the moment, yet when I consider the deeper implications I tremble with fear. Will the Gandhists disown him? Will the socialists, like the orthodox Hindus, regard him as an enemy? I reassure myself with the thought that my anxiety is only born of great solicitude.

The question remains: What is Pandit Jawaharlal's particular "ism"? What great quality lead Gandhiji to recognise him as his heir and successor, and to take pride in the choice?

I believe that Bapu saw in him a sincerity of faith and a dedication to the service of the people that matched his own, and was happy. The fine balance of intellect, faith and action convinced him: where these qualities co-exist, one does not become a fanatic of any "ism", but rather a devotee of Truth alone. And unwavering devotion to Truth is his only cause or "ism"—as it had always been that of Bapu.

May he be with us for many years to come.

March 25, 1949

(*Translated from Hindi*)

JEWEL OF A MAN

MOHANLAL SAKSENA

Those who have been closely associated with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in the struggle for freedom have deemed it a privilege to be his lieutenants. Pandit Nehru is a simple and yet a complex personality; and, although my association with him extends to nearly thirty years, it is not easy to appraise his versatile genius. Much has been written about his life and work. In his own *Autobiography*, which is one of the best ever written, he has portrayed himself. But it is often said that a man is greater than his work, and this is equally true of Jawaharlalji. Born in the East and brought up in the West, he imbibes the best traditions of the Orient and the Occident. He feels at home in all climes and with peoples of all castes and colours; verily he can be called the "Citizen of the World."

For more than thirty years he has been under the benign influence of Gandhiji; and while he may be regarded as a child and protagonist of the "Gandhian Way", he has a philosophy and a creed of his own. Unlike Gandhiji, he is a sceptic; and yet he is a great votary of Truth and a worshipper of Nature. Jawaharlalji has faith in himself, and he believes in the innate nobility of Man.

Jawaharlalji, as his name implies, is a jewel of a man. His lovable personality, his charming manners, his unimpeachable integrity, his transparent sincerity, and, above all, his indomitable courage endear him to his friends and admirers, and inspire the esteem of his critics. He can see and appreciate the other man's point of view, and even expound it with greater clarity and force. He may have occasional outbursts; but even his worst enemies cannot accuse him of rancour or bitterness.

Panditji today ranks amongst the foremost statesmen of the world. Indeed, he is not only the idol of India, but also the hope of the East.

May he live long, and may it be given to him to bring peace to the war-stricken world to complete the unfinished tasks of his Master.

May 7, 1949

WEALTH OF HUMAN SYMPATHY

AMRIT KAUR

Many and glorious will be the tributes that will be paid to our beloved Jawaharlal on his attainment of the age of 60, and every Indian and millions of others the world over will send up a silent prayer to God on his natal day that he may be spared for many, many years more of service to mankind.

I have had the pleasure of knowing him from his very early days when he first returned home from England; I have had the rare privilege of his friendship over many years, and of late I have been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of working with him not only as leader of the Congress Party but also as Prime Minister. And I have no hesitation in saying that the more one gets to know him, the more he commands one's respect and affection. I need not dwell here on his ability or the variety of his talents, whether as a political leader, statesman or writer. But I am sure that what those of us who have had the privilege of knowing him intimately value most in him are his unfathomable wealth of human sympathy, affection and understanding, his burning desire always to do and stand by the right, his integrity of purpose and, above all, his strict adherence to truth. He commands loyalty and devotion because of these sterling gifts.

I have heard him time and again discussing momentous issues with Gandhiji. When he did not see eye to eye with Gandhiji he "let fly" in his usual spirited manner and argued and condemned vehemently, and Gandhiji loved those outbursts because no one hated more than he a meek acquiescence in his views when it did not come from the heart. "Jawaharlal is a real *jawahar*, a gem as his name signifies, and because of the golden truth in all that he says and does India need never be frightened of his leadership," was what Gandhiji said to me when, just before the launching of the individual *satyagraha* in 1940, there was a strong protest by Jawaharlal against the idea of Gandhiji undertaking a fast. In fact, the fast did not materialise, but instead the unique technique of individual *satyagraha* was evolved. When this struggle was launched one could sense the burning desire there was in Jawaharlal to contribute his share to the movement. He came fairly often to Sevagram. I shall never forget the afternoon when, after one of his flying visits, he took leave of Gandhiji. We were practically certain that he would be arrested very shortly and lost to view for some time, and there was therefore a sense of sadness in the air. Ba[1] blessed him and said: "God will look after you." Jawaharlal turned to her with a smile and said: "Where is God, Ba? If He exists, He must be very fast asleep;" and I can still hear Gandhiji's hearty laughter at this naive remark. But Gandhiji often used to say to me: "While Jawaharlal always says

[1] Kasturba, wife of Mahatma Gandhi. (*Eds.*)

he does not believe in God he is nearer God than many who profess to be His worshippers." Small wonder, then, that he had no hesitation whatsoever in saying that Jawaharlal was to be his political heir.

Mahadev Desai was a fine spinner. It was his opinion that those who were artistic and sensitive by nature could never draw anything but a fine thread. I wonder if many persons are aware of what extremely fine yarn Panditji spins! And he is certainly artistic and sensitive by temperament. The beauty of nature and mountains, in particular, have a special fascination for him. He told me once: "I am never so happy as when trekking in the wilds." Truth to tell, he is a passionate lover of nature—not really meant to be a politician—and would be far happier, I am sure, buried in reading and writing, with that singularly facile pen of his, some enchanting literature. But Fate has chosen other paths for him. He seldom gets away from the "madding crowd" and the strain and stress of the immensely heavy burden he carries. But it is our good fortune that we have today at the helm a man who believes, as Gandhiji did, that truth and politics can go hand in hand. Indeed, his big contribution to the world today is that he stands for justice and right action at all costs, regardless of political or material gain.

So many of us have seen him seemingly furious on so many occasions. But, with all that apparent impatience, there is within him an abundance of tolerance, and he never bears a grudge, and his anger is momentary. Injustice in any form is alien to his nature, and which of us has not seen him rail at it and speak out against it even at the cost of his popularity? To those of us like myself, who had the opportunity of working in close contact with him during the disturbances, nothing was more heart-breaking than Jawaharlal's utter sadness and sense of humiliation that any of us could sink so low as to commit acts of cruelty on fellow human-beings. He rose to great heights then, and I could sense how near he had grown to Bapu. There are persons who are always learning and therefore growing, and Jawaharlal is one of them because he is so vital, so vibrant.

The years, thank God, sit lightly on him. He is extremely youthful in mind and body, and enjoys the simple pleasures of life with all the enthusiasm and zest of a child. Long may he remain thus, long may he remain with us!

I am sure most people will agree with me when I say that if India cannot make good in the next ten years under his unique leadership there will indeed be a sad future in store for her!

May 31, 1949

GROWING STATESMAN

T. Vijayaraghavacharya

Writing on February 14, 1935, the day on which he finished writing his *Autobiography* in prison in Almora, Pandit Nehru, in a mood of reflective retrospection, says:

"My adventures through life have not been very exciting perhaps; long years in prison can hardly be termed adventurous. Nor have they been in any way unique, for I have shared these years with their ups and downs with tens of thousands of my countrymen and countrywomen, and this record of changing moods, of exaltations and depressions, of intense activity and enforced solitude, is our common record. I have been one of a mass, moving with it, swaying it occasionally, being influenced by it and yet, like the other units, an individual, apart from the others, living my separate life in the heart of the crowd. We have posed often enough, and struck up attitudes, but there was something very real and intensely truthful in much that we did, and this lifted us out of our petty selves and made us more vital, and gave us an importance that we would otherwise not have had. Sometimes we were fortunate enough to experience the fullness of life which comes from attempting to fit ideals with action. And we realised that any other life involving a renunciation of these ideals and a tame submission to superior force, would have been a wasted existence, full of discontent and inner sorrow.

"To me these years have brought one real gift, among many others. More and more I have looked upon life as an adventure of absorbing interest, where there is so much to learn, so much to do. I had continually had a feeling of growing up, and that feeling is still with me, and gives a zest to my activities as well as to the reading of books, and generally makes life worth while."

I have quoted the above passage in full because to my mind it reveals the secret of Panditji's perennial youthfulness of body and mind. He wrote this when he was forty-five. At sixty he is just the same; only in the testing years of grave responsibility and trouble that have followed India's attainment of freedom and independence, he has grown up fast. Today he gives me a feeling of maturity that he did not seem to have reached at the famous press conference in Bombay after he was elected President of the Indian National Congress for the third time. I do not know if the public that read the report realised that the conference marked a turning point not only in Panditji's public life, but also in the political history of modern India. He then uttered the fateful words: "Mr. Jinnah complains that I am attempting to create a new situation. I am out to create new situations. I am not tied down by anything said in the Cabinet Mission's White Paper. The only thing I am committed to is to enter the Constituent Assembly. It will be a sovereign body which will make its own decisions,

irrespective of what the British Government says or does." These words were a warning both to India and to England, that there was now a definite break with the past, and that the heritage of the past which was the dead hand that held down India's progress to nationhood was thrown off. The era of Dominion Status, of safeguards and restrictions, of compromises with principle, was at an end. India was to be master of her destiny. The "Objectives" Resolution, with which the Constituent Assembly of India opened its work of framing a Constitution, only gave effect to what Panditji had stated in Bombay.

Some critics seem to think that, when at the recent Commonwealth Ministers' Conference in London Panditji agreed to India's continuance of her full membership of the Commonwealth of Nations, and to her acceptance of the King as a symbol of the free association of its independent member nations, and *as such* the Head of the Commonwealth, he had whittled down the "Objectives" Resolution. An intelligent study of both the Delhi and the London resolutions will dispel this erroneous notion. To such critics I also commend a careful reading of chapters 51 and 52 on "The Liberal Outlook" and "Dominion Status and Independence" in Nehru's *Autobiography*. They reveal the progressive growth of his mind. The London Resolution, apart from being sound policy, was proof that India had, of her unconstrained free will, forgotten and forgiven the tragic events in the past history of the relations between herself and England. Pandit Nehru had given a lead and an example to the warring nations of Europe, of the new spirit in which international relations should be conducted. It was the first step in the world's dream of World Peace.

I do not know if at any previous stage in her long history India had attained the position she now holds in the international world. Nehru is now recognised as one of the world's half-a-dozen great statesmen, and the undisputed leader of Asia. Every Indian's heart must feel a glow of pride in this world-wide recognition of our Prime Minister.

I set no limits to Nehru's growth in statesmanship. At sixty he is still young, very young, and just as in 1945 we did not anticipate his present eminence in the world, in 1949 we cannot foretell to what further heights he may rise.

June 11, 1949



NOT ONLY MAKER, BUT DOER

LILAVATI MUNSHI

To congratulate Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru on his birthday is a very easy task, because it can be done without any mental reservation by every Indian. Barring Mahatma Gandhi there is hardly any one who is as popular as the Prime Minister of India.

It is one thing to admire Pandit Nehru and another to understand his personality. One can admire him for his boldness, for his outspokenness, for his large-heartedness and for his being the spokesman of the generation—not one, but two. Pandit Nehru is an impulsive man, and there are a large number of good impulses which endears him to the people. Even his impulsive actions are admired, because people feel that they are the result of impatience to brook any evil or any delay. If he laughs, people feel happy; if he frowns, they run here and there to make him happy.

Pandit Nehru is a very lucky man. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. A fond and loving father gave him all that he needed in life and helped him to build up his political career, and Gandhiji, with all the indulgence that he was capable of, helped him in building up the Nehru tradition. He is the heir and successor of these two great men, who spared nothing to build up his political career; and, of-course, his own noble qualities which were nourished and profited by these lucky circumstances added to its glory.

Pandit Nehru is an outspoken man. He does not mind calling a spade a spade; and yet he responds to the popular feeling. He is a reserved man on many occasions when he meets individually, but welfare of men appeals to him and he loves mankind in the abstract. He loves to speak to them on all occasions; although with individuals he may not be a man of many words. He is impatient by nature; but even that impatience is not without a method. His impatience comes like a passing cloud shedding a few showers, but soon that mood passes away, and he gives a sunshine-like smile which is a great compensation.

Another quality in Pandit Nehru is his heroism. He abhors cowardice in any shape or form. He likes to take risks—physical as well as others. He believes in living every moment of his life, and enjoys living dangerously. He will never ask any one to take any risk which he himself cannot take. He is not only a maker but a doer. This is one of the reasons why he is the idol of the nation.

He is a dreamer too. His dreams are big, and he is lucky enough to realise many of those dreams. His sympathies are with the people of forward views, but he can work with people holding just the opposite views. He is a democrat who responds to public opinion; but he has developed a fine statesmanship by

which he can take action against the popular will and against his own views, and yet he will not be held responsible for it. He is such a fine gentleman!

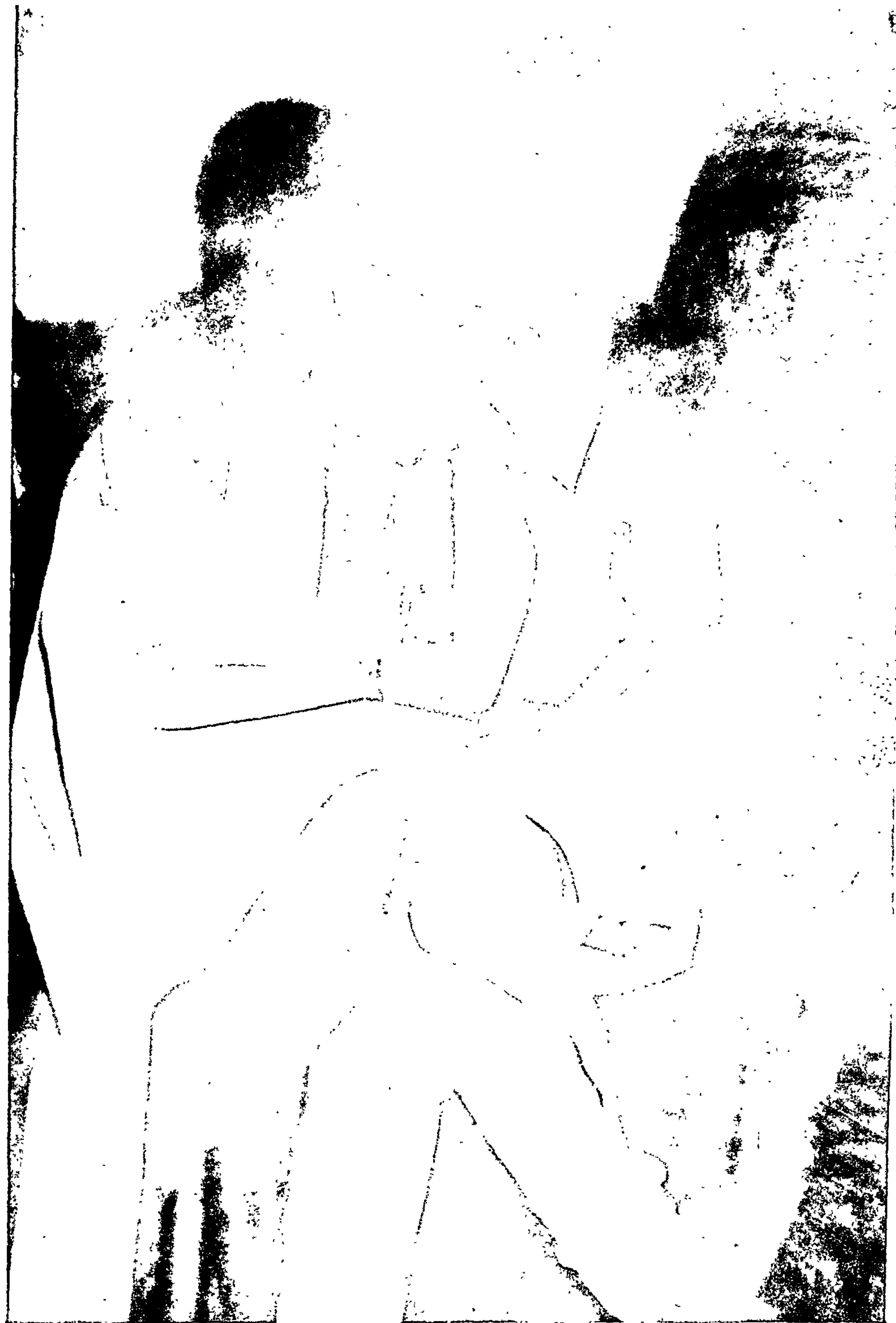
He is generous, and large-hearted; loves children and sports; loves discussion and talks, and has something to say on every subject. He has a good appreciation of art and artists, and tries to encourage them in every possible way.

Pandit Nehru is a democrat and, paradoxical as it may seem, is a bureaucrat. He has few prejudices, but whatever they are he cannot get over them. He is a man of a good physique, has a will of his own, and always manages to have his own way. He is admired not only in India, but abroad also, because for the stability of the world he is needed.

May God give him a long life, and may India live under him prosperously.

May 26, 1949





NEHRU IN ACADEMIC ROBES



BIRTHDAY SMILES

This photograph was taken on Panditji's sixtieth birthday, when an album of his photographs was presented to him.

Punjab Photo Service

ONLY CULTIVATED STATESMAN

Stephen Spender

Nehru appears to me to be one of the greatest statesmen living, and perhaps the only statesman who is cultivated. I have always read his books with the greatest sympathy. I feel that India may grow to be the country which can show to the West that Christianity is practical politics; a lesson which the Christian countries of the West have always refused to learn. Therefore, I look with the greatest hope to the Government of India and with the greatest admiration to its Prime Minister.

May 31, 1949



DEMOCRATIC THINKER

N. G. Ranga

Pandit Nehru is becoming more and more a teacher, not so much for the masses, as he used to be until 1945-46, as for the leaders of the country, the members of the Constituent Assembly and the organisers and thinkers of the Congress Party. On too many points of national importance he seems to be at variance with his party. He battles with it on the plane of thought. He matches its passions by his own passionate espousal of the other view; he cools down when it is infuriated, he bows humbly, yet sweetly, when the torrents of its passionate thoughts overwhelm him, and he comes back heroically to the attack when the party is in a calmer mood to listen to reason. He coaxes the party, as he would woo the beloved, he reasons with it with all his extraordinary capacity for dialectics, aided, as he is, by the flash of his eye, and his transparent struggle between his imperious nature and his wise, almost habitual, anxiety to see the other point of view and to meet it more than half way.

The party too is slowly but surely being fashioned after him. It loves him and exults in his moods. It does get angry with him, and sometimes its fury frightens and silences him too. Yet, it delights as much in yielding to him as to defeat him. It takes care not to hurt him deeply. Many a time, the party simply reversed its own earlier, well-considered, decision reached after much heated discussion, when it knew that Panditji became most unhappy by its wilfulness. Both the Pandit and the Party are constantly battling with each other, without either trying to force the issue upon some of the most important national questions. For instance, the Constituent Assembly Congress Party has not been able to decide over two years the question of script and national language and reservation of seats for the minorities.[1]

Panditji is essentially a democrat. Left to himself he would like to do things speedily and splendidly, all to the order and according to plan. He has no personal or class interests, and is basically a progressive and a revolutionary. He is impatient with the slow, elephantine movements and serpentine curves of democratic methods of making and executing decisions.

So, he often becomes impatient and intolerant of criticism, obstruction and indecision, so characteristic of democratic assemblies. But he is at great pains to appreciate criticism. He is so introspective as to go out of the way to see the other man's point of view, although at the moment he may become guilty of insufferable intolerance of the other man's speech, movements or even exclamations. He tries his best to pick out points from the criticism of the opponents of his stand, and is patient enough to try to rebuild and reshape his own plans and ideas. One can see him, as in a mirror, working his way through the battle-ground of cross-currents of thought and try-

[1] These have since been decided. (*Eds.*)

ing sincerely to find a solution for the time being and according to the state of fermentation of his own mind and emotions. It is indeed a pleasure to see him and to work and share with him in the task of reaching such conclusions, because it is an exciting and inspiring experience in Socratic and Gandhian processes of weighing, selecting and welding many intellectual reactions to a problem into a definite line of decision. Thus, Jawaharlal is today taking infinite pains to train his followers of the highest rank into true democrats, progressive thought-builders and democratic statesmen.

There are times when Jawaharlal the revolutionary is at conflict with Jawaharlal the statesman. It is true he has had no need to build up either a personal, factious or ideological party. He has inherited a mammoth, but surprisingly powerful and effective, party. It is so much devoted to him and the Sardar,[1] and the latter's affections and hopes of the future India are so much centered in him, and the people all over the country dote on him so volubly, that he is in no need to canvass support for his personal leadership, or to create a nucleus of personal supporters. Therefore, all the struggles that he has to wage are confined to the realm of the thoughts, cultural backgrounds and conflicting class interests of his followers and his party. Therefore, he is all the time battling with the nationalist, communal, caste and class matrix of their social environments. He sometimes wins surprising victories as in the case of the Commonwealth, the justiciable fundamental rights, the spirit of toleration towards minorities and their cultural and social aspirations. But he has had to swallow many a defeat with good grace and in good humour. For instance, he fought hard against the Second Chambers, and when he found that the general trend of the party was in favour of the Second Chambers, investing them with undue power, he simply left the Party unobservedly, as he could not stand the tortuous defeat. But he is persistent in his efforts towards progressivism. So, he put in a strong plea in favour of lowering the age of senators from 35 to 30, in the hope that a larger number of young men coming to the Second Chamber might possibly dilute and diminish its conservatism.

The relations between Pandit Nehru and the Constituent Assembly vary according to the angles from which they look at any problem at a given moment. Generally, the party and the Assembly are too much concerned with their conception of local or immediate problems as they would look like if viewed through a microscope. As more and more thinkers and as more and more members go on disputing with each other over the one or the other possible way of solving the difficulty, Jawaharlal quietly withdraws into himself, becomes completely indifferent with people sitting around him, and sits with his expressive lips talking to each other in a speechless fashion, with his eyes half closed, with his head straining to rest on a pillow of a thought or two, and sometimes with his hand caressing his bald head. Then, as he reaches certain definite conclusions with the help of the noisy exchange of thoughts all around him, he suddenly opens his eyes and looks at all around him in an unseeing

[1] Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel (Eds.)

fashion, and seems to jump to the conclusion that he should fling his thoughts upon the Assembly or the party. It is at such a moment that he is extremely dangerous to be dealt with by his friends or debators, because he is like a lion venturing forth for its prey. It is well worth watching him at such moments. He takes a few moments to gain momentum in his speech; when he braces himself up to his argument, he seems to be a valiant opponent, his first reactions are to dismiss the other's view by a quick succession of blows of argument. If he finds that the protagonist of the opposite view is no mean opponent, he draws upon more and more formidable weapons of argument, he reasons with him and emits fire through his eyes, and then either succeeds in coming to a brilliant *finale* of triumph, or a confusing maze of contradictory but well-balanced arguments with a pathetic wave of his hands, leaving the decision to the party or the Assembly.

I have not seen another such first-rate and delightful dilectician, so completely ignorant of the need to please or defeat anyone, so extremely anxious to communicate to his followers his own passions for the good of the people and the country, in any other country at anytime during the last twenty-five years of my public life. He is is a unique phenomenon of the modern democratic world. He is the nearest approach to the conception of a Philosopher King of this democratic age, whom Mahatma Gandhi has fashioned and left for us. Indeed, he is the hope of Gandhian democracy and the harbinger of world peace and goodwill.

Ever since Gandhiji's death Jawaharlal has been growing more and more Gandhian. He is now more positive and constructive after the heart of Mahatma Gandhi, whereas he used to be a bundle of doubts when Bapu was alive. He is today preaching and practising so fervently Gandhiji's conceptions that if you take care of the means the ends will also look after themselves, and that goodwill and trust can only beget goodwill and trust and nothing else, and that if you can win more by leaving a sense of hurt in the other party than what you can by making the other party also happy, better care for the smaller advantage and cherish others' happiness.

Like so many of us, he must be feeling very poignantly Bapuji's absence from our midst, because, as he put it the other day with so much pain at heart, we are all men too small to grapple with the complex problems of the contemporary world, and even more difficult and formidable passions and prejudices and the conservatism of mind and hardness of heart of myriad millions of people in this and other countries. How he could wish for the presence of Mahatma Gandhi to inspire his schemes that he would like to sponsor! Possibly it is because of this pain at heart that he is repeatedly talking of only the next ten years as being a long enough period for any statesman to plan and work for. But this is so un-Gandhian-like, because Bapu was never tired of yearning to live for another forty-five years to serve and salvage this world, so great was his robust faith in democracy.

Such is Jawaharlal the democratic leader, the teacher of hundreds of millions of our masses, and the architect of their Gandhian *Swaraj*. No wonder Indians of this generation are taking pride in hailing him as their leader and comrade.

June 3, 1949

DEDICATION TO VISION OF IDEAL

K. M. MUNSHI

A man is often greater than his deeds. Achievement is but a pale projection of his personality, often distorted by outside influence. What counts is the man himself. Panditji's achievements as the champion of Indian independence, as a redoubtable fighter in our freedom's battle, as a leader of great charm and power, as the Prime Minister who gave India a proud place in the international community, formidable as these are, furnish but a poor measure of what he is.

The man as I see him day after day, sometimes hour after hour, is different from and in a sense more significant than what he does. Once, years ago, during the Home Rule League days, he looked a dandy at first impression, although to those who knew him better he was even then a quivering flame of idealism. The erstwhile dandy now carries the burden of one of the most responsible offices in the world, and gives the impression of being a sad and lonely man, his wistful eye fixed on something distant, something unattainable.

There is a strong attachment between him and other members of the Nehru family. He permits a small circle of friends, men and women, to share his few spare moments. They extend to him an effusive warmth, natural towards a personal hero, who also happens to be the Prime Minister. He is steadfast in his loyalty to them. But I doubt whether he shares all the worries and joys with any one of them. Once I saw him bidding good-bye to some intimate friends. Amidst gushing words and affectionate clingings, he stood more like a statue, his only response being a tired smile. I saw him sitting, a broken-down man, by Gandhiji's death bed; perhaps he was to Panditji, as he was to many of us, a father-confessor.

There is no wonder. Panditji lives in a world of his own—a world of ideals in which his emotions embrace the victims of fate or injustice all the world over, but in the abstract. He is different from the saint to whom "the world is the family" (*Vasudhaiva kutumbakam*). Rarified emotions drive him to dedicate his life to great and noble causes in a manner which, to a man ignorant of the workings of his mind, often strikes as unrelated to realities. His shrewdness and perspicacity are at times only shy handmaidens who wait in silence, when his ideals impel him to a generous gesture.

Panditji cannot be strictly called a man of God. I do not know whether he ever prays. His address on *Gita* the other day at the *Birla Mandir* seemed theoretical. His Western upbringing makes it difficult for him to cultivate an articulate faith in God or to view life as an endeavour to become His instrument. Shri Krishna's exhortation, "Leave all and come unto Me, " or "Be thou My instrument, " may not attract him. But like the hero of Moliere's play who talked "prose" without knowing

it, he is a man of God without knowing it. I should not be surprised if some day he flowers into a God-inspired teacher of nations.

His life is true to his ancestry. Like a true Brahman, he is high-souled, disciplined, treating life as a votive offering. Every minute of his is dedicated to the great tasks of forcing realities into the mould of noble ideals. He exhibits a volcanic irrepressibility when obstacles confront him. He denounces; he explodes into violent fits of temper. But these ebullitions have no malice, no anger in them; they only help to let off his fiery impatience.

His dedication, though not unto Him, is at any rate to the Vision of an ideal which he finds difficult to be brought into existence as expeditiously as he would wish. This self-dedication often makes him a stickler at proprieties, even when faced with problems of power politics. His invocation of the U.N.O.'s intervention in the Kashmir affair, and his protracted indecision on the Hyderabad problem were also the result of a spiritual conflict between what is necessary and what, according to him, is proper. His sense of international proprieties also arises from this source. That is why his colleagues sometimes blink at the prospect of what he would decide in a critical situation.

It is refreshing to see such an idealistic and so highly-placed a person respond to the arguments of his colleagues, or allow himself to be converted if the opposition is genuine and well-founded. In spite of his prepossessions he can always sense the feeling in the party or Parliament or the country, and can stoop to conquer. Age and experience have mellowed him. The magnitude of India's troubles has eased the tension of his inner conflict. That is why of late the Sardar[1] and he have achieved a complete understanding, not only of the head, but of the heart as well.

After October 1946 he has grown in stature. His feeling for reality has deepened. Possibly two years hence he would be that rare thing in politics, a statesman with his feet planted on earth, his head illumined by the sunshine of moral values, his heart dedicated to redemption; provided, of course, the world, in the interval, does not drive him into the wilderness.

The most fascinating part of Panditji is his sense of the beautiful. His charming smile, the flower in his buttonhole, the way he loves to surround himself with people of culture, all show his hunger for beauty—Beauty Absolute, as Plato envisaged. Gandhiji with his tremendous personality and dynamic gospel inaugurated an era of austere simplicity and the dominance of the useful over the beautiful. Panditji was perhaps one of the very few who came into intimate contact with him but remained untouched by the full implication of that philosophy. Though he dedicated himself to high endeavour under the guidance of his Master, the vision of Beauty never left Panditji. He expresses it in tasteful surroundings, in a love for grace and harmony, in colour and form. His love for genuine art and literature remains undimmed. Even in the grim battle which he had been fighting since his young days, he has devoted himself to the literary art. His books bear the impress of a true literary

[1] Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. (*Eds.*)

artist, and his stray utterances on art reveal the passion for artistic perfection.

Panditji's sense of beauty is allied to his ideals. Perhaps they are counterparts of the same vision. An artist has been flung not only in the battle of freedom, but in the vortex of power politics. This, above all others, sets him against the murky background of modern times. His notion of beauty is not, however, of the strictly artistic variety. To him beauty is justice and justice beauty—justice, international, national, social as well as personal. Only the other day, during his impassioned broadcast on food, he said: "I love flowers, but today the sight of a cluster of bananas is sweeter to my eyes than any flower."

His life is linked with India's fortunes. In the unique partnership between him and the indomitable Sardar, India has one of the greatest assets which any nation had in history. The triumph or tragedy of coming years will largely depend upon the success or failure of this rare combination to give India a strong government; to its people, an exuberant will to work; to Asia, stability; and to the world, peace.

July 4, 1949



DYNAMIC PERSONALITY

P. S. Sodhbans

I met Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in July 1919, when I called on his late father at *Kaiser Bagh,* Lucknow, where he was temporarily staying in connection with a legal case. I informed Pandit Motilalji that I came to him to explain as to how the Martial Law authorities were treating the Punjabis. He invited me to tea the next day, as he was going out for the case at that time. I did so the next day, and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was also present. I narrated our tale of woe, and placed before them the notifications and orders of Col. Johnson, the Martial Law Administrator of Lahore. I managed to collect these notifications and orders secretly at a great risk, as those who dared to remove them from the notice boards were whipped publicly near the market on the Mall. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru felt deeply over the situation and advised his father to take up the matter in his hand, and subsequently the A. I. C. C. appointed a committee with Pandit Motilal Nehru as chairman. In fact, Pandit Jawaharlal was responsible for the appointment of the Inquiry Committee to inquire into the atrocities committed by the Martial Law authorities on the people of the Punjab.

At the Nagpur Congress in December 1920, when Mahatma Gandhi wanted to move the non-co-operation resolution, there was a great tussle between the leaders present there. Pandit Motilal Nehru and the late Sri C. R. Das ultimately agreed to Mahatmaji's proposal for non-co-operation, and Maulana Shaukat Ali on account of the *Khilafat* question was in Mahatmaji's pocket. The late Lala Lajpat Rai did not agree with Mahatma Gandhi, and this news spread like wild fire in the camp. Next day Lala Lajpat Rai, who presided over the All-India Students' Conference, was hooted down, and ultimately he also agreed to join the non-co-operation movement. This change in Pandit Motilal was mainly due to Pandit Jawaharlal, who was also responsible for his father giving up his lucrative practice. It is interesting to note that the late Mr. M. A. Jinnah was also present, and his chair was next to that of mine in the All-India Congress Committee block. During the course of conversation he told me that he did not agree with Mahatma Gandhi's resolution on non-co-operation, and as such that it was going to be his last attendance in the Congress.

In 1939 the Viceroy of India declared war on Germany and her associate countries, and the Congress Working Committee passed the famous August Resolution protesting against the declaration of war in which India had no concern. All leaders including Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru were incarcerated in the Ahmadnagar Jail, but were released in connection with Simla talks in 1946 for the formation of the Interim Government. However, these talks failed on account of the intransigent attitude of Mr. M. A. Jinnah. The Congress ultimately agreed to join the Interim Govern-

ment, and Pandit Jawaharlal was elected Vice-President of the Governor-General's Council. It is a question of history as to how developments occurred in the country immediately after the assumption of office by the Congress leaders. Riots in Calcutta were started by the Muslims, and again in Noakhali Hindus were murdered by the Muslims and many were forced to change their religion. Mahatma Gandhi tried to ease the situation, but the Muslims again started an orgy of murder and loot in Hazara (the N.-W. F. P.), and the Campbellpore, Rawalpindi, Shaikhupura, Lahore and Amritsar Districts of the Punjab, with a view to frighten the Hindus and Sikhs. All this was done while the British were in power, and the atrocities were committed especially in those districts which were under the charge of the British district and police officers. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the brave person he is, toured the Amritsar, Lahore and Shaikhupura Districts to personally study the conditions therein. It would appear that Pandit Nehru accepted the vivisection of India to appease Mr. Jinnah and his adherents, in order to get rid of them from Indian politics. Even exchange of populations between East Punjab and Delhi on the one hand, and West Punjab and the Frontier on the other, was accepted by the Indian Union and Pakistan Governments. Pandit Nehru took the responsibility to rehabilitate the refugees from West Punjab and the Frontier, and still heroic attempts are being made to rehabilitate them.

Immediately after joining the Interim Government, Pandit Jawaharlal was restless, and was dreaming to see India a great country. While he was in Ahmadnagar jail he wrote an immortal classic, *Discovery of India*, in which he brought to light India's past glory and travail for emancipation.

Yet, there was another dream, the discovery of Asia, which he dreamt all his life. His dream was for the unity of Asia. After accomplishing our own freedom, he marched forward for the discovery of Asia. All Asian countries were trembling under the heels of European nations: India and Burma in bondage politically and economically, China enslaved economically with unequal treaties and down with internal civil war, and Indonesia and Indo-China struggling for freedom from Dutch and French imperialisms. Iran, Siam, Egypt and the Arabian countries, though independent, are too small to stand erect against European imperialism and diplomacy. The Indian Council of World Affairs, in which Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was taking keen interest, conceived the idea of an Asian Conference, and extended invitations to Asian countries much before the formation of the Interim Government. The conference was held in March 1947 with great success, and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru emerged a great hero and achieved the rare distinction of becoming Asia's accredited leader.

Pandit Jawaharlal's recent success at the Commonwealth Conference added another feather to his cap. Keeping in view the present world situation, he decided that India should remain in the Commonwealth, provided the republican character of India's national constitution remains a part of an unalterable basis. Mr. Attlee came to his rescue as he had the capacity to appreciate the rival stand-point, and the King was recognised as a symbol of the free association of independent nations,

and as such the head of the Commonwealth, while recognising India's membership as a republican nation. The Constituent Assembly and the All-India Congress Committee also endorsed the declaration of the Premiers' Conference. This was a great personal triumph for Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

I have written these few words in appreciation of the great work which Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has accomplished for the independence and greatness of India, unfortunately divided, and I wish him a happy sixty-first birthday and many happy returns to serve the motherland.

June 10, 1949



PERSONIFICATION OF OUR HOPES

GOVIND BALLABH PANT

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is sixty. And yet the mind refuses to accept the fact; this idol of the country's youth has always been honoured as young himself. This living image of energy and activity has made a deep impression on the youths of India having given the best years of his life to the cause of the country's freedom; Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has become its symbol. With the attainment of freedom the reins of Government have fallen to his hands. The young rebel of yesterday has to-day become the crown jewel of India and the country's first Prime Minister. The ability, patience and deep humanity with which he has guided India's ship of State through such stormy seas have received high praise even from foreigners. By his brilliant statesmanship he has given a new dignity to the high office he holds. He is an embodiment of the ideals of world brotherhood, tolerance, truth and justice.

It is my good fortune to be Jawaharlalji's colleague for many years. We were together in jail more than once. The more I have known him, the deeper my affection and admiration for him has grown. The nearer one comes to his stupendous personality the more deeply is one impressed by his greatness. His vast learning, indomitable courage, high devotion to duty, unparalleled sacrifice, abounding energy and sober statesmanship are well known and universally respected. But the quality that endears him to me more than his learning is his large-heartedness. Such sensitiveness as his, comprising tolerance and kindness, is a quality rarely seen. Those who have seen him in temper on the public stage can hardly conceive of the innate humility and deep human sympathy he possesses.

Jawaharlal is artistic by nature. This is seen in every feature, from the most insignificant gestures to the most important and considered actions. He believes in doing everything gracefully and whole-heartedly; that is for him a criterion of right action. He is not satisfied with using the noblest means only for the highest ends. He aspires for perfection in everything, from cleanliness in the house to the most important tasks of the nation and society, and always lays the greatest emphasis on purity and sincerity. Those who have worked with him know very well how ready Jawaharlalji is to see the other man's point of view. Even in the most critical situation he does not for a moment compromise with ideals and always acts with courage that amazes his followers.

Jawaharlal's genius has many facets. His writings hold a high place in the world's literature. His study of modern philosophy is profound and extensive. His acquaintance with world affairs is his understanding of world affairs. Even in the midst of his pre-occupations he keeps himself well posted with the latest developments in modern science. Art, literature and poetry are not neglected. Though

in the midst of vast problems of high policy, he is still full of energy and irrepressible wilfulness of spirit, as he was in younger years. *Yogic* exercises and riding, mountaineering, swimming, skating and skiing are his favourite pastimes and keep him in good health and spirits at sixty. He has a strictly disciplined life, distinguished by the most scrupulous attention to detail.

It is the nation's great good fortune that it is led by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. He is the personification of our hopes and aspirations. Today the world knows India because of Nehru. His success is our glory, and his strength our greatness. May he live long, to strive for the peace of the world and the prosperity of India.

August 25, 1949

(*Translated from Hindi*)



NATURAL NOBILITY

ANDRÉ GIDE

Condamné à un repos presque absolu durant une longue convalescence, et au surplus incapable d'effort, je déplore particulièrement de ne pouvoir apporter mon tribut d'hommage et d'admiration devant l'altière figure de Nehru. Celle-ci nous enseigne quelle beauté peut revêtir la personne humaine et quelle devient sa naturelle noblesse lorsqu'elle assume avec un plein courage sa pleine responsabilité

13 Mai 1949

André Gide

"Condemned to a long and almost absolute rest during a long convalescence, and being moreover incapable of effort, I deplore particularly the inability to place my tribute of homage and admiration before the high figure of Nehru. It teaches us what beauty can invest the human person and what his natural nobility becomes when he assumes with great courage his full personality." Eds.

Anecdotes



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU AT THE AGE OF ONE



WITH HIS MOTHER SWARUPRANI DEVI (1891)



1892



1892



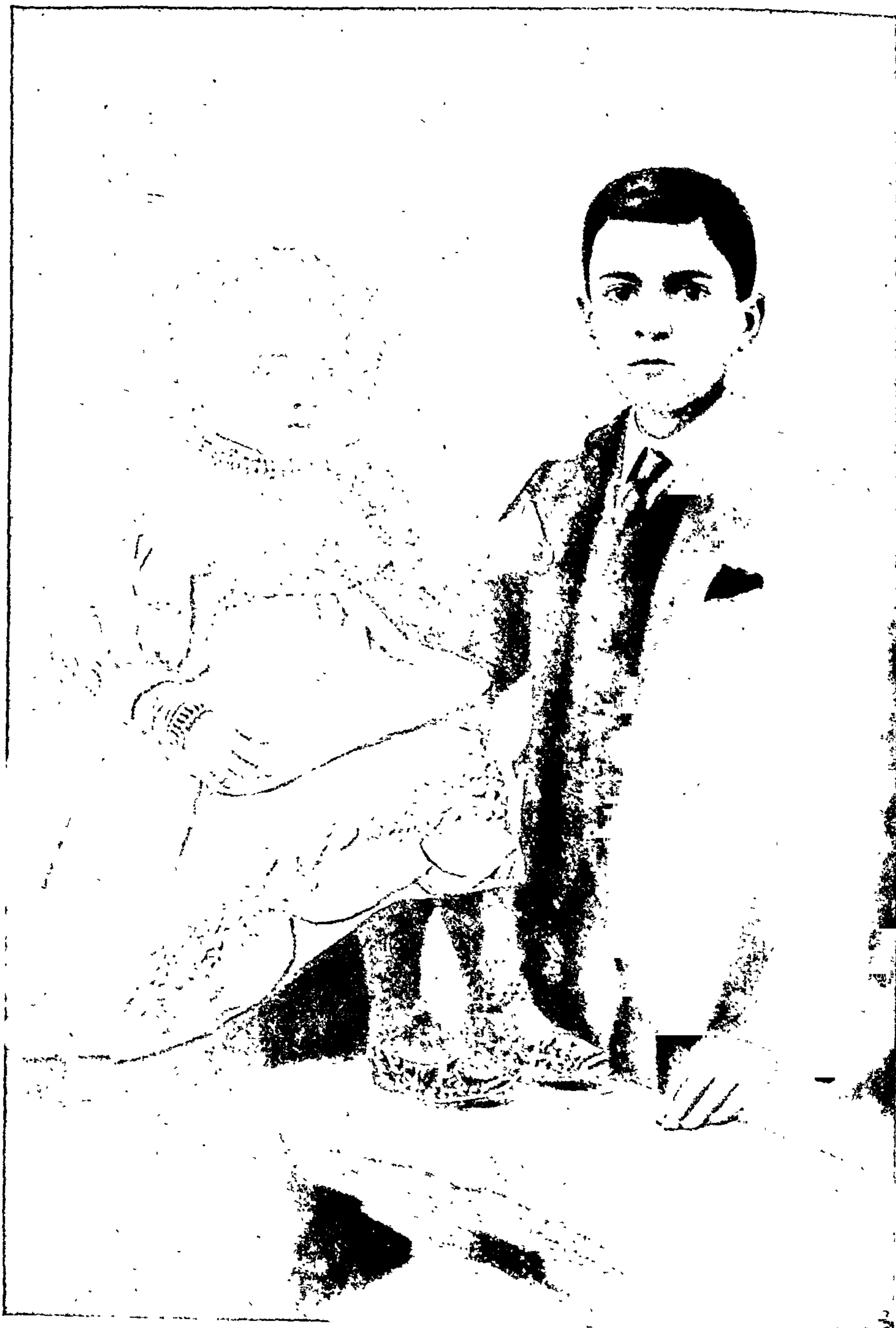
1893



1894



1896



JAWAHARLAL WITH HIS SISTER VIJAYALAKSHMI

I

Ian Stephens

It was Simla, in the summer of 1931. Not long down from Cambridge, I had been in India a year. But civil disobedience had been on, and much jailing, so I had not yet met any Congressmen.

What I expected them to be like I cannot recall. But certainly not like the first big one I spoke to, now India's Prime Minister.

I had no idea who he was. In those days I held a Government post, was less hard worked than now as journalist, and had ambled from my room in Gorton Castle to gossip with an Indian colleague. The Round Table Conference in London was being arranged, the Irwin-Gandhi Pact enabled Congress to be represented, and everyone was discussing who would be chosen.

I found a visitor. My colleague mentioned his name; but I failed to catch it.

He was a modest, quiet person. Conversation pleasantly developed. And soon a very strange atmosphere was radiated. I was no more in Gorton Castle amidst files and telephones, with scarlet chaprassis coughing outside in the corridors. I was not even in India. The discursive, questing, uninhibited scholarly talk had shifted me 6,000 miles. I was back in Cambridge, no bureaucrat but a student, in stimulating free exchange of ideas with one of the younger dons.

"Who was that man?", I later asked my colleague with enthusiasm. "I liked him. Being with him was like being an undergraduate again in England."

"Oh, surely you realized? Jawaharlal Nehru."

* * *

It was Delhi, in the summer of '46. The British Cabinet Mission, the Congress, the Muslim League, in burning heat and mental turmoil, were negotiating high politics.

Interviewing important personages perplexes me always. It is an uncongenial part of my job.

Not because I wished to, but because I ought, I had formally asked for an interview with Pandit Nehru. A time was fixed. But in the brief while between fixture and meeting, the negotiations took a sudden new turn—as so often that summer. By it, the political picture which I needed to discuss was changed kaleidoscopically. For any participant in the negotiations to talk freely to a journalist just then was almost impossible.

Here was real embarrassment. After a few awkward conversational turns I frankly explained my difficulty. No responsible newspaper man enjoys being so placed, and I offered to depart, lest I waste in futilities a busy man's time.

"No, don't go, we booked this", he said, quick to sympathize. "Let's talk about something else. What shall it be?"

"How about your *Yoga* exercises?", I ventured, not then mentioning that I do them too.

Readily he agreed. And so it came about that, at a historic crisis in the British Cabinet Mission's affairs, on perhaps the hottest day of a grilling, anxious Delhi summer, I found myself alone with India's future Prime Minister on a drawing room settee, tranquilly doing *Pranayam* breathing exercises.

It was much more fun than politics. We discussed abdominal muscular controls, spinal contortions. There seemed signs that, but for the arrival unfortunately by appointment of another caller, he would soon have been doing a headstand, myself admiring.

Since then, throughout almost overwhelmingly strenuous years of Premiership, a great public figure, he has maintained an astonishing, almost boyish resilience. And I like to think the explanation may lie in his private figure still getting a few daily minutes' *Yoga* exercise.

Perhaps—this is not flippantly meant—his loftiest speeches, his firmest administrative decisions, are thought out upside down. A lowlier example suggests this singular surmise—for I acknowledge that some of *The Statesman's* editorials are.

February 18, 1949



II

S. K. Rudra

To invite a person of my level to write about Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru is like calling upon the *Trichogramma Minutum*—in vulgar words, the chalcid-fly—to express its estimate of the Golden Eagle! For, verily, Jawaharlal Nehru is the Golden Eagle of our Asian skies. His defiant daring, his translucent sincerity, his burning love of country, his uncanny historiographical sense, his transcending humanity are qualities of intellect and character that have sped him into heights of great influence and prestige alike in Indian and Asian affairs. Thus, indeed, he is the Golden Eagle of our Eastern Skies.

My contact with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru arose not out of politics. It was through the happy association my father enjoyed with C. F. Andrews and Mahatma Gandhi that we got to know the Nehru family. When my father retired from the Principalship of St. Stephen's College, Delhi, over twenty-seven years ago, and came to stay with me at Allahabad, Pandit Nehru was kind enough to call on him. Thus, our contact began. Through Dr. S. K. Datta of the Forman Christian College, Lahore, our friendship grew. These two men had much in common. Dr. Datta had taken up his residence in Geneva, at the International Headquarters of several Christian Organisations, and whenever he visited India he never failed to meet Jawaharlal Nehru. I was often privileged to be with them when they were together and discussed India, Britain and the world in general. I was impressed how both had a common outlook upon events and reviewed them with a scholarly sense of historical perspective. With Charlie Andrews discussions were confined more to the Indian situation and the problems of Indians overseas. These discussions took on an emergent aspect with both these men. The question of racial justice with the one and of moral values with the other, rather than the merely political issues, became the dominant substance of their conversation. I have no doubt that friendships like these of those early days had their share in the building up of the Jawaharlal we know. His gift for friendship still remains. It is one of his supreme qualities. It is an inestimable asset to the nation in its foreign affairs relationships.

It would be impossible to write of Pandit Nehru without saying a word or two about his Great Sire. For Pandit Motilal Nehru was indeed a Grand Signior, in every sense of the word. He had a splendid physical presence. His intellectual brilliance and social charm were of such exquisitive quality that all who had the privilege to come close to him, men or women, fell under his spell. The attachment between father and son was strong. It was, however, never publicly demonstrated. Nonetheless, it was there—deep and firm as the ocean-bed itself. I remember clearly how one day I happened to meet Pandit Motilal at the Allahabad railway station,

looking far from well. I was surprised to see him there and enquired as to what had brought him to the station. With a gruff voice but a wistful look in his eyes, he said he was proceeding to Bombay, to follow after Jawaharlal, who had left that morning to take some momentous decision. There was the mingled anxiety of the parent and the pride of the patriot in that voice and gaze of his that I have remembered all these years! I also remember the last days of Pandit Motilalji. He looked like a tiger at bay! His family were around him and served him with vigilant care, Jawaharlal taking the major burden upon himself. Pandit Motilal would often relate to us the anecdotes of his beloved boy's boyhood days. He firmly believed that it was the early careful training and English Public School Education that he had determined to give to his son that had contributed so much to his particular development. Indeed, it was to discuss the idea of founding an Indian Public School that he invited Dr. Tara Chand, now Education Secretary in the Indian Dominion Government, and myself to a conference with him over a cup of tea. The Public School proposition never blossomed into reality, but I carry with clarity the memory of a very delightful evening spent with him, drinking tea such as only his butler knew how to brew!

And the Mother! We know what her son and daughters have said about her. But, all of us, specially those of Allahabad, no matter what our politics or religion, looked upon her as our very own. It was a benediction to meet her. My wife and I retained for ourselves the privilege of calling upon her regularly during those years of struggle when all her loved ones were taken from her and cast into prison. Her loneliness was painful to behold. She was truly a pathetic figure in that beautiful home of theirs. She would recount to us with glowing and dignified pride how Pandit Motilal cherished, cared and anticipated her every need. Theirs was a princely household. And now she had taken to sleeping upon the hard, cold floor. She wanted, in this manner, against the persuasion of her many friends, to share in the daily privation of her loved ones in jail. Her grand-daughters, and in particular manner Indu, were her only pre-occupation and solace.

Kamlaji was a lady of whom few can speak without being deeply moved. For pure love of country and utter self-effacing sacrifice, few there are who could equal, and none surpass, her in the *saga* of the Indian struggle for freedom. In this sense she shared to the full measure the ideology and purpose of her husband's life and work. Delicate to a degree, frail as a flower, she was a woman of consuming sense of patriotism. Limitless of energy and countless of cost, she was a source of inspiration to millions. From where and how she obtained her strength has remained a mystery to every one who knew her! I had never known her enjoy sound health. I recall to mind the cold nights when a police cordon used to be thrown across Albert Road, on which stands Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru's residence, to stop the progress of the Congress procession that was organised to challenge an order of the District Magistrate to forbid it to enter the Civil Lines area. Night after night the struggle proceeded. Kamlaji was the leader. With failing health and running temperature, lightly clad, she would sit on the bare, cold road, at the head of the procession,

and would listen to none to stay at home and rest in bed. Jawaharlalji himself was in jail in Naini. One day, seeing her thus squatted, I suddenly decided to procure a blanket from the nearby Guzdar Company, and prayed her to spread it underneath her. She promised she would use it. After sometime I came back again that way. The blanket was in use, but not in the manner I had anticipated. For Kamlaji was still sitting on the bare road, but an old woman, one of her volunteers, had the blanket well wrapped round her! Kamlaji looked up, and smiled. "Her need was greater than mine" kind of message seemed to frame itself in her looks! The last time my wife and I met her was at the Sanitorium in Bhowali. We were staying with a common friend, Dr. Premlal Shah, who was attending upon her. We went to call on her. She was in a poor way. Yet, she spoke cheerfully and bravely. She was animated with the idea of seeing her husband on the next day, coming to visit her from jail in Almora, one of those all too rare occasions when they used to meet. The decision was to be taken whether she was to proceed to Switzerland for treatment. We never saw her again.

Last week, at the opening function of the Begam Azad Wing of the Kamla Nehru Hospital at Allahabad—a few hours before the unexpected demise of Her Excellency Sarojini Naidu, the life-long friend and comrade-in-arms of the Nehru family—gratefully erected to her undying memory by the people of India, we could see how deeply moved was her husband. We in Allahabad know with what care and ceaseless concern Jawaharlalji himself has seen to the planning and to the construction of the hospital. The hospital has meant something very personal to him. Every line and every feature of this magnificent structure has received his personal direction, down to the design of the Common Room that he insisted should be provided and furnished for the servants of the hospital. Thus, love has been poured into this Hospital which bears her name, when possibly through the years of national struggle and intensities of public duty, leisure and energy were not available for them to live the kind of married life they might otherwise have enjoyed.

But with all this, and in spite of the severely scientific and strictly intellectual attitude to life that Pandit Nehru adopts, he is in reality a man of deep emotions. He is strongly attached to his family folk. His love of his daughter, for instance, is something very touching and beautiful. Probably no cost has told upon him more heavily than the pain involved in the constant separation from his only child, Indira, during those years of frequent and prolonged imprisonments. The silent sufferings of those lonely years can never be measured, never be recompensed! His fondness for his two sisters is classic. His attachment and admiration for his elder brother-in-law, the late Shri R.S.Pandit, was very great. In the realm of research, of cultural values, of æsthetic appreciation and literary pursuits, they had a world in common. One can little gauge the personal loss he must have experienced in the premature death of his talented brother-in-law. Thus, the attachment of the Nehru family, one for the other, will stand out for all time, as a remarkable instance of the place of the family in our long tradition. In these modern days of disintegration of our past usage, it is good that such ties have been so cherished in one of the most illustrious families

of the land. As long as such tradition is expressed in devoted service to the people, and not monopolised in domination, it will remain a great example.

Apart from the qualities that have attracted him most to his countrymen, *viz.* that of complete fearlessness and basic sincerity, is the spirit of sportsmanship that he carries with him wherever he goes. He is full of the zest of life. His love of fresh air, of mountain peaks, of forests and flowers, of stars, clouds and flowing waters, is something that attracts him deeply to one. He is truly the son of Nature, and her great lover. He has ever the spirit of adventure within him. He is constantly challenging people, partly to shock them, and partly to get them to leave their ruts, to dare and do. This is the essence of Jawaharlal Nehru. He is an elemental challenge. This is what keeps him superbly youthful. It is not merely in the physical, but also in the mental and ethical plane that he dares to fling this challenge in the most unexpected manner, and at most unexpected times. His appeal to youth lies in this inherent quality of his. Physically he is vigorous and agile. He has, thus, set a high standard of physical well-being. To those of us who have been wedded to sports, and have been brought up in the Boy Scout tradition, and hold to the ideals of the Olympics, he is an idol of a leader. To watch his movements, whether standing or walking, and to see him mounted on a spirited steed, is to behold a satisfying sight. He carries himself erect and supple. He told me that he takes regular exercise and believes in standing upon his head daily! He takes trouble over his body as over his clothes. While simple in dress, he is by no means sloppy or shabby. He is, thus, an outstanding contrast to the usual run of our leader-folk. There is no element of the ascetic in him. As far as one can understand him, he does not seem to be wedded to the Philosophy of the Minimum. A life of poverty that has been inordinately exalted in our tradition has little meaning for him. Yet, he does not go to the other extreme. He has no use for soft, voluptuous living. He could have easily indulged in such a style of life had he wished, but he abhors it.

He leads the hard and disciplined life of a soldier and scholar. He has captured the imagination of the younger generation in a manner as no one else has done before him. For, in spite of the leftist, if not revolutionary, doctrines widespread among the student body, he yet commands their allegiance. It is the combination of physical daring and mental challenge that appeals to the student-mind. Paradoxically, it has to be mentioned that he does not pander to them, nor indulge them in sweet-sounding words. In fact, he is ruthless in his treatment of them. He often loses his temper with them, perhaps signs of growing years! Students listen in resentment and furious anger. He is at his best in dealing with them in this mood. He is a great fighter, and is in his element when thus engaged. You have to attend student-meetings to see how he deals with them. He knows his audience. Keen, questioning and revolutionary, he deals with them as a master-craftsman. By his cold, clear and analytical, though somewhat prolonged, discourse, he succeeds in winning their approbation. He does not sermonise to them. There is none of that religiosity about him so usual with many of our leaders. He flings challenges to his audiences. He urges them to join with him, as fellow-workers in the great task of

national amelioration and mental emancipation.

The masses, of India as of all agricultural countries, are a solid rock-like block of foundational masonary, on which stand the superstructure of pomp and show, philosophy and poetry, wealth and wisdom of the nations. They toil and moil as an ageless beast. They carry on their bended backs the burden of the urbanite folk. Whether dwelling in a feudalistic aristocracy or living within a system of industrial plutocracy, it is the peasants who raise, year in and year out, the seasonal food and fibre crops that feed and clothe the millions, and make civilization possible. With all the phenomenal progress made in science and industry, the stability of the nations yet depends upon the yield provided by the sweat of the brow of the tillers of the soil. The central figure of human society is still the eternal peasant. This is particularly true of India. Second only to Mahatma Gandhi in recent years—Gautama Buddha must have wielded similar influence in the past—Jawaharlal Nehru has exercised the biggest hold upon the peasant massess in India. That Gandhiji should have appealed to the country people is readily underst andable. But not so in the case of Nehru. He makes no saint-like appeal to them. Truth to tell, the peasant people are as much tired of *sadhus* as they are of monkeys, who live upon the fruits of their labour. Neither does he speak their lingo, nor does he know enough of their work, or rustic manner of life. Industrial workers, the city proletariat, on the other hand, he understands and knows better. For he, essentially, is a city man. Nonetheless, the peasant masses adore him. It is not easy to find an explanation for this. Apart from the fact of being the closest and dearest to Gandhiji's heart, I think the matter that appeals to the peasant people most is his thought for them in a true and direct manner. There is no pose in him in his concern for them. The peasants can size up their man. Their occupation trains them to form such judgment about cattle. They do not hesitate to apply it to men as well. In Jawaharlal, while they may see a city man, yet they discern in him one who rings true. Peasants dread the men from the cities. They would sooner avoid them than meet them. They regard the whole tribe of them as exploiters. In Jawaharlal, however, they meet a man whom they instinctively recognise to be their friend. It matters not if he does not come to them in dirty clothes, or unshaven chin, or unkempt hair. These symbols of an assumed poverty do not befool them. They know that like themselves, he is tough and accustomed to hard work. They know that like them he has to cover difficult and obstinate terrain. In him they find a fellow human, and so they love him. I remember one day I had gone to *Anand Bhawan* to enquire after him, for he had not been too well, and had gone out on some long and tiresome election campaign. He just then returned. After a wash he sat down to lunch. It was good to see him eat! To my utter surprise he looked fresh and bright. I informed him that I had called in some concern about his health. He smiled. He said he had not slept for several nights together, and had covered hundreds of miles, and had spoken at innumerable meetings, and yet he felt invigorated. I asked him for the secret. Suddenly, he became deadly earnest and almost bitter! He said what did we of the cities, and specially of the Universities, know of the country and

the real people of the land, sitting as we did comfortably in our homes, and safely plying our routine kinds of jobs? We were almost parasites, unhealthy and un-health-giving! He had been in their midst, the people of the villages. He had spoken to them, and they had spoken to him. This is what he had been doing all these past few days, without respite. He had looked into their faces, he had looked into their eyes! Something he had never seen before, he saw in those gazing faces and in those shining eyes, those millions of pairs of eyes that had looked into his! He sensed a new experience. He found he had drawn strength from those millions of pairs of peasants' eyes! Those peasants who were rooted in the soil. He had derived his strength from them. Thus, he was fresh and full of life. Who in India had ever before him seen, noted, felt and talked of peasant's eyes, those millions of pairs of peasant's eyes! Hence, the spring of eternal freshness, youth and vigour in this man, who loves and labours for the children of the soil.

One could write on in this vein of various aspects of his life, and, as a University man, one would like to dwell upon his outstanding work in founding in such brief time, and against such unprecedented odds, all manner of scientific research institutions, cultural bodies, literary organisations and academic associations in this country. The enrichment of life that will flow will not be easy for us of this generation to realise, but it will be something of quality that will add strength and distinction to our tradition. It is remarkable what the Government of India, under his undoubted drive, have been able to accomplish in such a short while in this domain of national life. There are however two aspects of his activities which I would wish particularly to emphasise.

The first is the problem of the minorities. Myself belonging to a minority community, I hesitate to mention the subject. The sooner we can forget that there are minorities or majorities of a religious or even racial type, the happier will it be for our land. But dreads and suspicions of generations cannot be obliterated in a day. The pronouncement of a Secular State is one thing, and its implementation another. It is a great thing, indeed, that in a country so religious and caste-ridden, our leaders should have had the vision and the courage to establish a Secular State. It is all the more creditable that this should have been adhered to, when alongside of us, indeed out of our own flesh and blood, has been carved out a sister State that is founded and organised on a purely theocratic principle. If India is to grow into a strong, united, stable political unit, it must be wedded into one nation on a secular principle as a modern State. Confidence must be created in the minds of those who belong to the minority communities. Only yesterday I was privileged to address the students of the local Muslim College. I could not help but sense a feeling of depression and apprehension in the minds of my student audience. The "devil-may-care" air that usually characterized the students of this institution was completely absent. I have sensed the same feelings whenever I have been to the Aligarh Muslim University. It is hardly an answer, as far as our Dominion is concerned, that the existence of similar communal, Hindu or Sikh institutions in Pakistan would not be possible, at any rate for the present. The members of the Indian Christian

community too, it must be truthfully admitted, are a little concerned about the future. Their faith in a "square deal" is not too solid. Things are not easy. However unfounded these presentiments may be, it is no use denying their existence. The minorities themselves, it must be declared, have much in their own hands. If they act in a manner which is completely loyal, there can be little doubt that the powers that be will be fair to them. The majority community, on the other hand, have their vital part to play. Especially in the Administrative Services of the State they would require to be vigilant and act in such manner as to inspire confidence in the members of the minority communities. Not only at the top, but it is in the lower range of the administrative hierarchy that the sense of a "square deal" is necessary. Herein will lie the acid test of our aptitude for democracy. The trinity that stood four-square to the concept of absolute equality were Gandhiji, Sarojini Naidu and Jawaharlal. In spite of the most inhuman and barbarous blood bath our country has ever had, these great leaders stood magnificently firm. They imparted confidence, when none was left. The one man, more even than Mahatma Gandhi himself, who inspired the sense of absolute Square Deal has been our Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. In him the minorities have implicit confidence. They would follow him to any length. His, indeed, is no slight task. He merits support from all hands. From no group does he require greater loyalty than from the minorities themselves. As one who knows his community through and through, one can say that he will have this without doubt.

The final matter that needs mention is not Jawaharlal's internationalism, though the one man who in India stands out pre-eminent in this field is he himself. There is an aspect of service that he alone can render that needs indication. But before I do so, I must, in passing, mention my own experience when I visited the countries of the Far East, from Burma upto Korea and Manchuria, a little before the commencement of World War II. The one person who seemed to have captured the imagination of the Asian Youth, specially at the Universities, was not so much Mahatma Gandhi as Pandit Nehru. The Chinese people, in particular, whether in Malaya or in China itself, appeared to be the most enthusiastic about him. I was thrilled to the very core to realise how great a position he occupied in the esteem of the Asian peoples in the Far East. Similar evidence, from an unexpected quarter, I was able to gather for myself in Allahabad itself, with much satisfaction only the other day. While sitting at dinner, next to the leader of the British Universities' Debating Team, I learnt from him that Pandit Nehru was held in high esteem amongst the rank and file of the undergraduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He suggested that they would be more prepared to follow his lead in international affairs than many of their own leaders! Be this as it may, the real menace that looms before us, as indeed before the entire world, is the so-called menace of the Communist onslaught. The fact that today the Communist-inspired strikes on our Railways and Posts and Telegraphs have not materialised and Government have successfully supressed them, is no assurance that the danger has passed. I am of view that this is not the case. The menace is real. If anything, it is going to grow apace. Ideo-

logics apart, which after all only the top-ranking leaders understand and appreciate, the rank and file, including the intelligentcia, are completely overwhelmed by the realities of the situation. The economic environment, more than any other single factor, dominates the trends in the social and political struggles of today. People are exasperated to the point of desperation. Rising price spirals, increasing costs of living, continued scarcities of necessities, black-market operations, evasion of taxation by the wealthy, corruption and nepotism in unexpected quarters, against the anticipated dawn of *Ram Raj*, have depressed and disheartened the people beyond the limits of endurance. The situation could not be graver and more critical than it is, particularly in most urban centres. People have not the knowledge nor the capacity to reflect that we are not the only people who have suffered so acutely in the aftermath of war. Indeed, if the leaders of the various schools of thought were but fair, and were not anxious to manoeuvre for position in the conflict for power that is raging in our midst, they would have to admit that the Administration, as a whole, has done surprisingly creditably. Any other country would have well foundered under the impact of some of the major operations that have befallen us since the Partition and the gaining of our Independence. To have survived at all, and indeed to have retained ground, and even registered advance in several directions has been no small achievement. This must, in fairness, be ascribed to the credit of our statesmen. It is to be hoped that measures taken will mitigate the incidence of economic stress that lie so heavily upon the people, particularly of the low and moderate range of income categories. The long-term benefits that are expected to follow from Government instituted projects—as for instance our River Valley schemes—none in his senses could gainsay. The immediate present, however, is of vital consequence. In fighting the present situation, not only the application of rapidly realisable results are required on the material plane, but the situation also has to be prevented from developing into a mental dive on the psychological plane. If we should continue in such a plight for another year or so, the consequences would be fearful. More than material distress would be the mental morbidness that may grip our people. Malcontent quarters—within and without the country—may not hesitate to exploit the situation. Cure by way of revolution may be a doctrine that may receive acceptance, with greater zeal than intelligence. To fight this emotional and mental deterioration there is one person, and one person alone who can face the situation. He can break it, and convert it into one of Hope. This menace can be met by one man. That person is Jawaharlal Nehru. There is none other.

And so a *Trichogramma Minutum* can only pray that the Golden Eagle of our Asian Skies may live long to guide not only his people, but the peoples of many lands, to the goal, so that the Common Man can live, work and love, freed from Fear and freed from Want.

March 19, 1949

III

Hikmet Bayur

It was early in 1930. I was then Turkish Ambassador to Afghanistan and was travelling in India. Gandhi and Mr. Nehru were then in prison; and the people were in a high pitch of excitement. In a city of the Ganges Plain a Mohammedan invited me to tea; I willingly accepted; my host fetched me at my hotel, and took me to his house. I found soon afterwards that he was the Superintendent of Jails, and his house stood by the prison.

I was not the only guest: there were many others. We were having tea in the garden, and the sun was about to set. Suddenly, we heard a shout; I was surprised, but was told that the political prisoners were in the habit of greeting the setting of the sun with the cry: *Gandhiji-ki jai!*

As the volume of the shout seemed to indicate that there was a rather large crowd, I asked how many political prisoners there were. "Eight to nine thousand," they said. I went on: "There had been a similar movement back in 1920-22; how many political prisoners were there, then? "About a thousand," they answered. "And how many do you think there will be, ten years hence?" They laughed, and pointing at the Superintendent, they said: "Then, *he* will get in."

March 8, 1949



IV

Dhurjati Prasad Mukerji

At least so runs one version of the story. The court-poet had been commissioned by the Chief Minister to compose a saga of the dynasty, and he had done it in the style of Bāna. A full assembly was called to listen to it. The audience was in raptures. But the King, a veteran in war whose soul had turned to peace, sat silent, to the embarrassed wonder of the court and the dismay of the poet. Suddenly a loud noise burst on the silence. It seemed to come from outside the palace. The King asked the sentry to find out the reason. He came back and reported: "Sire, it is only a marriage-party of the outcastes." But the noise continued, and the King turned to the courtier. He rushed out and in to say: "Sire, the people are celebrating your last victory." The audience smiled beatifically, but the King nodded to the old minister to go out to see. With a sad face he reported: "Sire, it is a funeral procession." The king looked to the poet, dispersed the assembly, and walked to the new temple that was being built in a corner of the garden of pleasure. It was a royal comment on the art of myth-making. To-day, it would be one on the science of history and biography. Who can trust memory when eye-witnesses disagree?

Yet, in a sense, memory can be trusted despite its tricks of selection, provided that a rigorous watch on emotions be kept. In history methods of wakeful scrutiny have been refined often to the point of sacrificing the content; in biography somewhat less so. Personal anecdotes and memoirs, the raw materials of both history and biography, however, still remain unwatched. Probably, their charm lies in their literary freedom. If a Frank Harris were to tell them, their departure from correctness would be condoned. But this writer is not an artist. He has met famous men as men, who were also distinguished outside the circle of the meeting. The number of such occasions has also been deliberately kept small by him because of his feeling of a fact of distinguished nature that its normal humanity is a rare state of affairs. Such self-denial has not been altogether fruitless. As of Cezanne's paintings, the memory of these occasions has grown into a singularly rich and significant pattern of impressions. This author cannot claim to know Pandit Jawaharlal well. May even be, that Panditji does not remember the occasion to follow. But, really, that should not matter. What abides is the recipient's remembrance of things past and their conversion into meanings that are more than personal.

It was a little more than ten years ago. I was on deputation with the first national government in the U.P. In that connection I was thrown into the company of many eminent servants of the State and the people. True that I was just one officer among many, but the contacts remained human. On their side the respect due to a University don was duly paid, and on mine it was nothing less than a widen-

ing and a deepening of experience. I worked hard and I learnt. The intellectual integrity and moral stature of the Cabinet would often overwhelm me, but it lifted and unified my standards of thought and action. I came in daily touch with some remarkable Congressmen and very competent civilians who taught me my duties in various ways. Mrs. Pandit was probably the most human of them all. She graciously permitted me to feel at home in her presence. Her detachment from the rough and tumble of politics appealed to me. It was sometimes misunderstood, and I would feel bad about it. On one such occasion when she was definitely in the right and her critics in the wrong, I had to step in. The matter was soon settled. Panditji was staying with her at Bandariabag. We knew each other before. He wanted me to come next day and have a quiet dinner with him.

So I went. It was a cold evening. Panditji was not alone. I thought that it would be like meeting Rafi Sahib[1] who, as all know, has not a single moment of his own. One by one the callers departed and we were left to ourselves. Mrs. Pandit had thoughtfully provided each side table with a tin of the best cigarettes. The firewood was crackling and the room glowed. Mrs. Pandit knows the secret of reticent furnishing. She curled herself in the sofa and allowed us to talk. I asked Panditji a straight question: "What's the objection to a Nehru?" He kept on puffing and smiled to say, "We don't quite belong." Many passages of his autobiography floated in my memory. "We don't quite belong"—but to whom? To India? Yet, he loves India and is ever making it. India too belongs to him in a way. There is nothing defective in that exchange. Is it, then, the class-difference in upbringing, attitudes and manners? Psychological distance is a function of social distance. Is it, thus, his inability to de-class himself, or just the meanness of jealous admirers? Or, is it all due to his forward gaze and wide vision from which the public are generally averse? They have often criticised him for being a dreamer, a visionary, an internationalist. Yet the explanation is not adequate. Shall we, then, come to the fundamental ambivalence of love? Such questions worried me that evening. I still have no answer. The fact remains that he is not, as Gandhiji was, a man of the people, in spite of their being fascinated by him. Gandhiji in the crowd was indistinguishable from it. Jawaharlal stands out of it, and also out of a small committee. He does not quite belong to any group, excepting probably to a group of children. What a lonely man! I have watched him peer into a million faces. They inspire him as he inspires them. Yet, the contact is not mystical as Gandhiji's was. Jawaharlal's influence, being that of a representative man, is bound by communication. Hence, he speaks, to achieve identity. Once only I felt it to be communion. But union? Probably not.

Our talk bypassed politics and drifted into literature. He spoke of the Spanish poet Lorca. He had heard peasants and soldiers singing his songs. "No, we have not had such songs thrown up by our movements." I referred to those of the *Swadeshi* days. "May be, this has been the penalty of our obsession with politics.

[1] Sri Rafi Ahmad Kidwai. (*Eds.*)

It could not be helped." I still remember that sad note in his voice when the last sentence was uttered. It is probably the most cultured voice in India. Tagore's was a piping one and often ended in a shrill. Gandhiji's carried persuasion through directness. Mrs. Besant's had a feminine rondure: Mrs. Naidu's was clear and melodious: Shastri's had grace: Surendranath's had thunder: Malaviyaji's was mellifluous: but Jawaharlal's has the somewhat cloudy overtones of a cultured man's voice without being gorgeous. That voice speaks with the sensitive hesitancy of thought process and a slight sensuality that is not quite male and yet must be very attractive for the female. It is definitely melancholy even when it lashes out in anger. Byron alone could have it. Be that as it may, that evening the longing and lingering of a spirit, which is not quite in tune with either the present or the past and seeks consonance with a future that is half imaginatively and half intellectually conceived, reflected itself in the voice. "It could not be helped," but it would have been better otherwise. Jawaharlal bows to events, but retains his head erect to peer wistfully at some future date when politics will have been sloughed off by the resurgent spirit of a new India. He passed on to the sights of Spain, its regional cultures and their rugged individualisms. His sympathies were Republican, but they were expressed only in the voice.

The dinner was excellent. We talked about Gandhiji. I asked him, "Is Gandhiji aware of the implications of the Spanish Civil War apart from what you have told him?" "I am not sure. He has concentrated on India. Why do you ask?" "For the obvious reason that our fate is linked up with the world and the way it is going. I don't think Gandhiji has a sense of history as it is now called." "Probably not. But you will be wrong if you think that his revolutionary rôle is over. He has a grip over Indian events and he looks further ahead than anybody." "That will depend upon many things outside India." "Partly. Is it not strange that world forces are beating upon us from all sides and we are still petty!" Jawaharlal is acutely conscious of the largeness of India's context, but more so of our responsibility to be larger in response to that challenge. I noticed in that almost hushed remark a pathos which is not usually associated with him. Many people have found arrogance in his fits of temper. I have seen him angry. But he is humble before History. There is something Churchillian in this. Jawaharlal shares with Churchill a feeling for space-time. Both have a flair for the dramatic. But they conclude differently. Jawaharlal too wants to conserve, but he is not a conservative. He is the last of the liberals, though not quite the first of the socialists. Prevented from being so, he is socialistic, which Churchill, the sponsor of Social Insurance, would not be. Panditji will let go what he has if it is dictated by the needs of the next stage, but he will do so with a little pang that makes him appear more romantic than what he truly is. Nostalgia is the allegiance which facts of the present pay to values of the past.

We came back to the sitting room. He wanted me to stay on. And the memory of the next hour is most fresh today. The shelves contained some books of poems, I think, by Auden, Masefield, Walter de la Mare, Spender, Eliot and Yeats. He fondly handled each, turned its pages, waited on one, and read out a stanza or two. Many a poet has recited verses before me, but Panditji's reading is the best I have

heard. There was not a single false note or accent, no woolly sentiment, no dramatic emphasis, no play-acting about it. It was withdrawn, sober, sensitive, intimate and duly weighted, but without any feel of heaviness, like Boticelli's angels negating gravitation. He read one lyric of Walter de la Mare with a *soupcon* of emotion. The reading went on for more than an hour. I wonder how many of our statesmen read poetry. On August 3, 1914, Clemenceau retired to the suburb of Paris with a volume of the *Gitanjali*. Mrs. Naidu prevailed upon Gandhiji to read the *Hound of Heaven* at the Aga Khan's palace at Poona. Sri M.S. Aney actually found him reading "a dog book." Mrs. Naidu was, of course, an exception, but then she herself was a poet. The Maulana,[1] I am told, is a connoisseur of poetry among many other good things. Jawaharlal is not a professed poet, but I suspect that he loves poetry only next to history: which is good fortune for India. Being an academic man, I wanted to hear his views on modern poetry. He seemed to avoid my query. He only described Eliot as "a torn being." Those were the days of *Prufrock*, *Sweeney* and the *Waste Land*. I remembered how Tagore had willed to like them. Jawaharlal must have done likewise. Has Jawaharlal read the *Quartet*? He must have. I have an idea that he finds it too metaphysical. No, he cannot like even the later Yeats with all that old man's frustration of senses. I refuse to believe that he cares to read modern Hindi and Urdu poetry. His reactions to poetry are probably English in the main. I wish he knew Bengali to read Tagore in the original. That however is not to be: he is not Gandhi. By which I mean that the quality of Jawaharlal's imagination is essentially historical and poetical, not moral as Gandhiji's was.

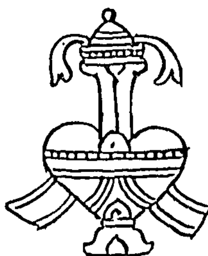
It was past midnight. I wanted to move. But something was hovering in the room. He read on and on. Mrs. Pandit had retired. I went on listening. "Why did you offer Science? Literature is your *metier*." Yes, he is a creative artist. I have never read certain passages of his *Autobiography*, or his essays without a catch in my throat, my hair standing on end: and that's about all that one can say or do about art. I do not often care about his speeches, which are too unprepared for my donnish taste. But this very unpreparedness is the grace of his written word. His style is not that of Virginia Woolf, or Elizabeth Bowen, or T. E. Lawrence. Sentences flow through his pen, as other men's words flowed through his lips that night. He did not reply to my question. We came out in the corridor. "We miss you at the University. You should have been one of us". "I am not sure. "Why"? Had I blundered? I knew his views of the Lucknow University students. My own impression was that he had been rather hard on them. I corrected myself. "If you come to my place, I can arrange your meeting a few groups of keen young men who are trying to think". At this he suddenly turned back, walked up and down the corridor, stopped before me, caught hold of my arm, and said, "Yes, what about the groups inside me?" He reached me to the portico and bade me good night.

I have been haunted ever since by that exclamation. What about the groups

[1] Maulana Abul Kalam Azad. (*Eds.*)

inside him, each trying to think out things? It was a masterpiece of self-analysis, worthy of "Chanakya". Every conscious man is a pluralist. Therein lies the danger of relativism. At the same time, consciousness strives for some unity. A few find it in a system; a few others in action; and most in faith. Jawaharlal is not one of any of them. Yet, there is an integrity about him. The groups inside him are bound. The binding principle is sometimes faith in India's future, and sometimes his sense of history, but it often is his personal sincerity, which is another name for faith in himself. Much of that confidence has arisen from his great good luck, but much else has grown from a willed identification of his self with the country's historical functioning. Those who notice the former have objections to a Nehru, his temper, his subjectivism and dramatisation. But those who have the imagination to understand the latter cannot but fail to observe in this man's behaviour a dynamic integrity in which groups of thoughts and feelings are federated, and their synthesis hung in suspense at one of a series of moving equilibriums, which is India's history in the making. A blinder belief in the laws of social evolution, or cynicism would have made him a simpler man, probably a more effective, downright man of action. But the infinite variability of emergent forces and motives makes him hesitant. That hesitancy is in his voice, in his stammer, in his speeches, which are always thinking aloud, and in his disarming admissions of ignorance of the next step no less than of mistakes committed: confessions which no statesman in the world could make without bringing about his downfall but every instance of which seems to enhance his prestige. There is no finality, no conclusiveness in Jawaharlal, as it can never be in an honest man who is also dynamic. The universe has not yet concluded, nor is the function of honesty extinguished once and for all. True, that the capacity to suspend judgment, the supreme artist's "negative capability," is not usually reckoned as a political virtue. But is it so very necessary that a statesman must be only a politician, that he should not be an artist awed by the limitless possibilities of choice and the grave responsibilities of hourly decision? Are the needs of to-day so very urgent that they should quash the prospects of the morrow?

March 21, 1949





ON THE LAWNS OF *ANAND BHAWAN*



THE NEHRU FAMILY

Standing, l. to r.—Sri Ladliprasad Zutshi, Mrs. Maharaj Bahadur Takru, Pt. Motilal Nehru. *Seated*—Mrs. Swarup Rani Nehru, Jawaharlal, Vijayalakshmi. *On ground*—Mrs. L. Zutshi.



JAWAHARLAL WITH A COUSIN



JAWAHARLAL WITH HIS MOTHER

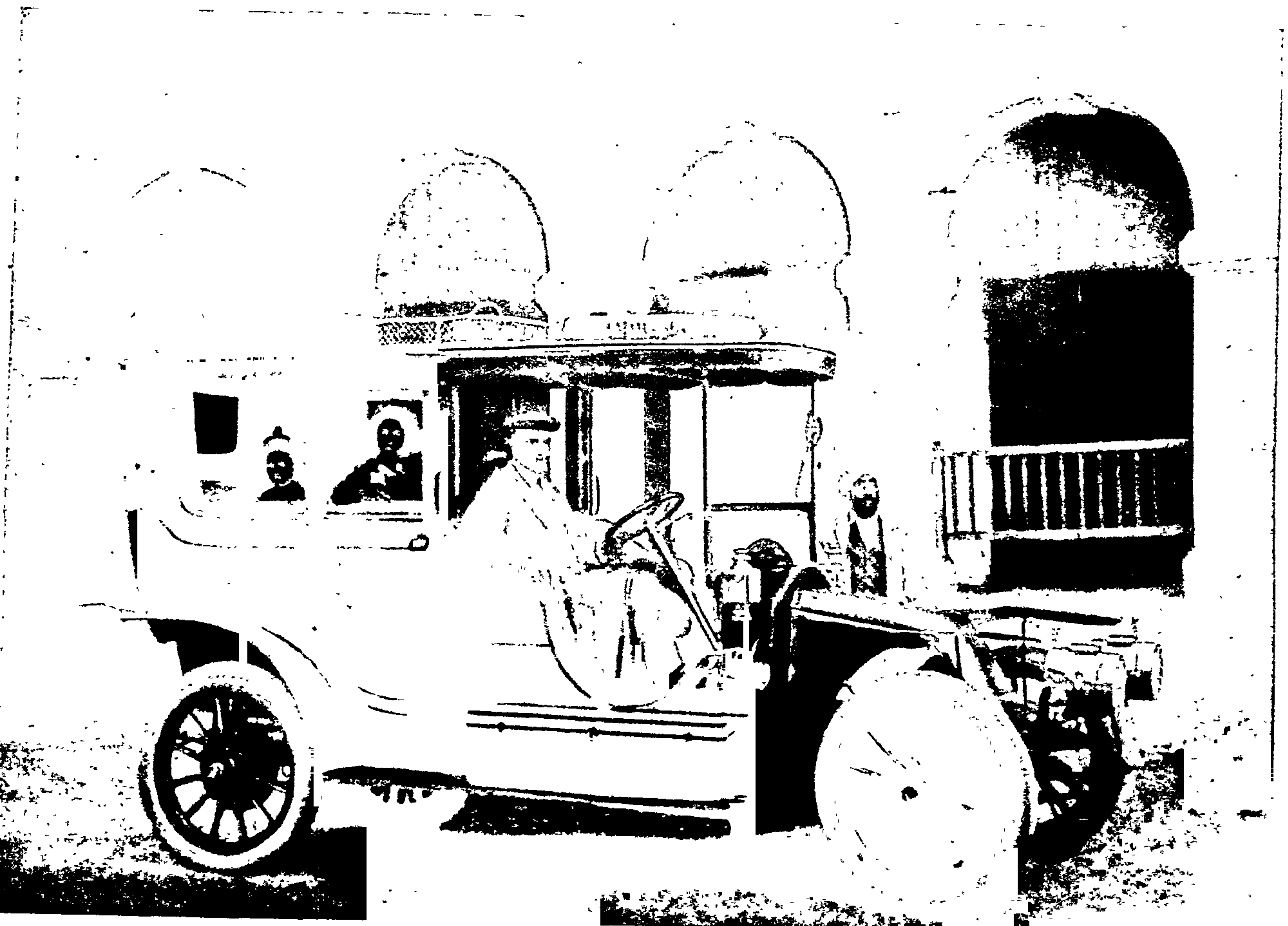


AFTER THE SACRED THREAD CEREMONY



IN A CADET'S UNIFORM, HARROW





PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU IN ALLAHABAD'S FIRST CAR

V

G. D. Birla.

I had observed Panditji from a distance for a number of years, but I first met him in 1924. Gandhiji had just been released after his appendicitis, and was convalescing in Delhi. I was visiting Gandhiji in Juhu, when, in course of conversation, he asked me, "Do you know Jawaharlal?"

"Only from a distance," I said, "I have never met him."

"Well, meet him then and try to make friends."

I got up and went over to Panditji, who was sitting in a corner of the verandah. I still have a vivid impression of him as he was then: young, handsome and with a freshness on his face. I recall, too, that he held the *Gita* in his hands, and was absorbed in study. My first reaction was that I was before a man with whom it was doubtful if I could ever be cordial.

That first impression has persisted over the years, and seems true today.

I used to know Pandit Motilal Nehru fairly well. I also had the privilege of working with Lala Lajpat Rai and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya. I spent 32 years at the feet of the beloved Bapu. But Jawaharlalji is different from them all. Malaviyaji was like a limpid pool, to which one could come without hesitation. Bapu was like the sacred river Ganga, in which one could lave and find peace and enjoyment, a release from sin and all sense of guilt. To these waters one came without uneasiness. But Panditji is like the limitless, bottomless ocean, which beckons and attracts, inspires awe and respect, but which one approaches warily and with apprehension.

After 1924 our contacts became frequent. I studied him and his writings more closely. But I cannot say even to-day that I know him well. For me he still continues to be inscrutable, enigmatic and undefined like the sea.

I once asked the late Mahadev Desai, "Mahadevbhai, you know Jawaharlalji. Tell me what you think of him?" He replied, "Jawahar is a Greek philosopher. He worships Beauty. He can never do anything unbeautiful."

Goldsmith has said: "Handsome is that handsome does." Mahadev Desai too may have been thinking of *Satyam, Sivam, Sundaram*—The True, The Good, The Beautiful, when he made the above remark.

I have studied Panditji critically, and it seems to me that Mahadevbhai's remark hits the mark. Panditji may occasionally show signs of temper, but his sense of proportion never deserts him. An important person once said to me: "Jawaharlal is is not a revolutionary, he is a great liberal; he always sees both sides of a question before making up his mind, and sometimes weighs and ponders so much that he cannot arrive at any decision at all." After these descriptions I was not surprised when Gandhiji, only a few days before his death, once said to me: "Jawahar is a thinker,

Sardar[1] a doer."

The conflict and heart-searching that goes on endlessly inside Panditji's mind is inevitably reflected on his countenance, and cannot fail to be noticed by a careful observer. Even in laughter there is a wistfulness in his eyes. Kalidasa has said about Dilipa that he was "old without years"; Panditji is both old without being aged, and youthful though no longer young. He has both humility and passion, both enthusiasm and discretion, a lowly spirit but a great heart. He is obstinate without being uncompromising; courageous, but ready to bow to the popular will; a keen intelligence combined with simplicity. All these contradictions result from an internal struggle, which cannot but find expression on his face.

There is a general impression that Panditji has no faith in religion, and that he is an agnostic. His public utterances sometimes lend colour to this belief. But it cannot be said that such a belief is entirely justified. What Panditji thinks about God or religion could only be discussed after God and religion had been properly and adequately defined. In any case, Gandhiji did not seem to share this general impression. Once, during an argument, he had said: "Jawahar is not an unbeliever. Anyone who asserts that Freedom is inevitable derives conviction from faith, not science; and all faith derives from God." This is true. Only the other day, addressing the Science Congress at Allahabad, Panditji said: "I cannot agree with Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant when he says that natural law varies. In reality, natural law is immutable and invincible. Man has so far been unable to solve its mystery. All that has been achieved so far is that man has utilized Nature by co-operating with her purposes." This surely is not agnosticism, it is faith of a high order.

Gandhiji in his speeches has laid great stress on the correlation of ends and means. His insistence that unworthy means shall not be employed for the furtherance of worthy ends is, indeed, even greater than that of the ancients. Diplomacy and stratagem have held their own in all ages, as our own ancient history and legends show, and there is no reason to believe that India's future foreign policy will totally eschew them. But Gandhiji was above such manoeuvrings, and the influence of his ethical standards is often evident in Jawaharlal's utterances. There has been no occasion yet, since the attainment of Independence, to put Gandhiji's golden rule to a crucial test; if Jawaharlal can apply it successfully in practice, it would be a unique achievement.

Jawaharlal is a great man. But it is difficult to analyse that greatness. He is possessed of great courage and perspicacity, a keen sense of justice and abounding energy, deep learning and real literary gifts, but it is hard to say what qualities led him to the position of eminence he occupies to-day. All that can be said is that he is great, and that the country has need of his services.

It cannot be a matter of joy that he should be crossing over to the wrong side of sixty. But Time cannot be held at bay. We can only pray that he be spared to us for many years to come.

January 25, 1949 *(Translated from Hindi)*

[1] Sardar Vallabbhai Patel. (*Eds.*)

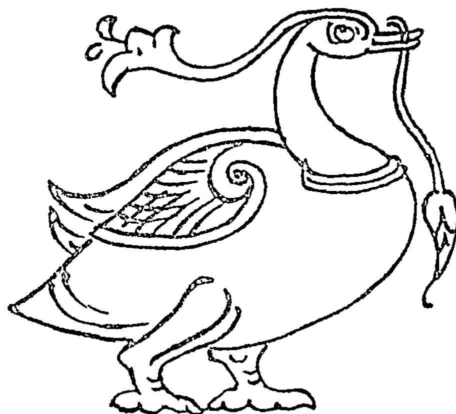
VI

Muriel Lester

When the new Kingsley Hall was nearly ready to be opened, I wrote to Bapuji asking him to do the opening. He said he couldn't leave India then—it was 1928, but he would like his representative, now in Europe, J. Nehru, to do the job. I wrote to J. at once, and he said he'd be glad to come if we could change the date and make it three weeks later, as he could not leave Switzerland then. But too many other people and other engagements were fixed up already in connection with the opening ceremony for our Committee to be able to postpone the date. So the Marquis of Kenilworth came to perform the opening instead.

J. N. was in prison during one of my five visits to India, and I had a half hour's talk with him there. He looked pale, and it was very hot. I asked if the hornets buzzing round didn't worry him. He looked amused as by some vivid memory and said: "Yes. At first they bothered me a good deal. The window seemed alive with them. I kept killing them, but always new ones flew in to take the place of the slaughtered. After days of this warfare, I decided to try non-violence. I pronounced a moratorium, vowing to kill no more and telling them to keep to their part of the cell, i.e., the window. I had no further trouble."

March 1949



VII

M. S. Aney

Jawaharlal Nehru has a keen sense of propriety and decency in regard to good manners in public behaviour. Some time after the session of the Indian National Congress at Gaya, a meeting of the A. I. C. C. was held at Bombay. The late Deshbandhu C. R. Das was in the chair. On a certain point, which I now don't remember, there was an animated discussion. I also participated in it. While doing so, I held my turban in one hand and the little betel-bag or *chunchi* of *pan* in the other. As I was moving both my hands frequently, the turban and the betel bag were also going up and down with the movements. I noticed some people laughing also while I was speaking, but I did not suspect that their laughter had anything to do with me. I may have hardly spoken for two or three minutes when Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who was then the Secretary of the I. N. C., got up all excited and indignant, and invited the attention of the President to the queer way in which I was addressing the meeting, and asked him whether it was permissible for a speaker to ignore all manners of propriety and decency while addressing the members of the committee. After Jawaharlal Nehru stated his point, I looked at myself and felt very small, and indeed ashamed of myself. I at once and almost instinctively put the turban on my head, and put down the *pan chunchi* on the floor, and expressed my profound regret at having done something that was obviously indecorous, inconsistent with good manners, and the dignity of the committee meeting. At this the members of the committee clapped, in which, I believe, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru joined. Deshbandhu Das, who was in the chair, said there was now nothing more to be done in regard to the point raised by the General Secretary as its purpose was served, and he called upon me to continue the speech. When I finished the speech and sat down, my friend, late Krishnaji Pant Khadilkar, editor of *Navakal*, who had a seat by my side, remarked in joke: "Well, Bapuji, you should take note that the old order was changing, yielding place to new, represented by men like Jawaharlal Nehru." "Yes, isn't it good?," I asked. Mr. Kakasahib Khadilkar concurred.

April 4, 1949

VIII

Niranjan Singh Gill

The word "Nehru" today symbolises something great, not purely in the sense of worldly fame and name, but of something noble and beautiful. It was in 1921, while serving with an Indian Army unit at Allahabad, that I first came across this illustrious family. Later, in 1930, I made use of an acquaintance, the Superintendent of Naini Jail, to visit Panditji, as calm and unruffled there as at his palatial family residence, *Anand Bhawan*, now the Nation's *Swaraj Bhawan*.

The march of life now takes me across the years 1930-1946, till I next met him; it takes me across all over India, Malaya, Japan, China, Siam, Burma, the I.N.A., and the Red Fort, and release from there in April 1946. My contact with Panditji till this time can be called more or less impersonal. Two incidents of the period however, though indirect, have left an impression on me, and so I record them. In the early thirties the very name of Nehru was tabooed in Army circles; and I was all but dismissed when in 1931, at a dinner at the officer's mess in Benares, I held that Nehru's integrity was beyond question. Today the same tabooed Nehru is the head of the Government, a proof that right must ultimately prevail, a lesson for the new generation to be fearless and upright. The second was the attitude of the senior Japanese Army Officers I came into contact with towards Panditji. They had respect for him, yes, but also a sense of anxiety sometimes amounting to hostility. Being part of a fascist machine, they obviously knew his anti-fascist views, his refusal to meet Mussolini, his refusal to compromise with principles, his refusal to accept that the end justifies the means. Righteous men, even though far away, are respected and feared by those following lower lines of thought and action.

And now comes the period of my closer touch with this great personality. During the period April-June 1946 I met him several times, and on each occasion came refreshed from his rich character. But it was after June 1946, when I became the President of the Combined Sikhs' *"Pritinidhi Panthic Board"*, that I came into closest contact with him. I shall never forget my first meeting with him as such at the house of Maulana Azad at New Delhi in June 1946. His bubbling and outspoken welcome was irresistible, and I forthwith requested him to regard me as his younger brother and to call me simply Naranjan; this welcome was impersonal, as to a colleague newly joined in National Service, a real leader's way and welcome.

And now I must relate an incident in some detail since it has an important bearing even now. In 1946 the Congress had accepted the proposals of the British Cabinet Mission headed by Lord Pethick-Lawrence which, though going a long way to meet the Muslim League point of view, kept India united. The Congress was naturally anxious that the Sikhs also followed suit, more so as the Muslim League attitude was vacillating. The vast majority of Sikhs, however, were against the

acceptance of these proposals, as the veto power given to the Muslims at the centre was unjustly denied to them in the Punjab. Under these proposals four Sikhs were due to join the Constituent Assembly, three Akalis and the fourth, Sardar Partap Singh, a member of the Congress Working Committee. As president of the Sikhs' Board I wanted the Sikh voice for justice to become effective, and at the same time bring all Sikhs alongside the Congress on all issues. It was Sardar Partap Singh's duty as a Congressman to comply with the Congress instructions not to boycott and join the Constituent Assembly. I, however, felt that this would create a split among the Sikhs and adversely affect their case. So I urged Panditji, then Congress President, to allow Sardar Partap Singh liberty to boycott. With a wonderful sense of fairness, he gave the permission. All Sikhs boycotted the Cabinet Mission's proposals, the Sikh voice became effective, the Congress passed a resolution appreciating and supporting the Sikh point of view, the boycott was lifted, and all Sikhs came alongside the Congress. To me it was and is a distinct proof that Panditji will never stand in the way of freedom of thought and action of any group or individual, a happy sign for future India. Further, it also means Panditji will gladly accept the just wishes and aspirations of all families of Mother India, and if the Sikhs have at any time cause to complain it certainly will not be due to the thoughts and actions of Panditji.

And now I take an anecdote on the lighter side. At a meeting of the Sikh delegation led by me with the Congress Working Committee at Wardha in July 1946, a member of my delegation—I confess rather unexpectedly and irrelevantly—asked if the Congress was going to follow the British policy of divide and rule and apply it to the Sikhs. Immediately retorted Panditji: "Yes it is our policy. We shall divide and rule." I felt embarrassed. Every one was quiet. I saw a quiet twinkle in Gandhiji's eyes. A minute later Panditji smiled. All was over. Obviously Panditji, with a sensitive and supremely clear conscience, finds it difficult to tolerate imputation of wrong motives, irrelevancy or inefficiency. But this short-lived impatience was followed by a winning smile, uncovering a transparent soul.

I often visited Panditji during those days at 17, York Road, and invariably found him coming out of the house and even to the car to see one off. He did it with such natural grace that I still blame myself for not asking Panditji not to waste his precious time thus. Nevertheless, it illuminates his character.

Although the whole of India, and even Pakistan, should by now know that Panditji is absolutely secular in thought, word and deed, I add from personal testimony that when, in January 1947, I was working with Gandhiji at Noakhali, both Gandhiji and Panditji were very keen that I went to Bihar also to work for the stricken Muslims. Here is an extract from his letter still with me, dated February 16, 1947: "I am glad you have gone to Bihar. Your presence there will be helpful. As you say, truth is not very pleasant, but it is always better to *force it*. Keep in close touch with Badshah Khan,[1] and co-operate with him fully. Also, as Bapuji says, you

[1]Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan of the North-West Frontier. (*Eds.*)

should keep contact with the Ministers. I hope your work will bear fruit." Again, when I met him after the mid-1947 riots in the Punjab, there seemed to be a barrier between him and those who came from the areas where he felt Muslims were the victims. His fine sense, always soaring towards the ideal, would not easily appreciate that it was a simultaneous act of self-defence on a large scale, turned into fury at places, but a direct result of the Muslim League propaganda and acts of hatred and violence. But he was right in the higher sense, as such riots do no good to any one, but set going a vicious circle. Although the world is not fit yet for Bapu's immortal message, all great men keep the ideal next to their hearts and practice a constant effort to reach it, and thus they are a class by themselves.

Such men as Nehru make, and are a part of, History. And it is for History ultimately to judge him. Yet, why should his contemporaries lose the pleasure of leaving to posterity their impressions of this colossal figure, whom they had the privilege to live and work with. As Gandhi was the natural successor of the Buddha and Nanak, Nehru is the modern Asoka, the Modern Akbar. He belongs to humanity. Such men come to make the march of civilization strikingly effective. India is fortunate at having him leading her, at a time when Asia looks up to Bharat as she herself did to Japan after her victory over Russia in 1904. Japan proved unequal to the task, because she based her philosophy and action on might. But India's path—the path of absolute love and justice—has been laid differently by the Master, who left us physically hardly one year ago. And our Prime Minister has the ability and moral courage to lead India along that glorious path, and the Creator is sure to give him the opportunity also of guiding Asia and humanity towards "peace and goodwill among fellow beings."

January 26, 1949 "JAI HIND"

IX

Lionel Fielden

To write my sincere good wishes to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru on his sixtieth birthday is a pleasure which can't be refused: to write something suitable for a fearfully large and serious commemoration volume is rather different. I doubt my qualifications and ability. All that I can do is to flash my rusty little torch of memory over the regrettable past, and see if anything worth printer's ink comes to light. Not very likely, I guess: for I never knew Jawaharlal as well as I would have liked to do: that great fat white slug, the Government of India, messed up all my efforts to be friendly: and so, at times (it seems to me) did Jawaharlal himself. Well, on those times my torch shall not flash: but here are three little memories which come up in its light—but no, there are four.

One night in 1936 or thereabouts, at ten o'clock, I was sitting alone in my rather silly, rather grand house in Bhagwandas Road, New Delhi, when the telephone rang. The voice that spoke was Jawaharlal's. I could hardly credit my ears. I was a Government servant: he was an exile in the Congress camp. The voice said: "I say—we've just got back to this filthy camp of ours and there is'nt a thing to eat. If we came over, d'you think you could give us something?" To say that I was thrilled would be an under-statement: I was shot to the seventh heaven by the idea that my efforts to behave decently had penetrated to Jawaharlal. I said, cautiously: "My servants have all gone to bed: but I think I could cook up some eggs." "Good," replied Jawaharlal, "but, mind you, no politics!" Rather disappointed, I said "O. K.", and went to cook the eggs: presently Jawaharlal and Nan Pandit arrived. I seated them in my long white drawing-room and asked: "Well? What do you think of my house?" Jawaharlal cast his eyes around, and up to the ceiling where little clerestory windows gave on to the roof (through which I guessed that Sir John Ewart's spies were peering with bulging eyes and ears cupped for treasonable talk), and said: "H'm, stately, I'd say, rather than cosy." He was right. In any case, we spent a delightful, non-political evening, and that was that. Not much of a memory, but nevertheless one which, given the circumstances of the time, I did'nt and don't forget.

I flash my little torch again, and see Jawaharlal ascending the steps of my—then—odd little radio station in Alipur Road, Delhi. It had been a great effort to persuade him to visit it. He came only in the strictest secrecy. He felt that it was hostile ground for him, and indeed in a sense it was. He said very little as I took him round, and I (so I imagine) must have talked incoherently in my efforts to interest him. When we came to the end, I was maddeningly aware that I had really failed to do so. So I said to him: "Look, here's the microphone: take it and say anything

you like to India." He stood on the steps in the sunshine, shaking his head. "I don't want to ruin you: and what should I say?" I said: "I don't mind if the Government sacks me tomorrow: in fact it would be worth it if I had made you broadcast." But he shook his head and went down the steps, leaving me to think for the thousandth time how odious was my position.

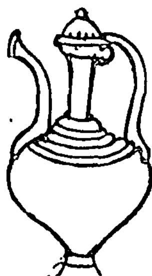
My torch picks up a later date—1940. Sir Andrew Clow, that pious man under whom I had the misfortune to serve, says to me suddenly (but with a certain hesitation): "I—I think I'd rather like to meet Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru: do you think you could arrange it?" I was flabbergasted, as well I might be: Clow certainly did not love me, yet he could presumably find none else as a go-between. I took Jawaharlal, of course, and there was bright conversation on the lawn, with Ariadne Clow presiding over the silver teapot and *cliches*. I shall never quite forget that horrid scene: Ariadne shooting her social chatter over the table, and Jawaharlal with a yellow face, sitting huddled in a dusty black *achkan*, frayed and green with age: and the war coming nearer to India. Then Clow led him away for a "quiet chat in the study," and he came back looking, if possible, yellower than before. I knew that the experiment had gone the way of all my other experiments to bridge unbridgeable gulfs.

And lastly my torch comes to rest on a letter in Jawaharlal's beautiful script. In it, among other things, there is written:

"I have had to put up with a great deal which might have embittered me and filled me with hate, and yet I have survived. I feel pretty lonely often enough, but not bitter against anybody. Why should you succumb to this bitterness and hate? I suppose Delhi, Imperial Delhi, is partly responsible for it. It is not easy to remain sane there, and even I cannot stand it for long."

Well, there he is now, in Delhi: and, though things have changed all right, I daresay that even now it is'nt too easy to remain sane there. Fortunately for India and the world, no signs of insanity are to be detected: and it only remains for this humble and distant admirer to wish every success and good fortune to Jawaharlal and to the new India which is growing under his gentle hand.

April 2, 1949



X

Haribhau Upadhyaya

Reading Bryce's *Modern Democracies* in jail in 1930, I found a description of the ideal democrat. The first image this description calls to my mind was that of Gandhiji. But it seems to me that with him non-violence is more important; he had always insisted that true democracy could only be founded on non-violence, and it was only in this qualified sense that he would care to be a democrat. Looking for another example of a modern democrat, the smiling face of Jawaharlal came before me. While he accepts Gandhiji's ideal of *ahimsa*, he can reconcile himself to the modern conception of democracy which does not completely eschew violence. Gandhiji insisted on adherence not only to the general principle, but also to details. Regarding democracy, however, Jawaharlal is particular only about the general principle and he is prepared to compromise on detail; indeed, a good democrat co-operates even against his private opinion. This quality is found in Jawaharlal more than in any other Indian leader of to-day. In discussion, in committees, he fights gallantly for his ideas or plans of action, but once a decision is taken he devotes himself to its implementation, even if it is against his own views. This quality distinguishes him from all his colleagues. He was opposed to the programme of entering legislatures and accepting ministry, but no sooner had the working Committee and the Congress accepted that policy than he carried it out with an enthusiasm that surprised observers. So much so, that it may be fairly said that the success of the policy is due entirely to Jawaharlal. This complete effacement of self in carrying out plans and schemes laid down by others against one's own views is no mean virtue: it is an expression of complete dedication to the common good. When I translated Nehru's autobiography I wrote to Gandhiji that Jawaharlal was probably his best disciple, being more devoted to the ideal of truth and non-violence than many others who taught so much about them and were so loud in their professions of faith in them. True, Jawaharlal mentioned truth and non-violence very rarely, but his conduct was apparently very strictly guided by these ideals. Gandhiji agreed with me. Though he declared Jawaharlal to be only his political heir or successor, I think Gandhiji was deeply conscious of Jawaharlal's devotion to his moral and ethical ideas.

Jawaharlal is a statesman of a high order. While lacking the silent organisational genius of Sardar Patel, his political vision, his world consciousness, his intellectual and moral integrity, his sparkling honesty and sincerity of purpose, his wide and democratic vision, his aloofness from diplomacy and party machinations, his remarkable command over popular sentiment, his good taste, and his liberal culture are many qualities of heart, head and soul, which make him one of the greatest citizens not only of India or Asia, but of the whole world. Indeed, these qualities give

him a unique position amongst statesmen throughout the world—a position now being universally recognised.

I cannot recall when I first met Jawaharlalji. The oldest incident that comes to my mind dates back to 1923, when he was playing some games with students of the Sabarmati *ashram* in Ahmadabad. I had also turned up; something I said so delighted him that he embraced me. This was my first experience of his generous and open-hearted behaviour. He has a remarkable way of identifying himself with children and young folk generally.

I next recall a train journey together from Ahmadabad to Ajmer. I was then Secretary of the Ajmer Provincial Congress Committee, and we were discussing Congress matters. The conversation somehow drifted on to other subjects. He was then President of the Congress, but it did not appear at all as if a great man was discussing matters with a junior worker. Such frank and equal communion is an intrinsic part of his political life.

As we reached Abu Road station, I had another memorable experience. While I was still engrossed in thought, as a result of our conversation, he opened the door and jumped out on the platform, returning shortly with his hands full of refreshments for both of us. I felt overwhelmed and made a feeble protest, to which he just smiled, and said: "Why, don't I know how to buy a thing?"

A few examples of his sudden outbursts of temper would not be out of place. Shortly before the election of the present legislature, he visited Ajmer as the President of the Congress. The Ajmer Municipality had arranged for a civic reception. There was a huge crowd. Panditji broke through, but I was left behind. He fought and pushed his way back, slapped someone on the face—either a volunteer or a spectator—caught hold of my hand and dragged me in with him. Soon after, the crowd crashed the gates, also smashing the glazed windows of the hall, to get in. Jawaharlal inevitably rose to the occasion: he was here, there and everywhere, pulling back the surging crowd.

I had a taste of his temper, too, during this campaign. The citizens of Beawar had decorated the town in his honour, and were eager to carry him in procession through the streets. It was about 11 P. M.; I was entrusted with the task of putting the proposal before Panditji. He revels in crowds and processions, but on that occasion he suddenly flared up. There would be no procession, he declared, or else he would cancel the Beawar programme and leave immediately. He went on in this strain for some time. This was my first experience of his temper, and I felt so sore that if it had been anyone else I would never have spoken to him again. The procession was given up. But later in the night, when he saw the decoration and illumination of the town, he perhaps regretted his decision. In any case, he made amends in his characteristic fashion, and praised the enthusiasm and taste of the Beawar public.

Jawaharlal's father often related anecdotes of what he called Jawahar's "monkey tricks." When Pandit Motilal Nehru visited Gandhiji in the Poona Hospital after his appendicitis operation I was present, attending on Gandhiji. Pandit

Motilal Nehru talked of Jawahar's doings, and said: "I know you will not discuss politics, but you will have to give Jawahar—a talking too........" Gandhiji replied: "Certainly I will do as you wish." Panditji went on: "In the first place, he does not listen to me. He often lives on parched rice and roasted gram, and travels third class in the burning summer: this is more than I can stand. I appreciate sacrifice and endurance, but this is just primitiveness; it hurts me. You must talk to him about it, he listens to you; and as for his monkey tricks, I must tell you his latest—perhaps you have heard already. At the *Maghmela* at the *Sangam*[1] the police had cordoned off the river in order to control the crowd; Malaviyaji objected to this, and declared he would offer Civil Resistance. Jawahar just went to the spot, made a *monkey jump* over the cordon right into the water. Since then I have been teasing Indu, telling her her father is a monkey, and is always up to some mischief or other. You must talk to him about both these things." Gandhiji reassured him, and promised to discuss the matter with the son.

If I remember right, Pandit Motilal also told Gandhiji of a meeting, perhaps in Gorakhpur, where Jawaharlal has exhibited his remarkable command over popular sentiment. Motilalji was visibly moved in describing the incident. He related how Jawaharlal first roused the public to fury against the British Government, and got them to vote for its destruction by armed insurrection if arms could be available. Then, pointing out the lack of arms and explaining Gandhiji's technique of non-violence, he persuaded them to vote against their own opinion, and in favour of the declaration that, even if arms were available, they would eschew them and attain *Swaraj* through non-violent struggle. Gandhiji was very pleased with the report.

Motilalji is no more. Gandhiji, Sarojini, Jamnalal, whose deep affection and guidance helped Jawaharlal, and in whom he imposed implicit trust, have all gone. But Jawaharlal's indomitable spirit is not broken, or even shaken. He still has Rajaji[2] and the Sardar by his side, but apart from this he has his own unique position of honour, without a blemish. May Providence sustain him for a hundred years, and may the whole world claim his greatness as her own.

May 15, 1949 (*Translated from Hindi*)

[1] The confluence of the Ganga and the Yamuna at Allahabad. (*Eds.*)
[2] H. E. Sri C. Rajagopalachari, Governor-General of India.

XI

Kainikkara M. Kumara Pillai

This happened eighteen years ago; still it is fresh in my memory as if it happened only yesterday. I was then the Headmaster of the N.S.S. English High School at Karuvatta, a coastal village in Central Travancore, on the Quilon-Alleppey road.

Towards the end of May 1931, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, accompanied by his wife and daughter, visited Travancore. When we knew he would be passing through Karuvatta, we arranged a public reception under the auspices of the school, and got it included in his tour programme. We were informed that he would stop there for fifteen minutes.

Naturally, this got very wide publicity, and men and women and children from far and near gathered in their thousands in the school premises, to behold in flesh and blood the legend that was Nehru, and to listen to his authentic voice.

Now, there was a village gunner whom we used to patronise on festive occasions. He was very keen that he should be permitted to fire some of his harmless cannon on that great day. In a weak, fateful moment I yielded to his entreaty.

Thanks to his enthusiasm, the dawn of Wednesday, May 27, literally exploded into that quiet village. From early morning he kept the neighbourhood constantly rocking to the thunder of his cannon. He was not going to let any one forget even for a moment the unique event.

At about 10 A.M., the appointed hour, Panditji and party arrived, and they were immediately taken to a high dais in the open air. With a view to making him talk for most of the fifteen minutes of his stop there, all unnecessary items had been cut out, and I ruthlessly curtailed even the necessary ones—a most selfish act of heroic self-abnegation! My welcome speech was the shortest ever delivered. It did not take more than a minute. Then a very short manuscript address in Hindi was read and presented to Panditji. That, too, was over in less than a minute.

I must say a word about this address. For I have a suspicion that it too had a share in bringing about what followed. I wrote it in Malayalam, and got it translated into Hindi by our Hindi Pandit. Since my knowledge of Hindi was—it still is—very meagre, I could not ensure or vouch for the success and quality of the translation. I confess to having tried to put something lofty and poetical into it. That, I am sure every body will agree, was only natural and excusable in the circumstance; for who does not know that the subject—who was also the object—of the address is highly provocative of such distempers in susceptible minds! However, that made the translator's job more difficult. Whether all I sought to put into it came out, and came out in proper shape, in the translation, I do not know. But one thing I

know—it caused not a little amusement to Panditji. That I reckon was the beginning of the catastrophe.

Now Panditji rose to reply. You will note he had about thirteen minutes before him. A tense, expectant silence settled over the vast gathering. And that peculiar voice with its rich, penetrating, vibrant timbre at the core, and a sweet, silky, almost sad huskiness about it, rose into the stillness of the air.

He confessed at the outset that he had not been able to understand fully the address presented to him! Here the writer and the translator of that piece of abstruse literature exchanged guilty glances. Panditji then began to speak of the great struggle in which the nation was engaged, and stressed the importance of Hindi as an instrument of national integration. He had not spoken for three minutes—he was just warming up, when a loud explosion shattered the profound stillness, startling alike the speaker and the audience. My gunner had not been idle!

I wonder if Panditji finished the sentence he had commenced. He stopped short, and, turning to me suddenly, said: "I suppose that is a signal for me to stop." This gave me a far severer shock than my gunner's cannon. I leaped up saying, "No, Panditji!" But he said, "I think it is!". I fired half a dozen emphatic "No's." Still he persisted, "Yes, yes, it is!". There was no mistaking the meaning of the smile that now played about those eloquent lips, or the twinkle that danced in those large bright eyes. My heart sank. He meant mischief!

Certainly his sense of time could not have been so absurdly inaccurate as to render him incapable of distinguishing between three minutes and thirteen minutes. The fact is, his sense of fun, which had already been tickled by something in the address, was now violently excited by the preposterous explosion. He had seen a jolly good joke in the whole thing, and was determined to enjoy it.

Gently, but resolutely, he ignored all my vehement protestations and prayers, and deliberately crossed the dais and descended the steps. The dutiful wife and daughter followed. When we were walking to the gate, I told him what a dreadful disappointment it had been to all of us. He just laughed and said, "It's nothing; it's all right." He departed.

Well, it was NOT nothing, and it was NOT all right so far as the thousands who had gathered there were concerned. But what possibly could we do against the formidable combination of the gunner's innocent idiocy and Panditji's glorious gaiety!

I have always taken it as a positive proof of the fundamentally non-violent nature of our people that the very natural and, in the circumstance, highly justifiable idea of at least mobbing and lynching the gunner never occurred to the vast gathering that day.

My personal reactions to that gunner have always been divided. If he caused me one of the severest disappointments I have experienced, he also gave me one of the pleasantest surprises of my life—the sight of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in a playful, almost mischievous, mood. It was a revelation to me. Though we paid dearly for it, it was not a bad bargain.

About six years after that, I happened to read in one of the world's best autobiographies, about the lad who had delighted in frightening "hydrophobic" humans like the late T.B. Sapru and others, by pulling or pushing them into the swimming pool at *Anand Bhawan*. And I remembered the unfinished speech!

I am certain that that lad is even now very much alive somewhere in the crowded, immeasurable vastness of our great Prime Minister, and that he will come out if given the right opportunity and the proper provocation. I wish he gets them often. That would mean much-needed relaxation to the much-worried and over-worked Prime Minister, and, incidentally, uncommon delectation to those who happen to be around. I fervently hope his grandson, little Gandhi, will see to it.

April 13, 1949



XII

Gertrude Emerson Sen

The greatness of Jawaharlal Nehru does not need my little torch to illuminate it, nor am I one of just a privileged few who can say they know him. How many others also have their little imperishable memories of him. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, have had some sort of personal contact with him. Nor has he changed his style since he became Prime Minister of India. I wonder if the Prime Minister of any other country remains equally accessible to everbody? Little children solemnly garland him (though he prefers, in off moments when he gets the the chance, just to play with them). Peasants stop his car to offer him baskets of vegetables without fear of reproach. Students tumultuously climb on the running board. Refugees camp on both sides of the long approach to his private residence. Though his secretaries try their best to protect him, they succeed none too well. He feels that he is literally the chief servant of the people. How, then, can he hold aloof? So he goes on laying endless corner-stones, attending endless meetings, making innumerable public addresses—and works late into the night, and rises early in the morning, to make up for the intrusions upon his time, energy and patience. Privacy, he has said, is to be found only above ten thousand feet. Is it to be found even there, for a Nehru?

My own first meeting with him goes back more than fifteen years. In January, 1934, he came to Calcutta with Kamala Nehru, in what was to be a brief interval between prison sentences. He wanted to consult the doctors about his wife's health, and also, as he afterwards wrote, to pay tribute to the Bengalis for the extraordinary sufferings they had recently undergone for the sake of the independence movement. At that time I was in Calcutta, and as I happened to be the representative in India of the now defunct American Magazine *Asia*, and also bore a roving commission to pick up good book manuscripts wherever possible, I naturally wanted to meet Jawaharlal Nehru. To my request for an interview, I was told to come that same night, at nine o'clock, to the house in Minto Park where he was staying.

My husband and I arrived promptly, and were shown into a rather stuffy drawing-room. Pandit Nehru, we were told, had only just sat down to dinner, having returned late from a public meeting. Almost immediately, however, there he was, in the familiar white *khaddar*, greeting us first in Indian fashion, and then with a conventional western handshake. Smiling faintly, he apologized for the necessity of keeping us waiting another ten or fifteen minutes. It was not the dinner that mattered, but unfortunately there were other guests present. In less than the stipulated time, he was back again, with no hint of having rushed through his meal, no indication that all the time in the world was not really at our disposal. The others



CAMBRIDGE BOAT CREW, 1908
On floor, right : J. L. Nehru—Cox.

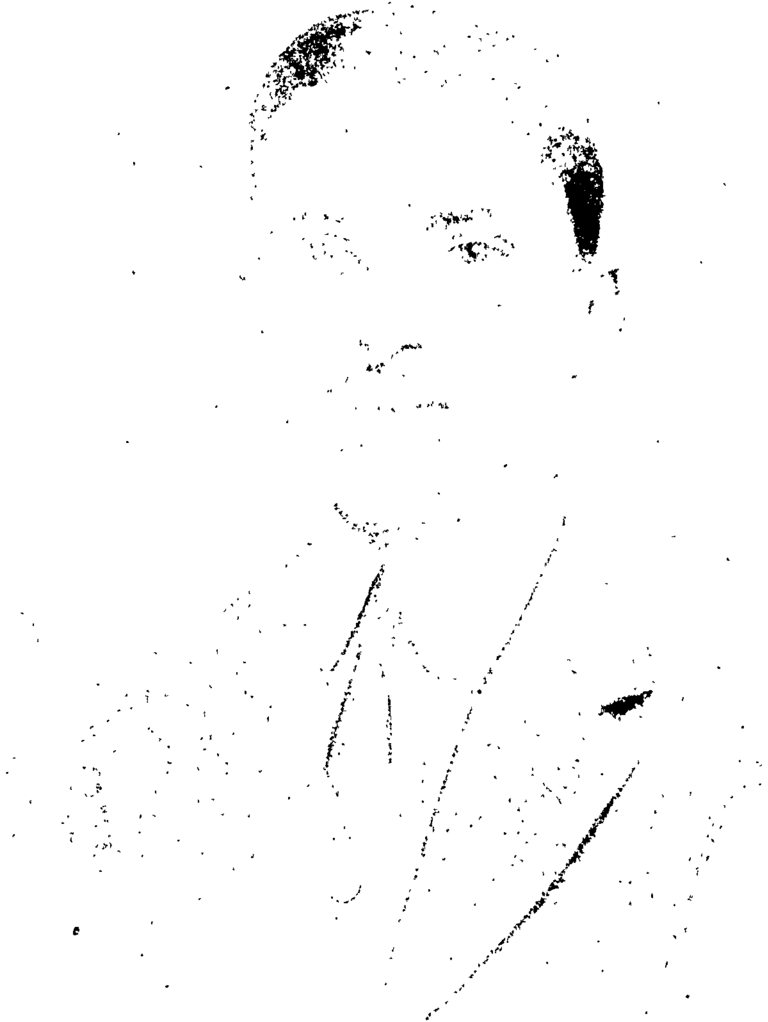
Courtesy : Sri Braj Mohan Vyas, Allahabad



AT HARROW, 1907



CAMBRIDGE, 1908



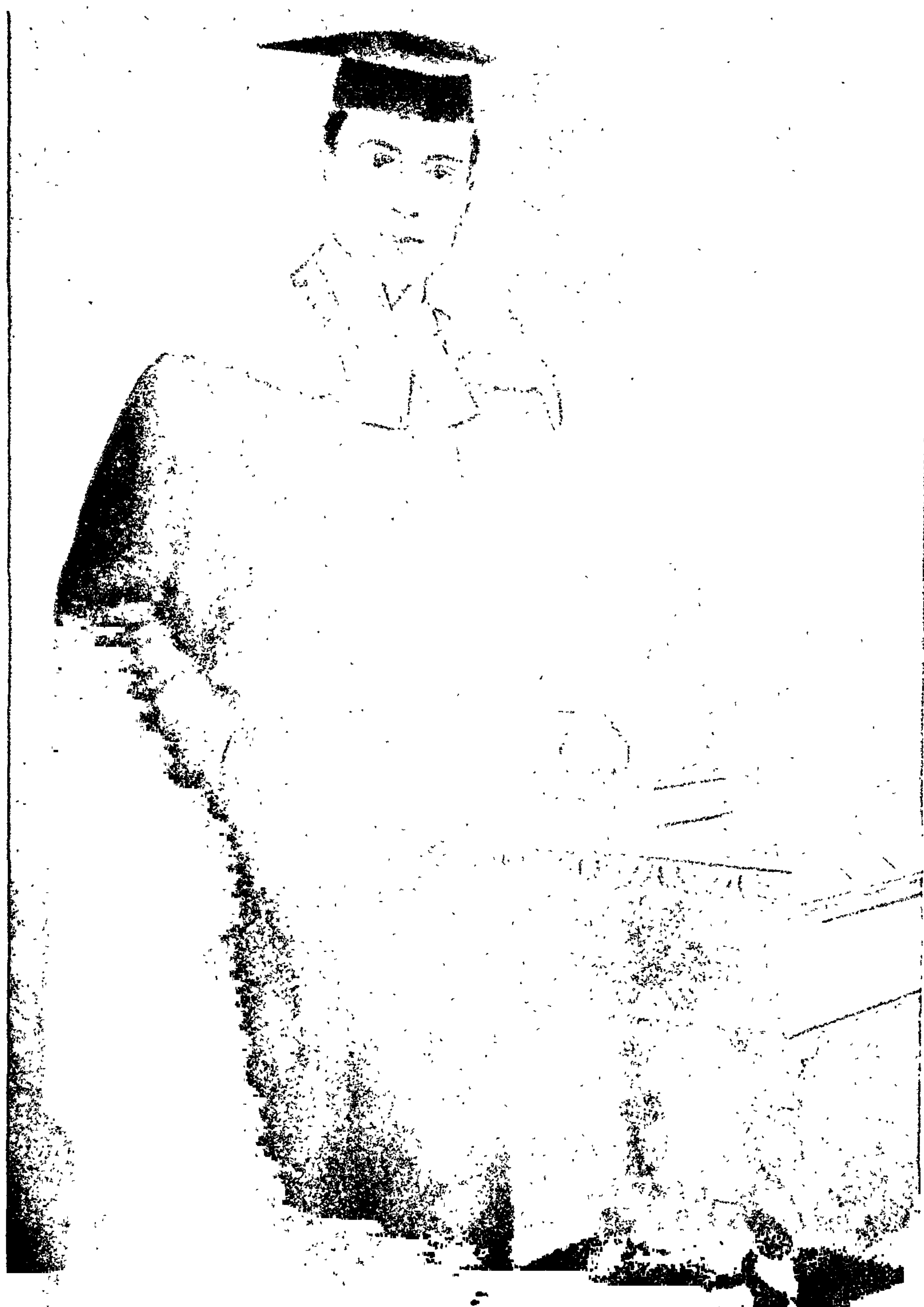
CAMBRIDGE, 1909



CAMBRIDGE, 1910



CAMBRIDGE, 1910



IN THE CAMBRIDGE CAP AND GOWN, 1910



AT THE INNER TEMPLE

gradually came in and grouped themselves about the room, and I recognised the thin, dynamic Kamala Nehru among them. There were huge dark circles about her eyes, and she looked ill. From the opposite side of the room, though we were not introduced, she joined in the conversation once or twice. That was the only time I was to meet her, but I remember her vividly.

Nehru answered questions on many subjects, and I found myself not only listening to him with intense interest, but watching his sensitive mobile face with equal interest. He looked just as I expected him to look, but the black eyebrows and eyes jumped dramatically out of the pale face, contrasting sharply with the already graying hair. I noted the extreme delicacy of the lines of the face, predominantly serious and thoughtful, but lighting up unexpectedly at intervals with the sudden flash of a smile, gone almost as quickly as it came. Portraits by eastern artists—Chinese, Persian, Mughal—often display that same incredible delicacy of line, but here before me I was conscious of the unusual quality it gave to the living face. The aristocrat, the man of culture, was unmistakably reflected. He was also present in the pleasant voice and distinguished manner of speech.

Nehru certainly had none of the tricks or mannerisms usually associated with a popular political leader, at least in the United States, and I kept wondering in what lay his hold upon the people. With his obtrusively foreign education, did he speak their language at all? It was obvious that he did, or otherwise why should he stand next to Gandhiji in their affections and estimation? This, it seemed to me, was a genuine tribute to the innate culture of the Indian people themselves. They did not have to be literate to appreciate noble qualities when they saw them, such as a sense of honour, loyalty, truthfulness, steadfastness, courage and unselfishness. On his part, without being in the least sentimental, Nehru had their interests deeply at heart. Why, then, should there not be a firm bond between them?

"The Indian masses have the ingrained habit of expecting everything to be done from the top," he said once. "Therefore, presumably, action will have to take place at the top. But our effort will be to train the masses to act for themselves. The village and its *panchayat* will be the starting point." Later, he returned to the same theme. "Peasants can be organized through their grievances. The masses, when you talk to them about nationalization of land, are frightened. They cannot conceive the idea. But when you tell a peasant, "the land ought to belong to you," he understands and agrees."

One saw the keen analytical mind at work in almost everything he said. He had set himself to understand and then to state clearly the strength and weakness of his own forces on the one hand, and of his opponents on the other, much as a general takes stock in planning a critical military campaign. "It is not a handful of Britishers who hold India," he remarked. "Behind that small group is the might and power of the whole British Empire." But the strength of India, too, was a formidable factor, in spite of appearances. The army, he pointed out, was mainly drawn from among villagers, and had interests identical with those of the people. "During the days of the no-rent campaign," he told us, "soldiers used to tell villagers privately:

"Don't pay, and don't worry. We are not going to shoot you!" Differences between the labouring class and the peasants, too, were not so sharp. A large percentage of city workers returned to their villages at harvest time, and their interests, though largely centred in questions of wages and conditions of work, were not in conflict with the fundamental interests of the peasants. But after the achievement of independence, revolutionary changes, both in economics and matters of social reform, must follow as quickly as possible.

I could see that Nehru was a long-term planner, with his eyes fixed on the future. As for the present, he had his own strategy. "I am a great believer in being aggressive," he said simply. "If the government knows it can't frighten you into keeping still, it has to think carefully before putting you in prison, and count the consequences."

As I look back, I see the consistency of Nehru over the period of these fifteen years. The national interest first, with emphasis on the peasant as the keystone of the future India. A long vision. Personal courage, with never a thought of himself, his own safety, his own convenience.

Before we left, I made the suggestion that when next he found himself in jail, with plenty of time for literary work, he should write a history of the independence struggle in the form of his own autobiography. "I'll think about it," he answered non-committally.

The opportunity was to come even sooner than expected. The speech he had made that very afternoon was the excuse for his arrest in Allahabad, three weeks later. He was brought back to Calcutta and locked up in jail for the seventh time, with a two-year sentence. But he did write the *Autobiography*, and the world was made richer by one more great work written from the inside of a prison, or rather, in this case, various prisons, for Nehru was shifted about from one jail to another, as if the authorities really couldn't decide what they ought to do with him.

By an unexpected coincidence, he was finally brought to the Almora District Jail in November, and there we were to see him again. Almora is our permanent home, where my husband has established a small laboratory for physiological and agricultural research. Much as we longed to see Nehru when we learned of his arrival in Almora, we hesitated to ask for permission to visit him. The number of his visitors was strictly limited, and a visit from us might well curtail one from his daughter Indira, or some other member of the family. By this time, Kamala Nehru had been brought to the Sanatorium at Bhowali, on the way to Almora, and it was easy for somebody to motor up from there for the permissible fortnightly visit to the jail. One day, however, the acting Civil Surgeon very obligingly made a suggestion. We could easily visit the jail, he said, and go round with him on his routine inspection. Naturally, he would see Nehru in the course of his inspection, and we should then have the opportunity to exchange at least a few words with him. The plan worked to perfection, and we eventually came to his "lordly barrack," as he afterwards described it in his *Autobiography*. It was fifty-one feet by seventeen, he tells us, with fifteen barred windows covered with tattered coir matting, which did

not prevent the clouds from creeping in and filling the place with damp mist on winter nights. (This barrack has since been divided into two rooms, in one of which we had the honour, a few years later, of calling on Premier Pant.)

Nehru seemed pleasantly surprised to see us, but conversation in the presence of various jail officials necessarily took on the painful restrictions of the atmosphere. As we were all standing about a little awkwardly, the daily bulletin came in about his wife's health, and the paper was handed from one official to another, and read by each in turn, before at last it was handed to Nehru. With a quick gesture of suppressed anger and indignation, and without even glancing at it, he thrust it into his pocket. What right had everybody else to read the report about his wife before he himself was permitted to see it? Or perhaps, with his usual courtesy, he considered us as his "guests" for the moment. We did not linger, but said good-bye at once. As he turned from us at the door of his cell, I saw him hurriedly take out the paper. He was reading, as the Civil Surgeon afterwards informed us, the bad news that Kamala was worse. The following May she was sent to Europe, with the vain hope that she might improve there. Contrary to expectation, she did not improve, and in September, after almost a year in the Almora Jail, Nehru was released, five and a half months before his term was due to expire, so that he might join her abroad.

After this, we met him again during the intervals when he was free, on various occasions, some of them in pleasantly normal circumstances, as for instance at *Anand Bhawan*, Lucknow, or Delhi. Once he even spent a night with us at Almora on his way down from a brief holiday at Khali, the estate between Binsar and Almora acquired by Ranjit Pandit. But these were stormy years, with the shadow of prison never far from the Indian leaders, and there were vindictive sentences awaiting them all. The Government, then represented by Lord Linlithgow (with Churchill and Amery looming large in the background) had no love for Nehru, because they had no answer to his logical demand that if World War II was being fought for the freedom of oppressed nations and democracy, as they said it was, then India should be told that she, too, would get her freedom at its successful conclusion. Matters finally came to a head in August, 1942, when Mahatma Gandhi and all the members of the Working Committee of the Congress once more went back to jail, Gandhiji to the gilded cage of the Aga Khan's palace at Poona, with Mrs. Naidu to help look after him, and the rest to the fortress at Ahmadnagar. The curtain dropped, and we heard no news of them, nor they, except for tantalizing rumour, of the terrible events which were taking place in the country after their arrest. Many thousands were now following the leaders into the jammed prisons and internment camps.

But, as Nehru had remarked during that first interview in Calcutta, people make plans, forgetting that "the rest of the world is not going to stand still." The war was won by the Allies, and Lord Wavell took the place of Lord Linlithgow in India. The Labour Party succeeded the Conservatives in Britain, and the three-man Parliamentary Mission was appointed to come to India and review the situation, to see if the old triangular deadlock could at last be resolved. There was general clamour for

the release of the imprisoned leaders, "to produce the necessary atmosphere of conciliation."

One afternoon in early May, 1945, the English wife of the Almora Forest Officer came down, bursting with excitement. We had just received a "distinguished guest" at the Almora Jail, and since the police officer who had brought him up was staying with her, she had the information straight. It was Nehru, of course, and he had been brought up, along with Narendra Deva, just for the purpose of releasing him five days later in a quiet little place like Almora, thus preventing the wild demonstrations which would otherwise take place. As yet, however, no official word of his impending release had leaked out. We were so sure of it, all the same, that we sent a note over to the jail to say that if we could offer him a bed or a meal or any other form of hospitality when he came out, we should certainly feel honoured and privileged. That same evening the news finally came over the radio that all members of the Congress Working Committee would be released the next morning at eight o'clock.

There are not many radios in Almora, and probably few knew the good news, but we started out along the road the next morning, expecting to meet him on the way. Near the motor stand we saw a little procession of perhaps a hundred persons marching along, with Nehru and Narendra Deva at their head. He thanked us for our note, and explained that he was being taken for tea somewhere, but later, during the day—he could not say just when—he would surely come along to us. He did not expect to spend the night in Almora, however. He ought to go straight on to Naini Tal, but he was thinking of going out to Khali for just one night, instead. He did not say—what we at once understood—that he was thinking of Ranjit, who had died while he was in jail, and that the visit to Khali would be in the nature of a personal pilgrimage.

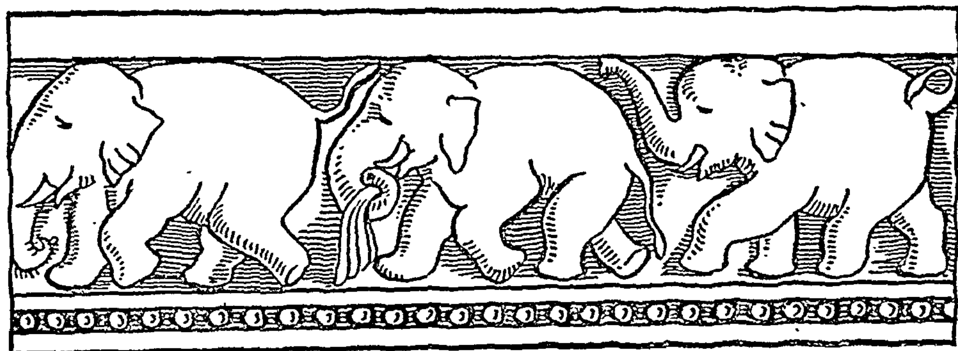
About noon, some one brought a scribbled note from him to say he would be arriving in fifteen minutes and would lunch with us. There was a scramble, for it seemed that our lunch that day was particularly inadequate, and there was no time to make any more suitable arrangements. Just before lunch, remembering the request of the Forest Officer's wife that if it were at all possible she and her husband would love to meet Nehru just once before they left India in the general exodus now envisaged, I took the liberty of sending her a line to the effect that if they came down immediately, and would stay not more than ten minutes, they would have the opportunity they wanted. In a way, this seemed an imposition on Nehru, but their interest in him was genuine, and they both liked India, and we were good neighbours and friends. She came hurrying down at once, but without her husband, who was away in his office. I cite this trivial incident, simply because it gave us another chance to feel proud of the quality of the man soon destined to become India's Prime Minister. There was no hint of bitterness or dislike towards a private individual, who nevertheless belonged to that race at whose hands he had spent so many dreary years of his youth and mature manhood in jail. He talked pleasantly and graciously, and as she got up to go, insisted on her taking with her a generous share of the early mangoes he had just received from his garden at Allahabad

and had brought along with him from the jail, because, as he put it, it was rather a pity to leave them behind.

Very different was the calibre of the Deputy Commissioner of Almora, who happened to be out on tour when Nehru was brought to the Almora Jail. By the time he returned, Nehru had already departed. A few days later, however, he called upon us and formally announced that we were guilty of having invited Nehru to our house, and that he could no longer meet us socially. Henceforth, if we met at all, it would have to be on neutral ground. Nehru, he concluded, his face suddenly flushing with anger, was Public Enemy Number One! My husband quietly opened the door for him to depart, remarking as he did so: "You are at perfect liberty to hold your views, and obviously we have equal liberty to hold ours." Needless to say, the D.C. resigned when the Congress came back into power, and the "Public Enemy Number One" was invited by Lord Wavell to head the caretaker government which took over, preceding full independence.

After lunch on that memorable day, we deliberately practised an act of renunciation. Instead of plying Nehru with questions, we let him alone. He had a slight fever, and he looked almost transparent as he sat back in a corner of the couch. One could almost see the inner man. He looked rested, in a way, as a result of the long enforced seclusion of jail. But his eyes moved slowly up and down the room, taking in every detail. "It seems so strange to be free," he said quietly. "I do not mean physically, but psychologically." How, one wondered, could they lock up a man like this, whose only crime was love of country, and the wish for his country to be free. What fantastic nonsense! But they had locked up Gandhiji, too. Anyway, it was all over now, and he had come out of prison for the last time. "You will be going down to a terribly strenuous time," we said. "Please take a little rest now." And we led him to the guest room and insisted on his lying down. "Call me at three," he requested. Exactly at three, as we were reluctantly preparing to call him, he appeared in the doorway of his own accord, ready to go to Khali, as pre-arranged, and, after that, to go down and take up the responsibility of steering India safely to her goal.

May 12, 1949



XIII

Nathu Ram Dwivedi

It was a memorable, yet unfortunate, episode which was enacted at Charkhari, a tiny town, the capital of erstwhile Charkhari State (Bundelkhand), a rendezvous of feudal autocracy, for it was at once a dramatic affair in all its appearances which forms the theme of this romantic anecdote.

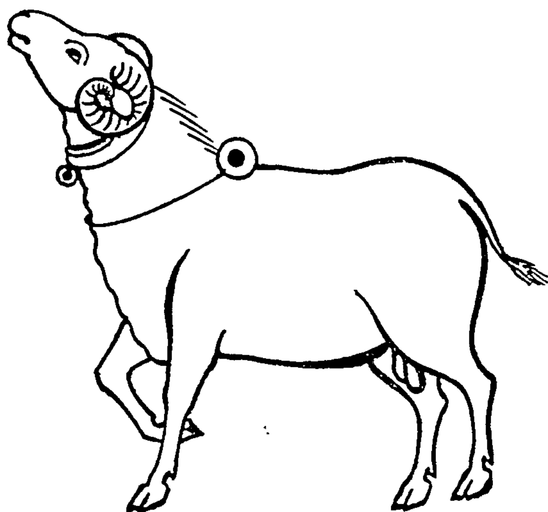
In the winter of 1937, a political conference, under the auspices of the Hamirpur District Congress Committee, was being held at village Gahrauli, about 15 miles from Charkhari, and Panditji was going to inaugurate it. The nearest railway station being Mahoba, G.I.P. Railway, the only motorable approach was through Charkhari, but for which fact Panditji might not have approached it. Those were the days of provincial autonomy, and the Indian National Congress had no hand whatever in the administration at the Centre. Dewan Shatrughna Singhji, the veteran leader of Hamirpur District, then M. L. A., (U. P.), had been in touch with us since 1930, and for every piece of work the assistance of Charkhariyans was needed he invariably approached us. Needless to mention that during the non-co-operation movement of 1931, Charkhari had served as a spring-board for the Hamirpur District activities. One day, at dead of night, he barged into us and told us of Panditji's impending visit to Gahrauli, *via* Charkhari. His mission was to secure labourers for putting the motorable route in order, so as to provide a comfortable passage to Panditji. On our expressing a keen desire to have *darshan* of Panditji, for by then we had not had the privilege of having any, the Dewan Sahib promised to allow us the honour of serving food to him, if only we could reach Mahoba that night where Panditji was scheduled to spend the night on return.

Major B.P. Pande, the late Dewan, perhaps the last also, of the Mayurbhanj State, was then the Dewan of Charkhari, and the writer an humble employee closely associated with him. One fine afternoon, he was sitting in the office busy with work. At that hour Panditji's car, followed by two others, entered the town. Hardly had they traversed a furlong, by the side of the old palace, and in front of the cenotaphs of the late rulers, the sentry on guard at the side gate of the palace, Barbad Ali, as he was popularly called, stopped the party, and would not let Panditji's car, displaying the tricolour, pass. Down came the district leaders and admonished him, bringing home the fact that it was India's pride, the beloved leader, Pandit Nehru, against whom he was misbehaving, and that his doing so might lead to serious consequences. He would not yield, perhaps under the impression that he was performing a brave deed which might please the Ruler. So much so, that he had the good luck of exchanging a few words with Panditji himself. Only after a lot of argumentation and admonition could he give way. No sooner, however, the cars had passed by, he rushed to

the Dewan to report his gallant act. Poor fellow, to his great disappointment and surprise, instead of winning approbation he got a rebuff, to quote Major Pande's own remarks: "Why did you meddle with a wasp-hive? Let him pass."

Panditji drove through the main street and market, remarking that it was time the Ruler came out of his slumber. Later, at the other end of the town, a group of persons garlanded him. On the face of this affair Panditji did not, however, return *via* Charkhari, but took off *via* Rath (Hamirpur) despite a rather uncomfortable journey, cancelling his programme at Mahoba. We, in vain, kept a vigil at Mahoba the whole night, eagerly awaiting every minute his arrival. Next day the press was full of comments on this incident.

March 31, 1949



XIV

Hiralal M. Desai

"What's the idea of shutting me up in this saloon car?," demanded Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, with a bit of his proverbial rage on his face.

"Well! Panditji, the April sun is usually unbearable in Ceylon, and to protect you and your family from the raging heat the Reception Committee has ordered a saloon car for you," I replied with utmost respect.

"That's true, I appreciate your Committee's anxiety, but surely there is no meaning in shutting me up like this in a saloon car, when neither the crowds that have gathered here could have an opportunity to see me, nor could I have an opportunity to acknowledge their greetings," argued Pandit Nehru, with his tempo rising up every moment.

And with these words, Panditji, who symbolises the movement of a hurricane, opened the door of the flower-bedecked car with a violent push, and jumped out with his characteristic dexterity.

I then felt the incarcerations, of which Panditji had had enough in Indian Jails, were hanging heavily on him, and that was probably the reason why he showed impatience in using a saloon car. I remember while Panditji was in Ceylon in 1931, he invariably insisted on having an open tourer car in preference to a saloon car.

The moment Panditji jumped out of the saloon car, he was greeted with vociferous cries of "Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru ki jai."

It was in April 1931 when, after the death of his father Motilal Nehru, he was advised by Gandhiji to have a month's restful holiday. His choice fell on "Golden-Lanka" and the queen of its hill stations Nuwera Eliya. Pandit Nehru arrived in Colombo with his family in one of the Lloyd Triestino liners from Bombay.

When the news of his visit was known, there was a great wave of enthusiasm in Ceylon not only among the Indian circles, but also among the politically-minded Ceylonese. A Reception Committee was organised with my humble self as the Hony. Secretary, and the Chairmanship of the Reception Committee was accepted by no less a person than the late Sir D.B. Jayatilleke—the then Speaker of the Ceylon Legislature. The Reception Committee was composed of the elite of Colombo. An elaborate programme for according a royal reception to India's great patriot was arranged.

On the day of Panditji's arrival in Colombo, I was asked by the Reception Committee to go on board the Italian ship with half-a-dozen Members of the Committee, garland Panditji and bring him, with his party, ashore. Accordingly, I went on board the liner and brought him ashore in the Scindia Company's motor-launch "*Jalasindhu*," which was specially decorated with Indian national flags and buntings.

The Passenger Jetty at Colombo Harbour was thronged to its utmost capacity. Every one present was vying with the other in having Panditji's *darshan.*

Those were the days when the Indian National Congress leaders were not *persona grata* with the Indian bureaucracy which treated them as "rebels." On the slightest provocation, they were charged with spreading disaffection among the loyal (?) subjects of His Majesty's Government, and quickly sent behind the bars. The Government of Ceylon too did not much view with favour this visit of Pandit Nehru, though the Ceylonese political leaders extended a royal reception to him. The police *bandobust*, therefore, on the Jetty was very inadequate, and the crowds that had managed to get access to the Jetty were most disorderly. The order in which I was expected to introduce the Chairman and other members of the Reception Committee was upset. The popularity of Pandit Nehru was so great that the people's joy was unbounded, and as a result of pushing and jostling it became an impossible task for me to follow the order laid down by the Reception Committee. Many respectable members of the Reception Committee, I remember, went away fuming and fretting. I found it difficult to keep pace with Panditji; for, his agility in plunging headlong into the midst of thick crowds and quickly getting out of such unruly crowds with equal dexterity needs no special mention. The crowds always made room for Pandit Nehru to move forward, but those who followed him got literally crushed. Like a conqueror of the multitudes he walked with long strides and head erect, but it was a Herculean task for me and others following him to maintain our balance.

The Reception Committee had two saloon cars bedecked with flowers for taking Panditji in a procession through important thoroughfares of Colombo. But, as I have stated in the opening paragraph, Pandit Nehru violently protested at being shut up in a saloon car. When I told him that the Reception Committee arranged for his car to go through a particular route in a procession, he agreed to walk through all the streets, but refused to get back into the car!

A British sergeant, Sir Rattanjoti Saravanamuttu, myself and two other volunteers then formed a cordon around him, and Panditji dashed through the pre-arranged route. He walked like a lion's cub, dancing and prancing. The vast multitudes that had gathered on both the sides of the road were amazed to see Pandit Nehru walking with long strides like a triumphant Caesar. Whenever we requested him to get into the car to avoid the burning sun he ridiculed our suggestion, and at times gave a quick demonstration of the intensity of his mercurial temper.

At long last, when we reached the bungalow arranged for him he reclined in an arm-chair, but the crowds again started gathering at the gates of the compound which were kept closed. When he saw this, he instantly got up, went out, quickly climbed up the gates and faced the crowds. He started addressing them in Hindi, but when he knew that they could not follow the Hindi language he spoke in English and asked me to translate into Tamil. As I could not, someone else did this.

He had a most strenuous programme of nearly two hours and we felt tired, but he did not appear to be tired. He started speaking to me in a very soft and subdued voice and, with a touch of passionate fraternity, said in Hindi: "Desaiji, I hope

you have not taken any offence," fearing that the demonstration of his temper might have caused me annoyance. He continued: "You see I have had innumerable occasions to face vast crowds and this is the only way known to me to deal with crowds that would not give me a moment's rest if I show a little weakness." I found that he was trying to make amends and I said to myself: "What a candid and noble soul he was ?"

In the course of his one month's stay in Ceylon, Pandit Nehru stayed for a fortnight in Nuwara Eliya and the other fortnight he spent in visiting places like Kalutara, Galle, Matara, Kandy, Jaffna, Puttalam, Chilaw, Negombo and other important places, where he had a whirlwind programme of addressing mass meetings, of performing opening cermonies, of laying foundation-stones, etc., etc. Addressing huge meetings has been by long habit his second nature, and I saw that he did not feel the strain. He has great capacity for hard work. In 1939 when he visited Ceylon again, I had seen him working for twenty hours a day! On one occasion we had an appointment with him at 10.30 P. M., after dinner. The discussion went on till 1.30 A.M. and many of us felt tired, but he looked fresh and cheerful.

When our discussion was over, he went to his bedroom, washed his face, put on his white cap and got ready to go out. We were surprised at this and, when I enquired where he was going at that unearthly hour, he told us that he had promised to pay a visit to the office of a journal and see its editor! His general health is good and he is determined to keep fit. Fortunately for the country, jail life has not brought him any physical ailments, whereas other political leaders had their health shattered when they came out of jail. During his fortnight's stay in Nuwara Eliya in 1931 he walked a lot and enjoyed a game of golf. I know he is a great lover of winter sports and also enjoys swimming if time permits.

One night, after dinner, we sat on the terrace of the Hotel Suisse overlooking the beautiful Kandy Lake, which looks like a lustrous diamond set in a circle of green emeralds. We were in the midst of such luxuriant scenes of Nature which Panditji warmly admired! He started conversing on all sorts of topics. Panditji's narrative was becoming increasingly interesting. All were listening with intense interest. He then happened to give us an interesting account how the Volunteer Corps was organised for carrying on the Civil Disobedience Movement in 1930, and how it was disbanded when the movement was called off. In Bombay, the Civil Disobedience Volunteers protested at their being disbanded and started harassing the late Sri K.F. Nariman, the then President of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee. He told us how Sri Nariman's car was pelted with stones by the volunteers and how difficult he found it to control them. At that time Panditji happened to be in Bombay and went to the rescue of Sri Nariman. He then told us as to how he addressed them and asked them to select five representatives and send them to have discussions with him in a constitutional manner, and promised to try to solve their legitimate grievances, if any. Then Panditji, after exhorting the volunteers, summed up a peremptory tone: "If you wish me to help you in solving your difficulties, this is the way open to you, but if you are determined to adopt the other unconsti-

tutional course of hooliganism you are now following, don't forget, I am not a coward, Gujarati *bania*."

And when Panditji uttered these words, he lifted up the sleeves of his shirt (though he was sitting on the terrace of the hotel in Kandy) as though he were actually getting ready to give duel to those Bombay volunteers! But when he looked at me, he instantly realised that I was a Gujarati *bania*, and how indiscreetly he had made those remarks. Casting a guilty look at me with an artless smile on his face, he said: "Desaiji, I am sorry." The Sinhalese company in which we were sitting could not understand as to why Panditji apologised. When they knew that I was a Gujarati *bania*, the whole company burst forth into laughter, but I was not quite happy and there was renewed laughter when I retorted: "Panditji, it does not matter, since after all you are a camp-follower of a Gujarati *bania* (Mahatma Gandhi), and I am sure you will not have the courage to call him a coward."

Though born an aristocrat, Panditji is by nature an ultra-democrat. An incident would illustrate this. Various associations in Colombo organised a reception to Panditji which was to be held in the Town Hall. Admission was by tickets. The Committee had decided that it would be impossible to admit all freely. The liberty-loving and democratically-minded Panditji got a little upset when he knew this. He, however, agreed to be present at the function and receive the addresses on condition that we organised another open-air meeting at the Galle Face Green, where all could attend the meeting freely!

Pandit Nehru is known to many as an agnostic. He does not believe in ritualism, and religion he calls probably a kill-joy. Even in his latest publication, *The Discovery of India*, his attitude to Hinduism is one which is not calculated to please a devout Hindu.

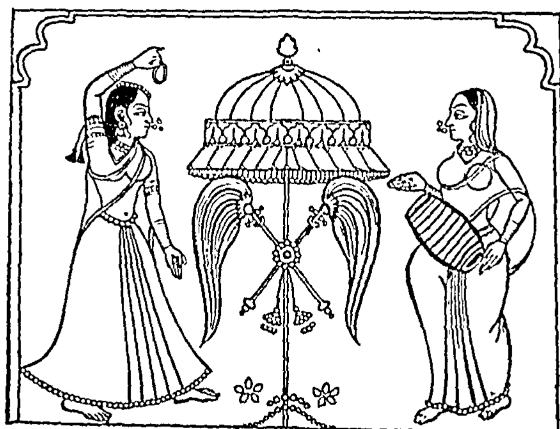
He has a positive dislike for temples. On one occasion (in 1939) I gave a dinner to Panditji in Colombo, and had invited a large number of public men, including Ministers of State and some Members of the State Council. The dinner, being a purely vegetarian one in Oriental style served on plantain-leaves; could not be arranged in any good hotel, and, therefore, I had to arrange it in the hall attached to the Kathiresan temple in Wellawatte, Colombo. When I went to Panditji to bring him to the dinner-hall, I just happened to tell him: "Now Panditji, let us go to the temple." This was an enough provocation to Panditji, who forthwith yelled: "What? Temple! Why?" I told him that the dinner was arranged in the temple-hall, and he sternly refused to go to the dinner-hall. It was only when I told him that he was not going there for worshipping the idol, but going to the hall attached to the temple for dinner, that he agreed to come.

While narrating his experiences of dealing with vast crowds, he gave us an account of how Gandhiji, while travelling in the Punjab in a third class compartment, was harassed by a vast multitude of *darshan*-seekers that had gathered on a railway platform. It was night time and Gandhiji wanted to sleep. The crowd forced open the windows, and with the help of torch-lights attempted to have his *darshan*. The late Sri Mahadev Desai earnestly entreated the crowds not to disturb Gandhiji as

he was slightly unwell. One amongst the crowd shouted and remarked: "What! he won't give us even *darshan*? We have come walking miles and miles from the interior for the sake of his *darshan*, and how dare he refuse to give us his *darshan*! If he is reluctant to give his *darshan*, why has he become a Mahatma?"

When Pandit Nehru heard this, he had sufficient provocation; he forthwith jumped out of his compartment and dashed towards Gandhiji's. The infuriated Panditji caught hold some of these *darshan*-seekers and using strong Hindi language chased them away. Such was the intensity of his rage! It was, indeed, a treat to hear the Panditji giving a glowing account of this incident.

January 14, 1949



XV

Govind Das

I first met Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in 1920, when he made a short halt at Jubbulpore along with his father Pandit Motilal Nehru and his family on the way to Nagpur for the Congress session. They all stayed with us. My grandfather, Raja Gokul Das, was known for his hospitality. The most orthodox pandits and *sadhus*, as well as Rajas and Maharajas who came to Jubbulpore for baths in the sacred Narbada, all stayed with our family. With changing times and increasing political activity our home became the favourite rendezvous of political leaders. Besides, Motilalji was the family counsel and also a great friend of my father.

That was also the first time that I saw Pandit Motilal. I received great affection and kindness from him from the very first. But with Jawaharlalji it was different. It is often said that Jawaharlalji is very emotional and deeply attached to his family; but, having known Pandit Motilal intimately and having worked with Jawaharlalji for 30 years, I can say that he is not capable of the abounding affection and emotional exuberance of Motilalji. It may be that the fault is mine and that I have myself been too reserved for want of encouragement. But I have also been associated with Gandhiji, Malaviyaji, Lala Lajpatrai and Deshbandhu Das; none of them had the dry manner of Jawaharlal. I do not remember ever having heard of any one having such intimate relations with Jawaharlal as some had with Bapu or Malaviyaji. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of Jawaharlal's greatness. How can a universal leader have close personal relationships? For him all followers and the people are alike. That may explain why Jawaharlal has no groups or even individuals owing personal allegiance to him. He is above group ties and loyalities. The charge sometimes made against him of patronising members of his family is, I think, entirely unjustified. Complete objectivity is one of the rarest qualities of true leadership.

A few things stand out in my 30 years' association with him in the Congress field.

In the Congress session in 1920 and the A.-I. C. C. session of 1921, Jawaharlalji never spoke a word. He was conspicuous by his complete silence. I cannot say whether he used to be as silent then in the provincial organisations, because my contacts with him were only in the all-India field. In this field he became vocal only after we entered legislatures as members of the Swaraj Party and he came out of prison.

Since then his volubility has steadily increased. Today he is perhaps the most vocal of India's political leaders—possibly a necessity in the present situation. I first saw a specimen of his well-known explosive temper in the All Parties Conference at Lucknow in 1926. Under Motilalji's presidentship, the Conference was discussing the section in the report which said that those already holding the

vote will not be disenfranchised. I can still recall one of the sentences Jawaharlalji uttered on that occasion, with his face distorted with the now familiar exasperation: "I am surprised at my own moderation."

When this report appeared before the Calcutta Congress in 1928, Dominion Status *versus* Independence was already a violent issue. Jawaharlalji opposed his father with all the emphasis he could command. While Motilalji was anxious till the Congress had given assent to the report, on the last day of the session he made a remark about Jawaharlalji which I shall never forget. He said: "One thing I am most proud of is that I am Jawaharlal's father."

I have never seen Pandit Nehru so happy as he was during the Allahabad Congress, not even when he became the Prime Minister of the Indian Union. I can recall the expression on his face when his mother, the late Swaruprani Nehru, showered flowers on him at the head of the Presidential procession through the city. I think that was the only occasion when I saw him suffused with emotion for a fleeting moment.

During the Tripuri Congress (1939) I saw Pandit Nehru at work. I was chairman of the Reception Committee for this session, and as such closely concerned with the proceedings; the illness of the president, Subhas Bose, had added to my responsibility. Panditji was chiefly responsible for drafting all the resolutions of the Working Committee. It was amazing how he could preserve his health and spirits with the amount of work he did.

Since he assumed the Prime Ministership, I come in almost daily contact with him as a member of the executive of the Congress Party and as its treasurer, but the distance between us today is neither more nor less than it was at our first meeting. His influence predominates at meetings of the party executive and the party itself, but he generally bows down when someone stands up to him and argues with equal vehemence.

Panditji has frequently stayed with us , but I cannot recall in his private life any demonstration of either bitterness or affection. As a guest he makes no special demands, but at the same time he does not even notice if his hosts go out of their way so as to provide for his comfort. He lives in a detached impersonal world of his own.

I consider Jawaharlalji as one of the greatest men not only of India but of the world. His personality is a composite of many extraordinary virtues. He may not perhaps find a place among the world's greatest thinkers, but he is incontestably one of its greatest doers. A complete integrity and limitless sacrifice are the corner stones of his character. He is not national but international. It is difficult to call him an Indian in spite of his authorship of his *Discovery of India.* He is a worshipper of culture and beauty no doubt, but it is only Western culture and the beauty of the West that appeal to him. He likes everything Western, so much so that he tends anxiously to consider the views of young Oxford and Cambridge graduates over those of the latest Indian scholars and litterateurs. A Lucknow paper, commenting on his address at the Lucknow Congress, had used the caption: "An Englishman Speaks." It had scored a bull's eye!

July 27, 1949 (*Translated from Hindi*)

XVI

Rai Krishna Dasa

An immaculate lawn in the centre of a beautiful garden, which shows every sign of the most scrupulous attention and loving care. On the lawn a father is trying to fly a kite for his little son. The kite rises a little and then falls to the ground—there is not enough draft in the air to sustain it. The kite is a foreign type, completely different from the gay paper kites familiar in this country. It looks rather more like a box with its sides knocked out for the air to pass through.

The kite was one of the many presents which Pandit Motilal Nehru had brought from abroad for his son Jawaharlal. But the kite, made for the strong sea air of Britain, would not rise in *Anand Bhavan*. I kept watching from a little distance clinging to my own father who was a frequent visitor at *Anand Bhavan* in those days. I was two years younger than Jawaharlal and even more shy and reserved than he....

Pandit Motilal was always playing games with his son, putting him through his paces sometimes in tennis, sometimes in cricket and sometimes in some other outdoor sport. The three-year old (Nanhikumari Vijayalakshmi) was also generally around, sometimes calling to her brother in a sing-song voice.

It was only on account of his meticulous punctuality that Motilalji could make time for these relaxations in spite of his exacting professional duties. For the rest, Jawaharlal's day also was strictly governed by the clock. He had a separate set of rooms where he spent his time in the care of tutors. Sanskrit was one of the subjects he was studying then; I can still recall a beautifully printed edition of the *Samaveda* amongst his books.

Forty years later, towards the end of 1941, a common friend, wishing to recall those days to Jawahar *bhai*, took me up to him and asked: "You know Krishna Das—" and was cut short by the answer: "Almost from infancy." Jawaharlalji has a remarkable memory. The ability to grasp and remember the minutest details is perhaps one of the pre-requisites of greatness.

In the early months of 1942 he had paid his third visit to the *Bharat Kala Bhavan*, shortly before the dark days of the August upheaval. In 1945, when he started his hurricane tour immediately after release from prison, he came to Benares also and as usual a visit to the *Kala Bhavan* was arranged. Having concluded a busy day with a long speech before a mammoth meeting outside the Town Hall, he had just boarded a car to proceed to the *Kala Bhavan* when he observed a few women hemmed in by the crowd. Impulsively he jumped from the car to help them out, and the car arrived at the *Kala Bhavan* without him.

I climbed on eagerly to the footboard of the car with a point blank question: "Jawahar *bhai*, how many minutes are you going to give me?"

"Your Jawahar *bhai* has not arrived yet," answered another familiar voice from the car, rather drily. I fell back into the crowd waiting. A few minutes later he arrived, making his way through the crowd in characteristic fashion, pushing, wriggling, scolding but making a bee-line for his destination. I shot my question at him again. He was almost going to snap at me too, when his voice softened with quick recognition, "Oh! It's you!" Imperiously commanding the crowd to stand back, he entered the gates of the museum.

The cream of the museum collection had been arranged on several long tables in the main hall to facilitate rapid inspection. Panditji may have been short of time but he had a keen eye and a remarkable memory. I was amazed to find that he remembered every item which he had previously seen in 1942, in spite of the tumultuous years that had passed in between. Even so, he looked over these items also rather as one skims over the pages of a much-read and loved book, with slow, reminiscent enjoyment.

His aesthetic sensibility and appreciation is a very special feature of Jawaharlalji's character. The Bharhut *Yakshi*, which is one of the most beautiful specimens of the sculpture of the Sunga period, caught his eye as soon as he entered the hall, and as he was leaving the hall with his characteristic agile step he turned for a full look at the piece, himself striking an attitude at once graceful and picturesque.

Jawaharlalji is deeply emotional by nature and it is perhaps his greatest achievement that he had completely transformed it. Even so, in spite of his apparent coldness and reserve he is very responsive. I have always wondered how a person cast in the mould of a great literary critic or art connoisseur, if not a poet or an artist, would have followed so different a path with such outstanding success. Last year, at an exhibition in Delhi he had selected about a dozen paintings for Indian embassies abroad. I have no hesitation in saying that even the most reputed art critic could not have made a better selection. The same unerring judgment is displayed in his writing. He writes with effortless ease, words and phrases falling into a perfect sequence, at once logical and graceful. The occasional odd word is handled with so sure a touch that it only adds to the beauty of the whole, as a ripple does to the calm surface of the lake.

He has a definite point of view and his own standard of value consistent with his high idealism and great personality. He judges men and events fearlessly by these. When he came out of Jail after the 1942 upheaval, while the other leaders were disowning the movement as spontaneous and irresponsible, he was prepared to take the entire responsibility on himself. It was his approach that altered the defeatist outlook of the others and lead to the revaluation of the whole movement as a preamble to victory. But for this re-orientation there would have been a further setback in our struggle for freedom, and the British would not have quit as soon as they did. Not only on such major issues but even in smaller day-to-day problems Jawaharlalji always brings to bear this same fearlessness and high idealism.

After he became the head of the Government of free India, I approached him with a demand of Rs. 20,00,000 for the expansion of the *Kala Bhawan*. "For that



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, BAR-AT-LAW



1911



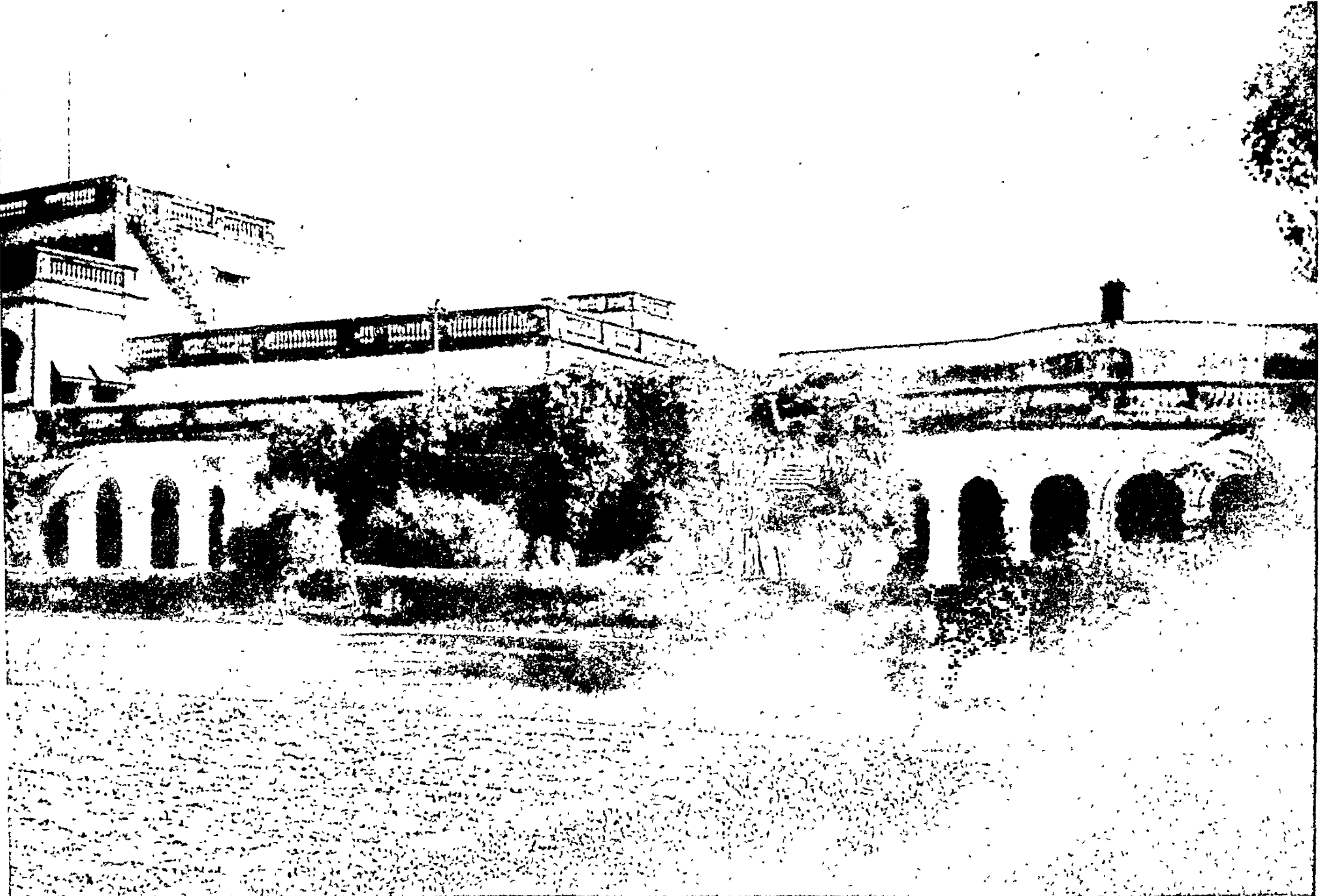
1912



SWARAJ BHAWAN

Originally called *Anand Bhawan*, this building was renamed on being presented to the Nation.

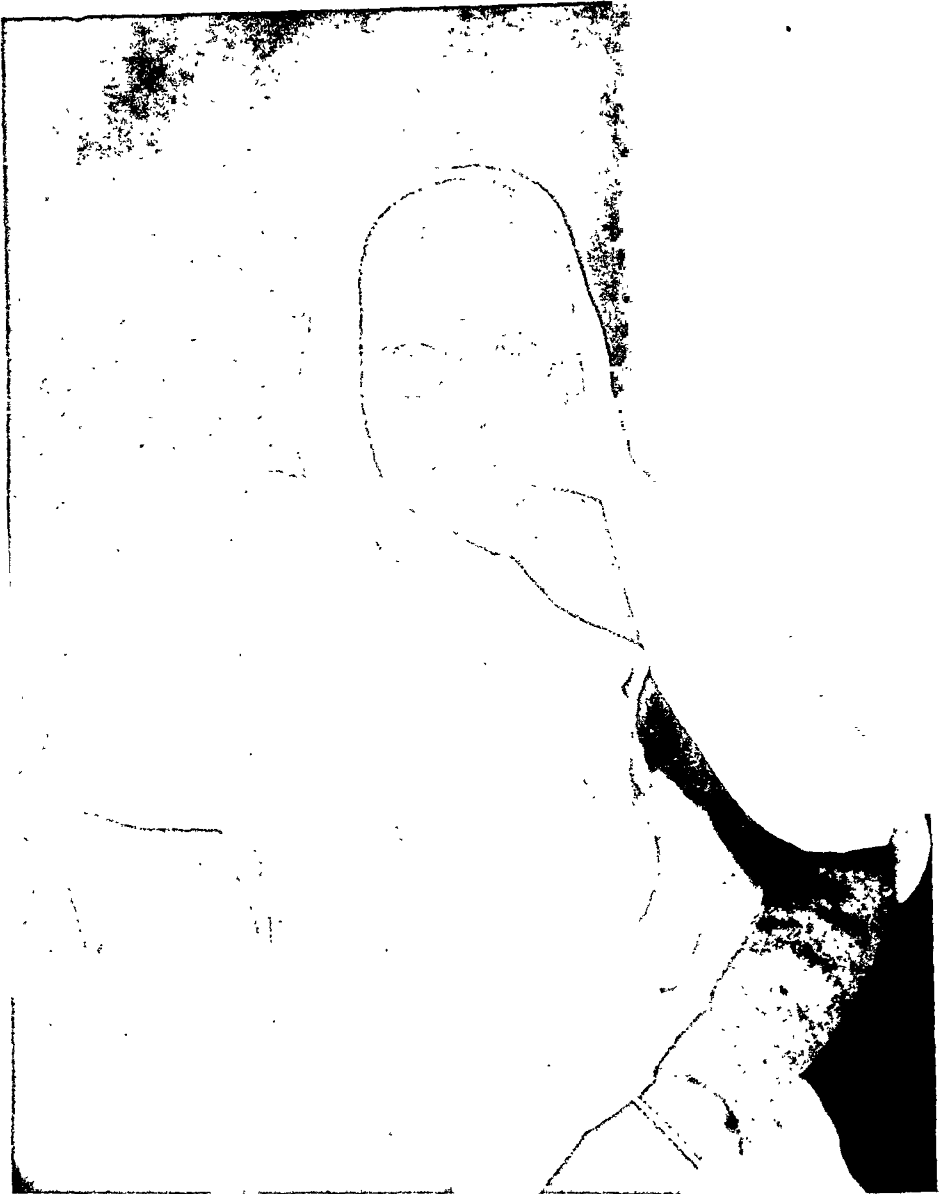
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ANAND BHAWAN, HOME OF THE NEHRUS

The new *Anand Bhawan*, after the old one was renamed Swaraj Bhawan.

Copyright : Narayan Rao Kulkarni, Bijapur



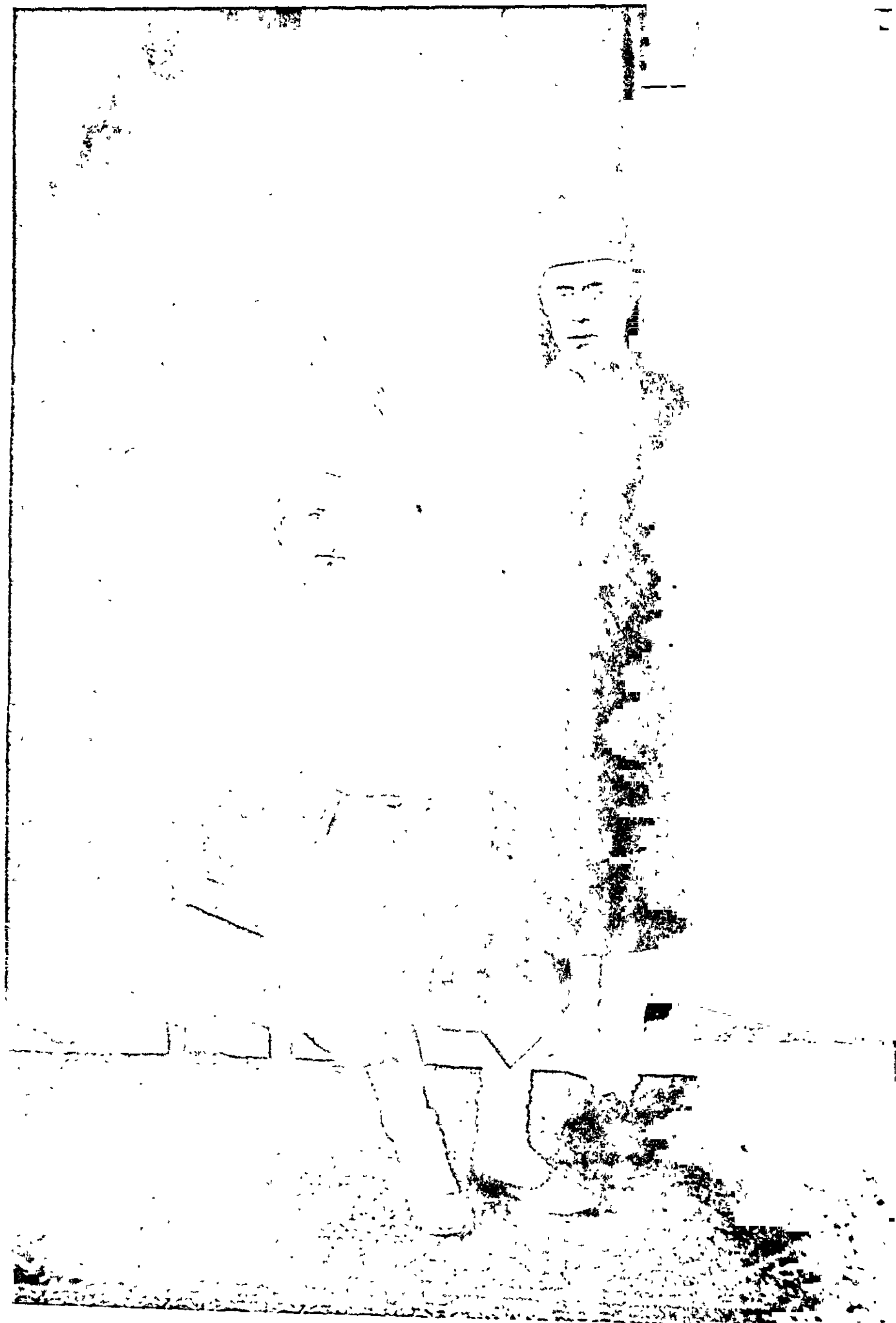
MRS. SWARUPRANI NEHRU, 1920

Courtesy: Sri C. Nageswara Rao



SHRIMATI KAMALA NEHRU, 1930

Courtesy : Sri C. Nageswara Rao



FATHER AND SON, 1929

Courtesy : Sri C. Nageswara Rao

amount I could send twenty scholars abroad," he said. "I consider that more is essential."

"I regard my own work as most essential." I can well imagine such an answer provoking a discussion if someone else had been concerned. But Jawaharlalji understands singleness of purpose perfectly. "So you should," he said, shortly.

In the midst of a severely disciplined routine, Jawaharlalji can be refreshingly informal. The other day when laying the foundation of the Institute of Palaeo-Botany in Lucknow he had used a trowel which had a handle made of a fossil some 600,000,000 years old. As soon as the ceremony was over, Jawaharlalji turned to the late-lamented founder of the Institute, Dr. Birbal Sahni, and said: "Sahni, you had better keep this here, because it is bound to disappear from my place." I was standing nearby. Pointing to me he said: "Here's one of those curio-sharks right here." It so happened that he had a small baton in his hand. "I was hoping I'd pinch this baton if nothing else," I said, "when you put it down on the ground during your speech. I was just considering how I could remove it without your noticing."

"Pinch it indeed—how dare you!," he challenged, poking the baton into my belly. "I have only just got it as a present from someone in Mysore!" No occasion, howsoever formal, stands in the way of such flashes of *camaraderie*. He reacts intensely to the perfect phrase. Talking of the terrible events in the Punjab I quoted a sentence of my friend Maithili Saran.[1] "The history of man is the history of the devil." Deeply struck, Jawaharlal heaved a long sigh slowly repeating the sentence. That is one of his favourite tricks; when a sentence or phrase touches him he generally repeates it slowly to himself.

After dinner at a friend's house once, there was a programme of music on the *sitar*. He had had a very exacting day, so his host suggested to Jawaharlal that he should retire for the night; he must be very tired.

"Oh No, I have not heard the *sitar* for a long time," he protested.

I cut in with a quotation from the poet Ghalib:

> "It was love, Ghalib, that brought me to this pass. Or else I too would have been of some use."

Jawaharlalji sighed assent, repeating after me slowly,

> "It was love, Ghalib..................

August 15, 1949 (*Translated from Hindi*)

[1] Sri Maithili Saran Gupta, a noted Hindi poet. (*Eds.*)

XVII

Sudhir Khastgir

Towards the end of 1946, after Pandit Nehru had assumed the reins of office at New Delhi, I approached him with the idea of doing a head study in clay. He was, as usual, extremely busy, too busy to afford the time to pose for a study; and it was only through the good offices of his sister, Srimati Vijayalakshmi Pandit, that I was able to persuade him to give me sittings. Mrs. Pandit explained that he could go on reading or working during the sittings and that I would not be a bore!

Accordingly, on a cold morning in January 1947, I planted my modelling stand and clay in a corner of his study at his York Road residence and started on the preliminary construction. About 9 o'clock he came in, gave me a short greeting and settled down in his comfortable chair to work. We rarely talked. I was as busy with my clay as he was with his papers, though I kept watching him intently all the while. He has a very mobile face and his expression kept changing very rapidly. His extremely sensitive temperament is reflected on his face and makes him an extremely difficult model for the sculptor.

Watching him it was difficult to believe that he was a great political leader, and a near-dictator with the fate of millions in his hands. He looked rather more like a thinker or a scholar. Indeed, when engrossed in thought he looked like an ascetic. Though I was particularly careful that my watching and observation of his face from various angles should not be obtrusive, I frequently realised that he was aware of my presence. Every now and then he would suddenly become conscious and alert, and his face take on a reserved and remote expression.

Panditji can, however, be extremely informal on occasion. One day when I went in to work as usual I learnt that he was out. I waited, working patiently on the pedestal of the bust, but it was not till noon that he returned. Mrs. Pandit was with him. Panditji was very contrite and offered to give me a sitting immediately if I wanted to work then. Mrs. Pandit, however, was very hungry and suggested that he should sit for me after lunch. I rose to go, saying I would return after my lunch, but Panditji immediately caught my arm and said: "Don't be silly! Come and have pot luck with us!"

I look back on my experience with pleasure and enjoyment, but I can still recall the exasperation I felt at his private secretaries, who kept insisting that I should show a cap on Panditji's head. Also I have often wondered, and even now often wonder, how one can live with so many cars buzzing around, in and out, without being driven out of his senses! Panditji is often called "the most accessible of Prime Ministers," but I would rather have my peace!

July 15, 1949 *(Translated from Hindi)*

XVIII

Sri Prakasa

The first time that I knew that there was a person of the name of Jawaharlal Nehru was in January 1906. I was then in my sixteenth year and a student at school in Banaras. The great and renowned *Kumbh Mela*—that is held once in twelve years at Allahabad—was on; and two English ladies, Miss Wilson and Miss Davies, who were living and working with Mrs. Annie Besant with whom the relations of my family were most cordial—my father and she having been among the founders of the Central Hindu College at Banaras which served, later, as the nucleus of the Banaras Hindu University—became suddenly desirous of seeing this world-famous fair. My father asked me to accompany them, while Mrs. Besant sent a telegram to Pandit Motilal Nehru, who also was a great friend of hers, to receive them and offer them his well-known hospitality. A very fashionable coach and pair met us at the railway station; and we went to *Anand Bhawan.* I did not know then that twelve years later I would be visiting the place again, and after that it would, all my life, be receiving me as if it were my own home.

In the evening, we met Pandit Motilal Nehru in his famous drawing room, and also Mrs. Motilal and Swarup Kumari (now Shrimati Vijaya Lakshmi). The talk turned to the session of the Indian National Congress that had been held at Banaras about three weeks earlier, under the presidentship of Mr. G.K. Gokhale—which was my first sight of the great institution—and Pandit Motilal castigated all the extremer elements that had gathered there, which I did not very much like—having already become an extremist in politics—but which I believe the English ladies appreciated greatly. Mrs. Motilal, introducing me to her daughter in the kindly affectionate maternal manner that was always hers, said: "He is your elder brother; he is a friend of Jawaharlal." That was the first time I heard the name; and Pandit Motilal explained that he had put his son Jawaharlal at Harrow a few months earlier. The place was all very English; and it was the first time I had seen a home furnished in the English style, for the English people I knew in Banaras—Mrs. Besant and others—lived like orthodox Hindus, more or less, working as they did at the Theosophical Society and the Hindu College. Pandit Motilal told us that he had also been a Theosophist, having been initiated by Madame Blavatsky, the Founder of the Society, herself. He added that he too had become a vegetarian—like those English ladies were—but had to give up the experiment on grounds of health.

* * *

It was December 1911. I had gone up to Cambridge in the preceding Michaelmas term and was spending my first Christmas in London. Mr. and Mrs. Bhagwan Din Dube lived very near where I was living in Hampstead, in the vegetarian house

started by Mrs. Besant and her Theosophical colleagues. Mr. Bhagwan Din Dube was a practising lawyer in London and belonged to Allahabad. I had met Mr. and Mrs. Dube at odd parties before. They also being vegetarians had every sympathy with my condition; and Mrs. Dube, meeting me in the street one day, invited me to dinner for a subsequent evening. She had evidently forgotten about it, for when I arrived at the time given, the Dube couple had already finished their early meal and were sitting comfortably, chatting in their drawing room. I joined them there, though I was feeling both hungry and embarrassed at the situation. In walked Jawaharlal soon afterwards, very correctly—simply and expensively—dressed. Mutual introductions followed; and he stood practically all the time with his back to the fire, holding the fort. We all talked of many things as people would in a drawing room, when, to my great relief, he said: "I am hungry; can't we have some little food?" Some food naturally followed and all was well. We issued out of the Dube homestead a little after midnight; and, as we walked along, I said to Jawaharlal, as buses and tubes had all stopped for the night and no taxi was in sight: "My house is very near, but how are you going?" He said then what he would say to-day—for nothing in him has changed: "Don't worry about me; I am all-right."

* * *

It was the summer of 1915. There was great excitement in the political circles of the U.P., for it had been almost decided that there would be an Executive Council with an Indian in it—a very great thing for those days—and it was known that it had also been decided that the famous lawyer Sir Sunder Lal—a favourite with everyone and an enigma to most of us—would be the choice. The whole proposal, somehow or other, fizzled out; and an angry Conference met at Allahabad in the Mayo Hall under the presidentship of the Maharaja of Mahmudabad, to protest against the "outrage." Along with a few others—local politicians—I too went up to attend this conference from Banaras. It was a very very hot day at the height of the summer season; and as I entered the Hall I saw Jawaharlal, who had really come down from Cambridge a year before I went up and had returned to India, and my own contemporaries, Har Karan Nath Misra and Jai Karan Nath Misra, all most eagerly serving as volunteers, supplying cold drinks to the assembled delegates, running about with big trays in their hands. Jai Karan and Har Karan and myself greeted each other, and there was a further introduction with Jawaharlal. He said to me: "I have surely met you before; I am forgetting where I did"; and I reminded him of the London meeting.

* * *

For about three years, I toyed with law which I did not like to practise, but on which some members of my family were keen; and with education which I loved, but in which I could not fit myself. After that, I went on to what had always a pull on me: and that was journalism-*cum*-politics. Having nothing better to do in the summer of 1917, I wrote to Mr. C. Y. Chintamani, the renowned editor of the *Leader* and a friend of the family, if I could come to Allahabad and learn journalism

under him, promising that I would be no burden to him for I shall be meeting my own expenses. I only wanted an opportunity to work. He kindly agreed to take me; and I spent eight happy months at the *Leader* office which I always recollect with pleasure and gratitude. I used to write a good deal in the *Leader;* and as Mr. Chintamani was not one of those who suppressed other folk but introduced them to others and helped them to get on, I became quite well-known in Allahabad society, as a writer of many of the leading articles as well as reviews of books that appeared in the *Leader* at the time. The *Leader* office was also a rendezvous of the great politicians of the day; and very often Pandit Motilal Nehru, Dr. Tej Bahadur Sapru and other leading politician-lawyers would drop in there after court and enjoy themselves at Mr. Chintamani's hospitable tea-table. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya and Shri Purushottam Das Tandon were, among others, who used also to come. Jawaharlal was a very frequent visitor and often came in, even late in the evenings, and stayed talking for a long time with Mr. Chintamani, Pandit Krishna Ram and myself.

Those were the days of Mrs. Besant's Home Rule Movement; and there was great excitement at her being interned along with her colleagues, Messrs. Arundale and Wadia at Ootacamund in Madras. There were large protest meetings all over the land; and the *Leader* had an article on Mrs. Besant almost everyday, in some form or other, demanding her release. Sir Michael O'Dwyer, the then Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, had become rather notorious for his anti-Indian utterances and activities; and at one of the very big public meetings at Allahabad, presided over by Pandit Motilal—which had almost been banned by a young Magistrate—it was also resolved that the main resolution should be telegraphed, among others, to Sir Michael O'Dwyer. This intrigued me very greatly; and, later, I gave a currency note of ten rupees to Mr. Chintamani—I was staying in the same compound in which the *Leader* offices were located and he himself resided—with a request that that money should be spent on the telegram to Sir Michael O'Dwyer. Jawaharlal was the Secretary of the Home Rule League; and, unknown to me, the money was sent on to Jawaharlal. I had a letter from him the next day, thanking me for the contribution and also adding that if there were more persons as "generous" as myself, his work would become much easier. That was the first letter I had from him. Since then we must have written thousands of letters to each other; but the memory of this survives very vividly. We have both been rather extensive letter-writers; and almost all my letters have been scrupulously replied to by Jawaharlal even in his busiest moments. Once he is reported to have told a common friend, in despair, that one received a reply from me even before one's own letter was posted to me! Alas, it is no more possible for me to reply to all friends promptly, both because of age and of increasingly heavy work; for I have really loved writing letters. It has almost been a hobby with me. My friend Shri Shivaprasad Gupta was a common friend; and he was the most extreme of extremists in politics. He often came to Allahabad; and both he and I used equally often to go to see Jawaharlal at *Anand Bhawan.*

* * *

Throughout these years that have intervened, from 1917 to this day, I have had

the privilege of the most intimate contact with Jawaharlal. I would not expose the sanctity of this mutual relationship to the public gaze, even though I be writing my recollections of him. I cannot obviously speak of the many talks on matters intensely personal, domestic or financial in which he has given me his confidence. I will also not talk of the occasional quarrels I have had with him. Thanks to his generosity, they have been very short-lived; and I shall remember the very beautiful and affectionate manner in which he always terminated them. The curious fact, however, is that he seemed ever to have invited me to shoulder a piece of work whenever he seemed to experience some difficulty about finding any suitable person for it—for some reason or other. This has been a source of much embarrassment to me as well; but it has never been possible for me to say "no" to him. I seemed to have always served as a "stand-by" for him: perhaps it is a complement; perhaps not quite a pleasant position to occupy, for I have never known when I might be called and for what—and when I should have to upset all the careful plans I might have made for myself.

* * *

The Congress of December 1922 at Gaya under the presidentship of Deshbandhu Chitta Ranjan Das, was a most stormy one, and the differences between the leaders over the main problem of Council-entry were very very serious. It was here that Shri Rajagopalachariar won in the battle of wits all along the line and carried the populace with him. A.I.C.C. sessions after this Congress were held in very quick succession—in the form more of requisition meetings by the required number of members, than in the course of ordinary routine. Shri Rajendra Prasad was elected the General Secretary at Gaya; and the first A.I.C.C. meeting after that, that was held at Bombay, was acrimonious enough; and Rajendra Prasadji resigned. I remember his coming afterwards to the Sardar Griha hotel, where I was staying with other friends, and telling us what a relief it was to be freed from all responsibility. Jawaharlal Nehru was then elected the General Secretary. He had come out of jail in the meantime. He was not at Gaya. A requisition meeting of the A.I.C.C. followed at Nagpur to reverse the decision of Bombay. The proceedings were long and stormy; and we members used to stick to our seats till the small hours of the morning fearing snap votes, of which there were quite a few. In this meeting, Jawaharlal resigned; and I remember his words when, with a face full of sadness, he said: "I wish we would not break each other's hearts so easily and so constantly." He himself has always been a very chivalrous fighter; and though he might have hurt people's feelings by his impetuousity and sometimes by his thoughtlessness, no one can accuse him of deliberately breaking anybody's heart who is engaged in honest service, for he has been one of the few prominent persons in the land who has always been willing and anxious to encourage younger folk to learn work, to rise in public life and increase their spheres of activity. He is one of the very few men I know who is never fond of indulging in backbiting or attacking others. During these thirty years and more of close association, I have not found him speak ill of others. He may have had occasional good humoured hits,

or even used impatient words of irritation at the other person's going all wrong, or thinking confusedly, or not realising the situation ; but invariably he adds his regret that men of such integrity should be so short-sighted and should be going the wrong way, and always gives them credit for the best intentions.

* * *

In 1928, he became the President of the U.P. Provincial Congress Committee. The meeting took place at Lucknow, and I was not present there. He wrote to me from the train between Lucknow and Allahabad, telling me that the Committee had elected me as its General Secretary; and though he knew I would scarcely relish the job, for at that time the office had got into a great deal of confusion, he hoped I would not say "no;" in fact I must not say "no." I could not say "no;" and I brought the office from Allahabad to Banaras with his consent and worked very hard to get things put right. He certainly was no arm-chair President. We kept in daily touch by post, telephone and telegram, and I always received from him all the help I needed in all matters.

* * *

We were all returning from the Provincial Conference held at Farrukhabad early in 1929, at which Ganesh Shanker Vidyarthi had presided. On our way back, we halted for a few hours at Kanpur to change trains; and from the station we went to Ganesh Shanker's. Ganesh Shanker was one of the most remarkable men one could have met; and he, true to the highest ideals, flung himself in the midst of a raging communal riot in his home town of Kanpur in 1931 in the worst affected parts of his city and was killed. The Congress was in session in Karachi at the time, and he had himself been just released from jail. He was a noted journalist, a fervent patriot, a creator—this was, to my mind, his greatest characteristic—of a large circle of earnest workers; and it is the misfortune of our Province that his uttermost sincerity took him to a heroic but premature end, for his presence would have been truly helpful in these trying and testing times. He leaves a great example, if only we would follow it. When we arrived at his press-*cum*-residence, we found that the table of Ganeshji's office was as disorderly as one can imagine—full of dust with all the papers in utter confusion—and while Ganeshji went inside to look after the arrangements for his guests, Jawaharlal quietly went up to the table, dusted it carefully and put everything in order, making it look quite nice and tidy, to the supreme amazement and embarrassment of Ganeshji when he returned. He was full of apologies and also full of the usual excuses at the carelessness of himself and his men, that always left the office in that sad condition. Jawaharlal himself is a very spruce person and lives very simply, even though very expensively. Disorder and confusion of any sort upset him. He is very neat and orderly, and seems also to have an idea that I am as fond of having everything in its own place as he is, which is not exactly the fact.

Anyway, he knows where my scout-knife of many blades remains, for it has always been—perhaps for decades—in the lower left hand pocket of my waist-coat—

which we all know as *Jawahar Bandi* and which we all sport, in imitation of him, over our shirts or *kurtas*; and, more than once, I have found him when in need of a knife, at meetings of Congress committees, coming quietly behind me and putting his hand in the identical pocket and pulling out the knife. He knows where it is and he has always found it there. He is himself very prompt, methodical and punctual; and though he makes allowances for other people's weaknesses, he always likes others to be also the same. He is one of the most friendly of persons—kind and affectionate—and whatever his position—and to-day he is one of the biggest of world's personalities—he is neither shy nor embarrassed, as he demonstrates fully and openly that he recognises his friend as a friend even in the largest crowds or the most fashionable of drawing rooms.

* * *

It was towards the end of October 1929 that, in the course of Mahatma Gandhi's most strenuous tour in the U.P., we decided to give him a week's rest at Mussoorie—if he could ever have any rest in the sense we understand it. It was Mahatma Gandhi's technique—so at least it seems to me—to make an extensive tour of the country to see the reactions of the people towards himself whenever he thought it was time to launch upon a mass movement. He did it in 1920-21; and he again did it in 1929-30. We all remember the boycott of the Prince of Wales in 1921 and the Salt *Satyagraha* in 1930 that followed them. On both these occasions, he met with a tremendous response. In 1924 also, after his release from jail, he had made a partial tour. He had come to Banaras too. I remember the response was very poor. Perhaps he was thinking of some campaign; but he did not really undertake it—may be due to the poor response he got from the general masses of the people; may be, I am wrong. Jawaharlal and I shared the same hotel room during this visit to Mussoorie. I have always been a martyr to headaches; and one night—it could not have been earlier than ten—I was tossing in bed in great pain, with my servant, Nageshwar Singh, trying to massage my head. Jawaharlal came into the room; and seeing me in that condition, he just rushed out and, some time after, appeared with a phial of "Veramon." In that cold night, he must have walked over three miles to get this from the chemists. All who know him also know how considerate he is to the people around him wherever he might be—at home, in jail, in a meeting or while travelling in train. I had never heard of Veramon before, though I had carried this headache since 1911 when I recollect its first severe attack. This Veramon completely cured me within a few minutes; and since then I have always had it with me; and the same servant, who is still with me, has never forgotten to put it in my portfolio even when I was to be out only on very short journeys. It has stood me in very good stead all these twenty years since I came to know of it, and I have to be grateful to Jawaharlal for having introduced me to it.

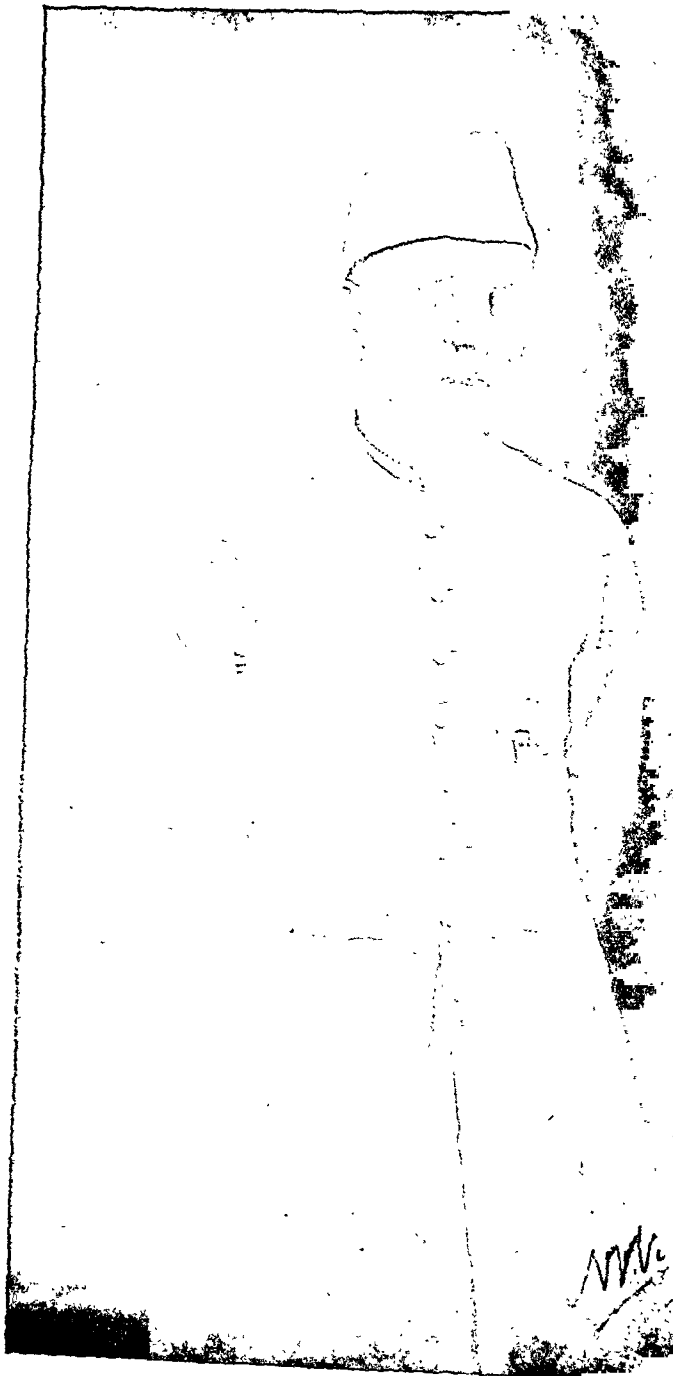
* * *

It was the 1st of January 1930. At the stroke of the mid-night hour preceding, the great Congress at Lahore, under the presidentship of Jawaharlal, had passed the



PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU, 1929

Courtesy : Sri C. Nageswara Rao



JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, 1929

famous resolution on Complete Independence. The rest of the night had been passed in great revelry and excitement. No one could have then imagined that the place where India's Complete Independence was solemnly pledged was to be no part of India as such eighteen years later, for it would be impossible for me to forget the terrible things I saw in the self-same place in August and September 1947, as India's High Commissioner in Pakistan, or fail to contrast them with the fervour of a very different type during the Congress session of December 1929. Rather late in the morning, as I was leisurely shaving, having decided to go out to see some friends and push on home to Banaras, an assistant of the A.I.C.C. burst into my tent saying: "Come, Jawaharlal wants to see you." I said to the messenger: "Please tell him I have other engagements and I shall see him later." The messenger said: "Everybody is waiting for you; come, you must come." I was surprised; and when I was taken to Mahatma Gandhi's tent, the Working Committee was sitting there; and, despite all the protests that I could make, I was forcibly installed in the seat of the General Secretary of the Indian National Congress. The President had the right to choose the General Secretary; and Jawaharlal chose me. I had been working with him as General Secretary of the U.P. Provincial Congress Committee, while he was President. Perhaps he felt I could do equally well in the All-India sphere. Actually I could do very little.

Those were difficult days, for the Salt *Satyagraha* soon followed and the struggle continued for some years in one form or another. Being the General Secretary of the Congress, I was present at Delhi early in 1931 when the Gandhi-Irwin negotiations took place; and I remember the midnight scenes when Jawaharlal felt unhappy at the reports that Mahatmaji gave of the progress of the talks. Pandit Motilal had just died and there was an atmosphere of sadness over the whole proceedings. On one occasion, Jawaharlal was even in tears feeling that the negotiations were leading us all astray, and he was being left alone. Gandhiji most affectionately consoled him and assured him that all would be well. And once when the final decision was taken, there was none so loyal and so devoted in carrying out all its implications and fulfilling all its requirements as Jawaharlal who had just before been fighting so hard against it. The Karachi Congress followed under the presidentship of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, and I handed over charge of the General Secretaryship to Jairamdas Daulatram as it ended and came away. In my absence, however, Jawaharlal made me the Convener of the Fundamental Rights Committee, work on which has its own memories, at which I often laugh as I think in the setting of to-day, of my share therein and the attitude of my colleagues at the time.

Karachi too is now no more in India; and as India's diplomatic representative, I had to be there for almost a year and a half and often wandered about the place where the Congress had been held—quite near my office-*cum*-residence; where there is still a memorial pillar to mark the place of Mahatmaji's cottage;—and which is now studded with beautiful little buildings, from which all those who built them for themselves, have been ousted; and which has now become quite strange to the every persons who can claim to have built Karachi and brought it to the position that it has been

enjoying both in the social and the business world. One has to see many tragedies in one's life—but the Partition of India has been one of the greatest that anyone could have seen. Lahore and Karachi have played important parts in our freedom movement and in my own life as a Congressman; and to have been there as the diplomatic representative of what had become a foreign country is enough to break anyone's heart.

* * *

It was December 1931 when the United Provinces Provincial Conference was to have been held at Etawah, and I was its elected President. The President of the Committee at that time, was Tasadduq Sherwani; and there were telegrams from the Provincial Government saying that the Conference would only be allowed to be held under certain conditions. The Council of the Provincial Committee met at *Anand Bhawan*—the scene of a thousand important meetings—and Jawaharlal, who was then at Bombay, was expected to join on the following day. He was coming particularly for the meeting and had decided to go back immediately to Bombay to meet Mahatmaji on his return from the Round Table Conference. Opinion was divided, as it always is, whether the Conference should be held or not. Tasadduq Sherwani said: "Let us leave it to Sri Prakasa, for he is to preside." I said to the Council: "You are *not* to leave it to me at all. I have come packed to go to jail at Etawah. My daughter's marriage has been arranged to take place in the following month, within the next few weeks. I have left behind all instructions for it and I am hoping everything will go through all right; but if you leave the decision to me, I may be influenced by personal considerations: I am but human. So, please decide yourselves; and I am with you, whatever your decision may be." I do not think I was doing anything very extraordinary; but one of the members later paid me a most handsome compliment by saying that he had never seen a public man speaking so frankly in a situation like this. Being only human, I was pleased, though I did not understand how I deserved any compliment at all. Jawaharlal arrived the next morning; and at the Chheoki railway station, where in those days passengers used to change from the Bombay Mail to the shuttle that brought them to Allahabad, he was served with a notice just as he was alighting at midnight, with one foot still in the compartment, that he was not to leave Allahabad for a certain period of time. A similar notice was also served on Tasadduq Sherwani at Allahabad itself.

I have no idea—I never checked up—if Jawaharlal was informed of what had happened in the Council the day before; but when the Council met and the telegram of the Government of the U.P., was read again, Jawaharlal said that, in the circumstances, he felt that the Conference should not be held, which decision was accepted by the Council; and though I was not quite comfortable, because I had the unhappy feeling that the decision might have been taken in order to facilitate me, I acquiesced. I should like to believe that the decision was due to the desire to know Mahatmaji's reactions, for a Provincial Conference had no right to anticipate the programme of All-India authorities; and the Etawah Conference had no work in the absence of any directives from the Centre. Jawaharlal helped me, perhaps sensing my embar-

rassment, to draft a letter to the Reception Committee, to thank them for the honour they had done me; to explain the circumstances to them; and to hope that the Conference would be held later under happy auspices. The abandonment of the Conference was, I think, a matter of deep disappointment to many; and it was really not held till December 1934 when I presided; but when Jawaharlal himself was still in jail.

The one thing that I vividly remember about this Conference is the very angry letter that Jawaharlal had written to the District Magistrate of Allahabad in reply to the notice that was given to him, not to leave Allahabad. In his reply, Jawaharlal informed the authorities that he was leaving the same night for Bombay to receive Mahatmaji and that he did not care for the notice. He seemed to be particularly irritated that his name was not spelt correctly. He is very keen that that should always be correctly spelt: neither should it be spelt with an "i" instead of "a" in "har;" nor should "lal" be separated from the main word. I believe the correct spelling should be with an "i," for the word is really "Jawahir" and not "Jawahar;" and there is no harm in separating "lal." Still, he is very keen that the name should be spelt as he spells it—and I do not blame him for this—and as the District Magistrate had spelt it wrongly, he gave him a very strong sermon on the subject and warned him not to repeat the mistake. He read out the letter to the Council for its consent. No one was really happy at the language; still Jawaharlal never permits anyone, I believe, to make any change in his compositions. He is very particular there. I told Jawaharlal that if that letter went, he was certainly not going to Bombay that night. But he was very emphatic; and he said to me across the "table"—we were all really sitting on the floor—that he *was* going and that nobody could stop him. We left it at that, myself being sure that he was not going; and he equally sure he was, for he definitely told me: "You will see." Unfortunately I was more correct in my surmise than he; and his train was purposely stopped on the borders of the district of Allahabad soon after leaving Chheoki; and Sherwani and he were arrested and brought back to Allahabad to stand their trial. The letter was one of the "exhibits" at the trial; and he was sentenced to two years, while Sherwani to six months. The Magistrate in his judgment made a reference to the offensiveness of the letter; and the dear good Sherwani almost moaned: "Is there communal discrimination even in these judgments, because of which I am being sentenced to six months while my colleague is going for two years?"

* * *

Most of my friends have a very exaggerated idea of my being a very punctual person; and no doubt so many of them regard me as a nuisance which they really need not, for I do not think I am so bad as all that. Jawaharlal also thinks that punctuality is an obsession with me; and on two occasions the same curious incident occurred, once at Allahabad and once when, in the early days of his Prime Ministership, he was staying at 17, York Road, New Delhi. On both these occasions, finding from his drawing room that I had arrived in his portico one minute before the prescribed time, he shouted: "Hello, Prakasa, you are hopelessly unpunctual; you are one minute before time;" and I responded equally loudly: "It will take me just one

minute to get to you from this place." Once he rushed out of his drawing room at *Anand Bhawan*, in great glee with his eyes glued to his wrist watch, shouting as I alighted from the carriage: "Look here, you are two minutes too late." Comparing watches, however, it was discovered that his watch was two minutes too fast.

On one occasion when he came to Banaras, and was to stay with me, his train actually arrived five minutes earlier than the scheduled time; and, as I was going up the slope at the station to receive him, I was amazed to find him coming along. I instinctively looked at my wrist watch, rather horrified at the situation, when he laughed and said to the other friends who were with him and who had preceded me: "See, he is looking at his watch." "Don't worry," he called out to me, "the train itself came before time." My late arrival was giving some "malicious" delight to my friends who seemed anxious that I should not be informed of the early arrival of the train itself, so that my watch or myself or both should be "discredited," till Jawaharlal came to my rescue and put everything right.

* * *

It was in the early months of 1936. Jawaharlal had only a short time before returned from Europe where he had gone to nurse his wife in her last illness, from which, to the sorrow of us all, she never recovered. I was at the Prayag railway station —Jawaharlal himself being in jail at the time—when she left home for the last time to try to get a cure abroad. Jawaharlal had been elected the President of the coming session of the Congress at Lucknow. The local political personalities had clashed hopelessly and party spirit was terribly rampant. The honour of the U.P. appeared to be at stake; and Jawaharlal has been more sensitive of the U.P.'s good name than even perhaps of Kashmir. I had presided at one of the meetings of the Reception Committee to elect office bearers; and it was the stormiest meeting I have ever been called upon to regulate. It all ended in disorder; no votes could be recorded. The ballot papers and ballot boxes all went to dust. There was gloom all round and great anxiety was felt as to what was going to happen, as the time for the Congress session drew nearer and nearer. The Central Legislative Assembly was in session; and, as a member thereof, I was at Delhi at the time. Jawaharlal paid a visit to Delhi in some connection and came to see me. I was seeing him for the first time after his bereavement and was naturally sad. He would not allow me to refer to that, and started off by saying that I must be the Chairman of the Congress at Lucknow; and when I explained to him the difficulties of the position and my inability to control the conflicting elements, he would not simply listen; and so, though I was able to give very little time, I became the Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Congress and went moving up and down between Delhi and Lucknow till the Congress was over. The less said the better of the inside story of that session; but it is a comfort to feel that it did manage itself somehow and every thing ended in reasonable success, for everyone knew of our difficulties and shifted for himself.

Jawaharlal himself, despite the terrible bereavement he had only recently undergone, did not allow himself to be influenced by personal sorrow and plunged himself

headlong in the country's work as if nothing had happened. Devoted as he was to the Congress, he was never a party man, for he was a friend of all and always deprecated any attempts at groupings within the fold, that were likely to harm the common cause. He was no party to any personal loyalty that would deflect the heart of anyone from the main loyalty to the country or the Congress—and to Mahatmaji, as the symbol of the Nation and the Nation's will and aspiration. Though he could have easily raised a party of his own, he has never done so; and though hundreds of thousands like him and love him—and even adore him—it is all from a distance, for I doubt if he has any who would be regarded as personally devoted and loyally attached to himself as such, and as many other leaders of the land can claim. He would not simply encourage the growth of any such feeling in anyone; and he is one of the very few persons one can think of who has no need of any personal service in any way; for it is doubtless this that makes one depend on others and gives the opportunity to the devotee to come near the object of his affection and do what is possible for him. I have often felt that he serves his servants more than the servants have need to serve him. Surely, such a man can never have an intimate circle of his own—and he surely has none, unless I am very wrong. I wish I were really wrong, for age is growing on him as on anyone else; and he would need helpers, assistants, protectors of a more intimate variety than he has cared for all this time.

* * *

Though it may be said that so far as his social and intellectual contacts go, he generally and perhaps helplessly moves in the conventional circles prescribed by tradition—and based on the usual limitations of birth and education—Jawaharlal has really been always anxious to keep in touch with fellow-workers of all grades; and he, like many others, had been worried that during the great Freedom movements of the Gandhi Age, hard study of problems and currents of world-thought have been neglected by us. I am forgetting the date; but I remember that after his return from jail, on one occasion, he had arranged for a series of lectures at his residence in Allahabad for our Congress workers from all over the Province. A large number had responded; and we had a series of interesting meetings at which various persons spoke.

Just before then, the atmosphere had been rather surcharged with Marxian philosophy and with Russian ideology; and all intellectual-minded "higher-grade" Congressmen had made very deep studies of Marx and Engels and allied literature, during their preceding incarceration. I was perhaps the only exception: may be because I am not an intellectual. At these meetings, arranged by Jawaharlal, I believe everybody came to expound Marxian philosophy and give a new orientation to our political thought and endeavour. I was the least learned person invited to speak; and, perhaps because that was so, I was asked to inaugurate the series with a lecture on socialism. I fear I spoke of very elementary matters which, however intelligible to most of the workers assembled, did seem to appear as hopeless trash to the intellectuals present.

Jawaharlal was persistent in asking me, at the close, as to what sort of socialist I was. Everybody was a Marxian socialist, which I was not; and I had to

confess that I was only a Fabian socialist. Jawaharlal had his dig at me—and, incidentally, also at Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, Mrs. Besant and others responsible for the work of the Fabian Society itself. I fear I have a very static mind; and I must confess I am also rather conservative in my life and thought and cannot get out of the grooves into which I got in the earlier years. The reading of those days has left an indelible impress on me; and the reading of modern books does not shake me out of the old moorings. I go back again and again to them, and somehow think the ancients were nearer the Truth. I took my discomfiture quietly before the serried ranks of the giant minds in front of me. I may have felt intellectually small—but on moral grounds I felt I was strong and safe.

I am no believer in Marxian ideology: neither in the materialistic interpretation of history, nor in the ultimate ideal of the dictatorship of the proletariat, which only means the ascendency of a class. I certainly do not believe in clashes and conflicts as the only means of progress, nor do I envisage the withering of the State at any time. I still believe in the careful study of problems and the evolutionary processes of mass education and parliamentary action. I fear I continue to be a Fabian Socialist. I had no opportunity of comparing notes with Jawaharlal; but certainly did so with Narendra Deva, who I believe is one of the most learned men amongst us to-day. He certainly feels, in the light of the experiences of the succeeding years and the menacing shape and form that Communism has taken, that perhaps I was right. Jawaharlal, however—in other contexts—still tells me—and the world at large—that Revolution is the only way to progress. But he has his own interpretation of the word "Revolution:" and may be he is right when I find that what I feel is only natural evolution he regards as real revolution, in the setting of the same. I must confess I feel confused myself, for every often what might have been regarded as not only conservatism or mere liberalism, but downright reactionarism, in Gandhism, proved terrible radicalism in practice and astoundingly revolutionary in results.

Besides such attempts at intellectual communing with fellow-workers, Jawaharlal's anxiety has also always been great that we should learn habits of discipline and get proper physical training; and he did organise a Seva Dal Training Camp at Naini (Allahabad) which all local leaders from various districts were asked to join. I regret not many responded; but I have personally the most pleasant memories of a week of comradeship, night and day, among those who did come. Jawaharlal is not one of those who asks others to do what he would not do himself; and so he was also there all the time, living the life of the Camp with the rest of us, and enthusiastically joining all the drill and sports in prescribed uniform, attending all the classes on first-aid and spinning, and giving highland dances at the camp-fires. How I wish we had more *camaraderie* of that sort and more occasions to be just ourselves in life!

* * *

The 1940-41 movement of individual Civil Disobedience was over. The idea of such a form of resistance was not new to Mahatma Gandhi. He had bruited it in 1933, when Bapusaheb Shri M.S. Aney had called a Conference at Poona to review the

situation as it was at the close of the 1931-32 movement. It did not catch then. In 1940, however, despite the doubts of many stalwarts, it was launched. In a year's time, it was over; and, as invariably happened after such movements, we of the U.P. assembled at Lucknow to take stock. In the Council meeting—as is unfortunately our habit—various members complained against various Congressmen for their acts of omission and commission in connection with the movement. This particular movement was a very strange one; and nobody exactly knew what was to be done and what not; and if the Government themselves had not come to our help, by doing our bidding, and arrested us, I am still not sure what would have happened. Any way, this movement, perhaps more than any other, left many curious complexes behind; and they were all reflected at this Council meeting when attacks were made by members on various Congressmen with a view to very strong disciplinary action being taken against them for what they did or did not do. Jawaharlal was a pained listener, as I could see from his face, while I was a very angry one. I have always felt that in the very peculiar manner and method of our movement *vis-a-vis* the conditions of our domestic and social lives, we have to take the personal difficulties of our brethren always into consideration and extend to them every sympathy and understanding. Some of my colleagues had not been as considerate as I wish they were—repeating the old story of the beam and the mote—and our humble comrades have had to suffer very much in conseqnence. All honour to them, therefore, that they have stuck to the Cause through thick and thin, and have always been its backbone. When a number of small speeches had been delivered in the Council, I said to the President—I believe it was Shrikrishna Datt Paliwal who was presiding—that I should like to have a say. I fear my friends felt that something nasty was coming; and they all craned their necks to hear me; and I did go for them, I fear, saying quite frankly that if my friends were so very meticulous, I was now going to begin; and I will begin with myself and go on one by one to all the members present. I think I was too bold. I knew it was all bluff; and luckily the challenge was not accepted, for I do not think I could have really gone far. Fortunately, Jawaharlal came to the rescue of myself and everybody else and said: "Now, now, let us stop all this and go on to something else. Let us not meddle with Sri Prakasa. He knows us all and has files of letters from every one of us; and he might say what we might not like to hear. He might expose the whole lot of us!" This was a God-sent; and the matter, to my great relief, ended; and all the unfortunates, who would have come under the piercing gaze of the committee in charge of disciplinary action, were saved from premature political death, and lived to serve the Cause in more risky times and conditions that were soon to follow.

* * *

It was an anxious time. I believe it was some time early in 1942. Our newspaper, the *National Herald* of Lucknow, had been called upon to pay a security of Rs. 12,000 within a few days by the U.P. Government of the time, before it could be allowed to proceed. The Directors had hurriedly met at Lucknow to decide as to

what to do; and at the meeting, we anxiously looked at each other, not wanting the paper to stop and not knowing where to get the money. At the close of the meeting, Jawaharlal said to me that he and I must stick to Lucknow till we had done something. I was staying with Shri Krishna Narain, and he with Dr. Atal. Everybody was busy; and at last a friend brought at about ten at night a huge bundle of currency notes, and told me that it was an anonymous gift from so and so, of Rs. 10,000. I was agreeably surprised, and naturally asked if there was any condition attached to the gift regarding the policy of the paper in any particular, for I was not prepared to promise anything in that behalf. I was assured that there were no expectations, no conditions, but that it was an absolutely voluntary gift, the only desire of the donor being that his name should not be known. It was quite late in the night when I reached Jawaharlal's place to give him the glad news and to tell him that now as ten thousand had been found, he and I could go halves for the remaining two, and so go home in peace. The money was deposited with Shri Krishna Narain who was our Managing Director at the time. Curiously enough, it was in a way never required, for the appeal that was issued for help, by the *National Herald*, brought in over Rs. 50,000 to pay the security money. I remember Jawaharlal asking me when I gave him the news—it was a curious question but showed his meticulously orderly mind—as to the denominations of the currency notes. He was amused when he learnt they were all ten-rupee notes and said : "That would make a big pile." I assured him I had stowed them all carefully in my portfolio and they were quite safe. For anonymous gifts—however large—nothing like small notes, for the higher denominations can be traced, I believe!

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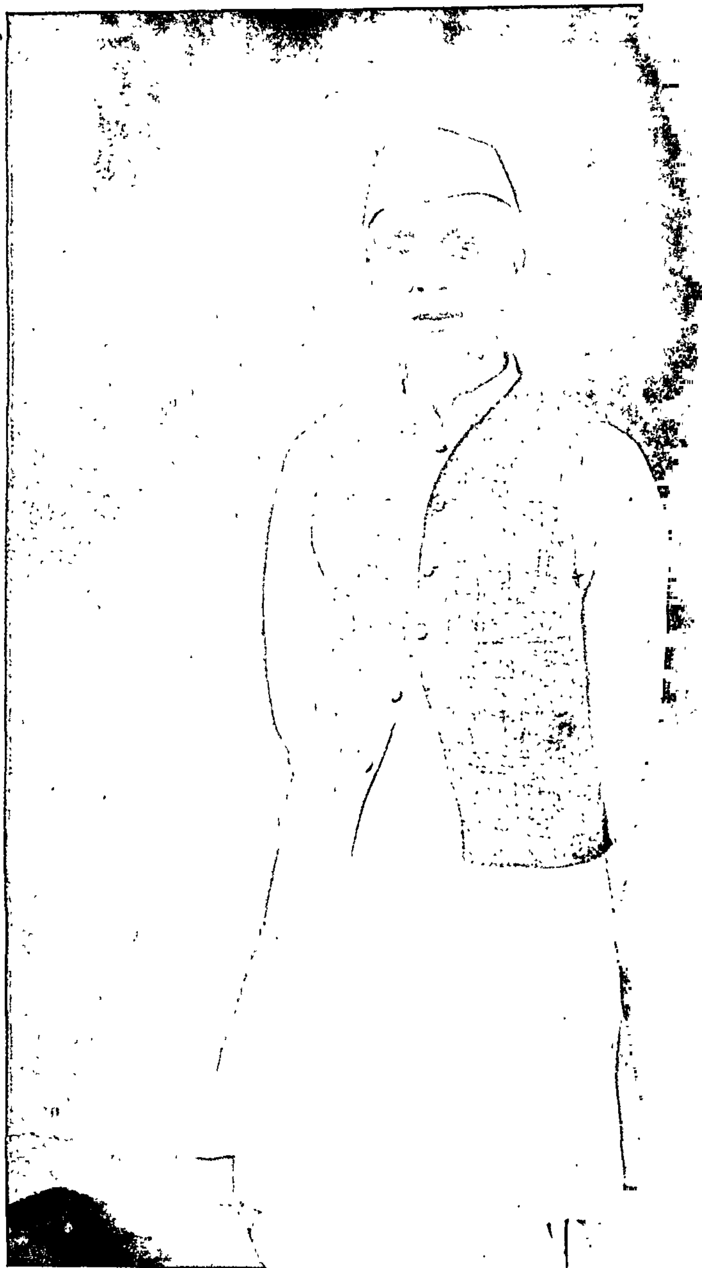
The dark days came, and then the Sun shone again, and *Swaraj* followed with all its own dangers, difficulties and responsibilities. In the summer of 1947, when Jawaharlal had become the Prime Minister, I had a telegram, a letter and telephone call from Mussoorie in quick succession, asking me to proceed to Nepal on his behalf—more or less informally—and help in the drafting of the Constitution of the country, as His Highness the Maharaja—that is the Prime Minister—was most anxious to get a move forward in constitutional progress. That is what took me to Nepal and brought me in contact with a land that had been a mystery to me. I met His Majesty the King, as well as all the great Ranas who are in power in Nepal. I came in touch with their most peculiar Constitution which they had been following with remarkable precision for a hundred years and more. I was shown the sword, the two ends of which easily met—the steel was tempered in such remarkable manner—which, so tradition says, was a gift of my family to Rana Jung Bahadur, the Founder of the line of the present Prime Ministers, who is supposed to have had very close contacts with my home town of Banaras before he made himself master of Nepal; and which sword—so tradition again says—had been brought by one of my still remoter ancestors in 1799 from the Battle of Seringapatam where he had acted as the banker and commissariat agent of the East India Company, and which had then belonged to Tippu Sultan himself, and was on his body when he fell.

I sent my report and Draft Constitution to the Prime Minister from Banaras;



PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE ALL-INDIA CONGRESS 1929

Courtesy: Sri C. Nageswara Rao



1936

and met him at dinner at Delhi soon after when the Constituent Assembly met in July 1947, when I had a further talk with him about Nepal. As I was leaving late at night, he came up to the door to see me off, and said as I was going: "Will you go to Nepal as our first Ambassador there?" As my first reaction always in such cases is, I said: "No, thank you." Then he asked me if I could suggest someone; and I promised I would. A couple of days later, I wrote to him, giving him a name, thanking him for his confidence in offering the place to me and adding—what I then thought was merely a joke—that if he should want someone to go to Pakistan, when Pakistan had been established after the impending Partition, I may think of it. The joke was a cruel one, for early in August came a telephone call from Delhi, reminding me of this and asking me to proceed to Karachi for the Independence celebrations and stick there as India's High Commissioner. When I met Jawaharlal at Delhi and pressed upon him my personal difficulties, he said—in a voice that I shall always remember: "If my friends do not help me at this time, who will?" I had not the heart to say anything more, and did not. Then followed a year and a half of the most unexpected experiences which I had never expected to live to have, but of which this is not the place to say anything.

* * *

Those were testing days—the weeks and months that followed *Swaraj*—Partition—Pakistan. In the latter part of August and the early days of September 1947, I was in the Punjab, and saw the horrors of burning villages and the congestion of refugee camps, and sorrowed at the hard lot of innocent men, women and children who were victims of the new changes. I toured through Lahore, Gujranwala, Sialkot, in the newly established Pakistan; and Firozpore, Ludhiana and Jullundhar still remaining in India (East Punjab). Sick at heart and tired of limb, I finished the tour at Jullundhar in the Governor's House. I was touring with Ministers and Brigadiers of either side. Just then, at Jullundhar, also arrived the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan, with an army of pressmen and others at the end of their own tour. I was too sad and felt too rotten for anything, and continued to sit quietly in a corner on a sofa after the preliminary courtesies were over. Jawaharlal had seated himself at a little distance. Soon after—I do not know why: may be he felt sad at my sadness—he came up to me and sat himself affectionately by my side and said: "Prakasa, what do you think of this *Swaraj* and Pakistan?" I had no words to answer: I fear my thoughts were far away. Then he continued: "There are only two ways: to go under or overcome it; and *we are not going under*." Here was Jawaharlal all over. He put some heart in me and roused my drooping spirits; and we parted.

No wonder, many months later, when I met Lord Mountbatten, as he was passing Karachi, and had a long talk with him at the aerodrome on many matters, walking about on the runaways, he said to me: "I had known Jawaharlal as a good man for sometime past; but the real greatness of the man I saw after August 15." In a way, Jawaharlal had always been great, for in small things, as in big ones, he kept the same indomitable spirit, the same earnestness of purpose, the same integrity of character,

the same scrupulous devotion both to duty and to truth. Hard incessant work and intense capacity to concentrate the mind he shares with all great men of all times. Of these the world knows enough—and I am not going to speak of them though I have been struck with wonder at them. He himself makes light of them whenever I have spoken of them to him.

* * *

It was the 27th of January 1949. I was deep in files and papers working away hard at my table in Karachi in the early hours of the morning, wishing the agony were soon over, when the telephone bell, by my side, rang. I picked up the receiver and the telephone operator said: "Please speak to Delhi." I wearily replied: "Put me on," for there were half a dozen calls almost every day between Delhi and Karachi; and I sat back to listen to some new instructions from the Secretariat of the External Affairs and Commonwealth Relations Ministry.

"Prakasa," came the voice from the other end.

"Jawaharlal, is that you? What is it?" (Frankly, I felt nervous.)

"Will you go to Shillong?"

"No, of course not. Why should I go to Shillong? I have enough work here."

"As Governor."

"You know I want to finish my work here and go home. I have had enough. I do not want to be a Governor."

"Shillong is a pretty place; you will like it."

"Do you think I am looking out for pretty places at my age? I am too old now and want rest and peace."

"But I am older." (Jawaharlal is just ten months older than I am). "And work has got to be done. We can't give it up."

I collapsed after that and said: "I have been with you for thirty-two years now and I do not propose to leave you. I shall go wherever you like; but you know my difficulties—my anxieties for my old parents and my desire to be with them—and you will doubtless remember these always."

"You may be sure, I will."

"But how long is this agony to last?" I said.

"You mean how long you are to be there. Till the new Constitution comes into being, I believe."

"That may be very far off. However, I offer you one more year of service. Will that do?"

"All-right, one year to begin with; but don't tell anyone about it yet"—because I asked if I may telegraph to my father and know his wishes.

I, therefore, could not communicate with home; but though I kept very quiet, the telephone seemed to have been heard; and by the evening, many enquiries were made: some friends regretfully hoping it was not true that I was going; and some offering felicitations. I had to do more evading than perhaps I had done ever before in life, out of respect to the Prime Minister's wishes. The grass however, was, not allowed to grow very long under my feet, for exactly at midnight of the 29th, as I was finishing

my long day's work and going to bed, an immediate telegram was handed over to me, between my office room and bed-room, from the Prime Minister, that I was to take charge at Shillong by the 15th and was to come and stay with him at Delhi on my way for some final necessary talks. And so here I am, mugging away new files and tackling new problems, with the prayerful hope always within me that I might be able so to work as to justify the trust that has been reposed in me by those who have sent me here, and give satisfaction to those who, unknown to them, have been put in my charge.

* * *

It was the first Governors' meeting at Delhi called by the Governor-General, only about three months after I had taken charge. There were the usual dinners and teas; but one evening I was to see Jawaharlal and talk over some of the problems pertaining to the tribal areas of Assam. A document had been prepared by his Deputy Minister; and the same was given to me only a little while before the scheduled meeting; and as the Prime Minister was, as usual, kept up late at his office, I was closely studying it, sitting in a corner of his large reception room where others had also arrived and were waiting for him. I had not finished the paper when the Prime Minister came in, giving a nod of welcome to some, exchanging a word with others and bestowing smiles on all. Naturally, the whole lot of us had stood up in his honour. He came up to me at the extreme corner where I was standing, and said: "Why don't you sit down?" I could not really sit down, for I had no desire to show off my intimacy when the whole house was standing; and then, all of a sudden, came a blow from the Prime Minister, right in my "solar plexus" with the words "*sit down;*" and I was helplessly thrown on the sofa and had to sit down. I later introduced my Adviser, Mr. Rustomji, who had also gone with me; and he said to other members of the party that he had entered the room in great awe, as it was to be his first sight of the Prime Minister and he had not expected to find this world-renowned figure so utterly human, so simple and so friendly as he was. I said to myself, as the friendly blow sent me to my seat, that Prime Minister or Governor, the old days survive; the old comradeship lives; the old tie holds; and whatever befall, it must be so for ever.

* * *

And someone will ask me what is it that has attracted me in Jawaharlal? An individualist that I am; a general "don't care for you" air that I seem to have about me; more or less content with myself and whatever I might be and have—I should naturally not be suspected of any very great attachment to anyone, and certainly of no enthusiastic abandon of any sort. Well, sometimes like attract like, and sometimes opposites are also strongly drawn towards each other. The one great thing that has attracted me to him is his tremendous courage. The man does not simply seem to know what fear is; and I have had occasions myself to see—and his life is a witness of this all the time—that he knows no faltering and no failing, in any circumstances whatsoever. He has no end of physical, intellectual and moral courage; and is quite prepared to defy anybody or anything, in the pursuit of what he regards as right and

true and proper. I deeply regret I do not possess even an iota of this great quality; and his possessing it to this super-eminent extent is certainly one of the things that has powerfully attracted me to him.

Then, the other thing is his very child-like nature; and though running in his sixtieth year, and being at the head of the Indian Nation, with the eyes of the world always on him—and constantly drawing, like the fabled Pied Piper of Hamelin, the populations of whole cities behind him as he moves—he is still a child at heart, full of fun and frolic, enjoying joke and laughter, fond of children and of sports, ready to join in any play that may be on, suffering from no inferiority or superiority complexes, partaking of mirth and song in the midst of the most anxious moments. His private and public integrity is of the highest possible order, and he is absolutely dependable both as a private man and a public leader. In private as well as in public life he stands like a firm, unshakeable rock by his friends and comrades. He simply will not give them up, whatever the cost may be to himself.

He is impulsive, prone to sudden, unnecessary and even improper angers; but such moods do not last long. He is not one of those who thinks he can never make a mistake. Neither is he so proud as to say that when once he has said or done a thing, he has said and done it for all time, and that there was nothing for him to withdraw or regret. I have seen him flare up in rather unbecoming impatience with fellow-members of Congress Committees, who, to his mind, were unnecessarily obstructing or improperly misbehaving; and then found him immediately relenting and offering most handsome apologies for any hasty word or act, which at once creates a pleasant atmosphere, and all goes on smoothly and happily.

In one word, he is very human and he has really no pretensions to be anything more than that. *When a man at such giddy heights to which he has risen still* remains human—that I think is the greatest compliment that anyone can pay to him—he is really all that he need be; and when I have said that, I have really said all that I need. For, truly, it is his essential humanity and humaneness that the world of to-day is attracted by in him. And that is a priceless possession in the hearts of all who know him; and that, to my mind, will be the great contribution of his personality to the thought and endeavour of the generations that are to follow.

August 29, 1949



NEHRU AS SEEN BY SHANKAR

Here is a representative selection of cartoons by Shankar, the *doyen* of cartoonists in India.

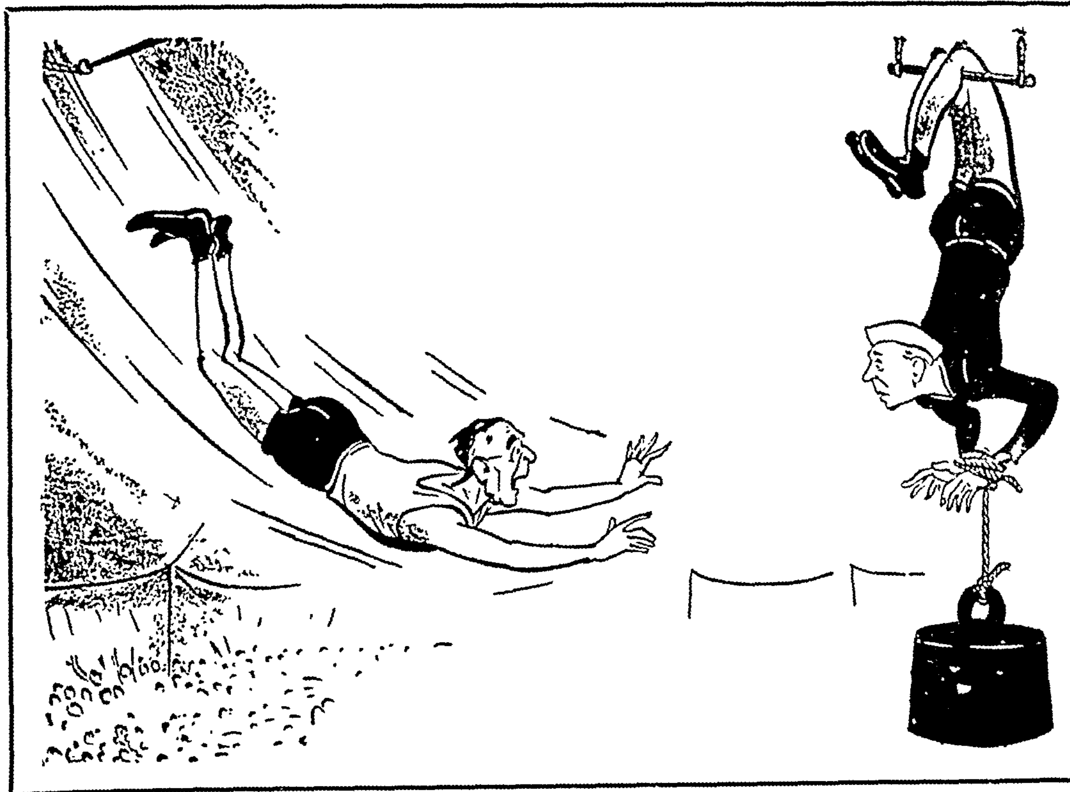
Each cartoon bears its date. Those dated September 20, 1949 were specially done for this Volume, while the rest were hand-picked by Shankar himself from his collection of the past few years.

Nehru is the centre of attraction in each of these cartoons, which very naturally symbolise the Freedom battles of the people of India and of the vaster millions of Asia.

The most important point about Shankar's cartoons is that the human side of the personality whom he draws in line is always emphasised, and most times the subject himself laughs best at these very clever probings into his mind and being.

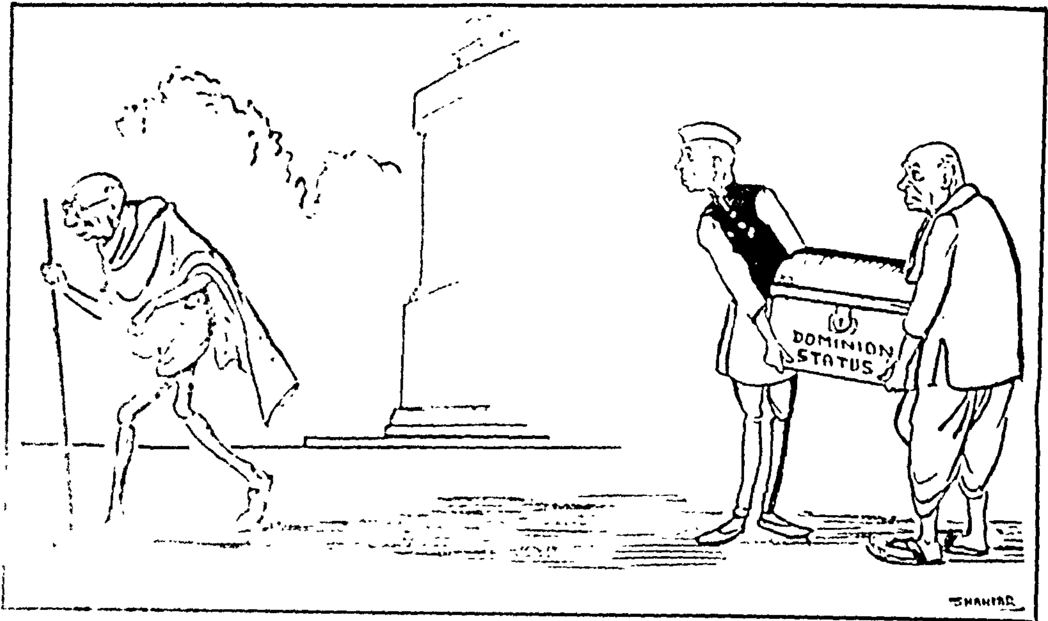
(*Editors*)

TRAPEZE TRAGEDY



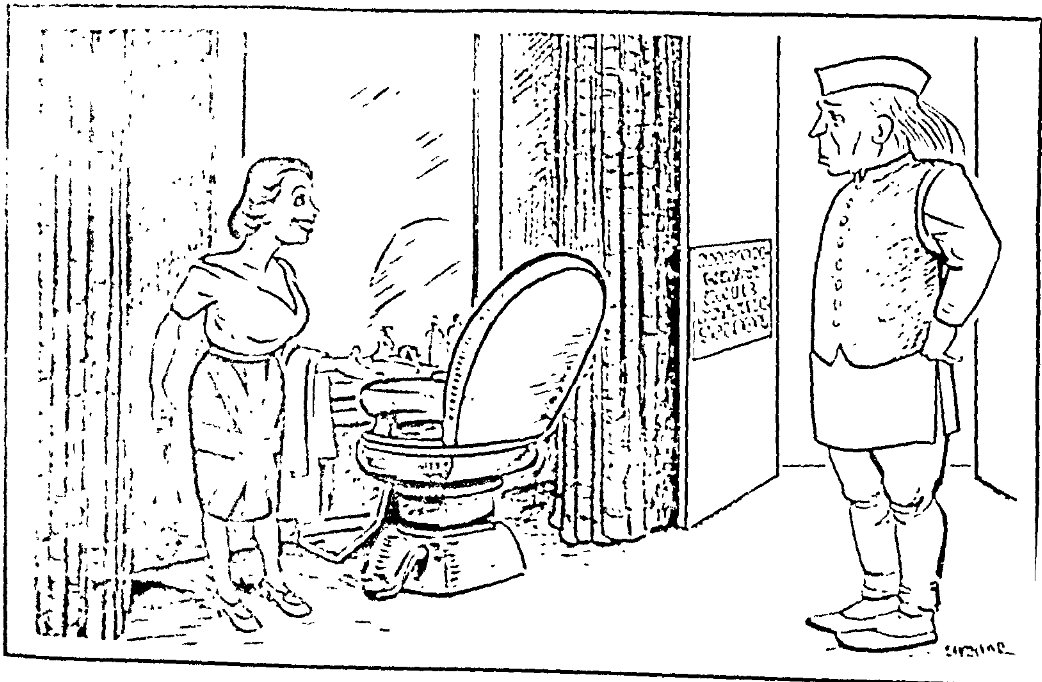
Failure of Cripps' Mission (*April* 8, 1942)

NOT INTERESTED



The Mountbatten epoch begins (*June*, 1947)

MODERN DELILAH!



The Commonwealth Conference (*October* 24, 1948)



(*December* 12, 1948)



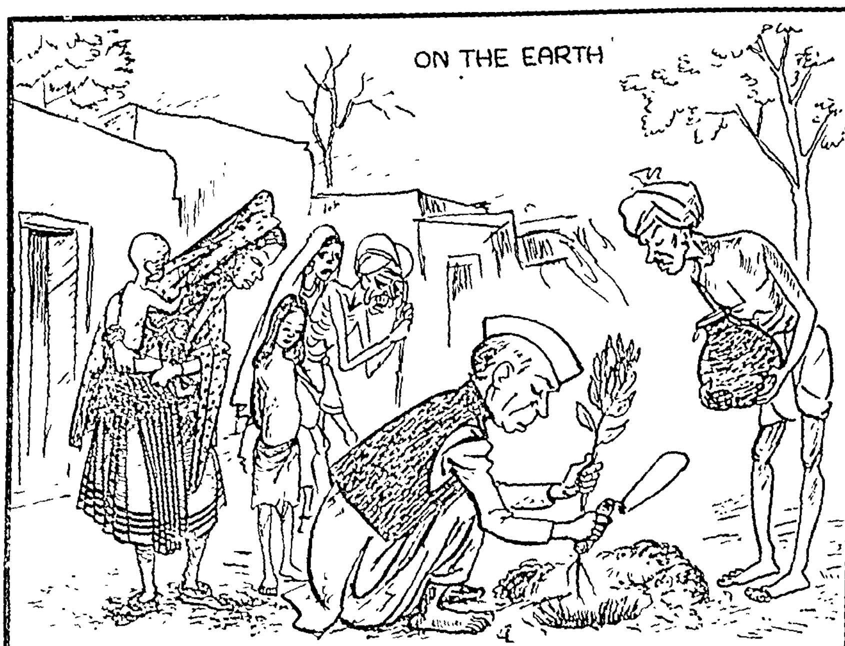
(*December 19, 1948*)

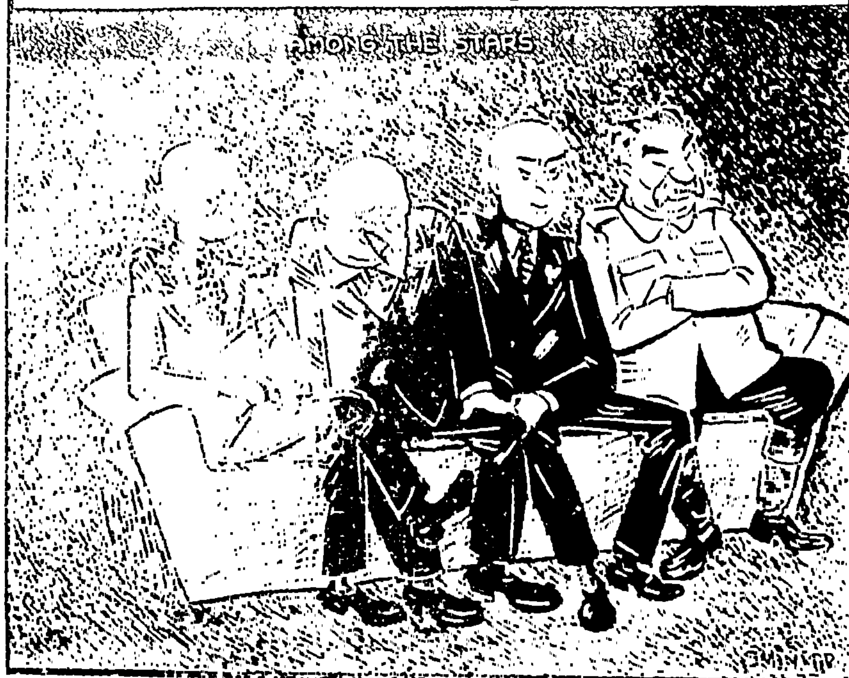
GRANDPA AT PLAY

Panditji has expressed his pleasure in receiving children and letting them play in the spacious gardens of his residence. (*January* 23, 1949)

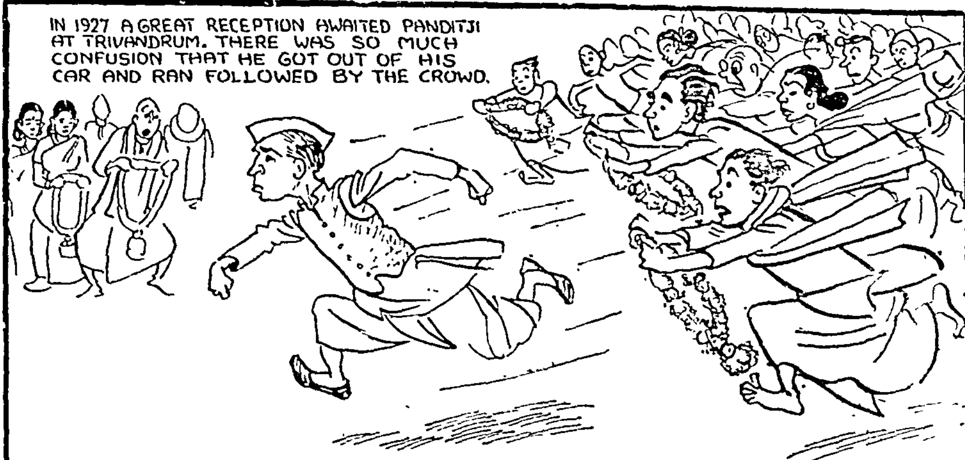
HIDE AND SEEK

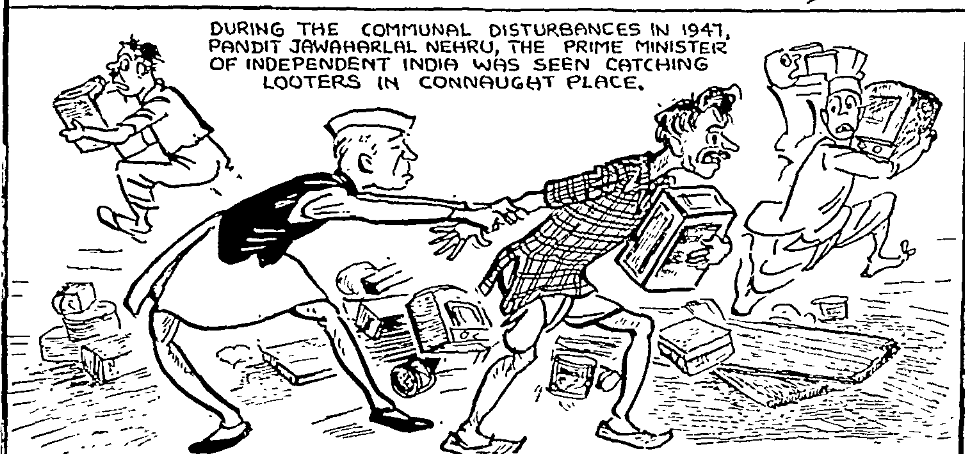
Dominion Prime Ministers' Conference (*April* 24, 1949)





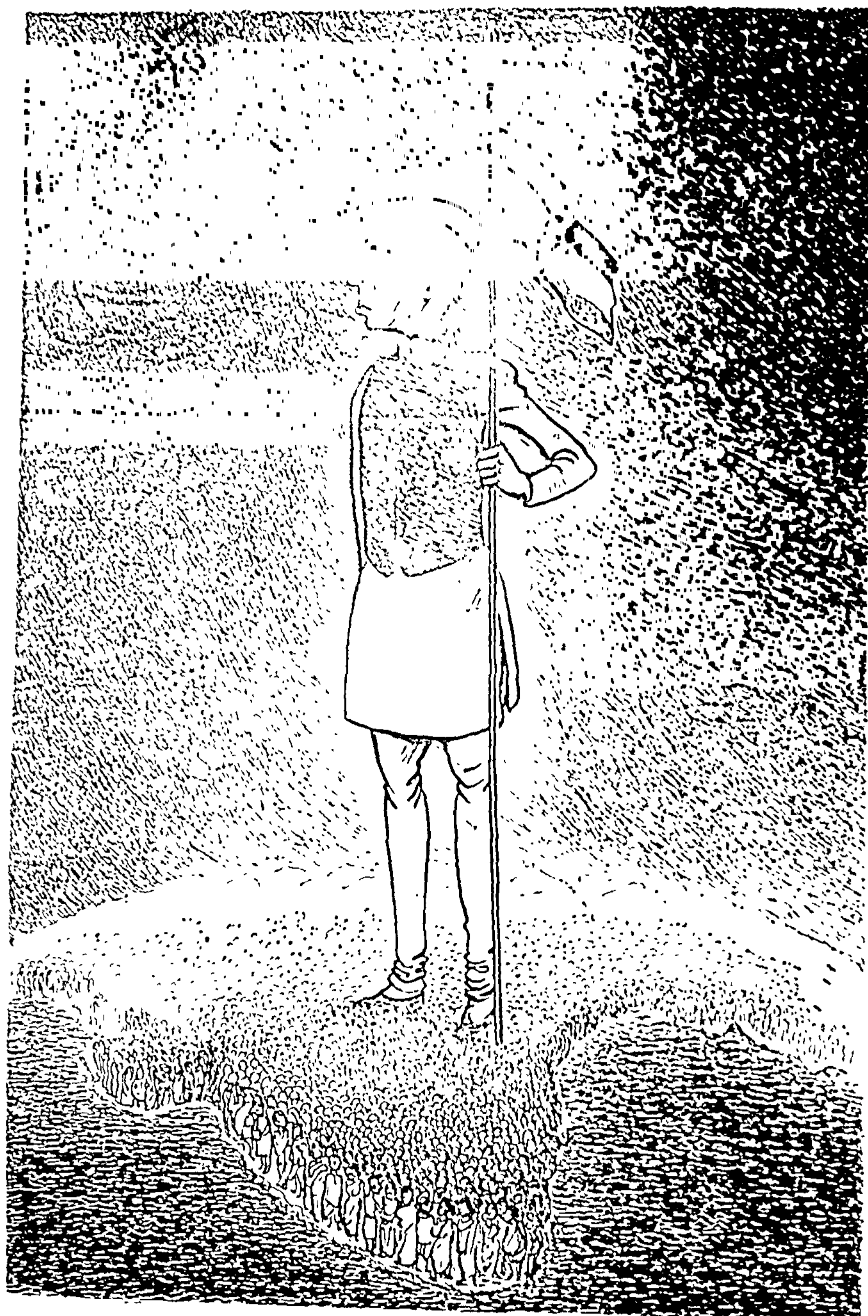
(*September* 20, 1949)







(Three incidents in Jawaharlal Nehru's life which Shankar personally witnessed are illustrated here) (*September* 20, 1949)



(*September 20, 1949*)

Nehru:
A Study in Biography

BY

NĀNĀLĀL CHAMANLĀL MEHTA

FOREWORD

I have attempted in the following pages a study of some of the salient facets of the rich and varied life of Pandit Nehru. It is intended to be a critique and not a mere panegyric. It is not possible within the scope of the present study either to evaluate or appreciate in detail the life so colourful and variegated as that of Jawaharlal Nehru.* But in writing these pages, and looking back over the past 30 years and more, I have experienced a glow of exhilaration as to the magnitude of the achievements by my countrymen under the leadership of Gandhiji. His great work has been nobly continued by his two great disciples, Jawaharlal and Vallabhbhai Patel.

September 23, 1949 N. C. M.

* Jawahar, Jawaharlal Nehru and Pandit Nehru are equated with the name of India's Prime Minister, as Gandhiji, Bapu and the Master are with the name of M. K. Gandhi.

CONTENTS

Like many distinguished Kashmiris in India, Jawaharlal was born in a middle-class family which migrated quite a long while ago from their gorgeous but difficult mountain home in "the womb of the Himalaya" to the fertile plains to the south. Curiously enough, the ancient kingdom of Kashmir has had an unbroken tradition, for a thousand years and more, of governmental incompetence and chronic misrule. Nature has showered every imaginable gift on these wonderful regions in the north of India, but their unfortunate people have patiently borne for hundreds of years a life of abject poverty and squalor, unrelieved by any gleam of hope for future improvement. The Mughal emperors—particularly Jahangir—loved the valley of Kashmir and visited it frequently. Jahangir has left in his autobiography, *Tuzuk-i-Jahangiri*, fascinating accounts of the gorgeous streams and flowers of this garden of nature. He ordered his painters, particularly *Nadir-al-Asar* (the first of the Age) Ustad Mansur to paint the lovely flowers and birds of this enchanting region. Some of these pictures still survive. To this day the people of Kashmir are substantially dependent upon the money which tourists bring to their country. But this source of livelihood has been seriously affected since the partition of India in August 1947. Since then, Kashmir has been the subject-matter of violent strife and inflamed feelings between India and Pakistan. The dispute still continues, much to the detriment of the welfare and the peace of mind of the two peoples which until yesterday were one.

Kalhana, the author of *Rājataranginī*, or the "Chronicle of the kings of Kashmir," quaintly describes his country as one "which may be conquered by the force of spiritual merits but not by hordes of soldiers. Hence, its inhabitants are afraid only of the world beyond.....Rivers are free from dangers and aquatic monsters.....Learning, lofty houses, saffron, icy water and grapes; things that even in heaven are difficult to find, are common there." Despite misgovernment, the rulers of Kashmir have been patrons of learning, and for centuries the land has been famous throughout India as a centre of pilgrimage. In the poetic words of Kalhana, "there is not a space as large as a grain of sesamum without a *Tirtha* (sacred place of pilgrimage).

The Pandits or the Brahmans, who form a minority of the people of Kashmir, are good-looking, accomplished, mild, peace-loving and patient. A few who had had the enterprise to move out of their beautiful but poverty-stricken surroundings and to go down to the plains for earning a respectable livelihood, have, on the whole, done well in various walks of life. Kashmiris in India are principally gathered in the Punjab and the United Provinces; they form a small community legitimately proud of their homeland, physical beauty and acute intelligence. The Nehrus migrated to India towards the beginning of the XVIII century, when with the death of

the fanatical but capable old ruler, Aurangzeb, in 1707, the star of the imperial Mughals had definitely set. The original family name of the Nehrus was Kaul, which was later changed to Kaul-Nehru and finally, simply to Nehru. Like most Kashmiris the vocation of the Nehrus was government employment, and Jawaharlal is the grandson of Pandit Gangadhar who was the City Kotwal or police officer-in-charge of Delhi. Gangadhar died at the age of 34 in 1861. The family was by no means prosperous and migrated to Agra. It was Jawaharlal's father, Motilal, who by sheer grit, determination and hard work reached the top of the legal profession. I met Pandit Motilal for the first time in December 1915 when he was at the height of his powers as an advocate, and his palatial home—*Anand Bhawan*—at Allahabad was almost an institution in the United Provinces. The Allahabad Bar had then some notable figures including Motilal, Sir Sunderlal, Satish Bannerji, Alston and young Tej Bahadur Sapru. Motilal himself never graduated at a University. He was not a jurist in the sense that his great rival Sunderlal was; but Motilal's personality, commonsense and rapid intake of the most complicated issues had established him as one of the foremost advocates in the country. Motilal was born at Agra on the May 6, 1861—the same day as Rabindranath Tagore, the poet. By the time Jawahar was born on November 14, 1889, Motilal was already on the high way to success at the Bar.

A successful lawyer in those days was naturally Anglicised and almost instinctively adopted a western mode of living. England's social conquest of India looked almost complete, for it had deeply permeated the conservative life and thought of India in a surprisingly effective manner. Indian culture was, however, something which Indians could not easily shake off, and it furnished the subconscious foundations on which the later edifice of Western life, particularly of the prosperous class of Indians, was built. Children of affluent lawyers, doctors, administrators and businessmen were preferably sent to Catholic Convents or Anglo-Indian schools and were, if possible, brought up under the supervision and training of European or Anglo-Indian governesses. A new community of Westernised Indians, looking up to the West for their culture and sharply demarcated from their less fortunate brethren, had come into existence. It aped the manners and mannerisms of the ruling class, as education and culture were apt to be measured by the capacity to speak English fluently and with proper intonation. Its politics centred principally round the hateful and galling racial discriminations practised against them by their masters in clubs, professions and services. The exercise of a racial bar against the very people who so conscientiously and devotedly worked to be Europeanised was particularly resented. It was a time for claiming only parity of opportunities and equality for the treatment for the Indians with Englishmen in the social and political set-up of the country. The masses had no place in that small and circumscribed world which had come into existence as a tawdry appanage of the ruling minority. Despite the birth of the Indian National Congress in 1885 at the hands of Alan Octavian Hume—a Scotchman, and a retired member of the Indian Civil Service—the thought of an independent India had not taken root.

CONGRESS WORKING COMMITTEE AT WARDHA, 1937
Photograph shows Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, Seth Jamnalal Bajaj and Jawaharlal Nehru.

Pandit Nehru and Acharya Narendra Deva receive a guard of honour at the U. P. Political Conference, at Mathura, 1939.



CONGRESS VOLUNTEERS' RALLY, KANPUR 1940

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in the uniform of a Congress Volunteer, being led in procession through the streets of Kanpur.

AT THE TRIPURI CONGRESS CAMP, 1939

From l. to r.: Seth Govind Das (C[illegible]man of the Reception Committee), Jawaharlal Nehru, Sr[illegible] Ayyangar.

Jawaharlal never went to an Indian school, as was but proper for the scion of a prospering and progressive family of Allahabad. Instead, he had an English tutor, F.T. Brooks, luckily a Theosophist, for the Theosophical Society founded at New York by Madame Blavatsky in 1875 and transferred to Madras in 1882 was one of the few organisations with Europeans at the head, which looked to India's past as a source of spiritual inspiration, and above all where Indians could become members along with Europeans on terms of absolute equality. Motilal himself had become a member of the Society. With the advent of Mrs. Annie Besant as the President of the Society, Theosophy became a force of some importance, particularly in urban centres throughout the country. Jawaharlal himself was initiated as a member of the Society at the age of 13 by Mrs. Besant herself. This was perhaps the only semi-religious organisation of which Jawaharlal ever became a member. The present generation can hardly realise, at this distance of time, the significance of a movement such as Theosophy or the magnitude of the services rendered to India by this remarkable woman from Ireland, who had made India her home and whose dedicated spirit slumbers in a quiet corner on the beautiful Adyar in Madras. It was her Home Rule movement in 1917 which was the prelude to the dynamic era of Gandhian politics. Needless to say, Mrs. Annie Besant herself was the first person to be interned for the stand she took against the imperial power of Britain in India. The seeds that she had sown grew, and with Gandhiji's single-minded devotion and dynamic influence over the masses the political movement in India attained in 1921 a position of remarkable strength and resilience.

Jawaharlal's childhood was in no way exceptional or remarkable. In May 1905 the Nehru family sailed for England. Towards the beginning of October 1907 Jawaharlal, after two years at Harrow, joined Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of 17, and three years later graduated with a second class degree in Natural Sciences Tripos (part one)—having studied the usual combination of subjects—chemistry, geology and botany. I went to Cambridge in April 1909, and though Jawahar did not leave Cambridge till the summer of 1910 I do not recollect to have met him. I was at Cambridge till the end of 1915, but Jawaharlal was not one of those who had left any impress on the life of the University, or even on some one hundred and odd Indian students in residence there. There was the Indian Majlis, an organisation of Indians which was their social club and political forum, but Jawaharlal Nehru was far too shy and diffident to have participated either in the Majlis or even in his college debating society called the Magpie and Stump. Despite the fact that Jawahar describes himself as somewhat of a gambler like his father, at first with money and then for higher stakes in the bigger issues of life, he did not muster enough courage to speak in public until a few years after his return to India. When he first spoke at a public meeting in Allahabad sometime in 1915, the late Sir Tej Bahadur, a family friend of the Nehrus, was so surprised at this unusual achievement of young Nehru that he went up to the rostrum and kissed him in public, much to the latter's embarrassment!

Life at Cambridge in the first decade of the XX century was happy and full

of intellectual questioning. Clever students read Ibsen, Strindberg, Björnsen, Anatole France, Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Tchekov, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Henry James, Galsworthy, Lowes-Dickinson, E.M. Foster, H.G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Sydney Webb, Acton, Bergson, Bertrand Russell, the *Nation and the Athenæum*, the *Spectator* and the like. The library at the University Union was well-stocked with the latest English publications and periodicals in the principal languages of Europe. Jawahar did a fair amount of general and desultory reading, but nothing out of the way or unusual. His academic record was average, but the atmosphere of Cambridge was undoubtedly exhilarating, and all those Indians who had the privilege and the good fortune of coming under its influence during those years were indeed happy, and quite a few of them made their mark in later years in the service of their country in various capacities. Cambridge was at the height of its reputation in Natural Sciences, Economics and Philosophy. The Cavendish Laboratory was dominated by Sir J.J. Thomson, the great physicist, and in Chemistry James Dewar had succeeded in liquifying hydrogen. Cambridge had the reputation of having the most studious atmosphere and consequently Indians, ambitious of passing the I.C.S. competitive examination, congregated there in preference to Oxford and other British Universities. Entry into the Indian Civil Service was almost the highest ambition of the Indian students clever at books and examinations, and young Jawahar also thought of competing for the I.C.S. But as he was only 20 when he graduated, he would have had to wait two years before he could appear for the examination. Besides, Motilal Nehru—the leader of the Allahabad Bar—naturally wanted his only son to take up the profession of law and follow in his footsteps. The die was therefore cast in favour of a legal career and Jawaharlal became a Barrister from the Inner Temple.

As a lawyer Jawaharlal never made much of an impression, either because he was not much interested in the profession of law, or perhaps because he was completely overshadowed by the masterful personality of his father. It is rare to find lawyer-sons of distinguished advocates ever attaining the eminence of their fathers, unless they have had the good sense of making their dèbut in places remote from their parental pastures. Jawaharlal did a certain amount of work chiefly as his father's junior, but it was obvious that his interests and mode of life were not such as would make him a great and successful lawyer.

In February 1916, on the *Vasanta Panchami* day—an auspicious day heralding the advent of spring and flowers, Jawaharlal, a youth of 26, was married to Kamalā, a slip of a girl, utterly unsophisticated in the ways of the world and only seventeen. Despite their difference in age, education and outlook the marriage was unusually happy. It was of course an arranged match, as was the custom in those days. The marriage was celebrated with all the usual pomp and ceremony at Delhi, for Jawaharlal was the only son of an opulent father. The honeymoon was spent in Kashmir, where young Nehru enjoyed trekking amongst the matchless hills and valleys of the Himalayas. Jawaharlal has always loved adventures and his marriage was perhaps one of the most significant and romantic adventures even of his eventful

career. The young couple were attracted to each other and got on well, despite their sensitive natures and quick tempers. Twenty-one months after the marriage, Priyadarshini Indirā—their only daughter and child—arrived. But these months of domestic bliss were not to be repeated in later years, for by Christmas 1916 Jawaharlal had met Gandhiji and was already passing through a mighty conversion. Thereafter the life of Jawaharlal as well as the Nehru family assumed a new and unaccustomed phase and tempo. Jawaharlal's married life finished on the February 28, 1936, when Kamala died at Badenweiler in Switzerland. Twenty years of married life had passed rapidly enough with Jawaharlal passing in and out of the prisons like a shuttlecock, while Kamala's health was progressively deteriorating. Jawaharlal's political preoccupations after 1917 left him but little time to attend to domestic affairs, or even to watch carefully the unfolding of the mind of the delicate and sensitive girl who had stepped into *Anand Bhavan* at Allahabad. The political preoccupations left but little time for romance, and it was only later during the interminable solitudes of the long spells in prison that Jawaharlal began to have nostalgic ache and to reflect on what he had missed, and how the dreams of a life of love and happiness had been twisted out of recognition by the change that had come over India as a whole and the Nehru family in particular. Jawaharlal records in poignant words:

"Our marriage had almost coincided with new developments in politics, and my absorption in them grew. They were the Home Rule days, and soon after came Martial Law in the Punjab and Non-Co-operation, and more and more I was involved in the dust and tumble of public affairs. So great became my concentration in these activities that, all unconsciously, I almost overlooked her and left her to her own resources, just when she required my full co-operation. My affection for her continued and even grew, and it was a great comfort to know that she was there to help me with her soothing influence. She gave me strength, but she must have suffered and felt a little neglected. An unkindness to her would almost have been better than this semi-forgetful, casual attitude.

"And then came her recurring illness and my long absences in prison, when we could only meet at gaol interviews. The Civil Disobedience movement brought her in the front rank of our fighters, and she rejoiced when she too went to prison. We grew even nearer to each other. Our rare meetings became precious, and we looked forward to them and counted the days that intervened. We could not get tired of each other or stale, for there was always a freshness and novelty about our meetings and brief periods together. Each of us was continually making fresh discoveries in the other, though sometimes perhaps the new discoveries were not to our liking. Even our grown-up disagreements had something boyish and girlish about them."

When the call of the nation came, Kamala also followed in the footsteps of her husband, despite her failing health. By 1934 her health had taken a turn for the worse, and Jawaharlal was given eleven days' respite from the Dehra Dun jail to be by the side of his ailing wife:

"It was the eleventh day after my release, August 23rd. The police car drove up and the police officer came up to me and told me that my time was up and I had to accompany him to Naini Prison. I bade good-bye to my people. As I was getting into the police car my ailing mother ran up again to me with arms outstretched. That face of hers haunted me for long."

Long years of separation had intensified the attachment between Jawaharlal and Kamala. The vision of a dear and life-long friend gradually fading away, perhaps for good, haunted the sensitive mind of Jawahar. He longed to hear day after day, week after week, the news of Kamala's health and wrote: "At last the month of September was over. They were the longest and most damnable thirty days that I had ever experienced." Early in October Jawahar was to see her again. It had been decided to shift Kamala to Bhowali in the Himalayas near Nainital where she could have a more congenial climate and better treatment for tuberculosis. The prisoner, Jawaharlal, was also shifted to Almora so as to be nearer to Kamala. He was glad to be back in these mountains and he experienced a sense of exhilaration. He looked down hungrily on the changing panorama of the hills—green and verdant valleys alternating with bleak mountains. It was during these lonely days in the prison that Jawaharlal's natural sensitiveness to nature was greatly heightened. His interest in clouds, streams, snow, sunshine, birds, trees and flowers became intense and unceasing. Away from the disturbing pre-occupations of every-day life he looked within and discovered hidden and perennial springs of strength, joy and happiness. He was housed in the little jail of Almora perched on a high ridge, and he had a lordly barrack to live in, 51′ x 17′ with 15 windows and a door. He lived in solitary grandeur, but he was not quite alone, "for at least two score sparrows had made their home in the broken-down roof. Sometimes a wandering cloud would visit me, its many arms creeping in through the numerous openings and filling the place with a damp mist."

About his own life in Almora jail, he writes:

"It was very pleasant in the day time and, as the sun rose higher, the growing warmth brought life to the mountains and they seemed to lose their remoteness and become friendly and companionable. But how they change their aspect with the passing of day! How cold and grim they become when 'Night with giant strides stalks o'er the world', and life hides and protects itself and leaves wild nature to its own. In the semi-darkness of the moonlight or starlight the mountains look up mysterious, threatening, overwhelming, and yet almost insubstantial, and through the valleys can be heard the moaning of the wind. The poor traveller shivers as he goes his lonely way and senses hostility everywhere. Even the voice of the wind seems to mock him and challenge him. And at other times there is no breath of wind or other sound, and there is an absolute silence that is oppressive in its intensity. Only the telegraph wires perhaps hum faintly, and the stars seem brighter and nearer than ever. The mountains look down grimly, and one seems to be face to face with a mystery that terrifies. With Pascal one thinks: '*Le silence éternel de ces éspaces infinis m'éffraie.*' In the plains the nights are never quite so soundless; life

is still audible there, and the murmuring and humming of various animals and insects break the stillness of the night."

Jawaharlal's family life was dominated by the masterful personality of his father. Motilal Nehru had a fine imperious presence with an unmistakable air of supreme confidence. If he earned handsomely, he also spent lavishly. He was neither meek nor mild, and by no means prone to accept anybody's leadership except his own. He was the undisputed leader of the Bar. He also led the triumphant Congress party in the Indian Legislature, where his legal and constitutional acumen combined with suave and powerful advocacy easily established his ascendancy. But it was not in these spheres that he realised himself. It was one of the man-making miracles of Gandhiji that people like Motilal Nehru and the late Chitta Ranjan Das, also the leader of the Calcutta Bar, were enrolled as loyal colleagues and followers in the Gandhian hierarchy, with its unique technique of austerity, mass-contact, identification with the people in the villages and renunciation of a life of accustomed ease and opulence.

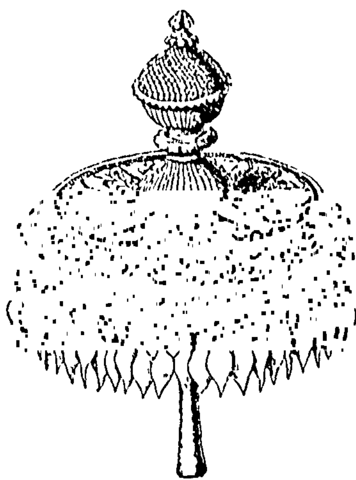
Motilal accepted his new incarnation with the same zest and abandon as had hitherto gone into the amassing of a fortune at the Bar. He too braved smilingly and without complaint the hardships of jail life and separation from his family members. Motilal died in Lucknow, and I well remember the surging crowds that gathered to mourn the departure of a brave and resplendent figure. In struggle and self-invited suffering Motilal's great energy, strength of character and *joie de vivre* found their consummation.

Jawaharlal was deeply influenced by the splendid figure of his father. The influence of the mother, as in most Indian households, was more subtle, profound, lasting, implicit rather than apparent. The Indian mother is a being by herself. She is all over the place when something goes wrong with the child. She then knows neither fatigue nor discomfort. Her devotion to and identification with the welfare of her husband and her offspring is absolute and something beyond description. Swarup Rani, Jawaharlal's mother, was by no means a modern woman; but she was the embodiment of the age-long traditions of sacrifice and disinterested love which had gone into the making of the Indian woman. Her life was centred in that of her husband and her children, and when the magnificent pattern of life at *Anand Bhawan* changed, and Motilal and Jawaharlal went through repeated terms of incarceration, it gave only an opportunity to Swarup Rani to throw herself into the fray and to find her own freedom. She was small, frail and aged; none of these things, however, mattered, for she had at last found the supreme opportunity of fighting on the same front as her beloved ones, irrespective of the disabilities of her age and sex. This extraordinary and instinctive devotion to a cause is still the distinguishing mark of India's womanhood.

Within the family itself Jawaharlal and his sister Vijayalakshmi have some deep, subtle and unusual bonds of sympathy and mutual understanding. Vijayalakshmi, the Ambassador, is in her proper element when she keeps the house for and looks after the comforts of her somewhat wayward, temperamental, fastidious, careless and hard-worked brother. She can be a superlative hostess, efficient, tactful and

possessed of an instinctive understanding of the people around her. Jawaharlal, too, experiences a deep note of inner satisfaction when he is with his sister, for he seems then to recover the deep family intimacies which he has so much yearned for, but of which he got but fugitive glimpses.

The atmosphere of *Anand Bhavan* was something which cannot be recovered either at this distance of time, or at present in any part of the country. A bustling life of ease, intimacy and elegance seems to have belonged to a forgotten epoch, for life has become progressively grimmer during the past generation. Poise, dignity and peace seem to have been banished by the pace, strife and difficulties of present-day existence.



ADVENT OF GANDHIJI

I first met Gandhiji in 1911 in a modest house in Bayswater in London. I visited Bapu—the father as he was known even then, sometime in the evening and the door was opened by Kallenbach—Mahatma's devoted disciple from South Africa. He was munching an apple and was without a coat. He took us on to the room where Gandhiji was squatting on the ground, wrapped in a blanket. He offered us a chair, but we preferred to squat. The only thing I now remember is Kallenbach's posing a query to Gandhiji that political independence had never been achieved by constitutional means, and in support of his argument he cited the example of Ireland. Bapu looked up and told him that it should have been enough for Kallenbach that he (Gandhiji) thought differently. To my young mind this looked very much like laying down the law. But then, Gandhiji though only 43 was made of different stuff altogether. I remember his first visit to Cambridge. In those days Gujarat was politically a backwater of India. Bengal, the Punjab and Maharashtra were in the forefront. Gujarat had only traders and some second-rate and insignificant politicians, but no notable scholars, writers, lawyers, or even High Court judges. Consequently, when the Indian Majlis at Cambridge invited Gandhiji to speak to them, my provincial Gujarati pride was aroused, and I along with others went to the station to receive this new star on the political firmament of India. I remember to this day the feeling of mortification which stole over me when I discovered a short, lean, plain-looking individual dressed in the conventional raiments of an English gentleman, striped trousers, frock coat and top-hat, accompanied by a Parsi—Sorabji—dressed in his national costume, and an elderly Muslim gentleman donning the red 'Turkish' *fez*. The gentleman in European clothes was no other than Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. He seemed to have stepped out from the pages of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*. We took him for lunch, but to our horror we found that he was a confirmed vegetarian, and consequently potatoes and onions had to be hurriedly chopped to furnish him with something to eat, for the meeting that Gandhiji was to address was timed at 2.30 P.M. This meeting was unusual. We had been used to smooth and rolling periods of English; but we were not prepared for the kind of meeting which is vivid to me to this day. I found that Gandhiji was addressed as *Bapu*—the father—and his wife Kasturba as *Ba*—the mother—by all his elderly companions who spoke in basic but racy Hindustani.

When Gandhiji got up, we heard a voice unusual and vibrant with intense conviction. It was not in the manner to which we of that generation had been accustomed, for it was not eloquence, but the advent of some rare and reposeful personality, burning with a steady but blazing fire fed from some obscure and hidden springs of spiritual energy. Gandhiji had already made a name in leading his countrymen in agitating against the discriminating legislation passed by the Government of General Smuts

in South Africa. He was not, however, much known to his countrymen except through some highly appreciative references made to his work in South Africa by Gopal Krishna Gokhale.

Gokhale was altogether a remarkable man, and it is difficult for the present generation of Indians to realise the stature of the man and the work done and the services rendered by this selfless son of India, who had early dedicated his life to the country, humbly and unostentatiously. He was the hero of the Indian legislature, the colleague of Mohammad Ali Jinnah, then a notable star in the fight for India's freedom. He had made a name for himself as a moderate but fearless politician and parliamentarian, and as a profound student of the economic problems of India. His evidence before the Currency Commission during the first decade of the XX century used to be cited at the Cambridge School of Economics as a remarkable document worthy of study by all students of Indian economics. Gokhale always weighed his words; he was never flurried; and he spoke at a meeting in the Wilson College in Bombay describing Gandhiji as one who had been working for the cause of the Indians in a remote corner of the world in a manner which people at home could hardly conceive, and on a plane to which few political workers, if any, could aspire.

It was this speech which decided the future course of life of an unusually brilliant, handsome and gifted young graduate from Bombay. He was Gandhiji's life-long Secretary, the noblest of his disciples and the most selfless of his friends—Mahadev Desai. Mahadev remained with the Mahatma till his death in the Yervada Jail in 1946. He had the proud privilege of having his funeral pyre lit by his Master to whom he had given himself.

Gandhiji had called Gokhale his *Guru*, and the *Guru* had described the disciple as one who could "mould heroes out of common clay." At the 24th session of the Indian National Congress at Lahore in December 1909, Gokhale referred to Gandhiji in the following terms:

"Mr. Gandhi is one of those men who, living an austerely simple life themselves and devoted to all the highest principles of love of their fellow-beings and to truth and justice, touch the eyes of their weaker brethren as with magic and give them a new vision. He is a man who may well be described as a man among men, a hero among heroes, a patriot among patriots, and we may well say that in him Indian humanity at the present time has really reached its high watermark."

Gokhale passed away on February 9, 1915. Bal Gangadhar Tilak—Gokhale's great political opponent—referred to him in a passionate oration:

> "This is a time for shedding tears. This diamond of India, this jewel of Maharashtra, this prince of workers is laid to eternal rest on the funeral ground. Look at him and try to emulate him. Every one of you should place his life as a model to be imitated and should try to fill up the gap caused by his death, and if you will do your level best to emulate him in this way, he will feel glad even in the next world."

This photograph, taken when Jawaharlal's daughter Indira sailed for England in 1937, shows, from l. to r.: Mrs. Krishna Hutheesingh, Indira, Shrimati Shanta Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru and Sri Hutheesingh.

BEFORE THE TRIPURI CONGRESS

Photograph shows Pandit Nehru and others at Delhi where Pandit Nehru was called by Mahatma Gandhi for consultation before the Tripuri Congress in 1939.



THE CONGRESS WORKING COMMITTEE WARDHA, 1938
Photo shows Sri Pattabhi Sitaramayya Sri Subhas Chandra Bose and Jawaharlal Nehru.



FIRST MEETING OF THE NATIONAL PLANNING COMMITTEE

NEHRU AND KHAN ABDUL GAFFAR KHAN
This photograph was taken at Peshawar in 1940.



PANDIT NEHRU AND ACHARYA NARENDRA DEVA



WITH MALAVIYAJI DURING HIS ILLNESS, 1940



AT THE GURU'S DOOR
Pandit Nehru going up the steps to Mahatma Gandhi's room for a consultation before an important meeting.

I saw Gandhiji again on one or two occasions before returning to India in 1915, but I have no clear recollections of these meetings. I had passed the Indian Civil Service in 1915, and when I returned to my home-town of Ahmadabad, I found that Gandhiji was staying in a bungalow in a suburban village called Kochrab, where I went to see him. Kasturba was busy grinding wheat, while Gandhiji was, if I remember right, busy making some Harijan boys literate. He told me that he was under a notice to quit the premises for this shockingly unorthodox behaviour of his in allowing the untouchables within the house. The people of Ahmadabad were to present me with an address of welcome on my being the first youth from the city to have passed through the then magic portals of the Indian Civil Service examination, and my uncle and I requested Gandhiji to attend the meeting. It was perhaps the only meeting that Gandhiji ever attended which was convened for presenting a silver casket to a man merely because he had got into the Indian Civil Service. Words of fulsome praise and extravagant tributes to my qualities of head and heart were uttered, as is still unfortunately common with us on such occasions, and I requested Gandhiji, who was with me on the dais, dressed in a Kathiawadi *angarkha* and *pugree*, to say some words of correction. He got up and said rightly that if even a fraction of what was said about me was correct, then the people of Ahmadabad had every reason to be sorry for my having got into Government service. I also remember Sir Chinubhai Madholal—the chairman of the meeting, having remarked to me about the tactlessness of this new-comer from South Africa. Somehow or other I saw quite a deal of Gandhiji right till his death.

My own recollection of Gandhiji's mounting influence was perhaps sometime in 1918, when he had already taken control of the Trade Unions in Ahmadabad, which were so splendidly organised by a modest but remarkable lady, Anasuya Sarabhai. The working classes had learnt a new lesson of discipline and I remember Gandhiji's verdict being received in stony silence by these people, for it had gone against them. Such was the man who had come from South Africa, at a time when Indian politics were primarily concerned with words and pious resolutions passed at the annual sessions of the Indian National Congress. Jawaharlal Nehru was vegetating at the Allahabad Bar. He had donned the lawyer's gown and frequented the High Court, sometimes independently and frequently as junior to his distinguished father. But the question of livelihood or even making a name at the Bar did not arise in the case of the only son of Pandit Motilal Nehru. Jawaharlal was athirst for new sensations and fresh adventures. Conventional politics interested him just as little as practising law in the High Court. Jawaharlal, however, had met Gandhiji during the Christmas of 1916. By 1917 Gandhiji had already tried his peculiar technique of action, though on a limited scale, to relieve the distress of the peasantry in Champaran (Bihar) and to secure a measure of relief for the heavily taxed peasantry of Kheda (Gujarat). But these were isolated instances in the even tenor of India's political evolution. It is true that the great and fiery old Irish lady, Annie Besant, had started in 1917 a Home Rule League, flinging a challenge to the authority established by law. The old lady had been interned. The tempo of political dissatisfaction was quickly rising, and it

was apparent that this insignificant looking and comparatively unknown man from South Africa was to figure more and more in the political affairs of India. Early in 1919 Gandhiji passed through a serious illness. The Government in their wisdom had already decided to enact the coercive measures restricting the opportunities of politicians and the press, popularly known as the Rowlatt Acts. Gandhiji had raised his voice from his bed of sickness and begged the Viceroy to withhold his consent to these objectionable measures. It was a great moment in the political history of this country, for it was the parting of ways. Political leadership had hitherto belonged to distinguished and learned lawyers, who spoke carefully and eloquently, but always in a manner which did not somehow or other compromise their future prospects or careers. Political leadership was then timorous, halting and unprepared to take risks, and its following was confined only to a limited fringe of the urban population. There was undoubted longing and an urge for freedom, but neither the passion nor the will to achieve it. Consequently, the country's youth was, or was becoming at bottom, increasingly indifferent or hostile to and dissatisfied with the leadership of the Congress. When Gandhiji started his Satyagraha Sabha, and began to enroll members to a definite course of action fraught with unpleasant consequences, Jawaharlal heard at once a "voice" which was somehow different from the others. "It was quiet and low, and yet it could be heard above the shouting of the multitude; it was soft and gentle, and yet there seemed to be steel hidden away somewhere in it; it was courteous and full of appeal, and yet there was something grim and frightening in it; every word used was full of meaning and seemed to carry a deadly earnestness. Behind the language of peace and friendship there was power and the quivering shadow of action and a determination not to submit to a wrong. We are familiar with that voice now; we have heard it often during the last fourteen years. But it was new to us in February and March 1919; we did not quite know what to make of it, but we were thrilled. This was something very different from our noisy politics and condemnation and nothing else; long speeches always ending in the same futile and ineffective resolutions of protest which nobody took very seriously. This was the politics of action, not of talk."

Motilal Nehru was interested in politics, but temperamentally he was conservative and a great admirer of the Englishman whose speech and mode of life he had made his own. I remember his telling me in 1915 that while he had respect for the Indian members of the Indian Civil Service, he did not think that they had many amongst them fit enough to take charge even as district officers. This was the view-point by no means uncommon in those days, for it was almost assumed that Indians did not really have the administrative or executive capacity of the Englishman, and it seemed to be somehow or other a congenital disability, past redemption. Pandit Motilal was principally engrossed in the great practice that he had built up at the Bar. He could never dream that Jawahar, his only son, brought up in luxury and educated in England, could ever adopt a course of action which would involve repeated incarceration with all the inevitable hardships of prison-life. Motilal—imperious, determined, supremely self-confident—was the born patrician who ruled the household at *Anand Bhawan.*

He was autocratic, quick-tempered, cheerful and even vivacious. I remember the shock that I received when at a morning meal the table-boy at *Anand Bhawan* incurred the wrath of the master and received a severe thrashing from him there and then. This was something odd and inexcusable in the eyes of a young man like me who had returned home after a prolonged stay in England, where servants were and had to be treated kindly and courteously. But those were the unregenerate days of forced labour and virtual serfdom of the poor over wide sectors of Indian life.

Guests were frequent at *Anand Bhawan,* and the meeting place was either the library or the drawing room or the spacious verandahs where the menfolk gathered. The living rooms were typical of the period, furnished in European style, with nothing Indian. Affluence was apparent everywhere, but it had no relation to India's culture. In fact, things Indian were at a discount and the glories of India's art, plastic or graphic, were not even suspected. Those were the days of cheap prints from England which decorated the walls of opulent homes in India. Women-folk generally led a life of their own. Even at *Anand Bhavan,* Swarup Rani, Jawaharlal's mother—frail, quiet and sensitive—led a life of her own. Lovely Vijayalakshmi, now India's Ambassador at Washington, was still in frocks in charge of a governess. I remember her dutifully practising at the piano, demure and quiet, but with obvious fire in the eyes.

There has never been any dearth of saints in the world and particularly in India. India has the traditions of Gautama Buddha, Mahavira, Kabir and many others. Consequently, the mere saintliness of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi would not have sufficed to put him at the very pinnacle in India for a period of over 30 years. The distinguishing feature of the new Messiah was that his predecessors in the past were more concerned in pointing out the futility of human life, the attendant miseries and the need for faith in Divinity as an escape from all the frustrations associated with human existence. Religion, in other words, was the redemption from earthly life with all its inevitable greed, passions and meannesses. To Gandhiji, however, suffering in any shape or form, was intolerable, and he with the utter simplicity of faith devoted his life and energies to the alleviation of the miseries of the common man. Gandhiji's austerity was something elemental; in his own habits he was simple and fastidiously clean, and, unlike his country-men, completely modern in his outlook on matters of personal hygiene and sense of time. But he had an over-mastering sense of pity, and came to the conclusion that "a semi-starved nation can have neither religion, nor art, nor organization." "Whatever can be useful to starving millions is beautiful to my mind. Let us give today first the vital things of life, and all the graces and ornaments of life will follow......I want art and literature that can speak to millions....For millions it is an eternal vigil, or an eternal trance." He wanted, if he could, to wipe away every tear from every eye.

If he could not extend the sphere of his activities beyond his immediate neighbourhood or to other countries, it was unavoidable and because of the limitations of human endeavour. Unlike, therefore, the prophets and saints of antiquity, Gandhiji brought a message of hope and relief for the poor man, who suffered not only from the results of his own frailties, but also from the insatiable lust for power of his rulers.

Unlike his predecessors Gandhiji did not promise salvation in the other world. He wanted the people to free themselves of their chains here and now. In this he was perhaps more akin to Lenin who wanted all the resources of the country and its Government to be devoted to the amelioration of life of the common man. The difference between Lenin and Gandhi was that the latter put emphasis on the means used to achieve the ends. Gandhiji, however, had supreme insight into the values of ethical Life, and equated Truth and Divinity, and consequently, despite the varying success of his message even during his life time, he never changed his emphasis on Truth as the only practical policy both for individuals and Governments. It was Gandhiji's uncompromising insistence on the right means to attain desirable objectives which distinguished him from people who were but political leaders of the moment. It was this quality in the Mahatma's mental make-up which struck such a discerning man as Gopal Krishna Gokhale and made him utter those memorable words on Gandhiji moving on a plane which was inaccessible to the common run of men. This was at a time when Gandhiji was virtually unknown!

Looking back now to January 1915, when Gandhiji returned to India, it is difficult to imagine the extent and the magnitude of the change which has taken place during all these years. The seeds of the revolution were doubtless there; they were first sown in the organisation of the Satyagraha Sabha, to meet the challenge flung to the Indian people by the Viceroy of India by giving his assent to the drastic measures known as the Rowlatt Acts. There was nothing unusual about these coercive measures except that they roused the moral wrath of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. He appealed to the Viceroy not to give his assent to these obnoxious measures. When the appeal was ignored, Gandhiji—the man of action—came to the fore and called upon his people to disobey the new laws which offended their dignity. This was a revolutionary departure from the politics of mere protestations.

Jawaharlal, who was vegetating in Allahabad, heard the call and was thrilled. He wanted to join Gandhiji's new organisation immediately. Youth does not consider consequences; it is swayed by emotion and the opportunities for adventure. But Motilal, the devoted father, realised the consequences of aligning with Gandhiji in a game for breaking the laws and challenging the might of the Imperial power in India. The senior Nehru was, therefore, naturally against any precipitous action by his only son, which would entail not only the blasting of a prosperous career at the Bar, but would involve indefinable and indefinite risks of jail-going, confiscations and perhaps a life of extreme hardship. Opulence and luxury are enervating at all times; they sap the ardour for high adventure. Fortunately, however, both the father and the son realised the greatness that lay behind Gandhiji's faith in action. Events forced the pace. Gandhiji's call to his people seemed to have been well-timed; the Satyagraha day, April 6, 1919, was observed all over the country; thousands of people observed the fast; business was suspended in most of the important towns in India. There was a new light and unaccustomed glow in the hearts of the people. The British power sensed the danger. There were firings at Delhi and Amritsar and the loss of many lives. There was mob violence in Gujranwala, Kasur and Amritsar,

the massacre of Jalianwala Bagh on April 13, 1919, and the horrors, the humiliation and the indignity of martial law in the Punjab. Suddenly the Punjab was completely screened off from the rest of the country, and Michael O'Dwyer, the provincial Governor, had a free hand in curbing what he felt to be a new mutiny—a fresh challenge to the ordained rule of the British in India.

When the martial law was lifted, the Congress which had already organised relief for the victims of martial law deputed prominent Congressmen to enquire into the happenings in the Punjab, which had hitherto been loyal and the most prolific source for providing England with all the military man-power that she needed from the Indian continent. The Congress enquiry was primarily under the direction of Motilal and C.R. Das from Bengal. Jawaharlal was associated with these legal stalwarts, and the experience that he gathered and the knowledge that he acquired burnt themselves indelibly on his consciousness. Gandhiji's call to Satyagraha had been sealed and sanctified by the blood that was shed at the Jalianwala Bagh. The British power had sounded its death-knell at the very moment of asserting its invincibility.

Gandhiji was terribly shocked at the happenings which took place in the train of his Satyagraha movement. He admitted that he had committed a blunder of Himalayan dimensions, which enabled "ill-disposed, not true passive resisters at all to perpetuate disorder," and he announced the suspension of the movement.

The next annual session of the Congress met at Amritsar—the scene of the massacre of the Jalianwala Bagh. All the old leaders, including Lokamanya Tilak—the leader of the forward movement—were present, but a new star had now risen on the firmament of Indian politics, and the slogan, *Mahatma Gandhi ki Jai*, which was to dominate the political scene in India till Gandhiji's demise in 1948, was first in the air. The bell which began to toll never ceased ringing even after the Mahatma's death. His posthumous spirit still hovers over the ideology of the Indian people, and is perhaps the principal asset of the Indian National Congress even today.

The President of the Amritsar Congress was Pandit Motilal Nehru. Nothing of any particular significance was done, because the country was awaiting the report of the Hunter Committee which had been appointed by the Government to report on the happenings in the Punjab. Ten years later, Nehru junior presided over the deliberations of the Congress at Lahore, when the Congress first claimed the right to independence, as distinguished from Dominion Status and a place in the British Commonwealth, which was as far as the country then thought in the matter of political development. At 40 he was one of the youngest presidents the Congress ever had. Ten provinces had voted for Gandhiji, five for Vallabhbhai Patel and three for Jawaharlal Nehru. Gandhiji, however, wanted a younger man with fire and enthusiasm, and Vallabhbhai fell in line with the proposal. The Congress was still toying with the idea of Dominion Status. Jawaharlal made it clear in his presidential address that he was a socialist and a republican and did not believe in kings and princes. He believed in non-violence for "we had neither the material nor the training for organised violence, and individual and sporadic violence was a confession of despair." For him non-

violence was a matter of expediency rather than of principle. "Any great movement for liberation must necessarily be a mass movement, and a mass movement must essentially be a peaceful, except in times of organised revolt. The real thing was the conquest of power, and the name did not matter." The change in the creed of the Congress was fundamental and naturally affected the policy and political strategy adopted by the Congress thereafter. The three major problems before the country were, according to Nehru, minorities, Indian States, and labour and peasantry.

The communal relations between the Hindus and Muslims had been rapidly deteriorating since 1920, when a Hindu divine like Swami Shraddhanand could address crowds of faithful Muslims from the pulpit of the great mosque in Delhi. Politics had poisoned the springs of communal amity. The year 1926 had been a particularly bad year in respect of communal rioting, and the British Government had consistently taken to the policy of supporting the Muslims as a counterpoise against the rising influence of the more politically conscious Hindus. The report known as the Nehru Report prepared by the senior Nehru and his colleagues had lapsed, and the question of communal relations had to be freshly tackled. Unfortunately, however, as the years went on, no amount of concessions or even appeasement could reconcile the differences between the two principal communities until the increasing estrangement made the partition of the country into India and Pakistan inevitable.

It is interesting to trace the evolution of Gandhiji since his return to India in January 1915. He had been always a friend of England and had received even a Kaiser-i-Hind medal given to him by Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy, for his services in connection with the Great War. He had also been recipient of a war medal given to him by General Smuts. Both these emblems of his "loyal" services were surrendered on August 1, 1920, when Gandhiji was disillusioned with the report of the Hunter Committee on the happenings of the Jalianwala Bagh. 1921 was a great year. The country was moved to an extent that it had never been before. Everywhere the slogans were "Gandhiji ki Jai," coupled with "Victory to Hindu-Muslim Unity." I happened to be a junior officer in Aligarh, and I remember the fortitude and courage with which young school and college boys took beatings by constables and withstood their ground against ruthless charges by mounted police and went on shouting the usual battle cries. Never before had the two communities come together. Alas! it was but a short-lived phase; and yet it showed that the common people believed more in action than in precepts. There was enough selfless and emotional tinder for any leader who knew how to light it. It is true that Jawaharlal along with countless others did not understand Gandhiji mixing up the cause of the Sultan of Turkey, as the Caliph of the Islamic world, with the political struggle of the Indians for their freedom. In any case, Gandhiji's action energised the people and straightened their backs. His gospel was to shed fear, to give up drinking, untouchability, the use of foreign goods, particularly cloth, to renounce titles, to cease going to courts and even practice as lawyers. The last two items proved to be a veritable touchstone for the community of lawyers, which had hitherto held the monopoly of political leadership and the attendant glamour without any of its unpleasant consequences.

This strange and mixed programme of Gandhiji electrified the country. I remember Sarojini Naidu visiting Etah, where I happened to be the Collector of the District, for arranging a bonfire of foreign clothes as a "gesture" of defiance. Gandhiji seemed to have struck a vein of pure gold in the recesses of the Indian mind. The British Government was truly frightened and had even made preparations for concentrating British troops in strategic places. Even the date of Jawaharlal's sister Vijayalakshmi's wedding, fixed for May 10, 1921, recalled the date of the mutiny in Meerut in 1857! The Allahabad Fort was kept ready to house the English colony, if need arose. While few agreed with the Mahatma mixing up religion and politics, everybody felt attracted to the man who believed in action and not in mere loquacity. It was Mahatma's fire-born mood which swept everything before it; his appeal to the moral plane never went unanswered till his final departure from the scene of his mundane activities in January 1948.

Looking in retrospect, the history of the last 30 years seems to be an extremely complicated kaleidoscope of colourful and exhilarating scenes, of drab and meaningless trivialities, occasionally lit up by something significant and beautiful. That the redemption of a great and down-trodden country—extremely poor, bereft of any vestige of public spirit, lacking in great and dynamic leadership—should have taken place within the short space of time of a generation, looks a veritable miracle. Events and happenings which excited so much passion and entailed vast misery, travail and hardship, appear at this distance of time somewhat insignificant and of secondary importance. Repeated incarcerations of the leaders, mock judicial trials, confiscation of properties, whipping, breaking of public meetings, *lathi*-charges—all these seem to be but of small significance as compared to the problems that we have to face at present. It is almost as if we were engaged all these years into getting only a passport for the exercise of our free energy and initiative, and that after we had attained that preliminary objective, the struggle, tribulation and hardship involved in getting it seem to be forgotten, or at any rate do not appear to have the same importance as was the case at the moment. It is, therefore, unnecessary to repeat and describe in detail the nine incarcerations which Jawaharlal went through, before he was installed on the seat of power. He himself has written at length about these repeated and long terms of imprisonment. The last time that Jawaharlal was imprisoned was in August 1942. He was not released till June 15, 1945. He had been a member of the All India Congress Committee since 1918 and had been its Secretary since 1929. Time and again he differed from the *modus operandi* of his Master, but every time, like a disciplined soldier, he followed Gandhiji, for Gandhiji had an uncanny habit of starting with something small or trivial which in the end became big and significant. It was always a case of action first and the logical justification after. This dichotomy in Gandhiji's life puzzled not a few who were inclined to ascribe it to some twist in his psychological make-up.

The Gandhian era of politics was remarkable for the sustained domination of one man over people who were often individually his superiors in knowledge, intellect, experience and political wisdom. People like Motilal Nehru and C.R. Das

gave up their lucrative practice at the Bar in response to the Mahatma's call. The Mahatma truly felt the pulse of the Indian people and laid emphasis on sacrifice and renunciation even to win an earthly cause. His disciples, therefore, exercised influence in proportion to their sacrifices, and the halo which surrounded Motilal Nehru and Jawaharlal was primarily the result of what they had given up in life in pursuit of an ideal and the dictates of the Master. It was rarely, if ever, that even Jawaharlal, Vallabhbhai and Rajagopalachari were able to influence Gandhiji in any vital matters of policy; the Mahatma, as it were, worked in obedience to some clairvoyant vision and had the completest confidence in the promptings of his own conscience which sometimes led to Himalayan blunders. It is a testimony to the character as well as discipline of the Indian leaders that they all worked as a single team for well-nigh a period of 30 years.

Jawaharlal was often annoyed with Gandhiji, as for instance when the non-co-operation campaign was called off simply because an infuriated mob set fire in February 1922 to police buildings in Chauri Chaura in the Gorakhpur district, entailing the loss of lives of 21 policemen, including an Inspector. It was the first non-co-operation movement, and some 30 thousand people had already been imprisoned during the months of December 1921 and January 1922. The prison house had become a place of pilgrimage for the fighters of freedom, and this new token of sacrifice and service in the national cause continued as a measure of value even after freedom had been won. Motilal Nehru who was then in jail was also upset; but then Gandhiji rarely consulted anybody when it was a matter of taking vital decisions. *Swaraj* or independence was promised within a year in 1921, provided Gandhiji's conditions had been fulfilled. The struggle for independence had, however, started, and it took almost a quarter of a century before it was ended. During all this period Gandhiji continued to command increasing support and homage of his people.

Jawaharlal was first arrested in 1921 for distributing notices for a *hartal*—the closing of the markets. He was soon released on account of some legal flaw, leaving his father behind in Jail. He was again arrested in 1922. Motilal had given up his practice at the Bar in 1920 and there was no more any question of reverting to the profession. The Nehru family had finally thrown in its lot with Gandhiji. None was spared and consequently Motilal, his wife, his daughters, his sons-in-law—all took their due share of imprisonment and were always in the forefront of the national struggle.

Early in 1924 Gandhiji was seriously ill. He had already served two out of six years of his sentence of imprisonment. The Nehru family went to Juhu where Gandhiji was convalescing, but the intellectual Jawaharlal returned from Juhu disappointed, for Gandhiji had failed to resolve any of his doubts. For Gandhiji to lay down the law was nothing unusual; it was an integral part of his political make-up, as many of his friends and followers realised during the course of years.

There is a tide and ebb in the political struggle of every nation. The exultation of 1921 passed, and the country had again lapsed into a mood of sullen dissatis-

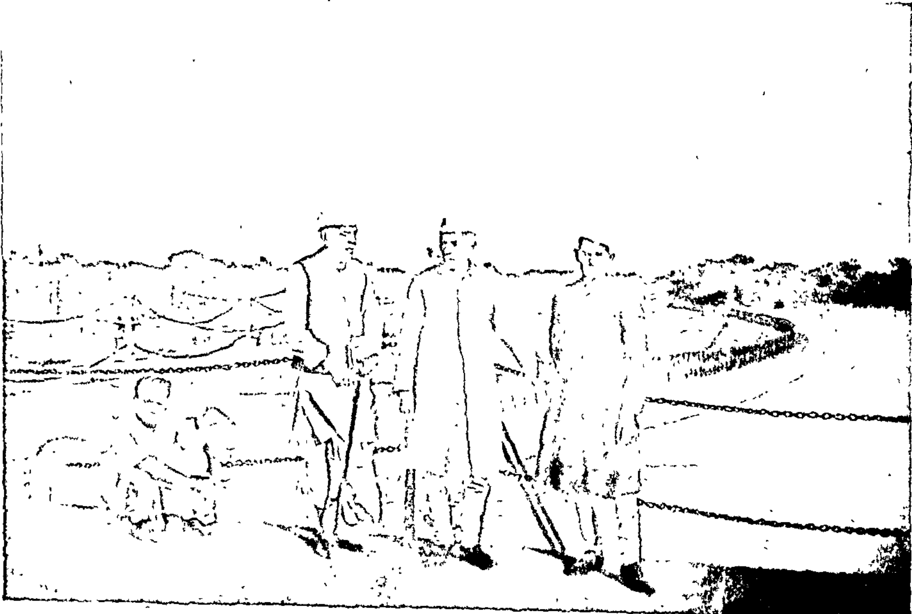
AT THE OPENING OF THE KAMALA NEHRU MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
Photograph shows Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Nehru.

Courtesy: Sri Sanwal Varma

NEW DELHI, 1940
From l. to r.: Khan Abdul Gaffar, Jawaharlal Nehru and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya



AT THE I. N. A. TRIAL AT DELHI
Photograph shows counsel for defence Dr Kailash Nath Katju, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Jawaharlal Nehru arriving arm-in-arm at the Red Fort, Delhi.



ON THE BETWA DAM AT PARICHHA, JHANSI
Photograph shows Jawaharlal Nehru with Sri Maithilisharan Gupta on his right. Pandit Nehru visited Chirgaon, Jhansi, to lay the foundation stone of the Ganesh Shankar Memorial Institute.
Courtesy : Ganesh Shankar Hridayatirtha, Chirgaon

faction. The Simon Commission had come and gone. People had been *lathi*-charged and imprisoned. Even the Liberal Ministry in the United Provinces had felt the affront of not having a solitary Indian included in the Simon Commission (November 1927) which was to determine the policy of the future constitutional development of India. At the time the public was thrilled, for *lathi*-charging had something exciting about it, particularly when the victims were sworn not to retaliate. The Mahatma had devised a wonderful technique of arousing public opinion at the minimum of cost. The year 1929 saw Gandhiji touring through the United Provinces on his mission of popularising the hand-spun cloth—*khadi*. Jawaharlal did not accompany him primarily because his rational mind could not reconcile itself to Gandhiji's pre-occupation with matters of but minor importance, such as the removal of untouchability, the insistence on spinning, throwing open the temples to all classes of people including the Harijans. While Jawahar had no objection to crowds, he did not desire to get unnecessarily pushed and knocked about, which was the usual fate of people accompanying the Mahatma. This apparently non-political tour of Gandhiji secured him universal support among all classes of the people including the world of officials. Even the wives of English officers attended Gandhiji's meetings and made bids for caskets and other offerings which were presented to him. The Government was powerless in stopping the growing influence of Gandhiji over the popular mind. Wherever Gandhiji went, crowds were disciplined and enthusiastic and their mood was one of willing sacrifice and cheery optimism. It looked as if time had again come for sounding the kettle-drums.

The problem was to find the appropriate issue. The uncanny Mahatma suddenly decided upon the removal of the salt duty, and the right of every Indian to have his required quantum of salt without any Government impost thereon. This was doubtless an epic chapter in the political history of India, though it may appear in the light of existing circumstances something of a diversion. There was the usual exchange of correspondence between Gandhiji and the Viceroy before the hostilities began. The All India Congress Committee was summoned at Ahmadabad, but Gandhiji had already begun his march on March 12, 1930 with 79 stalwarts to Dandi—a tiny village on the western coast some 200 miles from Ahmadabad. Jawaharlal and his father met Gandhiji at Jambusar and had a few hours talk with him before the pilgrim left for the next stage of his journey. On April 6—the day of remembrance for the massacre of Jalianwala Bagh, Gandhiji had almost a ritual dip in the sea before he broke the salt law. All over the country people suddenly began to think about the best manner of breaking this obnoxious law, and the picketing of foreign cloth and liquor shops became a special pre-occupation of women. Thousands of people willingly bore ruthless lathi charges by the police. It was the obvious way to martyrdom. Gandhiji was arrested on May 5. His Dandi march will always remain a classic in the history of Indian independence, for it was the first time in the history of this country that women were mobilised for the national struggle and marched shoulder to shoulder with their men-folk. Motilal died at Lucknow on February 6, 1931. The proud patrician had attained glory in following in the footsteps of the son. His

ashes were taken to the confluence of the sacred Ganga and Yamuna and went to build up the edifice of free India.

Gandhiji's salt Satyagraha had filled the Indian jails to overflowing. The total figure of convictions exceeded a hundred thousand, including twelve thousand Muslims. A Round Table Conference met in November 1930 and self-government was promised to India in stages. A general amnesty was declared and Gandhiji again came out of jail for a short period. Gandhiji spent a few weeks in Delhi negotiating with Lord Irwin, the Viceroy. Jawaharlal along with other members of the Working Committee was also summoned to Delhi. It was the time when Jawaharlal had an opportunity of probing deep into the Mahatma's mental processes. Jawahar rightly came to the conclusion that Gandhiji "was obviously not of the world's ordinary coinage; he was minted of a different and rare variety, and often the unknown stared us through his eyes." The year 1930 had been an extraordinary year of awakening in the country, and Jawaharlal found himself nearer to Gandhiji since his father's death. On the night of March 4, the Working Committee was waiting for the return of Gandhiji from the Viceroy's House. He returned at about 2 in the morning and announced that an agreement had been reached. Jawahar was shocked at clause 2 of the Delhi settlement dated March 5, 1931, for it appeared that the great objective of the Congress, namely Independence, had been virtually given up in favour of a settlement on the orthodox lines of Dominion Status for India. Gandhiji realised and understood Jawahar's reaction, for it was on the midnight of the last day of 1929 that the Congress had hoisted the Tricolour announcing as its goal an independent India, with Jawaharlal himself as the President at the Lahore Session. Apart from the merits of the agreement, Jawahar told Gandhiji that his way of springing surprises on his colleagues frightened him, and that there was something in Gandhiji which even his closest associates could not predict. The mists of conflict however disappeared, the civil disobedience movement was called off, and the prisons were emptied. The Gandhi-Irwin Settlement was a landmark on the way to freedom. The Karachi Congress in 1932 was presided over by Vallabhbhai Patel and Jawahar sponsored the resolution in the open session of the Congress setting the official seal on the Gandhi-Irwin Settlement. It was on the occasion of the Gandhi-Irwin negotiations that Churchill wrote: "It is alarming and also nauseating to see Mr. Gandhi, a seditious Middle Temple lawyer, now posing as a Fakir of a type well-known in the East, striding half-naked up the steps of the Viceregal Palace, while he is still organizing and conducting a defiant campaign of civil disobedience, to parley on equal terms with the representative of the King-Emperor." The naked Fakir sailed on August 27, 1931 for Europe, and met the King and other notabilities in London, but not Churchill, and went to the reception at the Buckingham Palace in his usual costume.

Gandhiji had been sent to the Round Table Conference as the sole representative of India. It was perhaps a blunder, for Gandhiji was not a politician, and people like Patel and the late Sir N.N. Sarkar could probably have provided a more useful team at the assembly of politicians and statesmen. A prophet is not an effective negotiator, and even Jawaharlal has frankly admitted about himself being an indifferent,

if not a bad, bargainer. Gandhiji returned to Bombay on December 28, 1931. Lord Willingdon, the new Viceroy, was determined to stop the nonsense of the Mahatma's influence infecting the entire continent. On January 4, 1932, Gandhiji and Patel were again arrested and sent to Yervada Jail in Poona. In January alone political convictions numbered 14,800, and by the end of the year some 70 thousand people had already been imprisoned. The civil disobedience campaign was suspended for a short while in May 1933. The tempo of the struggle had declined, and then on July 15 a step was taken whereby mass civil disobedience was called off, permitting, however, individuals to court imprisonment. This was virtually the end of the struggle; but in August 1932 Ramsay Macdonald had given his communal award granting separate electorates for the scheduled classes and thereby screening them away for all times from the parent Hindu community. Gandhiji announced that he would fast unto death from September 20. On September 26, 1932, the various parties to the dispute, including Dr. Ambedkar—the present Law Minister of the Nehru Cabinet—arrived at a settlement, and Gandhiji broke his fast, for "....henceforth among Hindus no one should be regarded as untouchable by reason of his birth."

The news of Gandhiji's fast burst as a bombshell to Jawahar who was in prison. He thought and thought with anger and helplessness, hardly knowing what to do. He was irritable and short-tempered with everybody, most of all with himself. He writes: "And then a strange thing happened to me. I had quite an emotional crisis and at the end of it I felt calmer and the future seemed not so dark. Bapu had a curious knack of doing the right thing at the psychological moment...... And even if Bapu died, our struggle for freedom would go on....Having made up my mind to face even Gandhiji's death without flinching, I felt calm and collected and ready to face the world and all it might offer." Gandhiji, the Master, after having taken the decision was anxious to know what his beloved disciple thought, and sent a telegram to the following effect:

"During all these days of agony you have been before mind's eye. I am most anxious to know your opinion. You know how I value your opinion. Saw Indu (and) Swarup's children. Indu looked happy and in possession of more flesh. Doing very well. Wire reply. Love."

Again in May 1933 Gandhiji began a twenty-one day fast. The novelty of the fasts had worn off, and Nehru like countless others did not understand this technique of self-mortification, which was capable of being twisted to all manners and purposes. Jawaharlal struggled against his utter disapproval of the fast, but contented himself by telegraphing his love and greetings to the Master. It was obvious that Gandhiji's recurring fasts had confounded quite a number of his colleagues, who neither liked nor understood the intrusion of what appeared like crude coercion. An alternative was found from the dilemma and Gandhiji decided towards the end of 1931 to retire formally from the Congress, though he was and continued to be the Congress while he lived.

The Golden Jubilee of the Congress fell in 1935, but no session was held till April 1936 at Lucknow which was presided over by Jawaharlal Nehru. He had re-

turned to India in March 1936, with the ashes of Kamala. The year was full of repressions and the usual travail of all political struggles. Jawaharlal felt himself nearer to Marxism than before. "To talk of splits and the like is an absurdity. There can be no division in our ranks when the call of independence came to all of us and tingles the blood in our veins. We may agree or disagree. We may even part company sometimes. But we still march together to the tune of that call." Jawaharlal was doubtless out of touch with his orthodox colleagues of the Congress, but the fact was that since 1920 right up to his death the Mahatma dominated the Congress and determined the policy of that organisation. The Congress presidents were undoubtedly important, but the real inspiration and power emanated from the inexhaustible springs of energy of the great little man. The differences in outlook and temperament between the various leaders were, therefore, largely of academic and minor importance. So far as the course of political action was concerned, it was chalked out by the master mind of Gandhiji. The Congress had decided to contest the elections of 1937, and the programme for Jawaharlal for the next few months was clear and congenial.

During the twenties of the present century when Jawaharlal began his political apprenticeship, he travelled throughout the length and breadth of the United Provinces. He covered vast distances through rural areas at all times of the year. As he says: "These journeys and visits of mine, with the background of my reading, gave me an insight into the past. To a somewhat bare intellectual understanding was added an emotional appreciation, and gradually a sense of reality began to creep into my mental picture of India, and the land of my forefathers became peopled with living beings, who laughed and wept, loved and suffered; and among them were men who seemed to know life and understand it, and out of their wisdom they had built a structure which gave India a cultural stability which lasted for thousands of years. Hundreds of vivid pictures of this past filled my mind, and they would stand out as soon as I visited a particular place associated with them. At Sarnath, near Banaras, I would almost see the Buddha preaching his first sermon, and some of his recorded words would come like a distant echo to me through two thousand five hundred years. Ashoka's pillars of stone with their inscriptions would speak to me in their magnificent language and tell me of a man who, though an emperor, was greater than any king or emperor. At Fatehpur-Sikri, Akbar, forgetful of his empire, was seated holding converse and debate with the learned of all faiths, curious to learn something new and seeking an answer to the eternal problem of man.

"Thus slowly the long panorama of India's history unfolded itself before me, with its ups and downs, its triumphs and defeats. There seemed to me something unique about the continuity of a cultural tradition through five thousand years of history, of invasion and upheaval, a tradition which was widespread among the masses and powerfully influenced them. Only China has had such a continuity of tradition and cultural life."

This was a momentous experience for Jawaharlal, particularly for one who had since childhood been cut off from the focal springs of Indian life. Sending the poli-

tician back to the villages to understand India was the principal plank of Gandhian politics and it was thus that the country was revitalised. Gandhiji had indeed brought a new political message for his country, and he examplified in his own life that it was the effort which mattered most and not the result thereof. What is more, Gandhiji was able to implant this high spiritual motive into the hearts of his countless followers in varying degrees. As Jawaharlal writes:

"We aimed high and looked far. Probably we were often foolish, from the point of view of opportunist politics, but at no time did we forget that our main purpose was to raise the whole level of the Indian people, psychologically and spiritually, and also, of course, politically and economically. It was the building up of that real inner strength of the people that we were after, knowing that the rest would inevitably follow. We had to wipe out some generations of shameful subservience and timid submission to an arrogant alien authority."

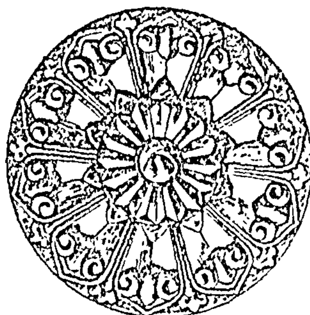
Jawaharlal passed like a hurricane throughout the country, from the Khyber in the north to Cape Comorin in the south. He came to realise that it was not India's wide spaces or even her diversity that eluded him, but some distant echoes emerging out of some unfathomed depths which he could not fathom and of which he had occasional and tantalizing glimpses. Jawaharlal was experiencing a kind of spiritual conversion. India was no longer an intellectual conception; it was something vital in the nature of an overwhelming emotional experience. True, it was foolish to conceive of India in the terms of an anthropomorphic entity. Yet the vision of Bharat Mata—the Mother—which was so vivid to millions of unsophisticated Indians, persisted, and enabled them to get an occasional glimpse of her mighty past and her limitless future.

The electioneering campaign of 1937 was the proximate cause of Jawaharlal's frantic journeyings, night and day, being always on the move, hardly staying anywhere, hardly resting, and yet Nehru was but the symbol of the new gospel which his Master had taught. He was but the apostle, who had gone forth in obedience to his Master's command to bring light and hope to his unsophisticated countrymen.

The Congress had achieved a resounding victory in the elections of 1937. In 5 provinces out of 11, the Congress party secured absolute majority—in Madras, the United Provinces, Bihar and Orissa—while in four others, namely Bombay, Bengal, Assam and the North-West Frontier Provinces the Congress party was the biggest single body in the legislatures. Only in Sind and the Punjab the Congress was in a minority. The Working Committee of the Congress, rightly, therefore, congratulated the nation on its wonderful response during the elections. Jawaharlal had no small part in this triumph of the Congress Party. Unfortunately, however, troubles soon began. Jawaharlal was adamant against having a composite ministry consisting of the Congress and the Muslim League anywhere, particularly in his own province—the United Provinces. A great opportunity, which might have turned the course of Indian history, was perhaps lost, and the estrangement between the Congress and the Muslim League rapidly increased. The installation of the Congress Ministries in the various provinces was the first opportunity given to popular representatives for the exercise of some

real political power. But war clouds were gathering fast on the European horizon. The Muslim League was smarting at its exclusion from the seat of authority. The opposition was taking the shape of a communal and religious feud, rather than of divergence of political views. When the Congress Ministries withdrew from the Governments on the outbreak of the War, Jinnah enjoined on the Muslims of India to celebrate the occasion (November 22, 1939) as the day of deliverance. From this date onwards the paths pursued by the Congress and the Muslim League were parallel and never met. Jinnah's intransigence grew, and the *Quaid-i-Azam* refused to convert the League into an understudy of the Congress. Jinnah was not prepared to accept the implications of Western democracy in the governance of India, and in no circumstances was he prepared to accept the majority rule of the Hindus. Clever tactician as he was, he made the fullest use of the favourable strategic position in consolidating the position of the Muslim League and constituting it as a decisive political organisation in the political struggle between the British Government and the Congress. By April 1940 the objective of Pakistan was formally adopted at the Muslim League session in Lahore.

The second World War brought the political movement in India to a head. It was no longer a matter of gradualism. The temper of the people was rising and independence was in the air. A constitutional conflict of the very first magnitude was precipitated at the very outset. Congress ministries all over India refused to pledge unconditional support to the British Government, and put the interests of India as the foremost consideration which would determine their participation in the War. The result was inevitable. England was in no mood to tolerate any such movement or to parley with Indian politicians who would not support an all-out endeavour to mobilise the resources of the Empire to fight a fateful war. Gandhiji's historical statement in favour of non-violence even in a world conflagration added fuel to the fire, and the opinion that the Mahatma was but an astute and wily politician was confirmed by an announcement which envisaged a non-violent struggle—a struggle of the soul against the embattled forces of Germany and Japan.



PARTITION AND FREEDOM

The achievement of Dominion Status appeared within sight in 1920, so powerful was the upheaval in the country. But as the communal differences widened, the dream of independence, which appeared on the verge of realisation, receded further into the remote future. Even when the majority of the provincial Governments were dominated by the Congress Ministries in 1938, there was no longer that confidence of India achieving her freedom in any near and predictable future. But events were shaping in the international sphere which lightened the task of the politicians in India. The years 1938 and 1939 were years of peril for England; and England was in no position to challenge the might of Germany un-aided, and she needed all the support possible from the Dominions, India and the colonies. The voice of the people everywhere in Europe was hushed and the citadels of democracy were crumbling fast. Politics in India had followed the common pattern of a people struggling for freedom; the sympathies of the Congress were, therefore, despite the political bitterness and conflict with England and with Western democracies. The Congress Working Committee passed at Wardha on August 11-12, 1939, a resolution drafted by Jawaharlal reiterating its sympathies for all people who stood for democracy and freedom, but emphasising India's claim to independence. Thereafter events began to move rapidly. Britain declared war against Germany on September 3, 1939, and India was immediately declared a belligerent by a singularly unimaginative Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, without any formal consultation with or support of her political leaders. This was a blunder of the first magnitude.

Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, invited Gandhiji to Simla and had a long talk with him. Gandhiji had the warmest sympathies for England and France; the thought of the possible destruction of the houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey made him break down; and he added: "I am not just now thinking of India's deliverance. It will come, but what will it be worth if England and France fall, or if they come out victorious over Germany ruined and humbled?" Gandhiji had ceased to be a formal member of the Congress from the end of 1934, but till his death he was the Congress. The Working Committee of the Congress rightly stressed in a resolution drafted by Jawaharlal Nehru that "India is the crux of the problem, for India has been the outstanding example of modern imperialism, and no re-fashioning of the world can succeed which ignores this vital problem. With her vast resources she must play an important part in any scheme of world re-organization. But she can only do so as a free nation whose energies have been released to work for this great end."

Gandhiji, despite repeated charges against him as a political strategist, was never a politician in the ordinary sense. For him political tactics had but little significance, and consequently he had allowed his emotions to get the better of his

judgment. He soon, however, came to the conclusion and agreed with the Congress that "Congress will have to go into the wilderness again before it becomes strong and pure enough to reach its objective," and on October 22, 1939, the Congress Ministries in the various provinces were directed to tender their resignations and withdraw from the Government. This was perhaps the most serious tactical blunder that the Congress committed, for throughout the war the Congress was out of power and the British Government in India had no alternative but to woo the Muslim League as a counterblast. The Congress could have fought its battle for freedom perhaps more effectively from within, and in any case would have succeeded in restraining the growing strength of Jinnah. Jinnah's bargaining power went on increasing as the fortunes of war fluctuated and the intransigence of the Congress stiffened.

Jinnah proved himself a first-rate tactician and utilised the opportunity for consolidating the scattered forces of the League. The achievement of Pakistan was really a tribute to his supreme strategy, enormous determination and resolute leadership of a simple and unsophisticated community, remarkable for its religious fanaticism rather than for intellectual insight. Intellectually mediocre, temperamentally reserved and aloof, and emotionally cold, Jinnah was able to carve out a position for himself within his own community by the dint of sheer tenacity and steadfastness. In private conversation he was genial and affable, and in his heyday at the Bombay Bar he was a lawyer who commanded the devotion of junior practitioners on account of real kindness to them. He had once been the idol of the Bombay public and the ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity, as Sarojini Naidu had described him. Ideologically, however, Jinnah had no love for the tenets of Western democracy. His egotism was unbounded, and coupled with incorruptibility and a genius for negativism, as well as an instinct to play his cards cautiously and in time, it enabled him to achieve his personal ambition as few individuals have done. Unfortunately, however, the satisfaction of a mere individual whim entailed not only the political partition of the country but the sacrifices of several hundreds of thousands of human lives, and left a trail of bitterness which it would take years before it is wiped out. He left the Congress in 1920 and practised as a Barrister in London between 1924 and 1928. He was elected President of the Muslim League in 1936, and thereafter he was the Muslim League. Gandhiji and Jawaharlal repeatedly tried to woo him, to draw him out as to his demands and offered to put him at the helm of affairs in united India, but he was positively allergic to Gandhiji and could never take Jawaharlal, whom he had known as a mere boy and a son of Pandit Motilal, his colleague, seriously. Jawaharlal was, in other words, for Jinnah *toujours le petit poisson.*

In January 1940, Gandhiji again made an attempt to seek his co-operation in building up the Indian Nation. Jinnah's reaction was characteristic: "You start with the theory of Indian Nation that does not exist;" and Gandhiji rightly replied: "it dashes to the ground all hopes of unity." On March 24, 1940, the All India Muslim League met at Lahore, and for the first time put forward the claim that "the areas in which the Muslims are numerically in a majority, as in the north-western and eastern zones of India, should be grouped to constitute 'Independent States' in which the con-



NEHRU AND CRIPPS

Photograph taken at New Delhi during the visit of the Cabinet Mission in April, 1946.

Photo Service Co., New Delhi



THE BIG THREE

Jawaharlal Nehru in deep consultation with Mahatma Gandhi and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel in New Delhi, 1947.

Copyright : Narayan Rao Kulkarni, Bijapur

stituent units shall be autonomous and sovereign." While the Congress politicians, including Gandhiji and Jawaharlal, time and again attempted to discover the precise nature and extent of Jinnah's demands, Jinnah's attitude remained consistently negative. It is possible that the dominant motive in Jinnah's life was his boundless ambition and that he utilised the limitations, simplicity and the natural discipline and organisation of his community merely to achieve what he considered to be the consummation of his career. There was nothing for Jinnah to disclose either to Gandhiji or Jawaharlal, for there was no common ground between them. It was at any rate for Jinnah a matter of what he considered to be the fulfilment of his individual destiny. All attempts, therefore, at reconciliation made by Gandhiji and Jawaharlal completely failed; neither concessions nor appeasement had any effect. Unfortunately, however, the lessons of these repeated failures were not realised even till the very last. Jinnah's political opponents did not credit him with that degree of ruthlessness which he used in accomplishing his heart's desire, namely Pakistan, the separate homeland of a new nation. He knew what he wanted and that no price was too great for getting it. Consequently, when the crucial moment arrived, when the power of the British Government in India was to be transferred to Indian hands, nobody, neither the Governor-General and Viceroy nor the Congress Executive realised the logical result of the attitude that Jinnah had so consistently maintained. When the flames of communal hatred and fury burst in August 1946 and spread to every corner of the country, neither the Viceroy nor Jawaharlal, nor even the people most directly concerned, especially those in the Punjab, realised the horrible significance of the theory of two nations which had been so assiduously propagated during the past few years.

Throughout the War the Congress had deliberately pursued a policy of non-embarrassment, and such action as they had taken was more in the nature of a symbolic protest. But even that protest had involved the incarceration of some 30,000 men and women in 1940-41. It was obviously a policy of negativism, which could not sustain political fervour or enthusiasm. Gandhiji's mind was brooding on the subject, and on August 7 and 8, 1942 the All India Congress Committee passed in Bombay the famous "Quit India" resolution. It called upon the Government to form a provisional Government which would evolve a scheme for a Constituent Assembly to draft a federal constitution for India. This was the last challenge to the British Government, and within a few hours of the passing of the resolution Gandhiji and all the members of the Working Committee were arrested in the early hours of August 9. It was not until May 6, 1944, that Gandhiji was released on account of his illness.

Gandhiji was getting restive at the stalemate between the Congress and the Government. He felt that "this ordered, disciplined anarchy of British rule should go, and if there is complete lawlessness in India as a result I would risk it, for I believe that 22 years of continuous effort at educating India along the lines of non-violence will not have gone in vain and people will evolve real popular order out of chaos." At the fateful meeting of the All India Congress Committee in Bombay on August 7 the Mahatma spoke for nearly 70 minutes in Hindi, and for another 20 in English. He

concluded : "Every man is free to go to the fullest length under *ahimsá* (non-violence), by complete deadlock, strikes and other non-violent means. *Satyagrahis* should go out to die and not to live. It is only when individuals go out to seek and face death that the nation will survive. "*Karénge yá Marengé* (We shall do or die)." The Government's reaction was natural and obvious; so far as the people at large were concerned, there was no pretence to non-violence and the country suffered considerably in life and property as a result of deliberate and indiscriminate sabotage. There appeared no way out of this impasse. Exactly six months after his arrest, Gandhiji announced a fast of 21 days; but this did not help. The country was lapsing into an attitude of sullen resentment and resignation. Lord Wavell took charge as Governor-General and Viceroy in the autumn of 1943, and people began to be hopeful. The régime of Lord Linlithgow had been singularly sterile and unimaginative. Gandhiji's detention in July—in the Aga Khan palace in Poona—had been attended by a great deal of personal sorrow. He had lost his life-long companion, friend and Secretary, Mahadeva Desai, in August 1942. Gandhiji's wife Kasturba—the embodiment of feminine love and devotion—followed in the wake of Mahadev on February 2, 1944. Gandhiji himself was released on May 6, 1944, and one of his first acts after his release was to contact Jinnah; but neither Gandhiji nor Jawaharlal ever understood Jinnah properly. Every attempt that these leaders made to woo Jinnah made him more and more intransigent and increased the annoyance of the Indian public. Gandhiji did not meet Jinnah till September 1944. The negotiations went on for a fortnight. Gandhiji daily visited Jinnah, and the Indian public noted regretfully and with resentment the behaviour of Jinnah who never once returned the visit of Gandhiji across the street. Jinnah could never understand Gandhiji; like Lord Willingdon, he was always afraid of Gandhiji; particularly in his rôle of a saint and an astute politician. To Jinnah the unity of India was an anathema, but to Gandhiji it was the very stuff of his life-long mission. It was unfortunate that communal negotiations had to be carried on between Jinnah and Gandhi, or between Jinnah and Jawaharlal, for the sub-stratum of understanding between Jinnah on the one hand and Jawaharlal and Gandhi on the other never existed. The negotiations, as was anticipated, came to nothing. The aftermath of the partition was in no small measure due to this lack of understanding of Jinnah's mind, and the failure to forestall the consequences of his unquenchable fanaticism and undoubted capacity for organisation.

At the end of war in 1945 things in India were moving with great rapidity. It was dawning on India's politicians that England was earnest in her desire to transfer power to Indian hands. The time for constructive thinking was therefore fast approaching. The relations between the two communities—Hindus and Muslims—were rapidly deteriorating. Jinnah's egotism had made things impossible, and every approach by the Mahatma to reconcile differences between the two communities only exacerbated the communal relations. So far as the world of English officials in India was concerned, it had completely failed to realise the change which had come over England; their sympathies to a man were with the Muslims, for it was chiefly the Hindu community

which had offered resistance to the British rule in India over a period of more than half a century. Then there was the implicit assumption in the political make-up of the English officials that the Muslim belonged to a more virile and war-like community than the meak and pacific Hindu, and that if matters were really pushed to a head there could be no doubt that the Muslim despite his smaller numbers would be able to sweep through the entire country. Jinnah was personally allergic to Gandhiji. He looked upon Jawaharlal as one whom he had seen growing up from boyhood. After all, Jawaharlal was only the son of his old colleague and friend Motilal Nehru, and Jinnah could hardly ever take Jawaharlal seriously as a leader to whom he could talk on terms of equality. It is noteworthy that both Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi and Mohammad Ali Jinnah—the architects of India and Pakistan respectively—should hail from Kathiawad, and speak the same Gujarati language and belong to the trading community. Both were men of outstanding but contrasting qualities. They, however, had one thing in common, and that was that they were both immovable on fundamental points, once they had made up their minds. Jinnah had been drifting apart from the Congress ideology since 1920. The political aim of his later life was concentrated on leading his community as a separate entity with its separate homelands. The idea of two nations had gradually gripped him, and in politics as in religion ceaseless reiteration of a slogan has the hypnotic effect of producing a peculiar psychosis. The cry of Pakistan was first taken up as but a bargaining counter, and every attempt to point out the lacunae in the logic of dividing India on the basis of two countries or nations only exasperated Jinnah and his followers. It was obvious that in an independent or autonomous India Muslims could only be in a minority, if political importance or position was to go on the basis of creeds or communal ratios. The preference that the Muslims had enjoyed under the British rule would naturally disappear and this was galling to the Muslims of the United Provinces—the home of Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, where they had enjoyed a predominant position in every walk of official life despite their being only 14 per cent of the total population. It was, therefore, but natural that the Muslim League got its most enthusiastic supporters and even leaders from the United Provinces and Bengal, particularly Calcutta, where the Muslim did not count much *vis-a-vis* the Hindu, especially in the world of finance and industry.

Towards the end of the war it was obvious that five years of sustained fighting with the inevitable vicissitudes of war had wrought a profound change in the mind of England. The temper of the English people was something different from that associated with an imperial race. The people no longer thought in terms of an empire. Men and women had worked bravely, shoulder to shoulder, in the grim fight for freedom and their very existence as a nation. They had undergone the severest test in their history; and years of suffering and hardship had brought out the best out of the people. Never before had the soul of England shone so refulgent as at this testing time in her history. Winston Churchill was still at the helm of affairs, and I saw him as master-magician, completely dominating the parliament, which had seen this wonderful man of energy, fire and determination pulling the country out of a

hopeless welter of blood, sweat and tears. I heard him in the Commons in February 1945, soon after his meeting with Stalin at Yalta. Curiously enough, Churchill was supported in some of the key-ministries, such as War and Home, by some distinguished administrators from India like Sir James Grigg and Sir John Anderson. Retired administrators of Indian experience were naturally in demand in war-time England, for they had been used to handling problems in a big way. The empire had been found to be a useful training ground for seasoned soldiers and administrators. Amery was the Secretary of State for India, a curious individual—temperamentally a scholar, profoundly interested in India and India's culture, but lacking in vision, rigid in outlook and altogether out of tune with Indian aspirations. Despite the fact that his study was packed from floor to ceiling with the latest books on India and other Oriental countries and that he was acquainted with the culture of the East (numerous Persian paintings adorned his house), Amery could not think in terms of India achieving her destiny as a free nation. Problems of constitutional niceties, of communal differences, of the future of Princes and of India's military unpreparedness preoccupied him, and he could see no way out of the jungle. It is curious that the political reactionaries of England have been genuinely fond of India, as was Amery, and it was a memorable experience to have seen something of the great and devoted work which Mrs. Amery did for the Indian soldiers fighting in Europe; for over four long years several thousands of women workers had met at the India House in London under the auspices of Mrs. Amery to work for the comforts of Indian soldiers. I remember to have told Amery that if only the work done by his wife were given greater publicity than his own speeches, the attitude of India towards England might be different. But Amery was neither big nor strong enough to stand up against Winston Churchill—the war-time Prime Minister of England—who had a blind spot as regards India, and was supported by James Grigg and John Anderson—equally die-hard in their attitude on the Indian question.

While London during the months of February and March, 1945 was being bombarded by V.2 missiles, the result of the war was no longer in doubt. I was in London as a delegate from India along with Chaudhri Mohammad Zafrullah, Maharaj Singh and K. M. Panikkar to the British Commonwealth Conference. It was a great experience, for the contact with the Commonwealth statesmen established a fact of enormous importance that henceforth the freedom of India was assured, if only her sons were serious in getting it. At any rate there would be no opposition from the Dominions of Australia, Canada and New Zealand. As a matter of fact, the leader of the Canadian delegation had even proposed a treaty with India on the basis of reciprocity in respect of emigration, but the proposal had been put in cold storage by the then Government of India. The opinion in England had also radically changed. Responsible politicians and publicists like Lord Layton were genuinely hurt, when they were told that the promise of freedom to India after the war was not seriously taken by her leaders in India. But the revolution in the psychology of the English people—of England which had gone through four years of bitter fighting and unexampled suffering—had not been even noticed by Englishmen abroad, and consequently



AT THE MEERUT CONGRESS, 1947
From l. to r.: Jawaharlal Nehru, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, Sri Rajendra Prasad, Sri Jai Prakash Narain and Sri N. V. Gadgil.



FROM THE WOMEN OF KOREA
The Korean delegate to the Asian Relations Conference (April 1947) presents two dolls to Pandit Nehru.



NEHRU AND SULTAN SHARIAR, APRIL 1947

there was nothing surprising if Indian politicians had their own misgivings about the true intentions of England. Even the most farsighted amongst our countrymen were frankly sceptical, and nobody then could have thought that in a little over three years British supremacy in India would be a thing of the past and that India would achieve her freedom as a republic in the Commonwealth.

1946 was a year of dismal and uprecedented upheaval in the history of India. The first half of the year was taken up with rapid changes in the political direction of the Government of India at the Centre. On February 20 His Majesty's Government in Britain announced in Parliament the despatch of the Cabinet Mission headed by Lord Pethick-Lawrence, to talk over with the Indian leaders as to the best manner in which political power could be transferred to Indian hands. After the usual and interminable conferences the Cabinet Mission failed to find common ground between the two irreconcilable parties—namely the Indian National Congress and the Muslim League—and gave its own award on May 16 in favour of an All India Union. It was unequivocally made clear that the British Government had decided to transfer power to Indian hands, and the projected formation of an interim Government at the Centre of 14 members was announced, including 6 representatives of the Congress, 5 of the Muslim League and 3 to be chosen by the Viceroy. The Muslim League suddenly realised that it was no longer a question of driving a hard bargain with the British Government or the Indian National Congress, or both. Jinnah had to make up his mind whether he was going to join the Indian Cabinet or become the dictator of a new and separate country called Pakistan. The tension between the two communities was mounting. On July 29, 1946, Jinnah declared at a special meeting of the Muslim League as follows:

> "What we have done to-day is the most historic act in our history. Never have we in the whole history of the League done anything except by constitutional methods and by constitutionalism. But now we are forced into this position. This day we bid good bye to constitutional methods."

In other words, the constitutional lawyer, Mr. M.A. Jinnah, who had always opposed Gandhiji's non-cooperation had now turned convert to the very creed which he had consistently opposed over a term of years. Events moved swiftly thereafter.

In accordance with the Cabinet Mission's proposals, the interim Government with Jawaharlal as the Vice-President was constituted in September 1946; but it was not until October 26 that the Muslim League decided to join the Government, for it realised that sabotage from within the seat of power would be more effective than otherwise. Jinnah's nominee in the interim Government was Liaquat Ali Khan, now the Prime Minister of Pakistan. An Oxford graduate, shrewd, genial, elegant, round and flaccid, Liaquat has a remarkable degree of sound commonsense. Fairly opulent and rather easy-going, he was for years the distinguished Deputy President of the Legislative Council in the United Provinces, and made his mark for the first time as a fearless, clever and independent member of a committee appointed by the local Government to enquire into the causes of the terrible communal riot which had taken place in Kanpur

in 1932, primarily because of the supineness of a district officer by the name of Sale, under the peculiar directions of a narrow-minded provincial Governor, Sir George Lambert. Lambert wanted to teach a lesson to the Indians as to what would happen to them under *Swaraj*. Liaquat proved himself to be a man of integrity and courage, particularly because the Muslim politicians then were generally looked upon by the ruling clique as flexible when it was a question of getting titles or securing lucrative appointments. Liaquat was tolerant, eclectic, broad-minded, incorruptible, progressive in outlook and only mildly interested, like Jinnah himself, in religion. But political exigencies and personal ambitions make an explosive mixture. Liaquat now swears by an Islamic State, and yet he and his charming wife were at any rate till two years ago—and I have known both of them intimately and long—anything but fanatical. The partition of the country was, however, responsible for rousing deep-seated animosities and throwing a vast number of ordinary and humane people off their balance, and Liaquat too was swept off his feet in the devastating maelstrom of communal hatred. The composite ministry of the Congress and the League headed by Jawaharlal Nehru towards the end of the year 1946 was fictional, ineffective and hopelessly split from within.

The object of the League in joining the Government was explicitly and categorically to wreck the structure of one India and to work in every possible manner for the creation of Pakistan. On August 16, the Muslim League daily newspaper at Delhi—*The Dawn*—came out with a four-page supplement, announcing that the day for direct action had arrived, and that might alone would now secure the rights of the Muslims. The Muslims of India were directed by the League to observe August 16 as the Direct Action Day. It was the beginning of the bloodiest and the most shameful chapter in the annals of India. Communal frenzy was at white heat, particularly in Calcutta, where the Muslim League Government, under the unpredictable and mercurial premiership of Shahid Suhrawardy, played havoc with the civil life of the people. Law and order had ceased to exist and corruption in every walk of life was rampant. August 16 had been declared a public holiday. The day started with stabbings and murders under the most brutal circumstances, looting and burning of houses on a large scale, and the orgy of murder and arson continued for three or four days resulting in the loss of some 5,000 lives and over 15,000 injured —"honours" having been equally divided between the Hindus and Muslims. The Government was callously indifferent, for the men at the helm of the Government thought that the intimidation of the minority by force was the way to entrench themselves in power. The flames of anarchy and fratricidal strife spread from Calcutta to all over the country. The killing in Calcutta was followed by similar happenings in Noakhali and other districts of East Bengal. There were serious repercussions in the adjoining province of Bihar. The first serious riot broke out on September 27 near Beniabad in the Muzaffarpur District, and by October 25 the province of Bihar was in the grip of serious rioting in a number of places. It was only the determination of the Provincial Government and the mobilization of military power that were able to quell these disturbances which continued for a period of 12 days.

The Muslims were the principal sufferers. Nehru with a lacerated heart undertook a lightning tour of the province of Bihar and faced a sullen and angry audience at Patna, the capital city, on the 3rd, for the people were in no mood to listen to counsels of reason and tolerance. They had been swept off their feet by the accounts they had heard of the tragedy that had overwhelmed their kith and kin in Calcutta. Jawaharlal left Bihar on November 9. The masses in Bihar had reacted violently to the orgies of Calcutta. Violence had begot violence, and thousands of innocent lives had been lost as the price of unreason and despicable individual ambitions.

Gandhiji had always been sceptical of the proposed partition of the country. He who had been the architect of Hindu-Muslim unity, and had in a great measure realised it in 1920, suddenly saw all his work undone by the terrible mass fury which had taken such a terrible toll of human life throughout the country. Noakhali—one of the backwater districts of East Bengal—had gone through the ordeal of communal disturbances. Though the happenings were not quite so serious as the massacre of Calcutta, they were symptomatic of the epidemic of religious frenzy and hatred that had seized the country. There were vague and disquieting murmurings from various places including Delhi and Bombay. With his enormous simplicity, elemental courage and a heart overflowing with pity, Gandhiji undertook a village-to-village tour in the district of Noakhali from November 6, 1946. He remained there for four months. His presence wrought a veritable revolution in the minds of the people.

Tempers in the Punjab were rising. It was the one province where the people were brave, courageous and hardworking—chiefly peasants. The population was 28.4 millions, with a little over 16 millions of Muslims, 8½ millions of Hindus and 3.7 millions of Sikhs. The United Punjab was split up into two halves—West Punjab (Pakistan) with 62,000 sq. miles and a population of 15.9 millions, and East Punjab (India) with an area of 37,000 sq. miles and a population of 12.5 millions. Bengal was similarly partitioned into West Bengal (India) with 28,215 sq. miles and a population of 21.2 millions, and East Bengal (Pakistan) with an area of 49,400 sq. miles and a population of 39.1 millions. Some 3 per cent of the entire population of undivided India was involved in the migration during the fateful days of the partition. It was estimated that 12.5 million people were uprooted from their homes and cut off from their moorings. The problem of settling these unfortunate people has vitally effected the economy and feelings of the two countries, Pakistan and India, and it will take years before the position is even partially retrieved.

Despite religious differences strong economic ties had developed among the various sections of the people, for the Jats and Gujars—agriculturists *par excellence* of the Punjab, were both Hindus and Muslims. Politics had been pursued as a practical game of give-and-take, and the Punjab was politically the most stable area in India where the Congress had made but little impression. Under its own far-sighted leaders, the Punjab had successfully resisted the fatal blandishments of Jinnah and his Muslim League. Fazl-i-Hussain, the Muslim Rajput, and Chhotu Ram, a Hindu Jat, had left traditions of tolerance and mutual accommodation. Unfortunately,

however, the epidemic of violence which had made its appearance in Calcutta, soon overtook the Punjab, and the Punjabis being more hefty and strong reacted murderously and mercilessly. Governor Jenkins was hopelessly pro-Muslim and did nothing to help the composite Ministry to meet an extremely difficult crisis. Khizar Hayat Khan, the Premier and a landed magnate, was helpless in view of the mounting opposition of his own community and the lack of support from the Governor.

The various communities in the Punjab were evenly balanced, but the executive services were predominantly staffed with Muslims, and once the communal poison had spread to the ranks of Government employees, especially the police, a situation soon arose which became unmanageable. At the beginning of 1947 the Muslim League organised the Muslim National Guards—a body of armed troopers intended as the fighting wing of the organisation. The Government's ban against the drilling of these volunteers was ignored, and these National Guards along with the Muslim police were allowed to play an ignoble part in the blackest chapter in the history of the Punjab. The storm over the Punjab broke on March 4, 1947. It continued unabated for months and attained a degree of ferocity, cruelty and destruction unequalled in the annals of India. Hindus and Sikhs stood no chance against the organised might of the armed Muslim police backed by the Muslim masses. The fair land of the Punjab which had hitherto been the most prosperous province in the country was ruthlessly and wantonly destroyed by its own children. The Punjabis themselves had never thought of the destructive and ruthless bitterness of which they would be the insensate victims. Their very courage and gallantry added fuel to the fire of communal frenzy and fratricidal slaughter. The British administration in the province, and the Viceroy at the centre with all the military force at his command, looked on helplessly at the tragic scene of horror and carnage which was being enacted in the fairest of India's provinces. But then the British perhaps felt that this bloody civil war was the price that the Indians must be made to pay for their impertinence in shaking themselves free of the imperial might of Britain. They let the people, therefore, fight to a finish. The Boundary Force which had been organised to facilitate the migration of millions from one part of the Punjab to the other proved ineffective and unreliable.

The small community of Sikhs had developed a distinctive personality since the days of the Mughals. Brave, hardy, practical and hard-working, they formed the very back-bone of the Punjab peasantry. They had special interests in the districts of Sheikhupura, Lyallpur, Gujranwala and Montgomery—all now lying in the West Punjab—fort hey by the very sweat of their brow had made these regions smiling and prosperous. But peasantry all the world over is somewhat pugnacious and narrow-minded and extremely jealous of its rights. It often forgets to laugh over petty differences particularly when they relate to land. Political passions became more and more bitter in the Punjab, and communal rivalries among blood brothers inflamed with religious fanaticism led to internecine strife of the bitterest kind. None had foreseen what the partition of the Punjab would mean, and consequently the Governments in the province and the Centre, and the people were caught unwittingly in the mists of their own complacency. The Government at Lahore found itself unable to

EPSTEIN WITH HIS BUST OF NEHRU

Courtesy : Artist

SUDHIR KHASTGIR AT WORK ON THE HEAD OF NEHRU

Courtesy : Artist

FOUNDATION OF THE ELECTROCHEMICAL RESEARCH INSTITUTE AT KARAIKKUDI.

JULY, 1948

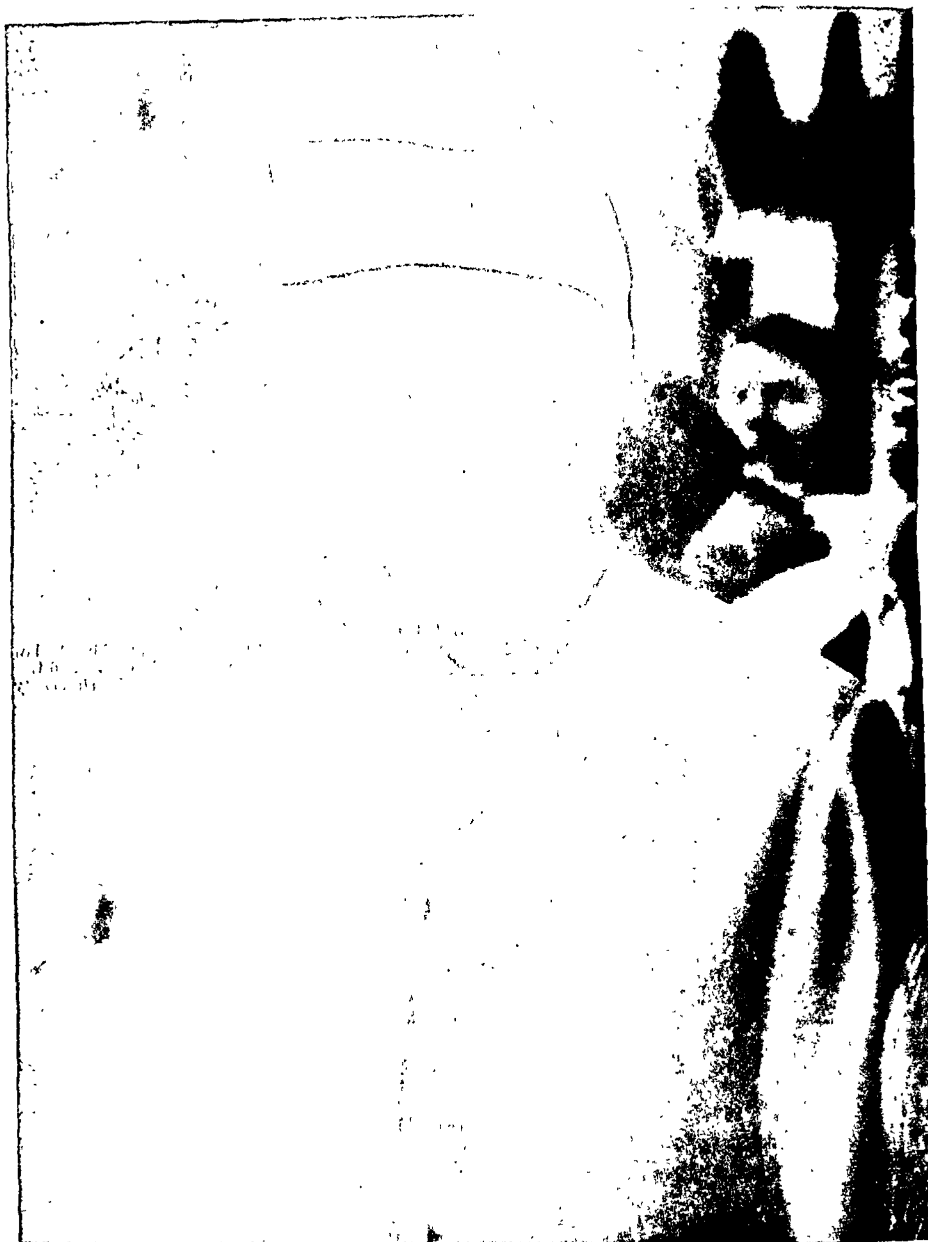
NEHRU VISITS A CHILD AT THE BOMBAY POLYMYELITIS INSTITUTE

THE NEHRU LAW COLLECTION

The Sayajirao Gaekwad University Library of the Banaras Hindu University contains this valuable law collection presented by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru in memory of his father and the late Sri R. S. Pandit.

Courtesy: Librarian, Banaras Hindu University

WITH FOREST TRIBESMEN OF MYSORE, DECEMBER 1948



AT ALLAHABAD, 1917

Courtesy: Sri Vijay Krishna, Banaras

impose its will, even if it so desired, on the services which had become equally infected as the people by the virus of unreasoning hatred and callous disregard for human life.

The civil war in the Punjab continued right up to August 1947. On March 5, rioting broke out in Lahore and did not abate till the 11th. There were simultaneous riots in Amritsar, Rawalpindi, Attock, Jhelum and Multan. Jawaharlal Nehru, the head of the interim Government, along with the Defence Minister, Sardar Baldev Singh, visited Lahore. But the situation was past the stage of verbal admonitions. What was needed was a strong whiff of gun powder. Unfortunately, however, the British Government in India was found in its penultimate stage of liquidation in a stage of utter helplessness, if not sullen indifference to the happenings around, while the Indian Cabinet was not yet firmly settled to control and order the armed forces of the country to put down mercilessly the civil strife which had broken out all over the country. Curiously enough, at this very moment when ruthless assertion of authority would have prevented a national calamity of the first magnitude, matters of constitutional propriety and of the exclusive sphere of provincial responsibility in the matter of maintaining law and order began to trouble the conscience of the Governor-General and Viceroy of India! It was perhaps the result of a sub-conscious feeling that these Indians would never be able to govern themselves without the help of the British. On the very eve, as it were, of the severance of British rule in India, the British authorities proved themselves partial, ineffective and uninterested in the welfare of the country with which they had been associated for a century and half. On April 15, 1947, Gandhiji and Jinnah issued a joint appeal to their people to refrain from wanton brutality and savagery. Even this call by the two leaders failed to put down the flaming passions which had been aroused. A few days earlier, on April 2, the leaders of the Hindus and the Sikhs in the Punjab had realised that they could no longer live together with the Muslims and that the only solution to the continuing carnage was partition of their homeland. On July 22 Lord Mountbatten visited Lahore and directed the shadow Government of the East Punjab—the Hindu fragment of the old and prosperous land of the five rivers—to move up to Simla. Hindus and Muslims in the Punjab had now come to the conclusion that they must part, at any rate for the present, and exodus in both directions—Muslims from the south and Hindus and Sikhs from the north in the Punjab—took place on an unprecedented scale. Some 6 million Hindu and Sikh refugees streamed out of their homelands in the West Punjab, leaving behind a trail of misery, slaughter, penury and tears unparalleled in the history of the human race. Between August 11 and 12, the railway station at Lahore had become a veritable death-trap. Out of a resident population of some 3 lakhs of non-Muslims, only about 12 thousand were left by August 19, and only a handful by the end of the month who were waiting for but an opportunity to get away. Wholesale slaughter was perpetrated in a number of places. In Sheikhupura alone the death toll amounted to some 18 to 20 thousand. This is, however, a chapter of bitter and unmitigated shame and savagery in the annals of the peoples of India and Pakistan. This was also the testing time for the administration headed by Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Vallabhbhai

Patel. For the first time the Indian Army with its young officers was tested in a sphere which required courage, sympathy, expedition and organisation. The leaders were able to evoke the best out of these soldiers and make them go all out in aid of their unfortunate brethren. At one time it looked as if the price paid for Independence was going to be intolerably heavy, but the energy and resilience displayed by the new Government proved equal even to this terrible upheaval. It is now difficult after these two years to realise the horrible nightmare through which the country passed during the closing months of 1946 and the major part of 1947. Throughout all these critical months, Nehru and Vallabhbhai Patel maintained their *sangfroid* and succeeded in mastering the greatest crisis in the history of the new-born State.

By the beginning of 1947 it was quite evident that a major surgical operation was necessary, if India was to survive. So far as the British Government was concerned, it had made up its mind to wash its hands off the Indian problem. In February 1947 Prime Minister Attlee made a statement in the Commons deploring the continuance of differences between the Hindus and Muslims, despite the fact that the leaders of both the Congress and the Muslim League were represented in the Interim Cabinet. He went on to say that it was the definite intention of His Majesty's Government to take all possible steps to transfer power to Indian hands by a date not later than June 1948. The die was thus cast. The British Government no longer desired to govern this great country. It was now for the representatives of the people to mould their political destiny. It was obvious that with Jinnah at the head of the Muslim League no settlement in favour of United India was possible. Years of clever, virulent and unscrupulous propaganda had made the people believe in some fundamental difference of life, culture and political future based solely on the basis of a particular creed. The Congress had learnt by long and bitter experience that the supreme need of the hour was freedom from the third party, and that no cost was too high to win it. So long as an alien Government was in the seat of authority, it was but human nature that it would try and mobilise all the anti-national and reactionary forces on its side. In view, therefore, of what had been happening since August 16, 1946, in various parts of the country the Congress had no alternative but to agree to partition of what nature had designed to be one. It was perhaps just as well if such partition ensured the rapid development of the two units in accordance with the desires of their peoples. The British Government announced its final plan for the partition of India and the grant of Dominion Status on June 3, 1947. It also announced that the Constituent Assembly which had met on December 9, 1946, would continue its labours.

On June 14, 1947, the All India Congress Committee accepted the partition of the country at the historic session held at the Constitution Club, New Delhi. Lord Louis Mountbatten, who had taken charge of the affairs of the Government of India on March 22, 1947, had been quick in sizing up the situation. It was obvious that anything was preferable to a policy of drift and inaction, which could only result in the eventual and complete disruption of Government. His Majesty's Government framed the Indian Independence Bill, which became law in a remarkably short space of time on July 18. Characteristically enough, it was a document of astonish-

ing brevity, consisting of but 22 sections and 3 schedules. The Partition Committee was appointed by the Interim Government in India, and by August 15, 1947, only a few matters remained to be disposed of.

On the midnight of August 14, 1947, the long drawn-out struggle for freedom came to an end. The hour of destiny had struck, but the price of deliverance was unexpectedly heavy. Throughout her recorded history, India had been able to retain her geographical and cultural entity. She had withstood the vicissitudes of fortune. She had been able successfully to soften and in some cases to absorb the impact of alien influences. Her cultural integrity had remained and, even during the long and dreary years of bitter struggle, her leaders had kept aloft the flag of Indian unity. But history does not stand still, and when the time came allowance had to be made for the vanity of mere men, their individual caprices and pathological obsessions. India—a land wrought by nature as a mighty entity—was partitioned and severed into coterminous, impossible, impracticable and exclusive fragments of territories. Politics are at best a game of expediency and compromise, and India's leaders were wise in acquiescing in a solution, however unpleasant and logically untenable but practically inescapable. What was not, however, anticipated or expected was the terrible toll of life and property which had to be paid as a tribute to communal fury and insensate passions which had been aroused between the children of the same soil, who had lived as friends and neighbours through centuries despite their varying creeds. This complacency on the part of the Governments, leaders of the public and the people themselves led perhaps to the most terrible holocaust known to history.

The gloom and sorrow which had characterised the closing months of 1946 and continued right up to the day of deliverance were dispelled, momentarily at least, in a mighty swell of popular joy and enthusiasm which took place on August 14 and 15, 1947. Festive bells were ringing throughout the country; the great cities of India celebrated the dawn of Independence which they had cherished for many a long day, but which they hardly hoped to see materialise within their lifetime. The country passed through a delirium of spontaneous joy, and it was obvious that it was a deep and abiding emotion in the hearts of the people, and not merely the manufactured result of intensive political agitation. For the first time in the history of India the people felt the glow of freedom—freedom which had been won by them, which had not descended from above, or bestowed as a gift by some remote or alien and generous agency. It was Freedom which was won by them and had to be guarded by their own vigilance and willing and unstinted sacrifice. The Mahatma was naturally its emblem and architect. It was he who, with rare simplicity of character, nobility of mind and steadfastness of purpose, had made out of common men and women front-line soldiers in the fight for India's freedom. Vast multitudes of Indians had suddenly realised the unity of the nation and never before had such unity been demonstrated as on the midnight of August 14, 1947. The independence of India tolled at the stroke of midnight; it was the dawn of a new day, radiant and of limitless possibilities. Gandhiji, however, was away on his way to Noakhali, for his great heart was deeply smitten with the ghastly, cruel and implacable hostilities persisting

between the two great communities of India. The partition of the country had bitten deep into the Mahatma's consciousness. He, a sad and solitary figure acclaimed as the father of the nation, had no share in the nation-wide festivities to celebrate the day of deliverance, which he had done most to hasten. Jawaharlal—India's first Prime Minister—gave appropriate expression to the joy of the people in bevelled phrases of great eloquence and beauty.

While the people in the two new states of India and Pakistan were engaged in rejoicing, Gandhiji—the lone pilgrim—saw nothing but darkness. He knew that the appeal that he and Jinnah had jointly issued on April 15 in pathetic words had proved ineffective. The joint declaration stated:

> "We denounce for all time the use of force to achieve political ends, and we call upon all communities of India, to whatever persuasion they may belong, not only to refrain from all acts of violence and disorder, but also to avoid both in speech and writing any incitement to such acts."

While the politicians had talked of partition, nobody had envisaged the partition of the provinces; not even Jinnah, for even he, on April 30, 1947, had pronounced against the partition of the Punjab and Bengal. Gandhiji on his way to Noakhali stopped for a few days in Calcutta and stayed in a Muslim household. The Muslim League Newspaper, *Morning News*, rightly wrote that "he was ready to die so that they [23% of the city's Muslim population] may live peacefully." Gandhiji returned to Delhi in September, and on October 2 celebrated his 78th birthday. He had nothing but agony in his heart, for hatred and killing were in the air. He thought of going to the Punjab—the battle-ground of the peoples who had lost their sanity for the time being. Jawaharlal and his Cabinet were busy with the problems of administration, but the millions of refugees stricken and forlorn looked to the lean and quiet figure in the Birla House. People knew that compassion and a genius for entering into other peoples' feelings dominated the life of this great teacher. He never refrained from his daily prayer meetings calling upon the people to live in charity and in peace. In the new context of communal bitterness Gandhiji's daily audience had declined to a few hundreds; the poor refugees in their bitterness had but little patience with this man of peace. They in their madness thought that Gandhiji was only encouraging the Muslims without realising the miseries of the Hindus. The politicians including Nehru were helpless. They could not dominate the hearts of the people as Gandhi, the man of peace, could. Gandhiji could bear the agony no longer, and on January 12, 1948, he decided upon a fast unto death. Fifty crores of rupees due to the Pakistan Government were paid much against the wishes and the unanimous decision of the Indian Cabinet. In Gandhiji's ideology there was no room for hatred and no place for diplomacy or paying back in the same coin. The fast began on the January 13 and ended on the 18th, for he was assured that feelings between the two communities had changed. I was staying at the Birla House. Gandhiji's friends did not understand the rationale of this last fast of his, and yet they knew that it was futile to intercede or interfere. Public feeling against Gandhiji

as well as his fast was rising among a section of the people, and a warning was given on January 20 when a bomb was thrown at the prayer meeting. At 5.45 p.m. on Saturday, January 30, as Gandhiji was walking up to the prayer platform at the Birla House, Godse, the Poona Brahmin, broke through the small congregation and bent as if he was going to bow to him, and fired. Gandhiji was dead; he had harkened to the call of death, his "incomparable friend," with Rama, the name of the Lord, on his lips. I hastened from the office to the Birla House and found Bapu laid on the *gaddi* in his old room in the Birla house, serene and composed, as usual surrounded by a small crowd, all weeping, including his grand-children and Jawaharlal. Vallabhbhai, along with his daughter Maniben, was also there. He was prostrate with grief. The light had truly gone out and there was darkness everywhere. Lord Mountbatten came in and settled the details of the funeral the following morning. "Another giant among men had fallen in the cause of brotherhood and peace," as Truman wrote. Marshall, the U.S.A. Secretary of State, spoke about Gandhi as the "spokesman for the conscience of mankind," and the Muslim League paper—*Dawn*—stated that all Muslims are bowed with grief at the ghastly ending to so great a life." The mortal remains of Gandhiji—and his body was truly shining—were laid on the funeral pyre at Rajghat. People the world over realised that Gandhiji had become greater in death than even he was in life. His ashes were immersed in Allahabad on the afternoon of February 12, and as in the words of the Veda:

"Holy soul, may sun, air and fire be auspicious unto thee. Thy dear ones on this earth do not bewail their lot at thy departure, for they know that thou art gone to the radiant regions of the blessed. May the waters of all rivers and oceans be helpful unto thee, and serve thee ever in thy good deeds for the welfare of all beings; may all space and its four quarters be open unto thee for thy good deeds."

In the context of Gandhiji's death, it may be relevant to mention a strange but authentic case of premonition. Arthur Moore, the retired editor of the *Statesman*, and now the editor of a weekly journal called *Thought* issued from Delhi, records in reviewing Vincent Sheean's book, *Lead Kindly Light*, a remarkable incident which happened to the author of the book. In September the conviction came upon Sheean that the Mahatma will be murdered by his own people; and he discussed the matter in detail with some of the New York journals and finally persuaded one of the papers to send him to India. Sheean wrote to his editor from Delhi in January 1948 saying that the tragedy was at hand. This letter was received in New York a day before the actual tragedy of Mahatma's assassination took place. It is also noteworthy that on January 21, 1948, the day after the incident of the bomb thrown at Gandhiji during the prayer meeting at the Birla House in New Delhi, Sheean wrote in his diary as follows:

"This episode confirms me in the opinion that it would be rash to stray very far from Gandhi at this time. Some great climax in the sacred drama which he is (partly consciously, partly unconsciously) enacting, and which has been lifted to the tragic height of a last act since August, is surely approaching. The fact that he is so uncannily able, by the instinct of genius, to assist the operation of fate, merely makes

this climax inevitable. I have believed since last summer that if he is to be killed it must be (for India's sake) by a Hindu and not by a Muslim. This is the logic of every sacred drama in the entire history of religion, and I believe it will take place."

Bapu's death moved Jawaharlal to unusual heights of eloquence. He rightly said:

"Even in his death there was a magnificence and complete artistry. It was from every point of view a fitting climax to the man and to the life he had lived. Indeed it heightened the lesson of his life. He died in the fullness of his powers and, as he would no doubt have liked to die, at the moment of prayer. He died a martyr to the cause of unity to which he had always been devoted and for which he had worked unceasingly, more especially during the past year or more. He died suddenly as all men should wish to die. There was no fading away of the body, or a long illness, or the forgetfulness of the mind that comes with age. Why then should we grieve for him? Our memories of him will be of the Master, whose step was light to the end, whose smile was infectious, and whose eyes were full of laughter. We shall associate no failing powers with him, of body or mind. He lived and he died at the top of his strength and powers, leaving a picture in our minds and in the mind of the age that we live in that can never fade away.

"That picture will not fade. But he did something much more than that, for he entered into the very stuff of our minds and spirits and changed them and moulded them. The Gandhi generation will pass away, but that stuff will remain and will affect each succeeding generation, for it has become a part of India's spirit. Just when we were growing poor in spirit in this country, Bapu came to enrich us and make us strong, and the strength he gave us was not for a moment or a day or a year; but it was something added on to our national inheritance."

The burden of the new State fell on the shoulders of Nehru and the Deputy Prime Minister, Vallabhbhai Patel. The moral fragrance of Gandhiji's presence had departed. There was doubtless the danger of India becoming a State like any other, but even in death Gandhiji seems to have left a legacy, which would not at any rate be forgotten by his immediate associates, particularly the two leaders at the helm of affairs in India—Nehru and Patel. Both had often disagreed with Gandhiji in the matter of actual administration. They had found Gandhiji somewhat difficult, for the application of morals to the conduct of actual affairs of life is always difficult; but Gandhiji often got what he wanted, because he appealed not to expediency or immediate benefits, but to something higher in human life. It is because of this that Gandhiji's name is still invoked to exalt the morale of the people. Jawaharlal, above all, seems to have felt the spell of the Master more profoundly after his death than ever before. The mantle of harmonising the differences between the two communities, of making India a haven for the people who live within its borders, has obviously fallen on the shoulders of this great idealist.

It was January 30, 1949, and I happened to be staying at Birla House in New Delhi. It was the first anniversary of Gandhiji's assassination. It was 3 O'clock in the morning, and I woke up on hearing the familiar strains of the devo-

tional songs which were dear to the Mahatma. On the extensive grassy lawn at the rear of the Birla House, a small crowd headed by the Prime Minister had gathered at the very spot where Bapu—the architect of the Indian nation—got freedom from his mortal coils as a result of the bullets fired by one of this own countrymen, who along with some others could not size up the stature of this great little man of unsurpassed courage and singular nobility of character. The green platform where Bapu used to pray and discourse every evening when he was in Delhi, was brightly lit up, and a score of people had gathered there in the early hours of a cold wintry dawn to pay their homage to one who had already become a symbol of love and righteousness and an inspiring memory of a dedicated life.

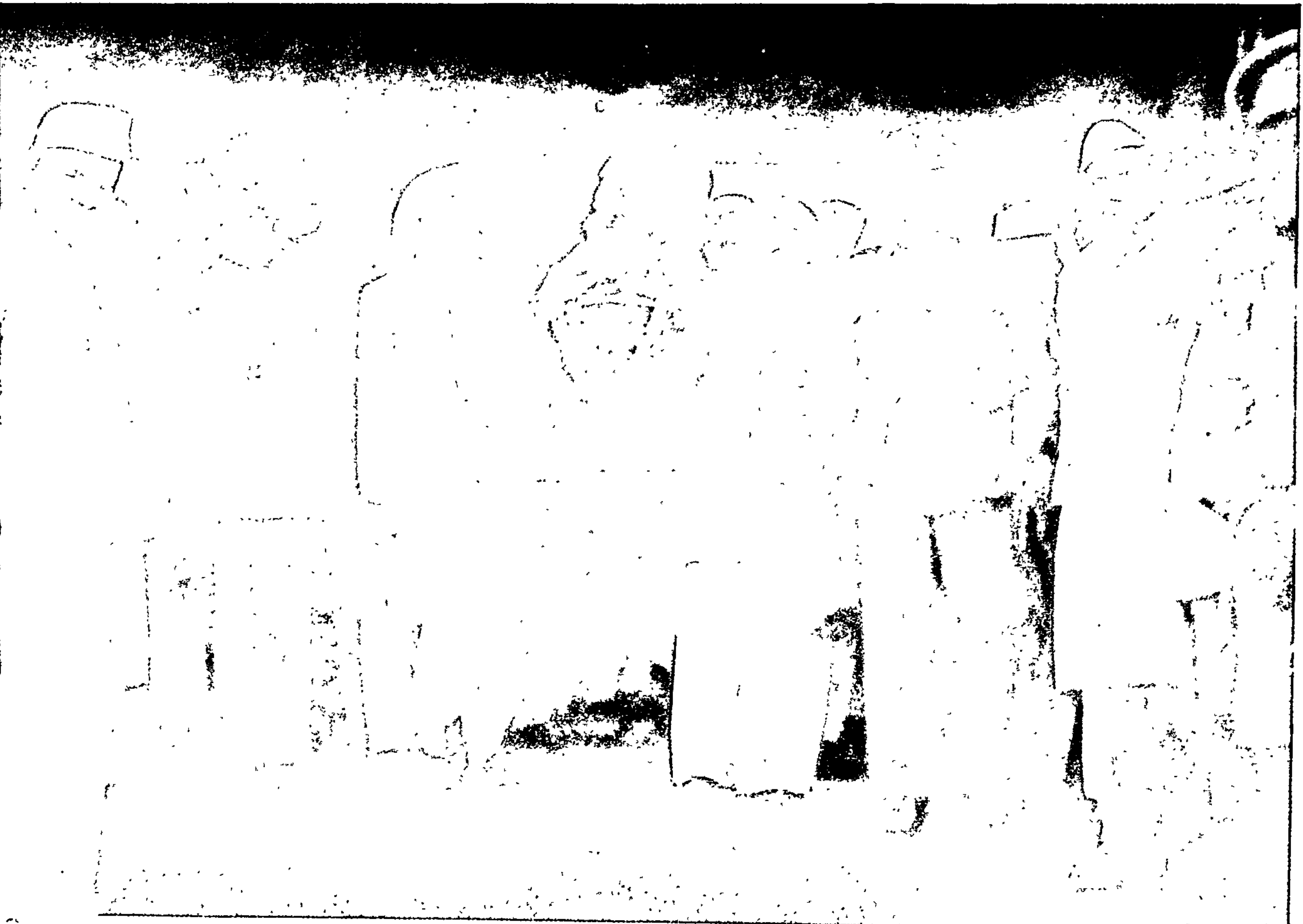
Jawaharlal is deeply emotional, even sentimental, and perhaps more devout than he would care to admit. He had recorded repeatedly that he rarely understood the Mahatma's incursions into religion or his efforts to weave a mixed pattern of politics and spirituality. But when he heard the verses of the Gita regularly recited at the daily prayer meetings of Bapu, Jawaharlal felt closer to religion than ever before. The verses laid down the qualities necessary for a man of composure and discrimination. It was at such meetings that Gandhiji looked his real self—one though he was physically on the ground, had still his abode in some remote, rarefied and elevated realms. It was then that one had a glimpse of the sources from which Bapu derived his inexhaustible strength, boundless optimism and inspiration for incessant activity. Jawaharlal has often, but perhaps wantonly, referred to his intellectual orientation having been basically different from that of Gandhiji because of his western up-bringing, education and general outlook—*anschaung*. At bottom, however, there is a deep and abiding similarity in the emotional response of people whose cultural roots lie embedded in the same soil; and consequently despite Jawaharlal's horror of mixing up politics with religion and his emphasis on matters purely secular, he is a man of deep and abiding faith which has sustained him through long and dreary years of storm and strife.

As the hymns were chanted, he was deeply moved and stirred to his depths, for it was the advent of this godly man which had changed the entire tenor of his life. Jawahar himself could never have imagined that his life of a lotus-eater and an intellectual *fainéant* would be completely blasted, shattered and turned upside down with the onset and influence of a new and stormy petrel on the conventional stage of Indian politics. And yet it was not the saintliness of this stranger in a peasant's garb which appealed to or swept him off his feet, but some strange and sacred fire—elemental and irresistible, which could be sensed even at this small gathering on the grounds of the Birla House at this early hour of the dawn, though the Master was no more. Jawaharlal looked rapt in thought, sad and pensive, and as the music of the devotional chants floated skywards in the clean morning air, it sank deep in the sensitive emotional substratum of Jawaharlal—the finest disciple that Gandhiji—the Master—ever had. Once before towards the closing years of the XIX century there was a case of a unique and brilliant discipleship of Swami Vivekananda; but it was a bond primarily spiritual in nature, and while the Master—Shri Ramakrishna—

guided and inspired every phase of activity of his great disciple, he himself was in the background—quiet and unconcerned, praying and often in a mood of intense religious ecstasy. The relationship between Gandhiji and Jawaharlal was different. Both led a life of intense activity and through it realised themselves. From the day on which he at the age of 46 landed in India on January 9, 1915, till the date of his departure on January 30, 1948, Gandhiji's life was one of intense pre-occupation, sustained throughout by a curious detachment as to the fate of his manifold activities and a singular shrewdness in chalking out his plan in accordance with the dictates of his conscience and reason. It may be that Gandhiji appeared at one of the great turns of Indian history when people were ready—at least partially—to receive the inspired message of a new hope and fresh activity from one who embodied within himself all that was noble in his race. Gandhiji affected the life of the entire nation at various points and made heroes out of mere men.

His genius had wrought a miracle and secured for his countrymen freedom of a type which they had never previously known in their long history. His new technique enabled the poorest men and women of India to participate in the struggle for freedom and to identify themselves with the country's cause. An entire generation was dominated by this God-intoxicated man, not merely in politics but in every phase of life. In India politics are never far removed from religion, for the life of the people has been deeply coloured and moulded by religious thought, however attenuated and ineffective it may be in practice. Gandhiji's approach to the various problems connected with India was unique; his beginnings were small—whether in Champaran, Kheda, or the march to Dandi to make salt and challenge the might of the Government on an issue which now seems to be small and even trivial. It now seems a remarkable achievement that the conquerors of yesterday, who ruled over the country for more than 150 years, should have walked out as friends. The credit for this singular achievement must be given primarily to the Mahatma.

Politics do not generally bring out human nature at its best, and political parties have an inherent tendency for disruption over a long period. Vested interests are created; personal vanities are aroused which are more difficult to be reconciled than differences of doctrines or principles. Indians are just as much politically and factionally minded as others in the world, and yet it is curious how this insignificant looking man, arriving in India after a local reputation in South Africa, was able not only to reconcile and to overcome these conflicting viewpoints and interests, but that he was able to make out of them a mighty political organisation where the heroes were not from the ranks of the learned and the rich but were recruited from the common people. A life of disinterestedness, or ceaseless striving to approximate thought with conduct, was able to impress itself in a manner and on a scale perhaps unknown in the history of the world. Gandhiji in politics shone shadowless like the sun; or if there was a shadow, it did not inhibit or exclude the growth of new and healthy life. It was fortunate for India that when India achieved its freedom, Gandhiji was able to bequeath to the new democracy two such exceptional leaders as Jawaharlal and his Deputy Prime Minister, who is senior in age, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. These two have



CARRYING THE URN CONTAINING THE MAHATMA'S ASHES

The urn containing Mahatma Gandhi's last remains after cremation were taken to Allahabad for immersion at the sacred confluence. Photo shows Nehru and others carrying the urn from the train to the specially prepared car.



IMMERSION OF THE ASHES

At the Sangam, Allahabad. Pandit Nehru with Sri Devadas Gandhi and Ramdas Gandhi, the latter holding the urn.



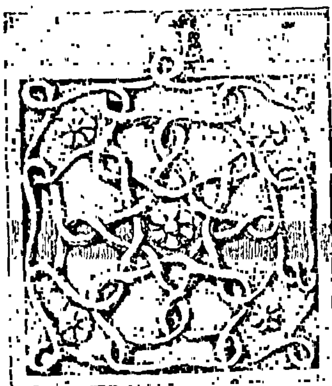
AT THE GANDHI EXHIBITION AT LONDON

Pandit Nehru inspects a statue of Mahatma Gandhi at the Gandhi Exhibition at India House in London, October 1948.



ADDRESSING THE UNITED NATIONS
Pandit Nehru addressed the General Assembly of the United Nations at Paris on November 3, 1948.

a record of service to which future generations in India will perhaps render greater justice than it is possible to do at present. The legacies of freedom were onerous in the extreme, but it was the vision and energy of these two great disciples of the Mahatma which successfully rode the storm and enabled the country to settle down to a peaceful tempo of life. If the real struggle for freedom may be said to have begun with the Mahatma's return to India in January 1915, it might be considered to have finally ended with the Mahatma's passing away from the scene of his labours in January 1948. These years enshrine the greatest epic of India's political struggle for freedom. The entire pattern and inspiration for the struggle were furnished by Gandhiji, and his disciples of varying degrees of intellect and of faith were made to fall in line by the sheer compulsion of the Mahatma's personality. If the history of the last 30 years is the record of Gandhiji's leadership, it is also an account of the unfolding of his great disciples—Jawaharlal and Vallabhbhai. When the Mahatma passed away from the political scene, a great chapter in the history of India had been completed. One of the greatest epochs in the history of a nation had come to an end, for it is not often that people like Gandhiji are born or are able to mould their countrymen merely with the power of moral persuasion, and make them march through indefinite and prolonged hardships to final victory. Human beings conform to familiar patterns and Indians are no exception. Political parties are not infrequently but organised appetites for the acquisition of power, where individual selfishnesses masquerade under and make use of the cloak of respectable and unexceptionable principles and policies. The departure of the Mahatma has already imposed a task of great magnitude upon Jawaharlal, who will find all his energy and political capacity taxed to the utmost to maintain the great political machine that the Mahatma had perfected for a particular purpose, in its purity and at its accustomed momentum. As Gandhiji always proclaimed, it was the service to the people which mattered, and it is this which gives substance to the principles and practice of democracy.



NEHRU AS WRITER AND JOURNALIST

Most of Jawaharlal's serious writing was done during his frequent and prolonged sojourns in the various prison houses. The enforced leisure stimulated his naturally keen and inquisitive mind to roam over epochs of human civilisation, and to ruminate over the vicissitudes of his own stormy life. Solitude is sometimes a spur to spiritual questioning and the sub-conscious mind begins to look at things, as if from outside, with detachment and objectivity. In such luminous moments consciousness appears to be moved and guided by some hidden springs of inspiration from high, clean and remote altitudes. All creative spirits have an occasional hint of such experiences and can then hardly recognise their own handiwork, for it transcends their usual limitations and appears more like a fragment of some Reality of which they are not ordinarily aware. Jawaharlal, who is a highly sensitive writer with a natural feeling for words and phrases, has passed through similar moods. He writes elegantly and fluently, with ease and integrity. His writing is at times extremely compact and quivering with emotion. He is not afraid of looking into himself, of dissecting, as it were, his inner self. Consequently, unlike most of his unprepared orations, his writings are distinguished by considerable literary charm and lucid expression. Rhetoric is absent, and words flow smoothly in a continuous and limpid stream, adequately conveying the thoughts behind them. In more spacious and happier times Jawaharlal might have attained real eminence as a writer of the English tongue, for he has the necessary background, technical equipment and the required vision, sensitiveness, resilience and insight to probe beneath the surface of emotions and analyse the complicated motivation of human activities. He constantly applies the same test to his own intimate life and produces a picture at once true and beautiful.

Jawaharlal is a voracious reader, or at least was till he shouldered the burden of high office. His reading in the English language is wide and deep, and he is well posted as to the main currents of literary and artistic activities in Europe and America. Like a good few of our political leaders, including Balgangadhar Tilak, Aurobindo Ghosh and Gandhiji, Jawaharlal also has made good use of his prison life for contemplation, rest and significant writing. About the life behind the prison walls, he writes in a contemplative vein:

"Time seems to change its nature in prison. The present hardly exists, for there is an absence of feeling and sensation which might separate it from the dead past. Even news of the active, living and dying world outside has a certain dream-like unreality, an immobility and an unchangeableness as of the past. The outer objective time ceases to be, the inner and subjective sense remains but at a lower level, except when thought pulls it out of the present and experiences a kind of reality in the past or in the future........

"There is a stillness and everlastingness about the past; it changes not, and has a touch of eternity like a painted picture or a statue in bronze or marble. Unaffected by the storms and upheavals of the present, it maintains its dignity and repose, and tempts the troubled spirit and the tortured mind to seek shelter in its vaulted catacombs. There is peace there and security, and one may even sense a spiritual quality.

"But it is not life, unless we can find the vital links between it and the present with all its conflicts and problems. It is a kind of art for art's sake without the passion and the urge to action which are the very stuff of life. Without that passion and urge, there is a gradual oozing out of hope and vitality, a settling down on lower levels of existence, a slow merging into non-existence."

It was like looking back upon life from a different angle, something more akin to discovery not only of India, but of his own self.

I still remember Jawaharlal's invitation sometime in 1916 to join the special train which was carrying him and his party from Allahabad to Delhi for his wedding. The match was arranged according to the custom of the country, and Jawaharlal had accepted the assignment. He could not imagine that these nuptials were going to be somewhat unusual, as his own life moved from one crisis to another. He dedicated his *Autobiography*, also written in jail, to Kamala who is no more. In the moving chapter in his *Discovery of India*, Jawaharlal describes his last visit to Kamala, who was fading away in a sanatorium at Badenweiler in Switzerland, 20 years later. Nehru was released from the mountain-jail of Almora on September 4, 1935, and within five days of his release he was by the side of Kamala. He writes:

"We had been married for nearly twenty years and yet how many times she had surprised me by something new in her mental or spiritual make-up......There was something elusive about her, something fay-like, real but unsubstantial, difficult to grasp. Sometimes, looking into her eyes, I would find a stranger peeping out at me."

A man of Jawaharlal's deep emotional intensity would naturally find the void created by the departure of Kamala—a frail and flower-like creature, almost unbearable. Soon after the marriage he was drawn in the whirlpool of active political life, and his twenty years of married life were frequently interrupted by long intervals of compulsory separation, for Gandhian politics were fraught with dangers, sacrifices, disappointments, hardships and frustrations. Here is a picture of Kamala by Jawaharlal himself:

"Except for a little schooling, she had had no formal education; her mind had not gone through the educational process. She came to us as an unsophisticated girl, apparently with hardly any of the complexes which are said to be so common now. She never entirely lost that girlish look, but as she grew into a woman her eyes acquired a depth and a fire, giving the impression of still pools behind which storms raged. She was not the type of modern girl, with the modern girl's habits and lack of poise. Yet she took easily enough to modern ways. But essentially she was an Indian girl and, more particularly, a Kashmiri girl, sensitive and proud, childlike

and grown-up, foolish and wise. She was reserved to those she did not know or did not like, but bubbling over with gaiety and frankness before those she knew and liked. She was quick in her judgment and not always fair or right, but she stuck to her instinctive likes and dislikes. There was no guile in her. If she disliked a person, this was obvious and she made no attempt to hide the fact. Even if she had tried to do so, she would probably not have succeeded. I have come across few persons who have produced such an impression of sincerity upon me as she did.

"Like Chitrā in Tagore's play, she seemed to say to me: 'I am Chitrā. No goddess to be worshipped, nor yet the object of common pity to be brushed aside like a moth with indifference. If you deign to keep me by your side in the path of danger and daring, if you allow me to share the great duties of your life, then you will know my true self.' But she did not say this to me in words, and it was only gradually that I read the message of her eyes."

In passages such as these Jawaharlal lays bare with considerable skill, emotion and unusual felicity of phrase, the struggles of his emotional self. A man of many but effervescent moods, he is able to mirror them in elegant and luminous prose. His writing, despite its varied abundance, has been fitful and largely an adjunct to and the result of his political destiny. He never seems to have essayed writing poetry, despite his ceaseless quest and abiding love for it. He has preferred to realise himself through action, and his meeting with Gandhiji towards the end of 1916 was a profound spiritual conversion which was preceded by long, apparently unconscious and cumulative phase of silent incubation. His inner being lost its inertia and became suddenly vital and charged with radiant energy, and since then his life has been a magnificent progression, whether as writer, politician, a disciplined soldier in the cause of freedom, or as a dynamic leader of men in his capacity as the first Prime Minister of India. Gandhiji rightly described him on his election as President of the Indian National Congress in 1929: "He is pure as the crystal; he is truthful beyond suspicion." His integrity is the key-note of his life as of his writing.

Like most politicians Jawaharlal has done a great deal of miscellaneous writing—writing with a motive, and for the moment I well remember the days of the *Independent* when Jawaharlal, Syud Husain[1], the editor, and I used to visit the office of the *Independent* every evening after dinner, when I spent a few days at the *Anand Bhawan* on leave. The *Independent* was the first journalistic venture of the Nehru family, started by Pandit Motilal Nehru on the *Basant Panchami* day, February 9, 1919. It was primarily intended as a counterblast against the moderate politics of the all-powerful daily—the *Leader*, issued from Allahabad under the dominating personality of the late C.Y. Chintamani. Chintamani was an uncompromising Liberal, who like Gokhale and Srinivasa Sastri believed in some inscrutable divine wisdom which guided and moulded the destiny of India under the enduring tutelage of Britain. The *Leader* was undoubtedly the most influential paper in the

[1] India's first ambassador in Egypt who recently died in Cairo.



NEHRU EMBRACING AZZAM PASHA

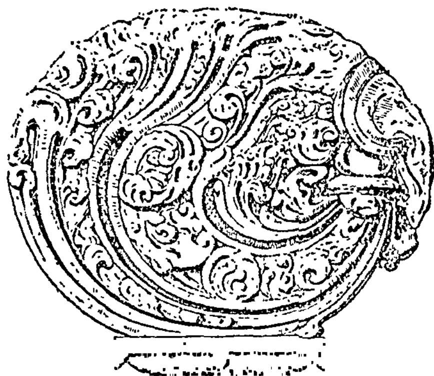
While in Cairo in October 1948 Nehru met Azzam Pasha, Secretary General of the Arab League.



IN A PENSIVE MOOD
At the Meerut Congress, 1947.
Copyright : Narayan Rao Kulkarni, Bijapur

United Provinces and retained its supremacy almost till the death of its great editor C.Y. Chintamani. The *Independent* had but a short life of two years under the editorial stewardship of the late Syud Husain. Syud Husain was a facile speaker, good looking and had undoubted capacity for screaming headlines, vituperative and colourful writing. The *Independent* came to grief with the increasing severity of the Press laws.

Jawaharlal has been a prolific journalist, having written extensively, frequently and regularly for all kinds of papers over a period of years. He has sponsored, managed and directed newspapers from the early years of his political career. The *National Herald*—an influential daily now issued from Lucknow—has had the affection of Jawaharlal in a generous measure for the past many years. Jawaharlal's journalistic output has been considerable and constant over a number of years, but the triumphs of journalism are by their very nature ephemeral, and even the writings of Gandhiji and Jawaharlal are no exceptions. Jawaharlal's journalism was of an orthodox type, abundant in output and topical in character, but neither so continuous nor at the same level as that of Gandhiji's. Gandhiji was an extraordinary and superlative journalist, whether he wrote in Gujarati, Hindi or English, and I doubt whether the world would ever see the like of him again, even in this restricted sphere of human activities. Everything that Gandhiji wrote was translated and broadcast through the columns of every imaginable kind of paper and in every language of the country; and like his own life his writing was charged with intense sincerity and unequalled honesty of expression. Gandhiji wrote briefly and to the point. He was the supreme exception to the prevailing vogue of prolix turgidity, and the way in which he maintained the standard of his various papers—whether *Young India* in English or *Nava Jivan* or *Harijan* in Gujarati, English or Hindi—was an index to the character of the man himself, and a tribute to his businesslike efficiency in the disposal of time.



JAWAHARLAL AS SPEAKER

While Pandit Nehru has a wide range of vocabulary in English, it is not so when he addresses extempore huge audiences, or broadcasts an address in Hindustani. He has a pleasant, somewhat soft but level voice, capable at times of intense emotion, but on the whole without any of the finer qualities of high eloquence. Besides, there is another and genuine difficulty, viz., that while his own mother-tongue may be said to have been Hindustani with a Persian bias or Urdu, the language that is now expected of the leading politicians in India is one with Sanskrit bias or Hindi. The result is that words do not flow and Jawaharlal's Hindustani speeches are apt to be long, diffuse and loosely knit. Despite a limited knowledge of Sanskrit, his mastery over Hindustani is not of the same order as that in English; but his personality, transparent honesty of thought and expression make up for the lack of preparation, precision of words and emotional tension. Gandhiji suffered also from a limited acquaintance with Hindustani, but this deficiency was more than made up by his extreme economy of words and the great integration between thought and practice which elevates any utterance far beyond the level of mere oratory or elocution. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, even less of a linguist than either Gandhiji or Jawaharlal, is more lucky, for he has the rare gift of wit and humour. His sentences of basic and racy Hindustani are short, crisp and full of fire. He is the one speaker of whom the late Muhammad Ali Jinnah was genuinely afraid; for Jinnah knew that even in the art of vituperation and bluntness the Sardar was more than a match for him when he chose to use his native sarcasm with devastating finality. The days of oratory in the grand manner are over, and even India which loves colourful eloquence has got accustomed to new fashions. The oratory of Surendra Nath Banerji with its rolling periods of turgid English is a matter of past history. The late Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya's long-winded orations, delivered with a mellifluous and silvery voice, will not now be suffered by Indian audiences. The impeccable literary discourses of Srinivasa Sastri, or the carefully worked-out sequences of argumentation of C.Y. Chintamani or Tej Bahadur Sapru would now leave the people cold. People gather to hear politicians even with indifferent voices and no gift of phrase, provided they have played a prominent rôle in the struggle for freedom and have the reputation of harmonising to some extent their protestations and practice. The high-sounding rhetoric of Sarojini Naidu would doubtless excite admiration for the vivid phrase, but otherwise leave the multitudes unmoved. I remember the eloquence of Mrs. Annie Besant. It was in December 1915 when Jawaharlal and I, as his guest, attended a mass meeting which was to be addressed by this wonderful lady. The place was a local theatre in Allahabad packed to capacity. Pandit Motilal Nehru and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya were also on the rostrum, but the pressure and the noise of the crowd were such that none of these veteran leaders

was able even to start the proceedings. At last the old lady got up amidst a veritable pandemonium, where chairs were flying and unruly crowds were storming the auditorium for space. She had but to speak for a few moments, when the audience lulled and charmed by her magic voice was hushed into pin-drop silence and listened to her for an hour in absolute quiet. It was a triumph of oratory. But those days are gone for good, for such eloquence generally does not move the masses in the same manner or to the same extent as when they look upon the speaker as the very embodiment of their aspirations and vaguely defined ideals. Gandhiji was such an idealised personification of the conscious and subconscious will and thoughts of millions of his countrymen, and though his voice was but feeble, and he could rarely speak standing, his words affected the audiences in a way that very few men, however gifted or eloquent, could do; for the words were charged with an inner fire of intense conviction. Gandhiji's oratory therefore reached the pinnacle, for his mere presence was enough to affect and even change the conduct of vast masses of people. In the ultimate analysis, it is the victory of thought and passionate conviction, of idea fused into action; and it is, therefore, the rarest kind of eloquence which few in history have been able to command.

Here is Jawaharlal's account of the fascination that Gandhiji exercised over his audiences:

"For it was clear that this little man of poor physique had something of steel in him, something rock-like which did not yield to physical powers, however great they might be. And in spite of his unimpressive features, his loin-cloth and bare body, there was a royalty and a kingliness in him which compelled a willing obeisance from others. Consciously and deliberately meek and humble, yet he was full of power and authority, and he knew it, and at times he was imperious enough, issuing commands which had to be obeyed. His calm, deep eyes would hold one and gently probe into the depths; his voice, clear and limpid, would purr its way into the heart and evoke an emotional response. Whether his audience consisted of one person or a thousand, the charm and magnetism of the man passed on to it, and each one had a feeling of communion with the speaker. This feeling had little to do with the mind, though the appeal to the mind was not wholly ignored. But mind and reason definitely had second place. This process of 'spell-binding' was not brought about by oratory or the hypnotism of silken phrases. The language was always simple and to the point, and seldom was an unnecessary word used. It was the utter sincerity of the man and his personality that gripped; he gave the impression of tremendous inner reserves of power."

Jawaharlal quotes aptly the words of Alcibiades in describing the effect of speech by his master Socrates:

"Besides, when we listen to any one else talking, however eloquent he is, we don't really care a damn what he says; but when we listen to you, or to some one else repeating what you've said, even if he puts it ever so badly, and never mind whether the person who is listening is man, woman, or child, we're absolutely staggered and bewitched. And speaking for myself, gentlemen, if I wasn't afraid, you'd tell me I

was completely bottled; I'd swear on oath what an extraordinary effect his words have had on me—and still do, if it comes to that. For the moment I hear him speak, I am smitten by a kind of sacred rage, worse than any Corybant, and my heart jumps into my mouth and the tears start into my eyes—Oh, and not only me, but lots of other men.

"Yes, I have heard Pericles and all the other great orators, and very eloquent I thought they were; but they never affected me like that; they never turned my whole soul upside down and left me feeling as if I were the lowest of the low; but this latter-day Maryas, here, has often left me in such a state of mind that I've felt I simply couldn't go on living the way I did...

"And there is one thing I've never felt with anybody else—not the kind of thing you would expect to find in me, either—and that is a sense of shame. Socrates is the only man in the world that can make me feel ashamed. Because there's no getting away from it; I know I ought to do the things he tells me to; and yet the moment I am out of his sight, I don't care what I do to keep in with the mob. So I dash off like a runaway slave, and keep out of his way as long as I can; and then next time I meet him, I remember all that I had to admit the time before, and naturally I feel ashamed...

"Only I've been bitten by something much more poisonous than a snake; in fact, mine is the most painful kind of bite there is. I've been bitten in the heart, or the mind, or whatever you like to call it."

By the beginning of 1920 political values in India had been completely revolutionised. The leadership had passed from the hands of the English-speaking intelligentsia who believed in words rather than in action, in striking an attitude rather than sticking out for a cause, and who were primarily interested in matters of but secondary importance. The Gandhian era of politics had no room for arm-chair politicians.

Gandhiji came to represent India in a manner which no one had done before and to express the very spirit of this great, ancient and tortured country. "Almost he was India, and his very failings were Indian failings. A slight to him was hardly a personal matter; it was an insult to the nation."

"It is not surprising that this astonishingly vital man, full of self-confidence and an unusual kind of power, standing for equality and freedom for each individual, but measuring all this in terms of the poorest, fascinated the masses of India, and attracted them like a magnet. He seemed to them to link up the past with the future, and to make the dismal present appear just as a stepping-stone to that future of life and hope. And not the masses only, but intellectuals, and others also, though their minds were often troubled and confused, and the change-over for them from the habits of lifetimes was more difficult. Thus, he effected a vast psychological revolution not only among those who followed his lead but also among his opponents and those many neutrals who could not make up their minds what to think and what to do."

Gandhiji had rightly felt the rising pulse of the masses, and since his return to

WITH ASIAN STUDENTS' DELEGATES

Delegates of the All-Asian Students' Conference with Pandit Nehru at his residence, January 1947.

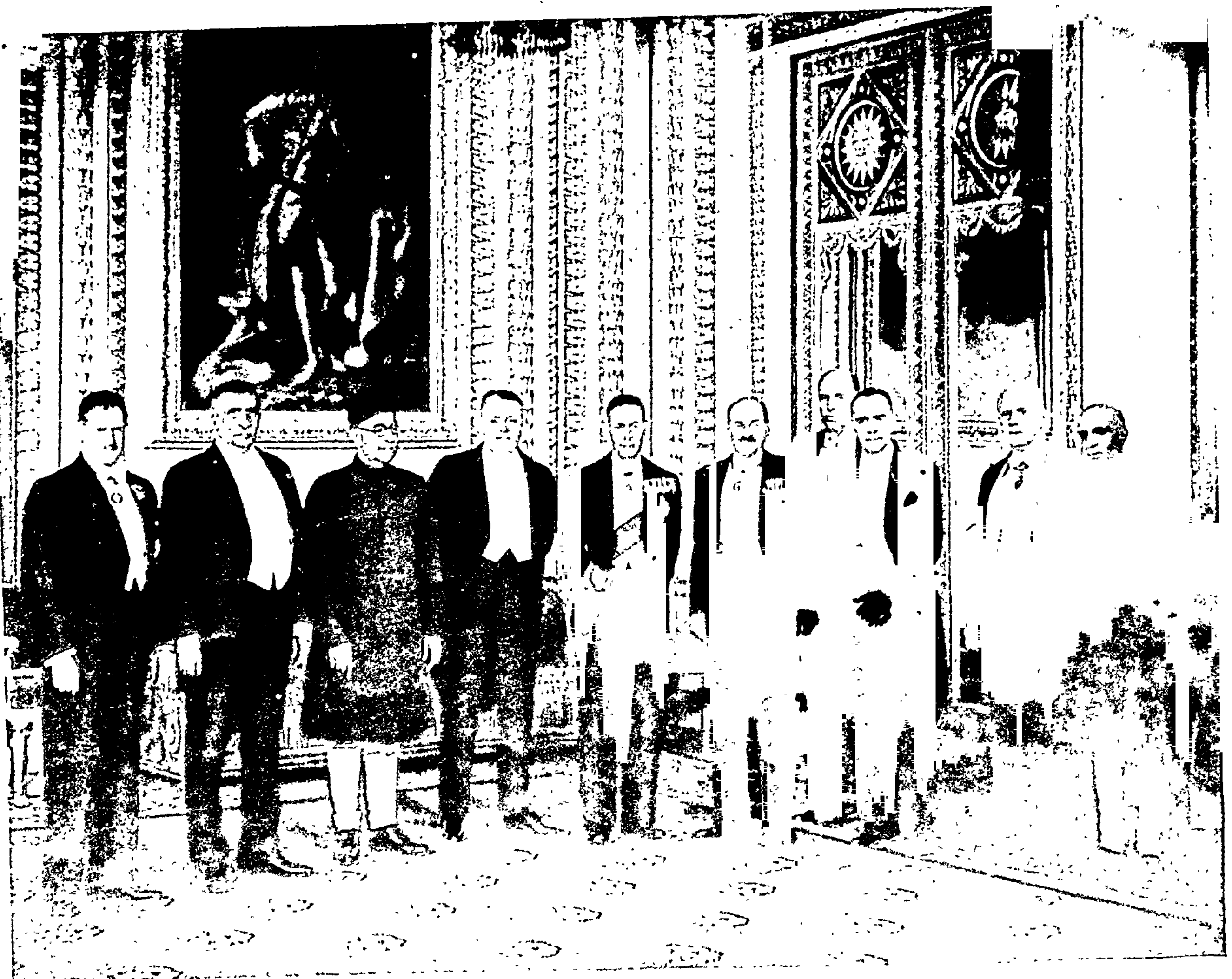
AT THE OFFICERS' MESS, JAMMU

The Prime Minister relaxes for a while at the billiards table.



COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS AT 10, DOWNING STREET

In front, l. to r.: Mr Liaquat Ali Khan, Mr. Atlee, Dr Evatt and Pandit Nehru.



COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

L. to r: Sir Godfrey Huggins, Mr Senanayake, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Dr Evatt, H. M. the King, Mr. Atlee, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Louw, Hon. Peter Fraser and P[illegible] Nehru.



AT THE ANDHRA UNIVERSITY

Pandit Nehru visited Vizagapatam on the occasion of the launching of *'JALA USHA'*. He is here shown with Dr. C. R Reddy, the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Courtesy : Dr. T. Kameswara Rao

India in 1915 had already experimented with success with the down-trodden tenants of indigo-planters in Champaran (Bihar) and the peasantry in Kheda (Bombay). Jawaharlal himself was yearning for a life of action. His heart was not in the profession of law. He had met Gandhiji in the Christmas of 1916, a fateful year remarkable for the *rapprochement*, inspired by a fatal and short-sighted expediency, between the Hindus and Muslims on the basis of communal electorates. It was not until May 1949, that the wrong done by the so-called communal settlement was righted and Indian citizenship was recognised as a right which had nothing to do with the creed or community of the citizen.

Chance had brought Jawaharlal into contact with the peasantry of Partabgarh, near his home town of Allahabad in the United Provinces. These peasants, ground down by rapacious landlordism, succeeded in luring him out from his comfortable home to the desolate countryside, where India lived and toiled. These trampings in the blistering heat of June made Jawaharlal understand something of the poverty and unredeemed misery of his people. People used to gather in their thousands to hear a leader by the name of Baba Ramachandra, whose name had become a legend during those days of acute agrarian unrest. But popular leadership is often fugitive and Ramachandra's reputation soon faded away and the grievances of the peasantry of Oudh became one of the planks of the Congress agitation. Jawaharlal's shyness and reserve in facing vast gatherings of masses disappeared and he soon developed into one of the most prolific and willing speakers that India has known. The dams of his reticence and diffident silence had been demolished for ever. Jawaharlal's audiences were now different from those gatherings of urban intelligentsia which admired eloquent effusions in the English language. These poor villagers understood only simple words spoken to them directly and sincerely. A new era of public speaking had dawned where Gandhiji, Jawaharlal, Vallabhbhai Patel and many others dominated vast concourses of people throughout the land, because their speeches gave body and form to their burning thoughts and cramping grievances. It was through constant peregrination and unceasing speaking throughout the country that Jawaharlal "discovered" India, and the hold that he acquired over his countrymen has only gone on increasing with the course of time. He knows his influence over the masses; he understands their moods and is acutely aware of their helpless misery. He is sometimes angry and frequently impatient, but the people know him and his love for them. They may not always understand him, but they share his fire and look to him for inspiration. The intelligentsia may often be confounded by the frequency and the forthrightness of his speeches, but they do not know the subtle and undying intimate bond which subsists between him and the multitudes.

The instinctive sympathy between Jawaharlal and the masses is something fascinating, and quite a number of people have often been puzzled as to how this elegant, refined and sophisticated individual could feel happy in the company of the poor and ignorant multitudes. Jawaharlal himself has analysed this question, and says:

"I am vain enough in many ways, but there could be no question of vanity with these crowds of simple folk. There was no posing about them, no vulgarity, as in

the case of many of us of the middle classes who consider ourselves their betters. They were dull certainly, uninteresting individually, but in the mass they produced a feeling of overwhelming pity and a sense of ever-impending tragedy."

Popular applause is fickle and, after a little while, tiresome. It is not the sensation of mass adoration that would explain Gandhiji's and Jawaharlal's feeling for the common man. For Jawaharlal it was a new experience and his first contact with the peasantry of Partabgarh ushered a new chapter in his education. Gandhiji's greatest contribution to the political life of India of the twenties of this century was an imperious command to all those who pretended to popular leadership to go to the seven lakhs of villages where the people lived. The urban intelligentsia were largely parasitical on these primitive aggregations of homesteads. Contact with the villagers was, therefore, the order of the day. Here the shy man from Cambridge suddenly lost all his diffidence and was not wearied of even addressing a dozen meetings a day! He experienced "the thrill of mass-feeling," "the power of influencing the mass." Jawaharlal writes:

"I began to understand a little the psychology of the crowd, the difference between the city masses and the peasantry, and I felt at home in the dust and discomfort, the pushing and jostling of large gatherings, though their want of discipline often irritated me. Since those days I have sometimes had to face hostile and angry crowds, worked up to a state when a spark would light a flame, and I found that that early experience and the confidence it begot in me stood me in good stead. Always I went straight to the crowd and trusted it, and so far I have always had courtesy and appreciation from it, even though there was no agreement. But crowds are fickle, and the future may have different experiences in store for me.

"I took to the crowd and the crowd took to me, and yet I never lost myself to it; always I felt apart from it. From my separate mental perch I looked at it critically, and I never ceased to wonder how I, who was so different in every way from those thousands who surrounded me, different in habits, in desires, in mental and spiritual outlook, how I had managed to gain goodwill and a measure of confidence from these people. Was it because they took me for something other than I was? Would they bear with me when they knew me better? Was I gaining their goodwill under false pretences? I tried to be frank and straightforward to them; I even spoke harshly to them sometimes and criticised many of their pet beliefs and customs, but still they put up with me. And yet I could not get rid of the idea that their affection was meant not for me as I was, but for some fanciful image of me that they had formed. How long could that false image endure? And why should it be allowed to endure? And when it fell down and they saw the reality, what then?"

Reverting, however, to Jawaharlal's rôle as a mass agitator, it is important to remember that he used an instrument of speech which was easily understood by the people over most of the country. The phraseology was more polished than that of Gandhiji or Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. It was also more prolific. Jawaharlal has ever been willing to face vast audiences whether as politician or as Prime

Minister. But he is not a born orator; his voice and delivery are pleasantly conversational, and what stamps his speeches is the transparent sincerity of his words and the manner in which he uplifts the most commonplace subjects to a high level of intellectual analysis. He speaks so often and, except on very rare occasions, without any previous preparation or notes that it is amazing how frequently he is able to say something significant and worthwhile. There is another curious feature about his speaking; his thoughts speed very much faster than his words and consequently reading his speeches in cold print one is aware of not only a certain amount of repetition and a lack of coherence, but also of a feeling as if the speaker had suddenly remembered things which he had previously forgotten.

Pandit Nehru is in his proper element before popular audiences and he appears to derive almost physical sustenance and real inspiration as he goes on feeling them, sensing their thoughts and emotions. As he warms up, one feels as if a new bond of intimacy is being forged between him and his people. I have sometimes noticed how Nehru is able to overcome even physical pain and rise to real eloquence. As Prime Minister he speaks perhaps more than any of his opposite numbers elsewhere in the world. He is of course aware that the Prime Minister of a great country has to weigh his words, which is not possible even for the most talented individual to do in frequent and extempore speeches. But the singular rapport between him and his people is such an integral part of his political make-up that he feels himself more at home when he is facing huge multitudes than he does in small and select assemblies. Popular orations give but little scope for literary graces, though Jawaharlal is unusually sensitive to verbal music. That he can be a master of phrase is amply proved by his writings. For anybody who has to speak frequently and thoughtfully, speech-making is anything but easy, and Jawaharlal has to pass through considerable nervous strain, everytime he has to face an audience. But no real eloquence is possible without such emotional tension. Sentences and words course through the mind in all possible combinations and sequences and the tension is relaxed only when the speech is over; when all the concentrated nervous energy flows into a smooth stream of well-knit phrases and there is a sense of liberation. On the rare occasions when he has to commit his thoughts to writing, the texture of the finished product reflects all the artistry and elegance of phrase of which Pandit Nehru is such a master. An example of such a speech is the one that he delivered at the Indonesian Conference on January 20, 1949:

"We represent the ancient civilisations of the East as well as the dynamic civilisation of the West. Politically we symbolise, in particular, the spirit of freedom and democracy which is so significant a feature of the new Asia. This long sweep of history passes before my eyes with all its vicissitudes for the countries of Asia and, standing on the edge of the present, I look to the future that is gradually unfolding itself. We are the heirs of these long yesterdays of our history, but we are also the builders of tomorrow that is shaping itself. The burden of that tomorrow has to be borne by us and we have to prove ourselves worthy of that great responsibility. If this gathering is significant today, it is still more significant in the perspective of

tomorrow. Asia, too long submissive and dependent and a play-thing of other countries, will no longer brook any interference with her freedom."

When he is deeply moved the nervous tension is almost unbearable, and the result is superb. Pandit Nehru then emerges as a speaker of rare literary distinction, as for instance in his address to the Constituent Assembly on August 14, 1947:

"Long years ago we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge, not wholly or in full measure, but very substantially. At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom. A moment comes, which comes but rarely in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends, and when the soul of a nation, long suppressed, finds utterance. It is fitting that at this solemn moment we take the pledge of dedication to the service of India and her people and to the still larger cause of humanity.

"At the dawn of history India started on her unending quest, and trackless centuries are filled with her striving and the grandeur of her successes and her failures. Through good and ill fortune alike she has never lost sight of that quest, or forgotten the ideas which gave her strength. We end today a period of ill-fortune and India discovers herself again. The achievement we celebrate today is but a stop, an opening of opportunity, to the greater triumphs and achievements that await us. Are we brave enough and wise enough to grasp this opportunity and accept the challenge of the future?"

He again reverted to the same theme in a broadcast speech on August 15 in the following words:

"On this day our first thoughts go to the Architect of this Freedom, the Father of our Nation who, embodying the old spirit of India, held aloft the torch of freedom and lighted up the darkness that surrounded us. We have often been unworthy followers of his and have strayed from his message, but not only we, but succeeding generations, will remember this message and bear the imprint in their hearts of this great son of India, magnificent in his faith and strength and courage and humility. We shall never allow that torch of freedom to be blown out, however high the wind or stormy the tempest."

Passages such as those quoted above are the result of much thought and nervous energy. On such occasions the mind instinctively works at the overture and the finale of the performance, leaving the rest to be improvised on the spur of the moment.

Pandit Nehru, however, reaches the noblest flights of eloquence when he is overwhelmed by grief, such as he experienced on the death of his great friend and Master. I was present at the Birla House on the January 30, 1948, within a few minutes of Mahatma Gandhi's assassination. I have never seen Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel so completely prostrated, broken down and desolate with grief as on that evening of Bapu's death. It was perfectly useless to approach the Sardar for anything, for he was stunned. At the back of his mind he felt that his great Master

had broken his covenant with him for a simultaneous departure from this world. Sardar perhaps felt as an orphan for the first time in his life.

Jawaharlal was still active. But it was with the greatest difficulty that I, as Secretary of the Government of India in charge of Information and Broadcasting, was able to get Pandit Nehru and the Sardar to fix an early hour for the message to the nation on the radio. Bapu had departed at 5.45 P.M. in the evening and the broadcast was to be at 8 P. M. Much as I wanted the message to the nation to be broadcast at the earliest possible moment, it was impossible to do anything more, for everybody in the Birla House, including all the members of the Government and the Secretaries and Earl Mountbatten, was overwhelmed with the tragedy that had happened a short while ago. It was with some difficulty that Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel were able to get out in their cars through the thronging crowds, which had gathered in the compound of the Birla House, to the Broadcasting Station in Parliament Street. But listen to the poignant words that Jawaharlal uttered in a voice choking with emotion:

"Friends and comrades, the light has gone out of our lives, and there is darkness everywhere. I do not know what to tell you and how to say it. Our beloved leader, Bapu as we called him, the father of the nation, is no more. Perhaps I am wrong to say that.

"The light has gone out, I said, and yet I was wrong. For the light that shone in this country was no ordinary light. The light that has illumined this country for these many years will illumine this country for many more years, and a thousand years later that light will still be seen in this country and the world will see it and it will give solace to innumerable hearts. For that light represented something more than the immediate present; it represented the living, the eternal truths, reminding us of the right path, drawing us from error, taking this ancient country to freedom."

On February 2, 1948, he spoke to the Constituent Assembly in more deliberate and solemn tones. The House was hushed and the spare, handsome and grief-stricken figure of Pandit Nehru, leaning slightly forward, spoke without notes or a scrap of paper in his hands as follows:

"A glory has departed and the sun that warmed and brightened our lives has set, and we shiver in the cold and dark. Yet, he would not have us feel this way. After all, that glory that we saw for all these years, that man with the divine fire, changed us also and, such as we are, we have been moulded by him during these years; and out of that divine fire many of us also took a small spark which strengthened and made us work to some extent on the lines that he fashioned. And so if we praise him our words seem rather small, and if we praise him to some extent we praise ourselves. Great men and eminent men have monuments in bronze and marble set up for them, but this man of divine fire managed in his life-time to become enshrined in millions and millions of hearts, so that all of us became somewhat of the stuff that he was made of, though to an infinitely lesser degree. He spread out in this way all over India, not in palaces only, or in select places, or in assemblies, but in every hamlet and hut

of the lowly and those who suffer. He lives in the hearts of millions and he will live for immemorial ages.

"Long ages afterwards History will judge of this period that we have passed through. It will judge of the successes and the failures—we are too near it to be proper judges and to understand what has happened and what has not happened. All we know is that there was a glory and that it is no more; all we know is that for the moment there is darkness, not so dark certainly because, when we look into our hearts, we still find the living flame which he lighted there. And if these living flames exist, there will not be darkness in this land and we shall be able, with our efforts, remembering him and following his path, to illumine this land again, small as we are, but still with the fire that he instilled into us."

Gandhiji has indeed the grandest of all monuments—a home in the minds of men, where his glory remains fresh to stir to speech or action as the occasion may come by. It is a story woven into the very stuff of the life of his countrymen.

Jawaharlal rightly said a fortnight after Bapu's death: "People talk of memorials to him in statues of bronze or marble, or pillars, and thus they mock him and belie his message. What tribute shall we pay him that he would have appreciated? He has shown us the way to live and the way to die, and if we have not understood that lesson it would be better we raised no memorial to him, for the only fit memorial is to follow reverently in the path he showed us and do our duty in life and in death."

On the morning of February 12, 1948, Gandhiji's ashes were immersed at the sacred confluence of the Yamuna and the Ganga at Allahabad, and Jawaharlal again spoke:

"He brought to us freedom and the world marvelled at the way he did it. Gandhiji used to observe silence for one day in every week. Now that voice is silenced for ever and there is unending silence. And yet that voice resounds in our ears and in our hearts, and it will resound in the minds and hearts of our people, and even beyond the borders of India, in the long ages to come. For that voice is the voice of truth, and though truth may occasionally be suppressed it can never be put down.

"We shall go away from this river bank sad and lonely. But we shall also think with pride of the high and unique privilege that has been ours to have had—for our chief and leader and friend—this mighty person, who carried us to great heights on the way to freedom and truth. And the way of struggle that he taught us was also the way of truth. Remember also that the path he showed us was one of fighting for the good and against evil, and not the way of sitting quietly on the peaks of the Himalayas. And so we have to do our duty and fulfil the pledges we have given him. Let us tread the path of truth and *Dharma*. Let us make India a great country in which goodwill and harmony prevail, and every man and woman, irrespective of faith and belief, can live in dignity and freedom."

NEHRU AS FOREIGN MINISTER

In discussing the foreign policy pursued by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, it is interesting to recall the words that he used when he took over charge as the head of the Interim Government and Vice-president of the Cabinet on September 2, 1946. The Interim Government was but a stepping-stone to independent India, but it was not a time for rejoicing, for the transition from dependence to freedom had been soiled with extensive and wanton acts of savagery, loot and arson. Six days after the provisional Government had come into being, Jawaharlal said in a broadcast speech :

"Our hearts were heavy also with the terrible tragedy of Calcutta, and because of the intensive strife of brother against brother. The freedom we had envisaged and for which we had laboured, through generations of trial and suffering, was for all the people of India, and not for one group or class, or the followers of one religion..."

He summarised the foreign policy of Independent India in the following terms:

"We propose, as far as possible, to keep away from the power politics of groups, aligned against one another, which have led in the past to world wars and which may again lead to disasters on an even vaster scale. We believe that peace and freedom are indivisible, and the denial of freedom anywhere must endanger freedom elsewhere and lead to conflict and war...

"In spite of our past history of conflict, we hope that an independent India will have friendly and co-operative relations with England and the countries of the British Commonwealth. But it is well to remember what is happening in one part of the Commonwealth today. In South Africa racialism is the State doctrine, and our people are putting up a heroic struggle against the tyranny of a racial minority...

"We send our greetings to the people of the United States of America to whom destiny has given a major rôle in international affairs...To that other great nation of the modern world, the Soviet Union, which also carries a vast responsibility for shaping world events, we send greetings...

"The Old Order passes—We are of Asia and the peoples of Asia are nearer and closer to us than others. India is so situated that she is the pivot of western, southern and south-east Asia...China, that mighty country, with a mighty past, our neighbour, has been our friend through the ages, and that friendship will endure and grow...

"India is on the move and the old order passes. Too long have we been passive spectators of events, the playthings of others. The initiative comes to our people now, and we shall make the history of our choice...."

The unusual nature of India's foreign policy was never so much emphasised

or made significant as at the recent conference of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London, where the primary issue concerned the future status of India within the framework of what has hitherto been known as the British Commonwealth. Seldom is it given to politicians to fulfil in practice the promises that they make to public audiences. But just as the Indian struggle for freedom was conducted on unorthodox lines and on a high ethical level under the guidance of the Mahatma, so has the foreign policy of India been evolving since 1946 when Jawaharlal Nehru assumed the office of Prime Minister and Minister-in-charge of Foreign Affairs. His honesty of purpose and sincerity of expression have often been mistaken for a certain lack of experience or absence of diplomatic finesse, just as his exhortations to his countrymen to think of India not as an isolated unit, but in the international context, were looked upon as mere clichés of a politician, whose feet were not firmly planted on solid earth. The problem before the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London was a momentous one, not only for the Commonwealth, but for India herself. Political independence had only brought the *potential* power of India to the forefront, but time was needed to develop these potential resources and to enable India to take her rightful place in the comity of nations. The first few months of independence were taken up with problems of a kind and magnitude before which greater and more experienced nations might well have quailed. Not only were these problems successfully overcome, but the foundations of the new State were laid with such far-sighted skill, wisdom and firmness, that the public forgot even the terrible aftermath of Partition and the apprehensions and the misgivings that it had felt on the sudden and unexpected departure of the British. India's Prime Minister was never tired of explaining that it was not the policy of India to ally itself to, or to be tied up with, any particular power *bloc*; that India desired to pursue and work for a policy of peace and international goodwill; and that India's foreign policy was to be based on the noble principles enunciated by the Mahatma—the father of the nation—who had never recognised the dichotomy between morality as proper for individuals and as applied to the behaviour of States *inter se*. The Congress had come to the conclusion years ago that India could not be a Dominion in the British Commonwealth and have the status which Canada, Australia, New Zealand and even South Africa held by virtue of racial and cultural kinship. The prospect, therefore, of a Dominion status did not satisfy India's urge for freedom. Her very size and the great position that she had occupied in the history of civilization, particularly of Asia, made it inevitable that if India was to achieve a destiny commensurate with her traditions and potential resources, she would have to seek her salvation in ways other than those which had been found appropriate to the great Dominions of the British Commonwealth.

In accordance with the declarations of the Congress politicians and the ideal put before the people of India, the very first thing which was done by the Constituent Assembly was to pass an Objectives Resolution, emphasising and declaring unequivocally the desire of India to be a Republic. The issue, therefore, was whether, in view of the existing international position and the present weakness of India as against



ACADEMIC PROCESSION OF THE DELHI UNIVERSITY

The Doctorate of Science was conferred on Pandit Nehru at a special Convocation of the University of Delhi. Photo shows Earl and Lady Mountbatten to his right.



WELCOME TO LADAKH

On arrival at Leh during his tour of Ladakh, Pandit Nehru was received by the Lama of Spituk, who presented a shawl as traditional token of welcome and goodwill.



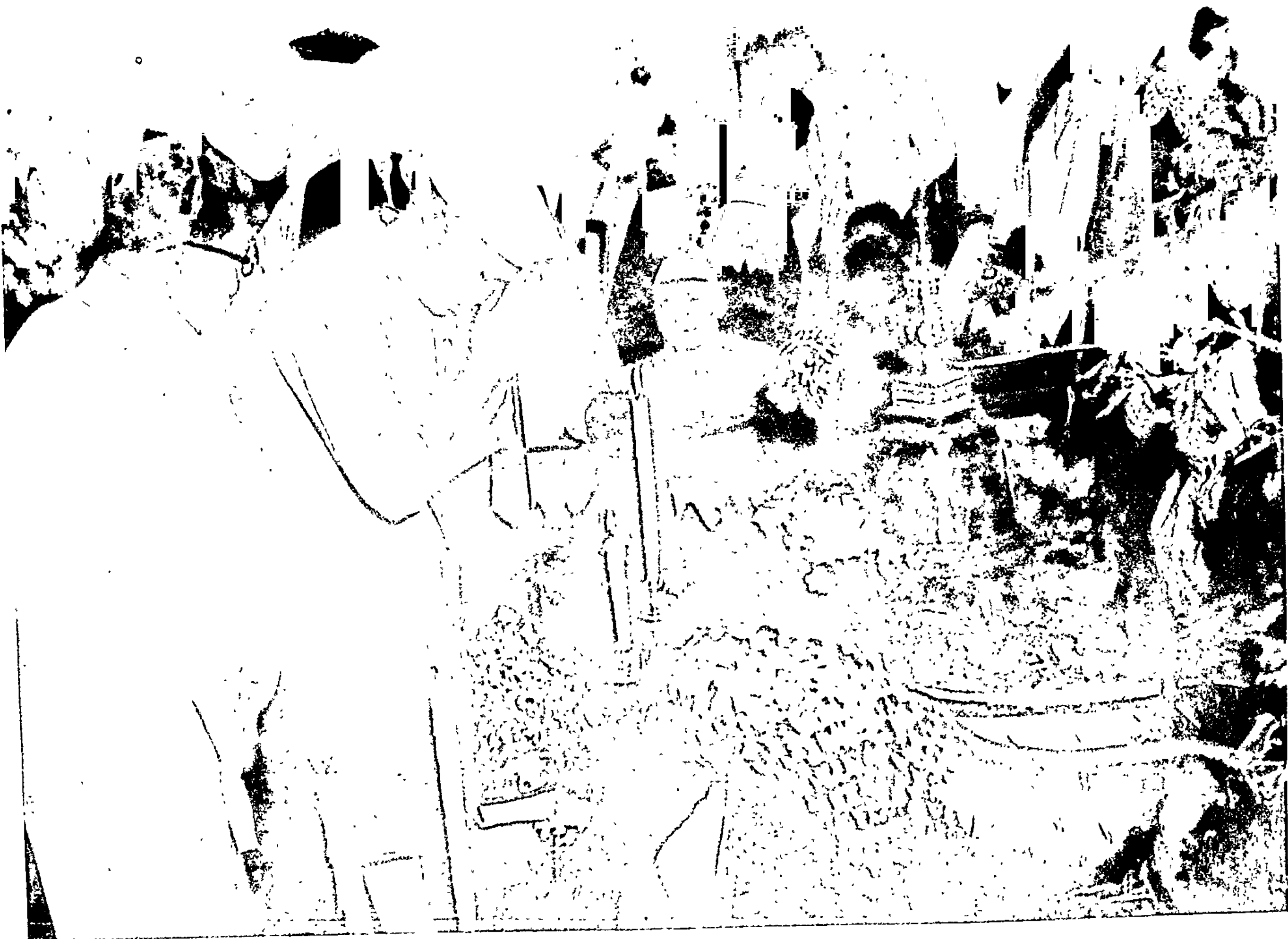
NEHRU AT SANKAR GOMPA

Pandit Nehru visited the monastery of Sankar Gompa, near Leh, during his tour of Ladakh in July 1949.



NEHRU IN LADAKHI ROBES

This outfit was presented to Pandit Nehru by the president of the Buddhist Association of Leh and his brother during Pandit Nehru's tour of Ladakh in July 1949.



HOMAGE TO BUDDHIST RELICS

The relics of Sariputta and Moggallana, taken to England a hundred years ago, were returned to India last year. Pandit Nehru paid homage to them during a visit to Calcutta in January 1949.



MOST ACCESSIBLE OF PRIME MINISTERS

Pandit Nehru mingled with the crowd assembled to see him at Chechot, *en route* to Choklamsar in Ladakh.



NEHRU IN A [illegible]

When in a hurry Pandit Nehru believes in doing his [illegible] taken at the Srinagar Guest House during a [illegible]



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1919

Courtesy: Ved & Co. New Delhi



A FAMILY GROUP
At the Prime Minister's residence, 1949.

Photo Section, Publications Division



NEHRU AT HOME
A recent photograph.

Photo Section, Publications Division

her potential power in the military sphere, she would be able to live up to her ideal of being a Republic and undertake even the risk of cutting herself adrift from the British Commonwealth. It was a problem for anxious consideration not only for India's Prime Minister and his colleagues, who had to take into account the rapidly changing panorama of world affairs, but also for the statesmen of the United Kingdom. The question of allegiance to the British sovereign was one on which the English-speaking Dominions and the people of the United Kingdom were rightly sensitive, for the monarchy had proved itself a veritable sheet-anchor of political progress and stability in a world of revolutionary movement and ideas. But history has repeatedly borne witness to the maturity and amazing resourcefulness of British statesmanship. Every crisis in recent times has been met with a boldness of conception and vision which are perhaps unsurpassed in the political history of any nation whatsoever. If the British withdrawal from India was an act of superlative statesmanship, the decision taken by the Prime Ministers' Conference in April 1949 was a measure of the singularly effective and imaginative manner in which the politicians of the Commonwealth were capable of reacting to a very difficult problem. It was obvious to the statesmen gathered in London that India had developed ties of friendship, similarity of political outlook and traditions with Britain as a result of their association during the past 150 years; and that despite the long drawn-out struggle for freedom and differences of race and culture there still remained a sub-stratum of common aims and ideals. It was, therefore, desirable to strengthen these ties rather than sunder them on an issue which was perhaps more logical and literal rather than practical in its nature and implication. If India was sensitive as regards her status as a Sovereign Republic, the British Prime Minister was willing not only to delete the adjective "British" from the great association of Nations which had come into being and was hitherto known as the "British Commonwealth," but to go even further and accommodate the Republic of India within the framework of the Commonwealth of Nations of which the constitutional Sovereign of Britain has so long been the visible and beloved symbol. The nature of the British withdrawal and the character of the last Governor-General of India, Earl Mountbatten, and the latter's intimate relations with India's Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister, had made the ties between Britain and India even closer than before. It was, therefore, not only in the interests but also the desire of India to strengthen the friendship between the two countries which had grown so rapidly within the past few months, without compromising, if possible, her sovereign status as a republic and without agreeing to formal allegiance to the King. The Deputy Prime Minister, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, with his usual clarity rightly stated at a press conference held on of April 28 as follows:

"We have to remember that throughout its existence the Commonwealth has never been a rigid institution It has displayed an amazing adaptability to the ideological growth in its component parts. In that has lain principally its integrity and strength, and it is through that adaptation that it has survived many critical moments in its history.

"Throughout the discussions, which we have had on this important matter, we have had full understanding of our attitude by His Majesty's Government and other Dominions with whose representatives we have already had informal discussion. There has been manifest throughout a desire for adjustment to suit our constitutional position. I should like to acknowledge the assistance and co-operation which we have had from them.

"The Prime Minister, from time to time, has made statements on this question, and has explained the ideas underlying our approach to this question. Before he left India to attend the Conference he stated our position, and I am sure you will be glad to find that in essentials that position has been sustained as a result of the conclusions reached at the Conference........

"There is no break in our membership of the Commonwealth. We continue as member, and with other members we remain united as free and equal members........

"Both India and other members of the Commonwealth have taken a bold and momentous decision........

"Finally, let me say a word about the part which our Prime Minister has played in securing these decisions. To a large extent the result achieved is his personal triumph. He has worked hard and earnestly for getting India's attitude on this question fully appreciated, and it is a tribute to the place he commands with the international world and to his earnestness and ability that the decision which has now emerged makes full allowance for the constitutional position of India as we all visualize it."

It is characteristic of Sardar Patel to seize the significant issues in a complicated problem, and the tribute that he has paid to the wisdom and far-seeing statesmanship of the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth, including Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, is richly deserved. For the first time in the political history of the world a great association of States has come into being which is based not on racial or even cultural affinities, but which is founded on a similarity of aims and outlook. The political *bloc* thus created is obviously the most powerful instrument for world peace that has yet been voluntarily fashioned, and for this the credit must largely go to the political realism and resourcefulness of the British people. It is curious that at a time of crisis politicians in England have a habit of coming closer together than ever before, and on this particular occasion even Winston Churchill—the most confirmed and consistent antagonist of India's political freedom in the past—has blessed the new arrangement whereby the British Sovereign becomes a unifying symbol of a free and great association of nations. A friendship of this nature is an infinitely more powerful weapon for peace than any system of political alliances, which are generally discarded precisely when they are most needed. One only has to remember the alliance between Russia and Germany during the last war, as well as that between the U.S.S.R., Britain and the U.S.A. after the first alliance had been abrogated. Cynicism and a lack of moral integrity have been the besetting sins of conventional diplomacy. Fortunately,

however, for India, and perhaps the world at large, a seer arose who made no distinction between the morality of an individual and that of a nation, and the first Premier and Foreign Minister of India has had the courage and vision in setting aside the time-worn conventions of power politics and international dealings in favour of a policy of truth and goodwill towards all nations, particularly those struggling for their freedom.

Events in India have been moving so swiftly that it is difficult to evaluate them in their proper perspective, particularly in the international context. There can, however, be no doubt that Jawaharlal has achieved a signal triumph for his policy by the way in which the status of India as an independent Republic has been reconciled, or rather integrated, with her association as a full member of the Commonwealth. The decision is likely to have momentous results; for this association of free nations in the Commonwealth is the most powerful factor for harmonizing racial, cultural and political conflicts that the world has hitherto seen. If the Commonwealth is at present only an association of friendly nations without specific powers or functions, it is only a matter of time before it develops into an effective agency for resolving disputes, not only between the various units of the Commonwealth, but also between various nations of the world. In fact, the germs of a world organisation for peace may be found in this incipient but flexible organisation, for within it are comprised not only some of the most populous, but also some of the most progressive areas of the world in the various continents of Asia, Europe, America and Australia. It is but natural that an association of this nature, with its intimate affiliations with the United States of America and the Western European nations, should be a tremendously powerful factor in the economic and political progress of the world as a whole. India has, therefore, every reason to congratulate herself and her Prime Minister on the consummation of such a momentous event in the political history of the world. It is also curious that while the relations between Britain and India should be so cordial and intimate, those between India and Pakistan should still give rise to a certain amount of misgiving, suspicion and mistrust. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances attendant on the partition of the country have been such as to leave a trail of bitterness which will take time before it is effaced. Besides, the Dominion of Pakistan has hitherto been putting emphasis on the Islamic character of the new State—a medieval conception completely out of tune with the trend of international politics. So far as India's Prime Minister is concerned, he has made it clear more than once that, whatever may have been his opinion in the past, he has no intention of undoing the present arrangements. It is obvious that there is more than sufficient work for the statesmen of both India and Pakistan to do in the interests of their respective peoples, and that this work would be more effectively done with mutual understanding and genuine neighbourliness.

The brief statement issued from 10, Downing Street, on April 27, 1949, summarised the conclusions arrived at the Prime Ministers' Conference as follows:

> "The Governments of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Pakistan and Ceylon, whose countries are united as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations and who owe a common allegiance

to the Crown, which is also the symbol of their free association, have considered the impending constitutional changes in India.

"The Government of India has informed the other Governments of the Commonwealth of the intention of the Indian people that under the new Constitution, which is about to be adopted, India shall become a sovereign independent Republic. The Government of India has, however, declared and affirmed India's desire to continue her full membership of the Commonwealth of Nations and her acceptance of the King as the symbol of the free association of its independent member nations, and as such the head of the Commonwealth. The Governments of the other countries of the Commonwealth, the basis of whose membership of the Commonwealth is not hereby changed, accept and recognise India's continuing membership in accordance with the terms of this declaration.

"Accordingly, the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Pakistan and Ceylon hereby declare that they remain united as free and equal members of the Commonwealth of Nations, freely co-operating in the pursuit of peace, liberty and progress."

The declaration, so modestly phrased, marks an important turning point in the history of India and perhaps of the entire world. It is undoubtedly one of the most significant achievements of Pandit Nehru as Foreign Minister of India, for it is largely the result of his moral integrity, clear thinking and sense of political realism. It may be pertinent at this point to emphasise the influence of the Master on the actual policies followed by his two great disciples—Jawaharlal Nehru and Vallabhbhai Patel—in their respective spheres of external affairs and internal politics. If Jawaharlal has never been tired of talking about India's mission as a nation that had no vested interests outside its own territory and which was interested primarily as a friend of all nations, particularly of those striving to win their political freedom, Vallabhbhai Patel has constantly reiterated the need for integrating India as a whole and making it a powerful nation with the support of princes and peasants alike. Both these leaders have gone for their inspiration to the simple ethics of the common man, and not to the precepts and traditions of Machiavelli, Talleyrand, Metternich, Castlereagh, Bismarck, Disraeli or even Camillo Cavour.

Jawaharlal's fervent championship of the Asian Nations or of the rights of the African peoples is not the outcome of a wave of impractical idealism; it is the logical result of deep conviction and inner strength, for the Mahatma had taught that in the final analysis it is not the guns that matter, but the unconquerable spirit of man. Unfortunately, however, neither the righteousness of the cause, nor the inevitable logic of the situation has ever influenced the conduct of nations in the international sphere, and hence all the endless suffering and travail through which the world has still to pass. The French and, particularly the Portuguese, find it hard to adjust themselves to the new situation which has arisen in India as the aftermath of the last war. They

are still intent on clinging to the empty and impossible remnants of their imperial power on the Indian soil, and they are loath to learn the lesson so effectively set out by England. But then the English are the only people who have been capable of reading the signs of the time, though often belatedly, and have had the requisite political sagacity to react accordingly. Resurgent India cannot obviously tolerate the existence of pockets of foreign territory on its territory, and these anachronisms must soon disappear, as even mighty states with roots deep down in the remote past have merged into the new integrated India. *Vis-a-vis* Burma, Ceylon and Pakistan, Jawaharlal has stated India's policy in unequivocal terms. The task before India's statesmen is of such enormous complexity and magnitude, and their idealism and sense of political realism are sufficiently advanced as to make them concentrate their energies on increasing the welfare of their own people, without casting covetous eyes on the territories of or dabbling in the affairs of their neighbours. That has also been the Indian tradition—the victory of *Dharma* or righteousness, and it may well epitomise the future policy of this country.

The problem of Indians in South Africa is only a symptom of a deep-seated disease which has afflicted the world for centuries past. Islam was the first to overcome this within its own adherents, but unfortunately it brought another evil in its train by classifying peoples of the world into the exclusive categories of the faithful and the infidels. Communism in the recent times has made a bold bid to fight the malady with its own peculiar technique, and it is evident that racial equality must be realised in the near future if the world is to live in peace and security. Gandhiji began his political career in South Africa on the issue of racial equality, and India's attitude on the subject has always remained unequivocal, uncompromising and in favour of equal human rights. Practical idealism is the forlorn hope of humanity and also the corner-stone of India's foreign policy, of which Jawaharlal has been such an eloquent exponent. "Freedom for all" has been his *cris du coeur*.



JAWAHARLAL AS PRIME MINISTER

Pandit Nehru, the first Prime Minister of India, will be sixty on November 14, 1949. But he is still young, handsome, debonair, temperamental, impetuous, full of fire and enthusiasm, sometimes gay, sometimes pensive, often lonely and always busy. He loves children, for he is himself childlike in his simplicity and lack of guile. He loves laughter; but, alas, it is not often that this child of nature, who instinctively reacts to her vagrant moods, can relax and shake off the worries and preoccupations of office to get out in the open and stretch himself. He has not the time to indulge in day-dreams and fancies much as he would like to. He loves birds, flowers, mountains, hurtling torrents of water and snow. But while they continue to beckon to him, he goes on with his incessant grind in grappling with many a difficult and pressing problem of a new and ancient State. Life is a strange business and it has led Jawaharlal a pretty dance. As the only son of a brilliant, clever and dominating father, Jawaharlal had a somewhat uneventful and subdued childhood and adolescence. The sister—Nan or Swarup—the family pet name of Vijayalakshmi, India's Ambassador in the U.S.A., who has all her brother's looks, elegance, and charm, arrived late in his life, and she was but a child when the Nehrus went to England in 1905. Jawaharlal grew up as a shy youth. He had missed playing with children, and destiny never permitted him to play even with his solitary offspring, for while Indira—a delicate child with an ailing mother—was growing up, Nehru was busy completing his political training and apprenticeship through many long and weary terms of imprisonment. He, who is so deeply emotional, had to steel himself to years of loneliness, when all his pent-up emotion and romance had to be sublimated into silent dreams, or to find an outlet in writing or hard manual labour. Jawaharlal at times looks sad, and one is then aware of unfathomed pools of stillness. It was fortunate that he who was happily married and looked like settling down to a life of cultured ease and comfort, was suddenly aroused by the energising impact of the Mahatma. To Gandhiji truth, discipline, austerity and purity of living were like second nature. Ideas were valid only in so far as they were put into practice. The early years of hardship spent in the wake of political strife tempered the steel of Jawaharlal's character, and proved invaluable in strengthening the fibre of his innate integrity. Doubts or misgivings as to the future rarely assailed him, and at the end of almost a generation of continuous and bitter conflict, shattered hopes and frustrations, Jawaharlal's own personality emerged shining, completely unscathed and untarnished. He never lost the buoyancy of his spirits. Like his master he can be occasionally angry, but never vindictive or vengeful. He is often impulsive, sometimes impatient, but invariably considerate, friendly, contrite and forgiving. He loves poetry, for it is in his soul, inextricably mixed up with all the emotions and experiences of his tempestuous past. At sixty he is slim, elegant and full of verve, despite his occasional awareness of the

deepening furrows on his face and of his shining dome of baldness. Though temperamentally serious, aloof, reserved and introspective, he loves fun and gaiety and has an occasional pout. He is proud and gentle with all the social graces of high aristrocracy. As conversationalist he is lively, brilliant and versatile. He does not have the meaningful or menacing stillness, nor the biting sarcasm or the devastating wit of his older colleague, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. His moods are of the moment, without sting or malice, like petty whiffs of clouds which dissolve and sail away on meeting a little sunshine. Like his Master he can laugh as few can. His laughter is unaffected, bright and resonant with an indefinable quality for disarming opposition and has a singularly convincing ring to testify to his utter sincerity. Time and again his flashing smile has bewitched his associates and friends and overcome the occasional gloom, doubts and sullenness of his countrymen, for they know that this man has no *arrière pensée* and that he is incapable of deceit or falsehood.

Jawaharlal is naturally popular with women, for he has quite extraordinary looks and astonishing charm in the still and smiling recesses of his eyes. He is happy in the admiring company of radiant, young and beautiful women and jolly children. Gandhiji too loved women and children. But the "conquests" of Gandhiji and Jawaharlal have always been on a plane of spiritual joy and moral inspiration. They both have understood with rare comprehension the spirit of sacrifice and the hard core of inflexible determination which lay underneath the seemingly soft exterior of the reticent, sheltered, simple and long-suffering womanhood of India. The mobilisation of women in their thousands in the fight for freedom was one of the greatest triumphs of the Mahatma. Women adored him, for they knew that he knew their strength and weaknesses and shared in their joys and sorrows. They idolise Jawaharlal and have never concealed their admiration for his mobile face and lovely features. They have gone even so far as to suggest that a man such as he had no business to remain unmarried so long after Kamala's demise in 1936! But behind all this adulation and devoted admiration there is that deep and instinctive mother-like perception that the hero of their hearts embodies in himself the pristine ideals of a great culture and is clean, comely, straight, fearless, an affectionate husband, father and brother, impetuous and unspoilt. Jawaharlal has known a vast number of people of all countries and of varied strata, and with his social gifts has made innumerable contacts of varying intimacy. But whether many of these have ripened into close and lasting bonds of friendship is not so certain. His own nature clamours for affection, and he is attracted by people of intellectual sensibility and refinement. He likes colour—in life and in nature. His phraseology—spoken or written—faithfully mirrors the nuances of a sensitive and thoughtful mind. He seldom looks in a state of repose; he is either contemplative or in a state of tension.

The tempo of his life has been exceptionally quick, whether in the years of political strife or during the hectic and eventful months of office since September 1946. He has had but little leisure and less privacy; he has completely surmounted the inhibition of his early upbringing in the matter of associating with the common man and speaking to him direct, and as a popular leader in India of today Jawaharlal has no rival. As

politician and Prime Minister, he has been surrounded by a motley crowd of diverse motives and of all levels of intelligence. Intellectually and temperamentally Jawaharlal is shy, reserved and aloof, and yet he never misses an opportunity of coming closer to his people. But such contacts are by their very nature superficial, because people who flock round the seat of authority are generally on their best behaviour, at least for the time being. Consequently it is difficult to size up the throngs of people filing past, either accurately or fairly. A few have, however, an uncanny understanding of the people with whom they come in contact and are able to pierce through their habitual armour of formal behaviour. Gandhiji, for instance, took men and women as they were, and yet succeeded somehow or other in making them transcend their usual limitations, overcome their petty inhibitions and weaknesses, and behave as if they were cast out of some heroic mould. The spell of his magic personality persisted like some subtle and undefinable fragrance and worked as the fountain-spring of future action, for it was well-nigh impossible to shake off the Mahatma's influence at least while one was in his presence. Many thousands of men and women of but common clay acted as if they moved to the rhythm of some over-mastering wave of righteousness and courage, and it was their inspired fight which won the battle of freedom. And yet Gandhiji was perhaps the most unrelenting of all political leaders—an imperious, stern and difficult master who did not hesitate to break or cast aside the people who were found wanting, or did not answer his expectations. The great little man, despite his imperturbable poise and gentleness of expression, had something of hard steel in him. He was the maker of men.

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel is different. While none of India's present leaders has got Gandhiji's gift of exalting or intoxicating the people who come in contact with them, the Sardar is able to draw the best out of the men who have the privilege of being associated in his great task. Vallabhbhai is a man of few words, but his friends know that he would stand by them in all circumstances, except that he would not tolerate deceit or humbug. He has a natural insight in selecting his instruments; he is a very shrewd judge of men and a wonderful master to work with—considerate, generous, always open to reason, tolerant, determined, swift in decision and never overwhelmed by details. His approach is positive, rigidly practical and confined to the issues of the moment. He is not an intellectual, nor one who indulges in day-dreams of a remote or indefinite future. He is essentially an administrator, a superlative organiser, a man of iron determination who never loses his presence of mind and whose native courage rises in a time of deepening crisis. His silence can be dark and ominous, and his wrath, like his sarcasm, explosive and devastating. If he inspires devotion, he also excites fear, for he is one who cannot be trifled with in any circumstances whatsoever. His overall stature has enormously risen since the demise of the Mahatma, and he has recently been acting and speaking as if he were in a hurry to finish the stupendous task he had undertaken to accomplish.

Jawaharlal is intrepid to the extent of being rash, and he cannot help being in the thick of the battle. He loves his men, and his presence never fails to act as a tonic to the multitudes. But he is impulsive and generous to a fault in his valuation and

judgment of men, and his loyalty to friendship can sometimes be extravagant and overwhelming, and in the position in which Providence has placed him it would not be surprising if a few took advantage of his large-hearted generosity. By temperament and training his place is in the assembly of intellectuals, statesmen, scientists, artists and litterateurs. He sees India's problems *in time and in* space, and parochialism of any kind is hateful to him. Narrow bigotry—intellectual, cultural, religious or provincial, rouses his indignation, and he will not tolerate petty meannesses in any shape or form. His reflective turn of mind inclines him to view problems from a remote perch, and the prolonged contemplation of pros and cons is apt not infrequently to inhibit quick and vital decisions. Politics are a strange game and a standing challenge to all men of integrity and rectitude. Expediency more than ethics is often decisive, and yet Pandit Nehru has been able to bring in a distracted world an unusual balance of mind, sanity of outlook and clarity of thinking to bear upon the difficult problems of India's foreign relations, and within less than two years he has won for himself a place among the small and select band of statesmen who have a determining voice on the future course of world-events. Rabindranath Tagore, the poet, rightly said that "*Jawaharlal has upheld the standard of purity in the midst of political turmoil,* where deception, including self-delusion, so often destroys integrity. He has never evaded truth when it brought danger in its wake, nor has he made alliance with falsehood when it would have been convenient to do so. His brilliant mind has always turned away in outspoken disgust from the path of diplomacy where success is as easy as it is mean."

Jawaharlal has the mind and aptitude of a scholar and thinker. Temperamentally restless, he appears to be always in a hurry. He is terribly overworked and perhaps enjoys the sensation of being so constantly occupied. But for a Prime Minister of any country, particularly of India, where unfortunately there is a great scarcity of men of energy, vision, courage and integrity, it is an unhealthy sign. He is in the habit of working late in the night, and looks not infrequently as if a few days of uninterrupted sleep and rest would do a lot to sooth his tired nerves and tone up his system. But then he has always been prodigal as regards himself and has never spared himself; but time has come when even his boundless enthusiasm and limited store of energy have to be carefully husbanded in the larger interests of the country. His very versatility, general accessibility to his colleagues and friends and unusual willingness to be in daily touch with the people by way of speaking at all manner of functions—and the Indian public is in these matters inexperienced and inconsiderate *vis-a-vis* its leaders—are a source of menace to his health. Gandhiji used to observe a weekly day of silence, and the practice might well be commended to all people in the position of Jawaharlal as a sound method of securing enforced rest and time for deliberation!

The stress of work on Jawaharlal is perhaps greater than it need be. The Number One in the administrative machine of a great country cannot afford to bear unaided the entire burden of piloting the course of the State, and he has perforce to be content with the right choice of his colleagues. The work has to be decentralised and entrusted to proper men. It has been the good fortune of India that,

from the very commencement of its independent existence, she has been served by two such outstanding men as Jawaharlal and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, the Deputy Prime Minister. Despite their differences in age—Vallabhbhai will be 74 on October 31 this year—temperament and outlook, the association of these two people at the helm of the State has been exceptionally happy, fruitful and creative. Jawaharlal has laid down the outlines of India's foreign policy wisely and firmly, and doubtless raised the status of India in the international world by his staunch and unflinching adherence to the path of rectitude and disinterestedness. Vallabhbhai with far-sighted vision, steadfastness of purpose and deep insight into human nature has won the hearts of the princes, and induced them to make the supreme sacrifice of integrating their various territories within the framework of Indian polity. This momentous work has been done smoothly, expeditiously and in an atmosphere of absolute goodwill and friendliness between the Indian Government and the rulers of the states. The map of India will henceforth be a monochrome and, however high the gales of political vicissitudes there may be in store for her, she will now face them as a single entity, and the prowess, sacrifice and wisdom of her children will determine the course of her destiny. It may be interesting in this connection to recall the words (quoted by Jawaharlal in his *Autobiograpy*) which a former Chancellor of the now defunct Chamber of Princes, the late Maharaja of Bikaner, used on January 22, 1935:

"We, the Rulers of the Indian States, are not soldiers of fortune. And I take the liberty of stating that we who, through centuries of heredity, can claim to have inherited the instincts to rule and, I trust, a certain measure of statesmanship, should take the utmost care to safeguard against our being stampeded in a hurry to any hasty or ill-considered decision....May I in all modesty say that the Princes have no intention of allowing themselves to be destroyed by anybody, and that should the time unfortunately come when the Crown is unable to afford the Indian States the necessary protection in fulfilment of its treaty obligations, the Princes and States will die fighting to the bitter end."

Jawaharlal never made secret of his views on the question of Indian States, as will be seen from the following excerpts:

"The Indian States represent today probably the extremest type of autocracy existing in the world. They are, of course, subject to British suzerainty, but the British Government interferes only for the protection or advancement of British interests. It is really astonishing how these feudal old-world enclaves have carried on with so little change right into the middle of the twentieth century. The air is heavy and still there, and the waters move sluggishly, and the newcomer, used to change and movement and a little weary of them perhaps, feels a drowsiness, and a faint charm steals over him. It all seems unreal, like a picture where time stands still and an unchanging scene meets the eye. Almost unconsciously he drifts back to the past and to his childhood's dreams, and visions of belted and armoured knights and fair and brave maidens come to him, and turreted castles and chivalry and quixotic ideas of honour and pride and matchless courage and scorn of death, especially, if he happens to be in Rajputana, that home of romance and of vain and impossible deeds.

"But soon the visions fade and a sense of oppression comes; it is stifling and difficult to breathe, and below the still or slow-moving waters there is stagnation and putrefaction. One feels hedged, circumscribed, bound down in mind and body. And one sees the utter backwardness and misery of the people, contrasting vividly with the glaring ostentation of the prince's palace. How much of the wealth of the State flows into that palace for the personal needs and luxuries of the prince, how little goes back to the people in the form of any service! Our princes are terribly expensive to produce and to keep up. What do they give back for this lavish expense on them?"

The princes now totally shorn of power are but private citizens in receipt of generous pensions from the Indian exchequer. They have risen to the occasion and doubtless shown quite an unexpected degree of perception and understanding of the new situation. A few of them hold, on merits, high and honourable positions in the service of the State. The dazzling achievements of the Indian Government are in this respect unique in the recent political history of the world, and the statesmanship of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, the Deputy Prime Minister, in dealing with some 562 disruptive sovereignties, scattered throughout India, is reminiscent of the work of Prince Otto von Bismarck and Count Camillo Cavour in the unification of Germany and Italy respectively. Vallabhbhai Patel resembles in rugged appearance, though not in height, the Iron Chancellor. He has had his tenacity, determination and bluntness, but there is no doubt that Vallabhbhai Patel has with exceptional foresight and vision laid the foundations of united India more securely than his German counterpart was able to do for his country.

Jawaharlal has often been blamed for being a poor judge of men; but, judging from the kind of colleagues that he has collected round him, the charge would not appear to have much substance. It is to his credit that he has been able not only to have the affectionate and loyal support of a strong and outstanding personality like Vallabhbhai Patel, but also the services of a versatile, hard-headed, stubborn and independent-minded man like Dr. Ambedkar. It is but in the fitness of things that the task of piloting the constitution of the Indian Republic should have fallen to this learned, bitter and implacable critic of the Congress and intrepid champion of the depressed or scheduled classes. Jawaharlal's choice of his cabinet is an index to his broad-minded and wise discernment of men, and a testimony to his political acumen and capacity for team work. Amidst all the tumult of clashing ambitions in the Provinces and the new unions of States, the Nehru Cabinet have displayed an exceptional degree of internal harmony, strength and comradeship and have to their credit a notable record of substantial achievements, particularly in the political sphere and in the maintenance of internal peace and security. Nehru's own achievement as Foreign Minister has been quite remarkable, for the stately edifice of India's Foreign Office, which has now ramifications all over the world, is entirely his creation, and he had neither precedents nor seasoned personnel to guide him in the construction of it. His imagination, burning idealism and abounding energy are responsible for India's present position in the international field. It is true that his personality has comple-

tely dominated the expanding cadre of men and women enlisted in the Foreign Service of India; but it is equally correct that he is one of the very few statesmen in the India of to-day who owes least to senior members of the services in the formulation of his policy. Jawaharlal never had a very high opinion of the much-boosted Indian Civil Service, particularly after their dismal record in Mesopotamia during the first world war and recently in Burma. He has been sceptical of their ability to handle big and fundamental issues requiring courage, drive, initiative and understanding of the popular mind. This has inevitably imposed an increasing strain and impossibly long working hours on the Prime Minister of India. But Jawaharlal has long been in the habit of burning mid-night oil and he perhaps enjoys it, for there is a natural and understandable exhilaration and a feeling of deep satisfaction in toiling hard, particularly when the toil is for a Cause and for the fulfilment of the historic destiny of a great nation. Temperamentally also he is apt to take too much on himself, and consequently it is hard to imagine outstanding figures emerging out of the undergrowth of his towering personality. A great tree dries up the soil round it—'*Un grand arbre ressèche le terrain autour de lui.*" Yet democracy to be effective, stable and dynamic must at all times be fed by a continuous stream of able and disinterested men trained for the higher rôles of statesmanship and the smooth implementation of accepted policies.

Modern India suffers from an acute shortage of trained and experienced officers and, with increasing complaints of maladministration in the constituent units, there is a growing demand for their services. In the circumstances there is always a lurking danger of concentrating too much power in the hands of a few officers at the Centre and the remedy may be worse than the disease; for in a country of India's dimensions it is vital that the sources for the recruitment of youthful and energetic personnel should be many, varied and scattered all over the country and systematically replenished. It is a mistake to draw too often on a small band of trained and senior administrators for a variety of functions, and India's Prime Minister has rightly introduced a healthy leaven by recruiting people from outside the services for the higher personnel of the Indian Foreign Service. Mistakes are bound to be made, but that is the only way in which the country's polity can develop. The experience of England and particularly of the United States of America during the last war is in favour of the policy which Jawaharlal has adopted in selecting the higher personnel of India's foreign and diplomatic services.

The work of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, particularly of a country so new as India, is by its nature vulnerable on the score of being either too ambitious or too limited. In the situation in which India finds itself, particularly in a world dominated by two opposed power *blocs*, the foreign policy is bound to be tentative and cautious and does not certainly admit of any spectacular results over a short term. But it is precisely in this sphere that Jawaharlal has been able to impress his personality most, despite the fact that his actions as Foreign Minister have not gone entirely unchallenged by a section of his countrymen. Jawaharlal is courageous and, on matters of principle, uncompromising. He has no use for subterfuges or any kind of sancti-

moniousness, though not infrequently he has to bow reluctantly and unwillingly, particularly in the matter of social reforms, to the prevailing winds of vocal political opinion in the country. Ancient communities, after long periods of decay, are apt to be nostalgic regarding their past, and the historic consciousness becomes acute and aggressive when the position is weak and almost hopeless, for the actual conditions and achievements in the present appear to be almost drab and insignificant in their juxtaposition to the noonday brilliance of a dazzling and bygone age. Consequently, with the advent of power there is often a childish desire to do something uncommon or out of the way which others more mature and experienced than they have tried and failed, or to strike an attitude of high moral eminence without sufficient justification or adequate regard for the immediate consequences to the economic and humdrum life of the people. Gandhiji's conception of democracy in India was practical as is Jawaharlal's interpretation of it in practice. The conception of democracy as being equated to mere counting of votes has already begun to wear thin everywhere, and it is possible that with the experience of elections on a colossal scale with 170 million of voters, mostly illiterate, the absurdity and the practical disadvantages of identifying a parvenu democracy with the mechanical ritual of ballot boxes, party caucuses, electoral machinery and enumeration of heads, may become far too glaring for unqualified and wholesale adoption. According to Jawaharlal, Gandhiji's idea of democracy was somewhat metaphysical, having nothing to do with numbers, majority or representation in the ordinary sense. Gandhiji wrote:

"Let us recognise the fact that the Congress enjoys the prestige of a democratic character and influence not by the number of delegates and visitors it has drawn to its annual function, but by an ever-increasing amount of service it has rendered. Western democracy is on its trial, if it has not already proved a failure. May it be reserved to India to evolve the true science of democracy by giving a visible demonstration of its success!

"Corruption and hypocrisy ought not to be the inevitable products of democracy, as they undoubtedly are today. Nor is bulk a true test of democracy. True democracy is not inconsistent with a few persons representing the spirit, the hope and the aspirations of those whom they claim to represent. I hope that democracy cannot be evolved by forcible methods. The spirit of democracy cannot be imposed from without; it has to come from within."

This is not orthodox Western democracy, but Jawaharlal recognised that Gandhiji, democrat or not, was the quintessence of the conscious and the subconscious will and the idealised personification of millions of his countrymen.

Gandhiji's conception of democracy was somewhat akin to that expressed by Pericles in his famous oration on the first public funeral of the Athenian soldiers. Pericles' words would bear repetition. In what is described as the greatest speech in literature, he expressed himself as follows :

"Our constitution is named a democracy, because it is in the hands not of the few but of the many. But our laws secure equal justice for all in their private

disputes and our public opinion welcomes and honours talent in every branch of achievement, not for any sectional reason but on grounds of excellence alone. And as we give free play to all in our public life, so we carry the same spirit into our daily relations with one another. We have no black looks or angry words for our neighbour if he enjoys himself in his own way, and we abstain from the little acts of churlishness which, though they leave no mark, yet cause annoyance to whoso notes them. Open and friendly in our private intercourse, in our public acts we keep strictly within the control of law. We acknowledge the restraint of reverence; we are obedient to whomsoever is set in authority, and to the laws, more especially to those which offer protection to the oppressed and those unwritten ordinances whose transgression brings admitted shame."

The ideal was to provide recreation for the spirit—games and festivals and beauty in public buildings—to cheer the heart and delight the eye day by day.

In the clash of theories and rival ideologies it is often forgotten that the continuing welfare of the common man is the sole and primary objective of administration, irrespective of the methods adopted in shaping and controlling the governmental machinery, and this is of enormous importance for a vast, economically backward, undeveloped and potentially rich country such as India. Fortunately, both Jawaharlal and the Deputy Prime Minister, Vallabhbhai Patel, are acutely conscious of the need for increasing and realising the potential of India's production in the quickest possible time. The Prime Minister, aware of the weaknesses of his countrymen, particularly their lack of sustained endeavour and discipline, yet has unbounded faith in their future. There is, therefore, an imaginative sweep, calm and abiding confidence in the manner in which he frames, unfolds and expounds India's policy to the world at large. Nobody is more conscious than he that the ultimate sanction of all foreign policy is power—actual and potential, and that India's power is still largely potential. Underlying his many and frequent expositions of policy there is an unmistakable current of intense conviction and high ambitions, bearing the impress of a lively, energetic, occasionally impulsive, but always purposeful personality. There is verve and aplomb in his actions and utterances, for he is intent on re-kindling the ancient fire of his people and arousing their souls benumbed by apathy, ignorance, superstition, squalor and poverty of centuries.

Jawaharlal is undoubtedly one of the creators of modern India. He has undoubtedly fallen in love with his country and felt her greatness, and he never forgets that this greatness was won by men with courage, with knowledge of their duty and with a sense of honour in action.

The late Mahadev Desai, Gandhiji's great disciple and secretary, wrote about Jawaharlal as follows:

"There is a strange mix-up in his richly complex personality of decision and doubt, of faith and the lack of it, of religion and impatience of religion. A life of sleepless activity and suffering and sorrow could not be otherwise......A dynamic personality and a perpetually growing one like Jawaharlal will certainly never suffer from a hardening of the arteries. But even he has to beware of the dangers."

Jawaharlal's upbringing was primarily western and he has never ceased to be a European in his general *ensemble*, despite the fact that long years of struggle, ceaseless travelling and frequent and intimate contact with the poor and unsophisticated people of the soil have made his *Discovery of India* profoundly significant. His interest in religion and philosophy is primarily intellectual, and his knowledge of India's arts, and literature that of a *dilettante*. And yet he is essentially a man of faith, for without it he could never have surrendered himself, so completely as he did for almost a generation, to Gandhiji. His discipleship was, however, of a different order from that of Vallabhbhai Patel. To the latter Gandhiji's word was law. Jawaharlal often felt misgivings as to the course of action Gandhiji adopted, and he rarely understood the promptings of the Mahatma's conscience; his intellectualism often rebelled against the injunctions of the Master which appeared to him lacking in political realism or unrelated to the requirements of the moment. But despite all his occasional questionings, dissatisfaction or even lack of conviction as regards the course of action enjoined by Gandhiji, Jawaharlal remained an ideal soldier, and this rôle of a disciplined warrior furnishes a truer clue to the nobility of his character and disinterestedness as a man than his recent career as the head of the Indian Government. As India's Prime Minister he is naturally in the centre of the picture largely because he generally constitutes the picture itself.

Jawaharlal never loses his sense of humour. About the much-boosted distinctiveness of Muslim culture he remarks as follows:

"And looking to the masses the most obvious symbols of 'Muslim culture' seem to be: a particular type of pyjamas, not too long and not too short, a particular way of shaving or clipping the moustache but allowing the beard to grow, and a *lota* (jug) with a special kind of snout, just as the corresponding Hindu customs are the wearing of a *dhoti*, the possession of a topknot, and a *lota* of a different kind."

On his return from Cambridge he described himself as a bit of a prig with little to commend him. At every stage he has been able to look at himself from a distance and the account of his personality as given by him under the pseudonym of Chānakya in the *Modern Review* some years ago, is a revealing piece of writing. He wrote about himself:

"The most effective pose is one in which there seems to be least of posing, and Jawaharlal has learnt well to act without the paint and powder of the actor. With his seeming carelessness and insouciance, he performs on the public stage with consummate artistry.

"Men like Jawaharlal, with all their capacity for great and good work, are unsafe in democracy. He calls himself a democrat and a socialist, and no doubt he does so in all earnestness, but every psychologist knows that the mind is ultimately a slave to the heart and that logic can always be made to fit in with the desires and irrepressible urges of man. A little twist and Jawaharlal might turn a dictator, sweeping aside the paraphernalia of a slow-moving democracy. He might still use the language and slogans of democracy and socialism, but we all know how fascism has fattened on this language and then cast it away as useless lumber.

"Jawaharlal cannot become a fascist. And yet he has all the makings of a dictator in him—vast popularity, a strong will directed to a well-defined purpose, energy, pride, organizational capacity, ability, hardness, and, with all his love of the crowd, an intolerance of others and a certain contempt for the weak and inefficient. His flashes of temper are well known, and even when they are controlled the curling of the lips betrays him. His overmastering desire to get things done, to sweep away what he dislikes and build anew, will hardly brook for long the slow processes of democracy.

"Let us not spoil that and spoil him by too much adulation and praise. His conceit, if any, is already formidable. It must be checked. We want no Caesars."

It is curious that Jawaharlal should have written under the name of Chānakya, the famous Chancellor of Chandragupta Maurya, who has been sometimes called the Machiavelli of India. Whatever Jawaharlal may be, he is certainly neither Chānakya, nor Machiavelli. He certainly has the disinterestedness of the former, but neither his finesse, nor his aloofness, nor perhaps his capacity of winning over his enemies, for Jawaharlal is essentially simple and straight. There is no danger of his being a dictator, for his very intellectualism and habit of ratiocination are proof against such undesirable denouement, even if it were possible in the present mood of India. In fact, Indian public opinion is just as fickle and restless as elsewhere and perhaps even more susceptible to management than in more mature democracies. India is essentially iconoclastic despite its devotion to innumerable idols for the time being. Even the recent political history of the country amply illustrates this deep-rooted iconoclasm of the people. Consequently the present-day leaders of the Congress must be prepared for rude and unexpected gyrations in the curve of popular favour.

The independence of India proved to be an extremely onerous legacy, and the problems that confronted Pandit Nehru and his colleagues were extraordinarily difficult and of unusual complexity. But within less than two years, the Indian Cabinet under the direction of Jawaharlal has been able to master the disruptive forces of anarchy and turmoil to such an extent that it is difficult even to visualise the days of black terror, utter despair and indiscriminate slaughter of the closing months of 1947. Jawaharlal and Vallabhbhai Patel were the two principal actors who had to face the music of maintaining internal peace and security, of mobilising sufficient force to stem and hurl back the hostile forces of Pakistan which threatened the very existence of Kashmir, and to scotch vile conspiracies which were being actively hatched and fostered in Hyderabad in the very heart of the country. In all these matters the success has been phenomenal, as has been the case in integrating the political texture of the country, by the elimination of hundreds of the so-called patches and enclaves of sovereignties called States or foreign settlements scattered all over the country.

For more than half a century India has been obsessed with politics, while the economic conditions have been stationary or even deteriorating. And unfortunately in the economic sphere neither slogans nor incantations are effective in removing the deep-seated infection of poverty and malnutrition. India's economy was hope-



PLANTING A TREE

Punjab Photo Service, New Delhi



THE PRIME MINISTER CULTIVATES HIS GARDEN

As part of the food production drive, Pandit Nehru ploughs up the lawns of his official residence in New Delhi.



TRUMAN RECEIVES NEHRU
At Washington National Airport, October 1949.



OFFICIAL RECEPTION AT WASHINGTON
Pandit Nehru leaves the Airport accompanied by Shrimati Vijayalakshmi Pandit, President Truman and Dean Acheson, U. S. Secretary of State (Oct. 1949).

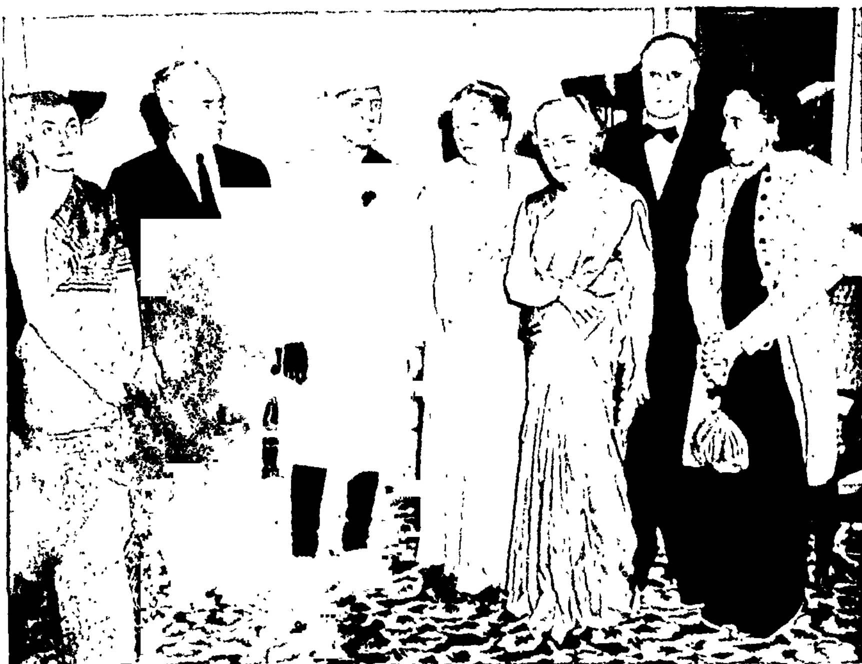


A VISIT TO THE NIAGARA FALLS
On board "*Maid of the Mist*" *Left to Right*—Mr. L. B. Peerson, Pandit Nehru, Mr. Robert Sanders, Shrimati Indira Gandhi.



AT THE TOMB OF GEORGE AND MARTHA WASHINGTON

Pandit Nehru visited Mount Vernon and placed a wreath at the tomb of the first President of the United States of America.



RECEPTION AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK
Left to Right—Shrimati Indira Gandhi, Mr. Richard J. Walsh, Pandit Nehru, Pearl Buck, Shrimati Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Mr. Loy Henderson, Shrimati Krishna Hutheesingh (October 15, 1949).



AFTER THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION AT CITY HALL, NEW YORK
(October 17, 1949).

WITH SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER ANDREI VYSHINSKY
(New York, October 1949).



The India League of America and the American Institute of Pacific Relations gave a dinner in honour of Pandit Nehru, who is shown here with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Mr. Phillip C. Jessup, Ambassador at Large (October 19, 1949).



NEHRU ADDRESSES U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Pandit Nehru pledged India to the cause of 'liberty, justice and peace'.

lessly disrupted by five long years of war and ruthless war-time exploitation of her resources. At the end of the war and at the beginning of the Independence, India, a predominently agricultural country, found herself unable to feed her millions without having had to buy vast quantities of imported food at any price whatsoever and even at the cost of drastic curtailment of her vital foreign trade. As a result of the Partition, she became a deficit country in the matter of food and vital raw supplies for her two principal industries, viz., jute and cotton. In order to survive, India had to solve simultaneously the problem of how to become a nation adept in producing enough food for her requirements and in turning out manufactured articles for export in effective competition with the industrialised nations of the world, so as to earn foreign exchange needed for the imports of capital goods. Unfortunately however it was in the economic field that the previous Government had been most supine, and the new Government did not possess either the machinery or the experience to tackle these enormously difficult problems requiring objective analysis, experience, understanding of human psychology, flexibility of mind and the courage to adopt even unpopular methods in the larger interests of the country. The result has been that the cracks in the economic policy of the new Government have become more and more visible, giving rise to discontent among the masses and affecting adversely the potential of the existing industrial organisation of the country. Economics are not amenable to mere intentions and, consequently, reiterated assurances or declarations of grandiose programmes, announcements of ambitious, costly and far-reaching plans for the future development of the country have been found inadequate to quench the popular unrest, or to stem the paralysis which seems to have overtaken private enterprise in the country.

Jawaharlal's catholicity of outlook and willingness to profit by the experience of advanced industrial countries like America may prove to be effective in arresting the deterioration that has set in. In fact, if Canada a nation of 11 million people—predominantly agricultural in 1939—could become the fourth biggest industrial nation in the world with a population of 13 million in 1949, there is no reason why the vast man-power of India could not be mobilized with foreign help and indigenous will to work for developing the country's resources. But this is only possible if the people and the Government concentrate their energies on the economic rather than the political front. Jawaharlal is acutely conscious that in the political affairs of a nation there is room for different and even for competing ideologies, for the aim in each case is identical, namely the welfare of the people. But politicians by nature are talkative, and the talk of what they ultimately intend to do is sometimes damaging, particularly when the morale of the business world is at its lowest. These are, however, problems requiring a great deal of thought, prompt and determined action, for on their solution depends whether India is going to be a country rich and powerful, or merely one of the great slum areas of the world subject to recurring attacks of instability and distemper on account of poverty, hunger and high prices. The great tasks therefore confronting Jawaharlal and needing all his matchless courage

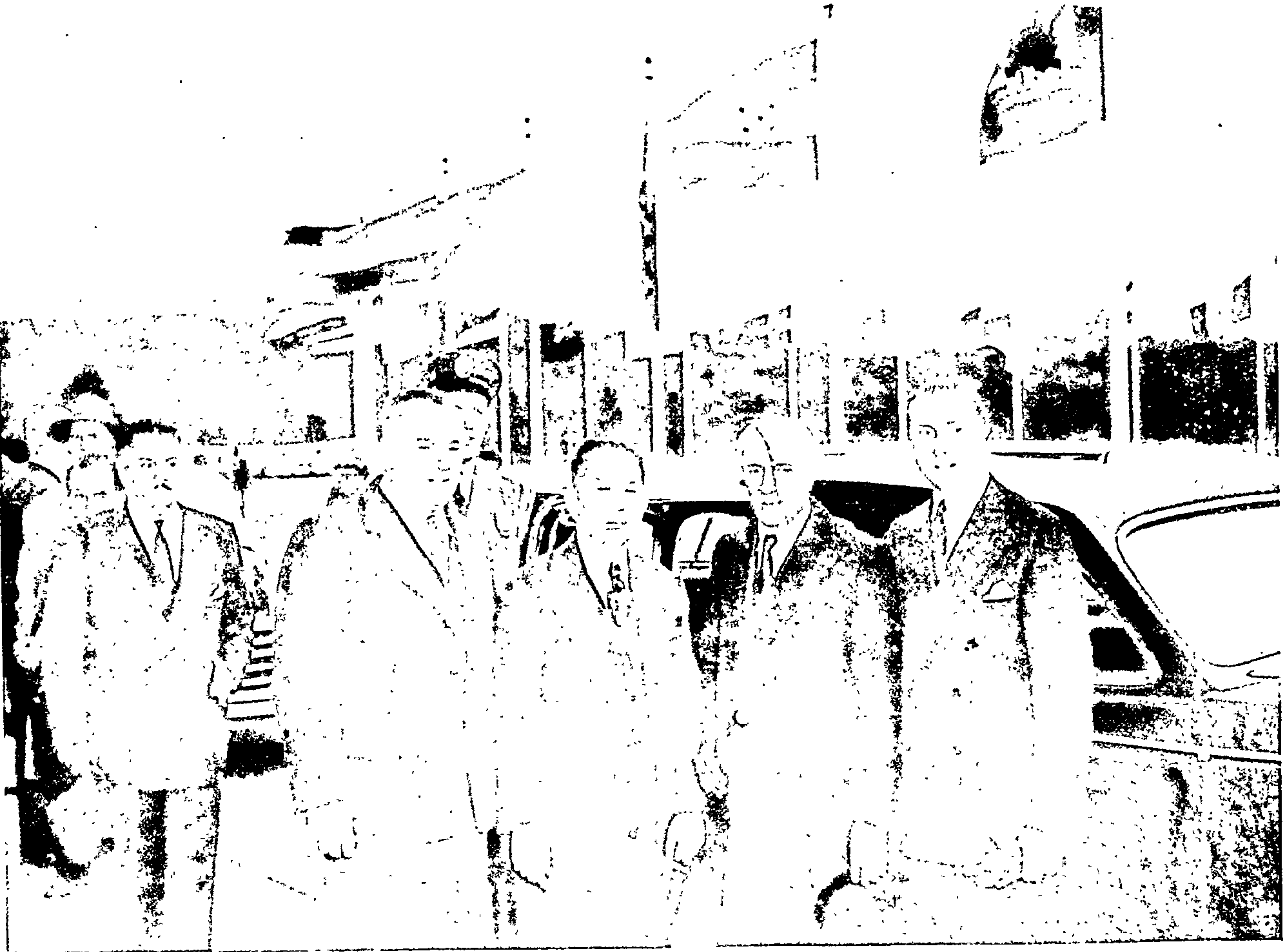
and energy is to exorcise from the popular mind the prevailing mood of suppressed dissatisfaction and of sullen acquiescence, pessimistic indifference or merely uncritical comment.

The words used by Thucydides more than two thousand years ago in respect of Pericles may well summarise the qualities of leadership of Jawaharlal (and his great colleague Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, might well be bracketed along with him):

"Pericles, by his rank, ability, and known integrity, was able to exercise an independent control over the masses—to lead them instead of being led by them; for as he never sought power by improper means, he was never compelled to flatter them. On the contrary, he enjoyed so high a reputation that he could afford to anger them by contradiction. When he saw them unseasonably and insolently elated, he would with a word reduce them to alarm; on the other hand, if they fell victims to a panic, he could at once restore their confidence. In short, what was nominally a democracy became in his hands government by the first citizen."

In retrospect, Jawaharlal's India seems to approximate more and more to the orthodox pattern of an ordinary nation-state, but so long as the Mahatma's spirit hovers over the unfolding rôle of India's destiny, there should be equity, balance and integrity behind the various policies that may be pursued by the successive governments. Motilal Nehru, Jawaharlal's father, had said on a memorable occasion, after he had embarked on the stormy seas of Gandhian politics, that he would be content if he and his family members were to be buried in the foundations of independent India. The wish has been more than fulfilled. The Nehrus have given of themselves generously to the cause of the country, and it is in the fitness of things that Jawaharlal should stand before the world as India's first Prime Minister and the bright emblem of her great future. He is still young, and it is but legitimate to think that a man such as he—alive and vibrant with an unsurpassed record of dedicated service—would continue to play a decisive rôle in his country's history in the years to come.





AT THE UNITED NATIONS, LAKE SUCCESS

Left to Right—M. Andrew Cordier, Executive Assistant, General Carlos P. Romulo, President of the General Assembly; Pandit Nehru and M. Jehan De Nove, Chief of Protocol. (October, 1949).



A WREATH FOR FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT

Pandit Nehru places a wreath on the grave of President Roosevelt in Hyde Park, New York, watched by Shrimati Indira Gandhi, Shrimati Vijayalakshmi Pandit and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt (October 1949).

Special Articles

ANCIENT AND MODERN MAN IN INDIA

Verrier Elwin

There is a strange link, which has often been noticed by travellers and scientists, between the most highly cultured and the most primitive of mankind. For, a man who has disciplined himself by a generous and liberal education all his life gains a sympathy and an understanding which cannot be achieved in any other way. The primitive, who is in touch with the realities and fundamentals of existence, knows instinctively what the man of education has learnt by many years of travail. It is the *chaprasi*, not the professor, who finds it hard to understand an Adibasi; it is the Forest Guard, not the Conservator, who cannot sympathise, and therefore acts oppressively when he has to deal with jungle folk.

I have no doubt whatever that this instinctive *rapport* and sense of kinship is invariably felt by Jawaharlal Nehru whenever he meets an aboriginal. And the thirty million so-called "aboriginals" of India have cause to rejoice that in this time of rapid culture-change there is at the head of affairs a man who combines a scientific intelligence with a broad humanity.

It is a commonplace that the physical sciences are outrunning the moral and social sciences. We are rapidly conquering nature; we are as far as ever from conquering ourselves. We can build atomic plants—we cannot build societies. And in dealing with simple and primitive folk it is essential that the same kind of care should be exercised that a physicist would show at a critical moment in his laboratory. For, here the specimens and chemicals are human beings, and it is joy and sorrow, freedom and frustration, life and death that hang in the balance.

The administration of India's aboriginals is still the Cinderalla of the Secretariat. There is still little appreciation of the fact that it is a major problem of sociology. There is still all too ready a belief that a little well-meaning and pious uplift will be enough. But, if India is not to see the tragic cultural disasters that have occurred in other lands as a result of a too rapid acculturation, it is essential that the administration, education and transformation of the primitive population should be in the hands of trained experts who are awake to the dangers involved.

In the meantime it is far better to go slowly than to go wrong. In the freedom and beauty of their hills the tribesmen live a happy, vigorous life; the evils that are popularly supposed to mar their lives are grossly exaggerated, and are in any case hardly as bad as those which disgrace modern society. Unregulated and unplanned education and "uplift" will not improve them; it will degrade and spoil them. Once the plan is there; once the men are trained; once it is sure that progress will be up and not down, then by all means let us go ahead. I am not one of those who would keep the aboriginals "as they are" for the purpose of scientific study; they must grow, develop, change—but always for the better and not for the worse.

A study of the administration of the Indian tribes of North America is most instructive.

Up to the passing of the Indian Re-organization Act of 1934, the policy of the United States towards the Indians was inspired by the materialistic desire to acquire their lands and resources. It was also claimed that the Indians were capable of making best productive use of what they had and would benefit by "assimilation" into modern society.

Both economically and culturally this policy had a disastrous effect. Indians lost control of their lands, and with it their self-respect and possibility of self-support. In many ways the life and thought of the Indians, so significant, beautiful and adapted to their intellectual and spiritual needs, was destroyed. Indian political customs and institutions, in which the people themselves were dominant, came to an end, and they were made submissive to an alien system.

The old policy of assimilation, which is actually advocated by some people for aboriginals in India today, was a tragic failure. It was founded on false basic principles with the result that, with a few exceptions such as the Navajos and the Pueblos, not only was the economic sub-structure of Indian life dissipated, but the Indians are disintegrated politically, socially and spiritually. This disintegration came, inevitably, in part from economic frustration. It came also from a pervasive, though often unacknowledged, will to suppress and destroy everything that was natural, native, and unique in Indian customs and social organization, coupled with the failure to substitute any other type of organization through which Indians could function intelligently on their own problems. It was essentially a crude and unintelligent point of view based on the attitude that the Indians at their worst were dangerous savages, and at their best were immeasurably inferior to the rest of the population. This attitude is not unknown in India at the present time.

The old policy was in striking contrast with the government of primitive peoples in some other parts of the world (Java, for example, and parts of British East Africa), where administrators take cognizance of and make use of the existing social structures of the people, and where the work is in the hands of men trained into understanding of their culture and sensitive to their modes of thought.

But in 1934, largely as a result of the life-long devotion of Mr. John Collier to their cause, an entirely new policy for the Indians was adopted. This new policy had three chief objectives:

1. Economic rehabilitation of the Indians, principally on the land.
2. Organization of the tribes, so that they could manage their own affairs.
3. Civic and cultural freedom and opportunity.

The new policy has done everything possible to reconstitute tribal and community government and life. Indians have been re-vested with land, and the land they have has been protected. There has been wide extension of cultural credit through a system appropriate to their needs. They have been assured of

complete religious liberty. Indian culture, languages, arts and crafts and recreation have been not only protected but actively encouraged. For, it is obvious that, as Collier says, "only sheer fanaticism would decide the further destruction of Indian languages, crafts, poetry, music, ritual, philosophy and religion. These possessions have a significance and a beauty which grew patiently through endless generations of a people immersed in the life of nature, filled with imaginative and ethical insight into the core of being. To destroy them would be comparable to destroying the rich cultural heritage of the Aryan races—its music and poetry, its religion and philosophy, its temples and monuments. Yet, through generations the Government did deliberately seek to destroy the Indian cultural heritage; and only because the roots of it lay so deep in the Indian soul, and only because age-old, instinctive modes of thought and expression are so much less destructible than individual life itself, has the Indian culture stubbornly persisted."

The new Indian policy seeks to preserve these unique cultural values through the Indian schools and otherwise. Through the recently enacted Indian Arts and Crafts Act, which creates a permanent Indian Arts Commission, the Government now is getting out to preserve, enrich and protect from factory-made imitations the rapidly disappearing and unique Indian crafts.

There is much food for thought in the dramatic change of policy adopted by the United States. The old idea of assimilating the people into the surrounding society has been abandoned. It has been recognized that the primitive tribesmen have a life which in its strength, virtue and beauty possesses values which are important for the modern world. No educated man in America today is ashamed of his primitive population. He is proud of it because he knows the truth about it. The same thing must happen in India. India's tribesmen are a source of strength and energy, not of weakness. They are people of whom we should be proud. They should be respected and loved, and never despised as "savages" or "backward." They are "immersed in the life of nature, and filled with ethical insight into the core of being." It is not a matter of raising them to the standard of their neighbours; it is much more important to educate their neighbours not to exploit them. I have confidence that within the great heart and scientific mind of Jawaharlal Nehru their place will be secure.

February 17, 1949

CONDITION OF KASHMIRI PEOPLE UNDER MUSLIM RULE

JADUNATH SARKAR

Kashmir, like every other country in the world, is today what its history has made it. Happily we possess full records of its past written down by its sons, as well as observations by foreign travellers which are singularly valuable for knowing the condition of the people. The Hindu period ended about 1540 A. D., when a Muslim sovereign seated himself on the throne. Two and a half centuries later Akbar added the country to the Mughal Empire, and then it emerged into the full light of knowledge. In 1752 Kashmir ceased to be a *subah* of the Mughal Empire and became a province of the Durrani King of Kabul. Muslim rule ended in theory in 1818 when a Dogra Rajput family began to conduct its government, which has continued to our own days. But the conditions of Afghan administration continued in the country for half a century more. Though there was a mere change of masters, the internal life of the people was practically the same as before. It was only in the Eighteen Seventies that the extension of railways to the footholds of the Punjab hills, and the Russian menace placed Kashmir on the military map of India, and modern light began to break into this Happy Valley.

The State of Kashmir as we see it today, is the creation of the Dogras. The province bearing that name which Akbar annexed was a very small region, with a maximum length of 120 *kos* and a breadth varying from 10 to 20 *kos* only. It did not then include Jammu, which lost its political identity to its bigger neighbour (Srinagar, the Kashmir *par excellence*) only after the death of Ranjit Dev in 1780. The hills and deserts of the north and north-west are modern accretions.[1]

We shall here study the Kashmiris proper, that is the people mostly of the Aryan race with a very slight or no admixture of Turko-Iranian blood, and professing Hinduism or Islam.

ECONOMIC LIFE OF THE PROVINCE

Abul Fazl is thrown into raptures by the natural beauty of Kashmir when first seen after its conquest by Akbar. He writes: "The country is enchanting and might be fittingly called a garden of perpetual Spring (*hamesha bahār*)...and fit to be either the delight of the worldling or the retired abode of the recluse. Its streams are sweet to the taste, its waterfalls music to the ear, and its climate is invigorating. The flowers are enchanting." The land was also remarkable for certain industries, which were greatly expanded under the patronage of the Delhi Emperors. These were shawl-weaving, manufacture of fine paper (the famous *Kashmiri kāghaz*), the cultivation

[1] For the growth of Kashmir, see Sir R. Temple's *Journals Kept in Hyderabad, Kashmir,* Vol. I.





PLATE I

of saffron, and fruits like apricot, peach and walnut. There was also the silk-worm-rearing and silk filature industry. Their skill in wood-carving, lacquering and inlaying gold thread on wood made their handicrafts always famous throughout India, though it is only the railway that has enabled these articles to be exported outside their secluded valleys in commercial quantities. The French doctor Bernier wrote in 1663: "The workmanship and beauty of their (wood-work and) other things are quite remarkable, and articles of their manufacture are in use in every part of the Indies."

In Akbar's reign Kashmir appeared as a land of holy traditions, the home of Hindu and Muslim saints and scholars. The study of Sanskrit by its Brahmans for many unbroken centuries led to the growth of a valuable literature and style of Sanskrit palaeography, the peculiar Kashmiri recension of several well-known Sanskrit poems and tales, and above all the preservation of many Sanskrit Mss. which disappeared from the plains of Hindustan during the Muslim conquest. Dr. P. C. Ray, the eminent scientist, in his study of ancient Hindu chemistry, was in sore need of an old Sanskrit work on *Rasa*, and the only manuscript of it that he could trace in the world was one in Kashmir which Stein had listed in his Catalogue. So, too, there was a school of Sufi poets and Muslim theologians in Kashmir right down to the Durrani occupation. A large number of scholarly sons of Kashmir earned their bread by copying the *Qurān* and other Arabic and Persian manuscripts on the famous paper of their province. In 1831 Victor Jacquemont observed: "There are 700 to 800 copyists in Kashmir, they work only on orders....They transcribe the *Qurān* or the *Shāhnāmah*, and a very small number of other books which are the objects of a small but regular trade. The best are paid one rupee for every thousand couplets of the *Shāhnāmah* or *Hāfiz*. Their maximum speed is 200 verses, and they consequently earn three annas in one day. The paper costs Rs. 2/- per quire. Formerly the copyists used to earn eight or ten annas a day. The trade in manuscripts was more extensive under Afghan rule (i.e. in the XVIII century)."[1]

In 1783, "the price at the loom of an ordinary shawl was Rs. 8/-; thence in proportional quality it produced from 15 to 20 rupees, and a very fine piece was sold at Rs. 40/-, prime cost. But the value of the commodity was largely enhanced by the introduction of flowered work (at the two ends, which raised the price to Rs. 150/-)."[2]

Condition of the People

But in spite of the unsurpassed bounty of Nature and the subtle brains of the upper classes, the common people of Kashmir were sunk in the deepest ignorance and poverty. Many of the villagers lived in primitive simplicity, and went about almost naked for want of clothing. Unable to buy trousers, they merely wrapped a blanket round their nude bodies. As Sujan Rāi Bhandāri of Batala remarked (in 1695): "The beggary and meanness of the inhabitants are proverbial. As for their dress, one coat of leather serves for a year." The rustics lived in abject poverty,

[1] *L'Inde du Nord*, 434.
[2] G. Forster: *Travels*, ii, 18.

ignorance and filth. The townsmen too had not a happier lot. "The sudden and dangerous floods to which the lake is subject, forced them to build their homes on the cramped high ground above the level of the lake or river at Srinagar. The frequency of earthquakes— and also the extreme poverty of the people—made it necessary for the houses to be light wooden structures, covered with birch bark or plank roofing. The cold climate made fires necessary day and night for several months in the year. The natural consequence of this chain of causes was that fires were frequent, and when they broke out they spread from one end of the capital to another, making a clean sweep of these crowded human warrens of timber and grass." The Juma Masjid was thus burnt *four* times before 1695. During Forster's visit he found "the streets of Srinagar narrow and choked with the filth of the inhabitants, who are proverbially unclean." (ii, 10). This was in 1783. Thirty-nine years later, another accomplished European visitor, Dr. Moorcroft, noticed the same sorry spectacle at the capital. He writes:

"The general character of the city is that of a confused mass of ill-favoured buildings, forming a complicated labyrinth of narrow and dirty lanes and having a small gutter in the centre, full of filth, banked up on each side by a border of mire. The houses are mostly in a neglected and ruinous condition, with broken doors or no doors at all, with windows stopped with boards, paper or rags....The whole presents a striking picture of wretchedness and decay."

In 1831 the refined French scientist Jacquemont was equally shocked. He writes in his journal: "I have not yet seen such poverty and such dirty huts (*sales baraques*). There is not one house built at right angles."

The economic distress due to misgovernment under Afghan rule had left its sad impress on every part of the country. Moorcroft writes: "Everywhere the people are in the most abject condition. Not more than about one-sixteenth of the cultivable surface is in cultivation, and the inhabitants, starving at home, are driven in great numbers to the plains of Hindustan. The cultivators are in a condition of extreme wretchedness (due mainly to the system of farming the revenue collection and the oppression of the Government.)....The beauty of the scenery ill harmonised with the appearance of the peasantry. Their huts were inferior in comfort to an English cow-house, and their clothes were insufficient to defend them from the cold of the season."

The moral degradation of the people was still worse than their material poverty. Moorcroft, who was a trained physician, writes: "I devoted every Friday to the reception of visits from the sick. I had at one time no fewer than 6,800 patients on my list, a large proportion of whom were suffering from the most loathsome diseases, brought on by poverty, distress and gross immorality."

Victor Jacquemont, in July 1831, was similarly shocked. He writes: "An immense number of the sick besieged my camp when I returned there. They had frightful ulcers, nearly all venereal, scrofula, white tumours, and every possible form of blindness. The 'serene drop' was very rare among the blind; catarh was common ....Musalmans and Pandits were not wanting among the patients infected by vene-

real disease....They told me that it was impossible to save them from this disease because all the women there had been infected; it is commoner in Kashmir than in the Panjab." (*L'Inde du Nord*, 438).

Character of the Kashmiris

The highly accomplished French physician Bernier draws a fine picture of this race. He writes: "The Kashmiris are celebrated for wit, and are considered much more intelligent and ingenious than the Indians. They are also very active and industrious." A century later, George Forster remarked: "The Kashmiris are a gay and lively people, with strong propensities to pleasure. None are more eager in the pursuit of wealth, have more inventive faculties in acquiring it, or who devise more modes of luxurious expense." But there was a dark side of the mirror. Forster continues: "I never knew a national body of men more impregnated with the principles of vice than the natives of Kashmir....When vested with official power, rapacious and arrogant, he evinces in all his actions, deceit, treachery, and that species of refined cruelty which usually actuates the conduct of a coward. And it is said that he is equally fickle in his connections. The natives of this province are rarely seen engaged in a military occupation, from which their genius seems averse; and it is held an established rule in the Afghan Government to refuse the admittance of a Kashmirian into their army."

Moorcroft had an equally unhappy experience. He wrote only 39 years after Forster:

"The natives of Kashmir have been always considered as among the most lively and ingenious people of Asia, and deservedly so....In character the Kashmirian is selfish, superstitious, ignorant, supple, intriguing, dishonest, and false." (ii, 128).

When Jacquemont asked for permission to visit Kashmir, Ranjit Singh, the master of the country, told him: "It is the earthly paradise. But take care; the people there are great rogues, liars and thieves etc., etc., etc. But the women there are very beautiful. What do you think of these?" So saying, he showed me five charming girls, who issued from a neighbouring tent and came towards us....They were incomparably the most beautiful that I had seen in India, and they would be admired in every country." (*L'Inde du Nord*, 393).

Degradation of Women

But the saddest aspect of Kashmiri life under Muslim rule was the degradation of their women and the people's absolute disregard for the honour of their sisters and daughters. This Terrestrial Paradise, this Garden of Eternal Spring, was the supply depot of the white slave trade in India. As early as 1663, Bernier noticed: "The people of Kashmir are proverbial for their clear complexions and fine forms. They are as well made as Europeans. The women especially are very handsome; and it is from this country that nearly every individual (at the Court of the Grand Mughal) selects wives or concubines." The Nawab of Oudh used to fill his seraglio with Kashmirian beauties (as Thomas Twining noted in his travels, in 1794). Similar-

ly, in the Himalayan hills south-east of Kashmir, there was a busy trade in fair women. As Jacquemont noted: "Ludhiana has the reputation of furnishing women to all the English regiments that come there each in its turn of garrisoning. There are here not less than 3000 public women in a population which does not exceed 20,000 inhabitants....Most of them come from the mountains, where they were bought or stolen in their infancy by men of whom this is the profession. The establishment of British authority in the Himalayas has diminished but not abolished this traffic" (p. 359). The immorality that Forster and Jacquemont, besides Moorcroft, noticed has been hinted at already.[1]

It is the duty of the historian to try to trace how such a gifted race as the Kashmiris could have fallen so low. The long centuries of Muslim rule supply the answer. The Governors were selfish and devoid of statesmanship or patriotism; the natural leaders of the people were the priests, who were as ignorant as sensual. "The leaders of either faith, Mullas or Pandits, are exceedingly ignorant and possess little influence," as Moorcroft noted. Hence, superstition thrived, and the pure monotheism of the Arabian Prophet was buried under the mass of relic worship and saint-worship.

Ignorance and Fanaticism

Even before Akbar's conquest, Kashmir had been the scene of religious riots between the Sunnis and the Shias. In the earliest Mughal account of the province we read that these two sects were "perpetually at strife with each other." (*Ain-i-Akbari*, *ii*, 352). And, in the long reign of Aurangzib, the history of Azami supplies many examples of such sectarian war. The Shias,[2] who were in the minority, congregated in quarters of their own, such as Hasanabad and Jadbal. But when they met together for business or on travel, conversation often led to dispute, and material dispute passed into theological quarrel. The disputants abused each other's religion; the Shia was accused of having reviled the first three Khalifs (*tabarrah*); quarrels between individual members of the rival creeds quickly passed into mass conflicts, the Sunni mob of the capital, roused by the Qāzi's harangues, plundered and burnt the Shia quarter, and massacred every Shia whom they could catch. The Delhi Viceroy, even when neutral, could do nothing with the small contingent of his own followers, and sometimes there were pitched battles in the streets between the rioters and the Governor's troops.

The worst riot of this kind took place in 1684 during the administration of Ibrāhim Khan, the mild and scholarly son of Ali Mardān Khan, famous for his Delhi canal. He was a born Persian and Shia, and governed this province for a total of 14 years. Azami gives the following account of the riot:

"Abdus Shakur, an inhabitant of the Shia *mahalla* Hasanabad, and his son Sādiq had a long standing quarrel with a Sunni. In the course of their wrangling

[1] This continued as late as 1870, when Sir R. Temple observed: "The Argauns and the Batals (two tribes) supply the dancing girls of Northern India with many a recruit." (*Journals*, ii. 376).

[2] The Shias, from Persia, had a monopoly of the trade with Tibet and the north. (Jacquemont).

these Shias did some acts objected to by the Quranic law, and Sādiq spoke words disgraceful about the companions of the Prophet (i.e., the first three Khalifs). In spite of this misdeed, Sādiq remained protected by Ibrāhim Khan, though summoned for a trial in the religious court. Then the Qāzi Muhammad Yusuf rose in anger and excited the (Sunni) mob of the city. A great tumult broke out. The people, unable to catch the accused, set fire to the Hasanabad quarter. Meantime Fidāi Khan came out to defend the men of Hasanabad, while the rioters were strengthened by the Kābul officers just returned from the invasion of Tibet, and some local *mansabdārs* (of the Sunni sect). Many were slain and wounded on both sides, the mob rioted with terrible fury, and the Qāzi lost control over them. Ibrāhim Khan, finding himself powerless, at last handed over Abdus Shakur and other Shia accused to the Qāzi, by whom Shakur and his two sons and one son-in-law were put to death for blasphemy....The Sunni rioters continued masters of the city. Bābā Qāsim, the preceptor of the Shias, was seized on the road, and put to death in a humiliating manner. Fidāi Khan rode out in force to punish the mob, and another street battle took place. In the meantime Shaikh Baqā Bābā had assembled another armed crowd, and set fire to the mansion of the governor! Aurangzib dismissed the governor and set the Sunni prisoners free." (*Azami*, I.O.L. *Ms. ff.* 131-132).

While these acts of violence illustrated one side of the religious fanaticism of the people, events of another kind bore witness to their ignorance and superstition, which were opposed to the basic principles of Islam. In 1698 the country was stirred by the arrival of the pretended hair of the Prophet Muhammad from Bijapur, where it had so long been enshrined. This relic, called the *mu-i-mubārak*, is red in colour, and casts no shadow! "The entire Muslim population poured out into the streets to behold the blessed relic, chanting the praises of God and of His Prophet. Men and women flocked together like a human flood sweeping through every lane and bazar. Scholars, saints, theologians and religious mendicants vied with one another in passionate earnestness to get a turn in placing on their own shoulders the poles of the litter in which the holy casket was carried. They considered themselves blessed when they could even once touch it." (*Azami*, *f.* 140). How did this differ from the adoration of al-Lat, al-Uzza and other material objects which Muhammad always condemned in his sermons, when he proclaimed the impersonal Allah as the sole object of worship?

The contempt in which the imperial Government of Delhi held the Kashmiris resulted in none of them, Hindu or Muslim, being appointed a *mansabdār*, or, as we should now call it, an officer of the Federal Public Services, till almost 1700. It was only then that at the entreaty of the governor Fāzil Khan (1697-1701) the Emperor Aurangzib took a few Kashmiris into his service, but in very low posts. This attitude did not die out, for some years later we find the Emperor writing to his Secretary[1]: "Aziz Khan, though a Kashmiri, possesses some share of discretion (*tamiz*)!" Public opinion on the Kashmiri character crystallized in the well-known proverb,

[1] Rampur Ms. of *Kalimat-i-Aurangzib*, p. 9.

Agar Qahat-ul-rizāl shawwad......
Ekē Afghan, duum Kambu, siyum badzāt Kashmiri.

The neglect of the Mughal Government was followed by the fierce tyranny of the Durranis, King Log by King Stork. The revenue was screwed up very high, while the land went out of cultivation, the population was thinned and trade and industry fell off. Everywhere there was desolation and despair, as Moorcroft and Forster noticed before Dogra rule had set in. Ahmad Shah Abdali's favourite viceroy of Kashmir, Hāji Karim Dād Khan, "was notorious for his wanton cruelty and insatiable avarice, often for trivial offences, throwing the inhabitants, tied by the back in pairs, into the river,[1] plundering their property, and forcing their women of every description." His successor was an even more blood-thirsty and capricious tyrant. (Forster's *Travels*, ii, 27). The Afghan officers never gave an order without first striking the Kashmiris a blow with the back of their axes.

Thus it happened that it was only by leaving his homeland that a son of Kashmir could find free scope for his talents and the means of gaining deserved wealth and honour.

Mughal rule, Afghan rule, Dogra rule are all gone. Today Kashmir stands on the threshold of a new home. Will it be for her a temple of freedom and modern progress, or a dungeon of mediaeval superstition and official tyranny? A terrible choice lies before her people, and unborn generations will suffer the consequence of the decision that her leaders may make today. Will the lovers of this beautiful land and gifted race have to mourn:

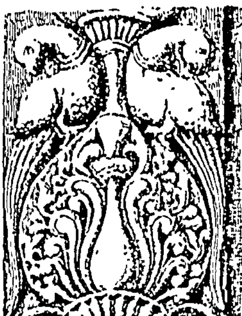
"The struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain"?

Or shall we, standing at Delhi, be able to point out,

"In front, the Sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright"?

February 27, 1949

[1] Like the *Noyades* practised by the Jacobin Carriere in Nantes during the French Revolution.



LAND IMPROVEMENT

N. R. Dhar

Ever since the dawn of history hunger has pursued the footsteps of human beings. Through the ages men in power have accepted the misery of hunger as an unavoidable fact of life, the result of population pressure on a limited supply of food.

Describing medieval agriculture in England, Prothero wrote: "There was little to mitigate, either for man or beast, the horrors of winter scarcity. Nothing is more characteristic of the infancy of farming than the violence of its alterations. On land which was inadequately manured, and on which neither field turnips nor clovers were known till centuries later, there could be no middle course between the exhaustion of continuous cropping and the rest cure of barrenness."

Only during the last fifty years, through the application of science, man is hoping to banish starvation. In a recent article, Dr. Robert M. Salter, Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, (*Science*, Vol. 105, No. 2734, May 23, 1947) has predicted increased crop production in the three most populous countries of the world, *e.g.* China, India and Soviet Russia, as stated below:

Estimated attainable increase in yield due to improved practice

Crop.		Yield. 1935-39.	Yield. 1960.
	U.S.S.R.		
Wheat (bushels)	..	10.0	12.0
Rye ,,	..	12.7	13.5
Corn ,,	..	16.3	20.0
Oats ,,	..	22.2	28.0
Barley ,,	..	14.9	18.0
Sugar beets (tons)	..	6.1	8.0
Potatoes (bushels)	..	121.5	180.0
	INDIA		
Wheat (bushels)	..	10.7	20.0
Rice ,,	..	26.2	40.0
Corn ,,	..	12.9	20.0
Barley	..	16.5	20.0
Peanuts (pounds)	..	400.0	600.0

CHINA

Wheat (bushels)	..	14.9	18.0
Rice ,,	..	52.5	70.0
Corn ,,	..	24.2	35.0
Barley ,,	..	21.8	24.0
Peanuts (pounds)	..	769.0	1000.0
Soyabeans (bushels)	..	16.8	20.0
Dry beans (pounds)	..	730.0	1000.0
Potatoes (bushels)	..	100.0	150.0

Will Indian science and leadership progress sufficiently in the next ten years, so that these predictions are fulfilled for the good of humanity?

At present only seven to ten per cent of the total world land area is cultivated. If cost of production is no serious handicap, there is practically no limit to the acreage that can be brought under cultivation except some desert areas, areas under rugged mountains or under perpetual snow.

The question regarding the exhaustion of the Indian soils has been repeatedly asked; but so far no satisfactory answer has been forthcoming. Dr. Voelcker in his *Improvement of Indian Agriculture* (1893) recorded the following results at Rothamsted (England) in the case of wheat grown on fields continuously unmanured for over 50 years:

	Crop yield in bushels per acre
8 years (1844-51)	17.0
20 years (1852-71)	13.9
20 years (1872-91)	11.1

1 bushel=30 seers

These results show that there is a slow deterioration of the unmanured fields at Rothamsted. Dr. Voelcker concluded that, under the existing conditions of agriculture, the soil of India must gradually get poorer.

On the other hand, Howard and Wad in their *Waste Products of Agriculture* (1931) have stated as follows:

"A good example of such a system of farming without manure is to be found on the alluvial soils of the United Provinces, India, where the field records of ten centuries prove that the land produces fair crops year after year without any falling in fertility. A perfect balance has been reached between the manurial requirements of the crops harvested and the natural processes which recuperate fertility."

Very much less food grains per acre are obtained in India as compared with other countries. Researches in India have shown that there is no serious shortage of potash or phosphates in our soils, but the real poverty is in the nitrogen content. The Royal Commission on Agriculture in India in 1928 reported that the Indian soils are mainly deficient in combined nitrogen, and that the manurial problem in this country is chiefly that of nitrogen deficiency.





PLATE II

The procedure followed for increasing the nitrogen content of the soil is by adding nitrogen-rich substances like urea, nitrates, ammonium sulphate etc., but, by our researches extending over a period of twenty-five years, we have discovered an entirely new and at the same time an economical method of improving the nitrogen status of the soil, by conservation of the soil nitrogen and fixation of atmospheric nitrogen in the soil itself, by the addition of carbonaceous matter to the soil. In this process sunlight is utilized in enriching the soil.

It is well known that for about half of every crop the root system remains in the ground at the harvest time, and thus provides the soil with cellulosic and other carbonaceous materials. Our experimental observations show that cellulosic and other energy-rich substances like cow-dung, straw, dry leaves, molasses etc., when added to the soil, cause marked nitrogen fixation by the energy liberated during the oxidation of these substances, and the nitrogen fixed on the soil surface supplies the plant need. The nitrogen need of crops in the tropical countries can be met by the nitrogen fixed from air, due to the energy liberated from the oxidation of the cellulosic materials left behind in the soil after harvesting. Moreover, the available nitrogen in the soil and in rain water in the tropics is greater than in the temperate countries. In India the available nitrogen in soils is more than 10% of the total nitrogen, but in cold countries it is 1-2% of the total nitrogen. On the other hand, in cold countries, due to the inactivity of Azotobacter caused by the low temperature of the soil and lack of sunshine, the cellulosic and other energy-rich materials added to the soil along with plant residues are not oxidised as readily as in our soils, and hence much nitrogen fixation is not possible in the soils of temperate countries. This explains the slow deterioration of the unmanured fields of Rothamsted.

From the above observations it seems that in tropical countries, like our own, almost a constant yield of crop, which is not high in unmanured fields, is possible due to the addition of nitrogen to the soil, by the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen caused by the energy produced from the oxidation of plant residues left in the soil or added to it.

From figures available it is known that nearly 35 billion kilograms of cellulose is being added to the soil every year throughout the world. Taking that about 40% of this is oxidised on the surface of the earth, and placing the efficiency of nitrogen fixation (milligrams of nitrogen fixed per gram of carbon oxidised) due to cellulosic substances as 15 in presence of light, we find that about 70 million metric tons of nitrogen should be added to the earth by fixation, and at least half of it being fixed by absorption of solar light. On the other hand, we find that the amount of nitrogen fixed synthetically in industrial operations in 1937 was 3,547,350 tons, which is only one tenth of what is added by fixation in presence of sunlight under natural conditions.

As regards inorganic manures, the artificial manures like ammonium sulphate, ammonium nitrate, urea etc., which are to be manufactured in India, do not enrich the soil and increase soil fertility permanently. Even in England, more than 60 lbs.

of nitrogen is lost when 100 lbs. of nitrogen is added in the form of ammonium sulphate, without benefit to the crop or the soil. Our experiments with ammonium sulphate reveal even a greater loss of nitrogen. If intensive cultivation is done and if the soil nitrogen has to be maintained at a steady level, we should be prepared to add nitrogen as ammonium sulphate to the extent of 100 lbs. of nitrogen per acre for a good crop yield, but about two-thirds of it may be lost as gaseous nitrogen. Hence, soils treated with such artificial manures may temporarily increase the crop yield, but usually they deteriorate and their nitrogen content may fall off.

On the other hand, organic manures like cow-dung, farm-yard manure, molasses etc. when added to the soil, not only add the nitrogen they contain, but the soil is also enriched by the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. The value of molasses or cow-dung depends chiefly on its power to fix atmospheric nitrogen. Beneficial effects of organic manures over artificial nitrogenous compounds have been obtained with cow-dung, molasses and leaves of plants in Allahabad and elsewhere, and sunlight is actually utilized in increasing the nitrogen content of soil. Apart from fixing the atmospheric nitrogen, the value of organic matter is in the protection of the soil nitrogen, by checking the loss of nitrogen gas from the manures. Carbohydrates, cellulose and fats have been found by us to prevent the loss of nitrogen, and thus a mixture of ammonium sulphate and organic matter has been generally found to be a better manure than ammonium salts alone.

As explained above, cow-dung or farm-yard manure is definitely the best manure for improving the soil properties and steadying the crop-yield. If it is utilized properly it may really serve as a boon to the poor Indian farmer by giving a rich return of steady crop-yield at a relatively cheap rate. It is really a pity that cow-dung being the most economic manure the Indian farmer burns it, knowing little that he is burning his own money.

It has been suggested that preparation of compost for use in fields may be useful; but agriculturists all over the world find its preparation tedious and laborious. From our experiments on fixation of nitrogen by addition of green and dry leaves, paper, straw etc. to the soil in fields, we are of the opinion that it is more profitable to add the plant residue to the soil before composting. When the plant residues are added to the soil and ploughed under before the rainy season, in three months they are considerably decomposed, and the carbon of the materials undergoes oxidation on the soil surface with the liberation of energy necessary for nitrogen fixation.

According to many soil scientists, leguminous plants, or rather the bacteria with which they are associated, are probably the original source of world's stock of combined nitrogen. In England they had established that the source of nitrogen in the soil was leguminous plants. But in the arid regions of U. S. A. they failed to get a clear evidence of fixation by leguminous plants. By our researches we have emphasised that the nitrogen status of a soil is permanently increased by the addition of cow manure, farmyard manure or other carbonaceous substances, *e.g.* molasses, leaves, hay etc., which are oxidised in the soil causing nitrogen fixation, but not by legumes which do not leave any residual effect on the soil for long. The

source of soil nitrogen is this fixation of atmospheric nitrogen and the added nitrogenous matter present in plant residues. This conclusion of ours is supported by the classical observations made at Rothamsted and Woburn.

Another important question in land improvement is the reclamation of alkali and other unfertile lands. The chief defect of alkali or the *usar* land is its alkalinity. We have analysed several samples of bad *kallar* or *usar* soils, and we find that the alkalinity is very high. Neither Azotobacter nor the nitrite formers are observed in cultures obtained with these soils. Moreover, the amount of calcium compounds and the exchangeable calcium is less in these soils than in the normal ones. The nitrogen content of these soils is small, the soils are highly impermeable to water, and, finally, the *usar* soils lack the bacterial activity.

It is estimated that the total area of *usar* lands in the U. P. alone is more than four million acres. In the Punjab, Bihar, Mysore and Bombay there are tracts of such unproductive land. Naturally, the reclamation of these lands is a problem of great importance to India.

Dr. J. W. Leather by his experiments in the U. P. concluded that the application of gypsum really reclaimed the *usar* land. The cost of this was about seven to eight hundred rupees per acre and is obviously prohibitive. The effect of good and deep cultivation, coupled with heavy manuring, has not been of much use, only the surface foot of the soil has been apparently reclaimed, but below this the soil is bad as ever. Scraping of the salts is practically useless. Alkaline lands have been reclaimed successfully near Kanpur, Allahabad, Meerut and in Mysore by the application of molasses at the rate of one to ten tons per acre, and a good rice crop has been grown in these reclaimed areas where no vegetation ever grew. Researches carried on at Allahabad show definitely that the moisture content of the molassed soil is appreciably higher than that of the unmolassed one. The lime which is added to the soil along with the molasses is rendered soluble by the organic acids formed from molasses and is helpful in the conversion of sodium soil into a calcium one. The calcium salts of organic acids in course of time are converted into calcium carbonate in soil. Moreover, the small amounts of sulphuric acid present in molasses convert the soil calcium carbonate into calcium sulphate, which reacts with alkali and reclaims such soil.

Pressmud from sugar factories, containing large proportions of carbohydrates and calcium compounds, either by itself or mixed with molasses half and half, is also very useful in the reclamation of alkali and *usar* soils. Using one half to one ton of oil-cake per acre, *usar* soils have been successfully reclaimed for rice cultivation.

Nature, in its issue of April 11, 1936, has commented on our work on land improvement in the following words:

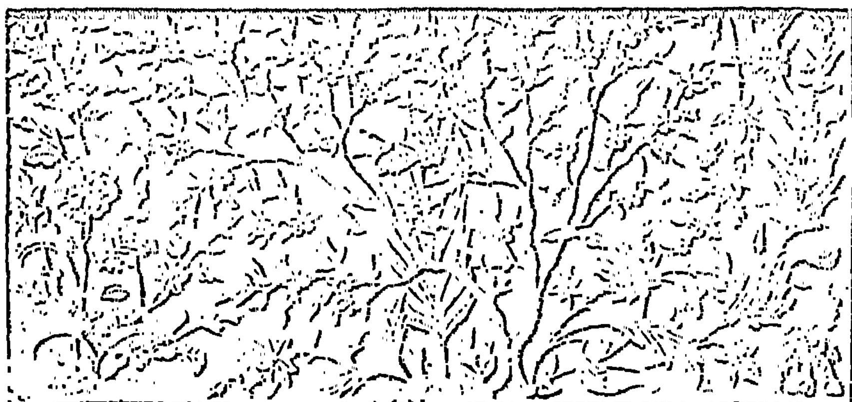
"Prof. Dhar leads the school of thought which believes that nitrification in soils and nitrogen fixation from the atmosphere are, especially in the tropics, photochemical, at least as much as bacterial actions. Prof. Dhar has produced strong support for his theories...The practical facts of Prof. Dhar's researches are that Indian soils are generally deficient in nitrogen, that more than half a million tons of molasses

from the sugar industry are annually wasted in India, and that the application of molasses to the soil can double, and may treble, the soil nitrogen content, with a consequent large increase in crop yield....Prof. Dhar suggests that a most valuable use can be made of molasses in reclaiming alkali land. The acids produced in the decomposition of molasses neutralise the alkali, and, at the same time and contrary to experience, when land is reclaimed with gypsum or sulphur, soil nitrogen is increased....The economic reclamation of these lands is one of the country's greatest agricultural problems, to the solution of which Prof. Dhar's work is pointing the way."

Mahatma Gandhi blessed this work, gave an account of our researches in *Harijan* dated August 17, 1947, and wrote the following lines:

> "The suggestions contained in this paper are worthy of attention and adoption. I have no doubt that proper treatment and judicious use of our soils should allay all fear of dearth of food."

February 7, 1949



COUNCIL OF ECONOMIC RESEARCH AND TRAINING

C. N. Vakil

An Economic Service

During the Second World War, the economic functions of the Government of India increased rapidly. It was soon found that the Office of the Economic Adviser to the Government of India, which was then in existence for some time, was not adequate to meet the new requirements. In consequence, several departments created their own sections for economic and statistical work from time to time. This need was emphasised when the Government of India undertook the work of planning for post-war economic reconstruction. The same tendency was to be found in the Provincial Governments to some extent. With the advent of the National Government, the economic functions of the State have undergone still further radical changes, and the need for an efficient economic service is now greater than ever. What is required is not only departments or sections devoted to the collection of statistical and other material, or the preparation of notes and memoranda to help the Ministers and Secretaries to frame and carry out policies, but also well-trained executive officers who can undertake responsible work in various departments where the work is essentially of an economic nature. Under the British *régime*, a member of the I. C. S. was assumed to be an all-rounder, capable of undertaking responsible work in any department, irrespective of his basic training. In a *régime*, where administrative experience and traditions of bureaucratic nature were the essentials of a government machine, intended to maintain law and order as the primary functions of government on behalf of the foreign rulers, a service of this nature may have had its justification. It must be admitted that some members of the I. C. S. proved excellent administrators, even in problems involving understanding of economic forces. It is equally true, however, that perhaps a larger number of the same service failed miserably in the same task during and since the War. This is suggested not by way of any criticism of the individuals who formed the I. C. S., but to draw attention to the fact that the training and equipment of the members of this service were essentially different from those required for an efficient economic service suited to the changed circumstances of the country. The Indian Administrative Service, which is being now organised, is on lines somewhat similar to those of the I. C. S. intended mainly to recruit and train administrators.

Complaints have been made recently by responsible Ministers of the Government of India as well as of the Provinces to the effect that adequate trained personnel for several types of work is not available. For example, in the present context, suitable men are not available for posts of Trade Commissioners in foreign countries, or for work requiring economic and financial training in the various departments and

semi-government institutions or corporations. What happens in practice is that the members of the I. C. S. or the I. A. S., who in fact get into a controlling position in different departments of government, are not willing to part with their power or influence, and organize to continue their power, irrespective of their ability, even in problems for which they are notoriously ill-equipped. The result is that the few economists in Government departments remain, as a rule, only in an advisory capacity, and are not allowed to have effective voice either in shaping policy or in carrying out the same. Such a thing is not done ordinarily in those spheres where highly skilled, scientific or technical work is required. The administrator is naturally shy of trying to dabble in skilled technical work, and is willing to be guided in such matters by the scientific expert and to hand over responsible executive work to persons trained in such work. On the other hand, in problems which require understanding of economic forces, any layman tries to opine on the same. The businessman thinks that his economic opinion or judgment is better than that of the economist, because he has greater riches. The administrator puts a premium on his economic opinion or judgment, because he is able to find fault with the economist on so-called practical considerations. What happens is that the economist is not allowed to have access to the changing facts of a given situation, and yet he is asked to give his judgment or advice on broad issues of a given problem, and then he is told by the administrator that he is not practical. The administrator delights in trying to paint the economic expert as academic, when he really means by that word foolish. When the administrator, however, takes wrong decisions because of want of knowledge or understanding, involving the fortunes of millions of persons, his responsibility is often ignored, because in many cases the man who has done such terrible wrongs, because of ignorance, is often promoted to another post by the rule of seniority. In this tug of war the victims are the people of the country, on whom an ill-conceived economic policy is often practised and administered by persons least capable of doing so. Instances could be cited to show that accounts officers or civil servants are put in charge of highly technical financial work; or persons with very little understanding of trade and industry are put in charge of commercial and industrial work, and so on.

If the Government of India and the Provincial Governments want to develop the country economically and desire to undertake progressively more and more economic functions for the State, it is essential that adequate arrangements should be made to train suitable young men, firstly into the fundamentals of the subject, and secondly into special branches, so that they may be utilised according to their special training. Persons so trained, if given adequate experience in the work of economic administration, would prove more efficient, and would commit less mistakes than has happened during recent years. What could be tolerated in this connection in the past, would not obviously be tolerated in the future, under democratic conditions, when persons competent to judge will naturally find out the weakness in the situation and the disasters that would follow by the perpetuation of this narrow-minded policy.

Economic Research

Besides the need for an economic service of this nature, there is also the need for the development of facilities for economic research, so that a continuous examination of changing economic phenomena on the one hand, and of the effects of economic policy and measures adopted by the State on the other hand, can be undertaken. Economic problems have become so complex in modern times that to leave the framing of economic policy to the lay politician, who obtains power in democratic institutions, would lead to disastrous consequences. Unless the politician is able to have at hand the results of scientific studies made by competent persons on such problems, there are bound to be serious mistakes. Both in the U.K. and the U.S.A. leaders of political parties are willing to trust the judgment of experts who do this work before they frame policies. In order that experts may be in a position to devote undivided attention to such complicated work irrespective of political pressure, they should be placed in a comfortable position, both regarding their status and remuneration, and all political parties should have a clear understanding that they should *not be disturbed in carrying out their functions. Work of this nature is being done* in the U. K. and the U. S. A., in Universities, in specially endowed research institutions, and also, to some extent, in Government departments and large business houses, to both of which research departments are attached. These workers are encouraged to establish adequate contact with practical problems; and men in business and industry, as well as in politics and administration, are willing to take such workers into confidence and encourage them to find out scientific solutions for current problems. The status of such persons in society is high, inasmuch as they are respected. Besides their usual emoluments in academic institutions, which are generally low, they are allowed to accept fees or honoraria for consultation work, which they do for business and industry as well as for Government. This system brings into existence a large number of highly trained people, who devote their time to the study and discussion of economic problems and thus enable the public to create that opinion which is desirable in national interests.

In our country there are very few University centres where advanced research in Economics of a high order is being done. It is well known that even these few institutions have limited resources of staff and funds, and are not encouraged in their work to the extent to which it is desirable. With few exceptions, research workers in the field of Economics are paid low. Besides, as a rule, they are not given those facilities of contact with business, industry or Government which would enable them to produce results likely to be more useful in practical life. Employers of such persons are, as a rule, averse to such contact, particularly if it means any addition to their income by way of honoraria or fees. It is curious that, on the one hand, such workers are treated with scant courtesy by being dubbed as academic or theoretical, and, on the other hand, they are denied the opportunities to have that practical insight into current problems, which alone can make their knowledge and experience more useful to the public.

So far as the development in scientific and technological research and training is concerned, the Government of India and the Provincial Governments have embarked on a systematic campaign in the right direction. The development of existing technological institutions, the expansion of research activities, and the creation of new institutions, with a chain of national laboratories in different branches of science at the top, are indications of a proper development. These arrangements have been made possible by the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research attached to the Government of India, which is now under the charge of the Prime Minister. This Council, under the guidance of its able director Sir S.S. Bhatnagar, has been able to put science and technology in their proper place in the affairs of the country. Whereas this development is likely to be of substantial help to the country in its progress under the new environment, it must be pointed out that, unless a parallel development for economic research and training takes place, it will be found that problems are created by this very process for the solution of which we do not have adequate equipment.

COUNCIL OF ECONOMIC RESEARCH AND TRAINING

It is high time, therefore, that a central organisation charged with the functions of the development of economic research and training, somewhat similar to the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, should be created without delay, with adequate status and financial resources. Such an organisation would plan for the development of research and training facilities in all the existing Universities in the first instance. Secondly, it would prepare a series of research projects to be carried out under its auspices by Universities and research institutions by means of special grants wherever necessary. It would also see that arrangements for the training of personnel for economic administration are adequate, and that persons so trained are given the necessary opportunities in the public service where such training is required. It would co-ordinate the work in different institutions in the country, and be the clearing house for information on Indian economic facts and tendencies. It would keep in close contact with similar bodies abroad, and be able to watch the repercussions of external events on our economic life and problems. Besides helping in these ways to mould our economic policy and measures on sound lines and creating the necessary trained personnel, it would also be able to prepare those basic data on which economic planning for the country could be attempted. Such an organisation may be called the Council of Economic Research and Training, and should be organised on lines somewhat similar to the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research.

March 15, 1949


श्रद्दनिवसामि न गणितवनवेतसा
स्मरति मधुसूदनो मामपि न चेतसा ॥७
हरिचरणशरणजयदेवकविभारती वसतु हृदि युवतिरि
व कोमलकलावती ॥८॥२३

PLATE II

DEMOCRACY IN INDIA

K. A. Nilakanta Sastri

Democracy as a form of government on a nation-wide scale took its birth with American Independence. The French Revolution confirmed its credentials. The XIX century, in spite of some strains and stresses, appeared to be well content with the results of democracy. But it was believed that the secret of democracy was the monopoly of the white races, though the existence of the Kaiser, the Czar and some others did make a considerable deduction from the claim. In any event, it was an axiom at the time that the coloured races had little knowledge of political freedom or democratic life, and had no title to them. Their affairs were the white man's burden, an idea which led to the rise of rival imperialisms culminating in a world conflict. Autocracy threatened to engulf democracy, and President Wilson, England and the East co-operated in a war to make the world safe for democracy. So it came about that less than twenty years after Morley had abjured all intention of introducing democratic forms of government, the progressive realisation of responsible self-government in India was announced as the goal of British policy in India. What followed is recent history within the memory of all. The reforms of 1919, their boycott by Congress, their failure to satisfy even those who worked them loyally, the Simon Commission and the Round Table Conferences in the midst of political turmoil in the country, the Act of 1935, the formation of Congress governments in the majority of provinces after the new elections, their resignation when India was plunged into the second world war without her consent, the failure to resolve the deadlock that followed, the "Quit India" demand of Gandhiji and its acceptance by the Labour Government which came to power in England after the war, followed in quick succession. And now free India has governments of her own choice, and the Constituent Assembly is giving the final touches to the new constitution. Adult franchise has been accepted and elections on that basis ordered for 1950.

The pace of events, especially during the decade that is closing, has been seldom paralleled in the annals of the world, and there has been little time or opportunity for circumspection on the part of leaders. Large orders are easy to give, but not so easy to implement. Not long after the Constituent Assembly took the resolution about adult franchise and the elections on that basis for 1950, the President of the Congress was reported to have adverted to the practical difficulties in the way of preparation of the electoral rolls, and when enumeration operations started in large cities like Madras the press was full of complaints on the shortcomings of the process. It does not require much thought and imagination to visualise the stupendous difficulty in the way of a tolerably full enumeration of the adults of the country, the printing of electoral rolls containing all the names and addresses, and

the conduct of elections with their aid all over the country in the present state of literacy among its population. Yet, it cannot be gainsaid that the common man is today, in spite of his illiteracy, a politically conscious person, who has owed his emergence into politics and freedom to the original and dynamic leadership of Gandhiji. It would be a frustration for him if in the new political set-up he is denied a voice in the conduct of the country's affairs. It is, I am led to think, from this point of view and in order to avoid the practical difficulties of a well-nigh insuperable nature that we are up against if we contemplate the working of adult franchise on the western model, that Gandhiji often spoke of *Panchayat Raj*, a conception which has the further advantage of linking up the present with deep-rooted traditions of our past polity. For, democracy may well be seen to have a wider sense than that of the form of representative government developed in the West in modern times. It is a way of life which tolerates differences of views and prefers reasoning, persuasion and consent to force in the conduct of public affairs. It also presumes that every person or group that is concerned in a matter will get a chance of having a say before final decision is taken on the matter. If we understand democracy in this broader sense, it will be found on examination that many an institution dating from relatively early times in India, and the East generally, is characterised in no small measure by the true spirit of democracy. But before we look into this, it is perhaps worth noting that all has not been well with democracy as we have known it in the modern West, at least since the commencement of the XX century.

The enormous strides of modern technology have raised visions and thrown up problems which seem to have vastly outrun the moral competence of man. Not only did democracy retreat from large areas giving place to proliferating dictatorships of sorts, but even countries where democracy seemed securely entrenched in the culture and tradition of the people have felt the need for a drastic revision of their time-honoured ideas. One of the leading thinkers of our time, Alexis Carrel, has observed: "We are witnessing our own moral, intellectual and social failure. We have been living under the delusion that democracies would survive through the weak and short-sighted efforts of the ignorant. We begin to understand that they are decaying." Others like Gerald Heard, Steiner and Waterman think that modern industrial society lacks a tangible and workable social pattern, and cast wistful glances on the societies of the East, with their abiding respect for the family and for functional and other groups of a self-regulating and perpetual character. Yet others lay the blame for the present *malaise* on lack of religious feeling. "Out of self-pride in what, materially, we have been able to do, too many people have been trying to do without God. Too many people have been trying to give irreligion the garb of responsibility. They have made a vogue of unbelief" (Dewey). Today the West is by no means a picture of political or social health, and a realisation of this fact should act as a brake on attempts to transplant its institutions into the Eastern *milieu*.

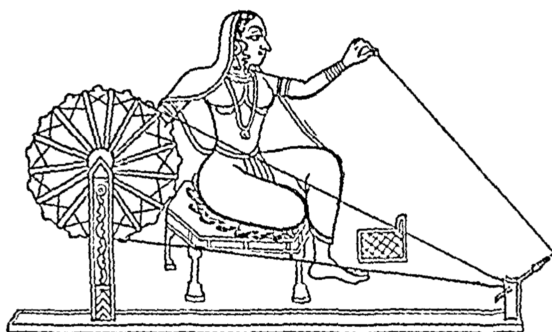
On the other hand, the basic ideals of democracy are not so new to India as we may sometimes be led to think. Take this from the funeral oration of Pericles:

"Liberty is the principle of our public life, and in our everyday life we are not mutually suspicious or angry with our neighbour because he pleases himself, nor do we look upon him with that kind of disapproval which, though harmless, is annoying." Athens was a city state which counted its citizens in thousands; India was always a land of larger units, all of which had the village as their basic unit of polity and enjoyed a common social organisation with numerous local variations; but if you can think of groups in the place of individuals, the statement of Pericles is seen to be applicable to India's past in general, as much as to Athens of his day. "Subjection to the will of another is misery," says Manu. "Whatever you can do by yourself, do it with an effort. Avoid as far as you may anything you have to do according to the will of another. Whatever gives you pleasure while you do it, seek it, by all means; avoid the opposite." And his ideal is universal; and applies to industry and art as much as to politics. Again, Roosevelt defined the aims of modern democracy as the four freedoms, *viz.*, freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want and freedom from fear. The first two of these four freedoms were seldom in jeopardy throughout the long course of India's history, except under foreign rule in relatively recent times. One of the oldest of our law-givers, Apastamba, lays it down that in the king's dominion no one shall perish from want, either from hunger or disease or from the exigencies of climate, and that this should not happen either from want or by the will of another. The king was required, thus, to care for the poor, the sick and the needy. Again, Manu states in so many words that in the interests of social security the commercial and labouring classes must be kept fully employed on adequate wages.

I need not repeat here the facts relating to the Indian republics of old and the democratic elements in other forms of ancient Indian government. These may be gathered from the numerous treatises on Indian polity in the different ages. But the abiding *rôle* of the village assembly, not only in India but in neighbouring lands like China and Java, deserves some emphasis from the standpoint of adult suffrage. In China election for rural offices was by open voting; the retiring members proposed names for the succession, and fresh names were put forward if those already mentioned evoked opposition; one who was unanimously accepted had no freedom to decline the office to which he was called; always the greatest common measure of agreement was aimed at. In Java, the village headman was elected at a meeting of the owners of the land in the village, women not being excluded if they held land in their own right. The candidates were allotted coloured voting boxes; the retiring headman addressed the meeting before actual voting began, emphasising the importance of a proper choice; the candidates were not allowed to speak. The votes were uniform bamboo chips placed in the hands of the voters, who deposited them into the box bearing the colour of the candidate of their choice. In India village institutions reached the high water-mark of their development under the Chola emperors of South India. From the details of the working of one of the most advanced constitutions of the kind at Uttaramerur, we gather that selection according to prescribed qualifications, lot, and open voting at meetings of the whole village were among the devices

employed at different stages of the annual election of persons to executive committees of the Assembly, of which there were several. I am not suggesting that any of these forms should be revived in its entirety. But I do believe that altogether they point the way of associating the will of the common man in the tasks of government, directly for local concerns in primary democracies, and indirectly for wider purposes through representatives chosen with full knowledge of the life, antecedents and character of the candidates. Each village, for instance, may be required to elect its own officials for local government as in Java, or ancient Uttaramerur. These elected officials by themselves or with some additions *ad hoc*, also elected in the same manner, may form the electoral college for returning members to the legislatures of the Union and its States. With one representative for every 100 or even 50 in the population we shall get a manageable electorate, and gain, in addition, the inestimable advantage of the primary elections being based on local knowledge of a person's ability and character. The rural officers and committees will have plenty to do if we plan our economic and social development properly. They may help, as of old, in the regulation of land and irrigation rights and of agrarian operations, in the running of multi-purpose co-operatives, in the distribution of electrical power, in the regulation of labour conditions and the working of social insurance schemes, not to speak of adjudication of minor disputes. Large cities may be divided into convenient wards functioning on analogous lines. We may thus render our democracy much more real and responsible, than by a mere copy of alien models that are breaking down even in their homes and are hardly suited to our conditions. The plan advocated here has the further advantage of being in line with our ancient tradition at its best. Is it too late for such a plan to be considered?

February 26, 1949



W.H. AUDEN: THE POET OF *ANGST*

Storm Jameson

During the turbulent 'thirties, the attachment of many young writers to communism was something more than literary fashion—although it was that, too. It was the outward and visible sign of a spiritual discomfort ("*metaphysical distress*"), a feeling of guilt before the poor, emotionally akin to that which drove Tolstoy into trying to rid himself of his possessions and live like a peasant, and which in every generation drives the generous-minded, or the thin-skinned, among the comfortable classes to want to give practical and political effect to their hatred of social injustice and the misery inflicted by poverty. That it was communism the young intellectual turned to in the 'thirties was due to a complex of causes. Among them: the *grande lueur de l'est;* the obvious weakness of social democracy in Germany and the other European countries; the intellectual prestige of Marxism, its superiority in logic and vigour to the compromising tactics and faiths of official English socialism and liberalism, and its sterner demands on its followers. It appeared to be *the* opponent of fascism. When the Spanish war came, and the democracies hesitated, and saw dangers to European peace in direct intervention, their weakness seemed to be proved; it was not only the younger English writers who flung themselves into the battle on the side of the Republic.

The young poets who began writing during this decade were almost all of them sympathisers, "fellow-travellers," with communism. The social struggle, seen from this angle, provided them with a set of symbols which they handled with more enthusiasm than skill or emotional good faith. Of the three poets regarded as the leaders of the new generation—Auden, Day Lewis, Spender—Auden seemed at one and the same time more detached in his enthusiam for the faith, and more at home with its symbols. He seemed, that is, as a poet to be aware of them at a level below the pathetic naiveté of Day Lewis writing: *Yes, why do we all, seeing a* Red, *feel small?* His earliest poems have, at their best, a young gravity and steadiness in their identification of feeling and image. The imagery is, too, of an extreme sharpness and concreteness. His vision of a confused and destructive future has nothing of confusion; he moves about in its landscape easily, knowing his way, and describes it with a clarity sometimes facile but never slipshod. In *Poems,* published in 1930, surrealist imagery is used with something more than assurance:

"It is time for the destruction of error.
The chairs are being brought in from the garden,
The summer talk stopped on that savage coast
Before the storms, after the guests and birds:
In sanatoriums they laugh less and less,
Less certain of cure; and the loud madman
Sinks now into a more terrible calm."

Already he has assimilated emotionally the images other young men were still handling self-consciously and clumsily. Factory and power station are as firmly part of his poetic imagery, as notably evocative, as sea-shell or church.

Of the many poems provoked in writers by their experience of the Spanish war, Auden's *Spain* (published in 1937), is the freest in its approach to a highly charged theme. He had by now become himself a symbol—the young poet burning with hate of the tyrant (identified, not only by Auden's generation, with fascism, with Hitler). A writer is not responsible for the image his audience forms of him as a poet. Or is he? Socrates, in his reply to the friends who urged him to run away from the hemlock, clearly thought that he is. There is no need to argue the point. Let us only state the fact: that when the poet left England to go to live in America, immediately before the outbreak of war in 1939, his action was a shock to a great many people. The shock is a fact.

Any one of us, if he is honest, recalls the exasperation, the despair, he felt as the long-foreseen war approached. Auden belongs to a generation which grew up during one war and in the expectation of another. As this other war drew near, so, even against a writer's will, came nearer the knowledge that a chance bomb could destroy him and all his unwritten works. Alongside, or masking the normal human fear of air-raids—we were all, before they happened, afraid of these raids—persisted in each of us the fear of dying before he had done his work. Can the poet of *Look, Stranger!* have failed to realise, too, and acutely, that even if a bomb did not destroy him, the fears, the poisons, of Europe might? And realising it, to feel that he must remove his mind, and all it contained, out of the danger of sudden violent destruction, and away from the infection of cruelty and hatred?

In an age of faith, a writer adds himself, his work, to the living, growing civilisation he has been born into. In a dying civilisation, he can only try to detach himself to free himself from the weariness creeping over his age, by withdrawing from it into his own words. This instinct for withdrawal, for non-attachment, may be seen at work in other living writers: in Huxley, in the clever young novelist Isherwood.

At what point, when their country is threatened by disaster, is it proper for its intellectuals to leave it? Who blamed German writers for leaving their country when it had become clear that they could not write freely in it, and perhaps could not even keep alive? In his first published poem, the long *Paid on Both Sides*, Auden had written :

"....................let none
Think of divided days
When we shall choose from ways,
All of them evil, one."

A point came when his contemporaries and fellow-writers, some of whom had been openly pacifists, were forced to choose between actively accepting the guilt of war and accepting for themselves and others the evil of submission to tyranny. The

choice was a bitter one. By this time the poet Auden was in America, and the choice was not presented to him in that painful form.

In a recent article in *Horizon* I read: "Though very pro-British...he [Auden] reverts always to the same argument, that a writer needs complete anonymity, he must break away from the European literary 'happy family' with its family love and jokes and jealousies, and he must reconsider all the family values." The rationalisation of the instinct to withdraw can take any form, and all of them will have some just basis. The only proof that the poet's instinct to leave Europe on the eve of Europe's greatest danger was good must be sought in his work. Can a root of European culture grow in so distant a soil without distortion? Without loss of virtue?

Before looking at his recent work, let us recognise the irony of the adjective "pro-British," applied to an English poet whose early work offered so many bright and loving images for the English country.

Paid on Both Sides must have been written round about his twentieth year. It was first printed in *The Criterion* in 1930: reading it, one had the incomparable excitement of discovering a new poet. Its rhythms, with their ancient echoes, its vigour, its assurance, all excited. It struck for the first time notes that Auden's later work was to deepen and complicate. He was already aware of the appalling cracks opening below our feet—"*I am sick of this feud. What do we want to go on killing each other for.*" There are already hints of his major theme, of that pre-occupation with the nature of man, which from the beginning drew him beyond any narrowly political aspect of "this feud." Like others, his contemporaries, he is acutely aware of the social injustice and the threat it implies for civilisation, but his mind gropes in that darkness towards the original sin, of pride, from which injustice stems.

For the Time Being, published in England in 1945, was the first important work of his to reach us from America. A previous work, *New Year Letter*, had every appearance of being an exercise, the poet practising his scales, and without much of his attention being engaged; it seemed to have sprung from the same level as his poems in *Journey to a War*, written with Christopher Isherwood and published in 1939, with their trite moralising, the enunciation in verse of unimpeachable sentiments in place of the depth-charge of latent feeling. *For the Time Being* contains two long poems, related by their underlying theme, each poem developed, supplemented, what you will, by a section in prose. The first poem, *The Sea and the Mirror; a Commentary on Shakespeare's Tempest*, begins with the somewhat sententious meditation of Prospero, addressed to Ariel, enlivened by a simple wit, and with no more warmth than might be expected of a tired old man. At no moment is the meaning of Prospero's existence laid bare, as in Rilke's brief meditation on *The Tempest*. The long speech (in a prose formed on Henry James) of Caliban opens up a deeper level of feeling—this Caliban who is ourselves, our rank human nature, our facility in doubt, our cowardly wish to return to a womb (forbidden on pain of death), our self-pity, our sin of sloth, as well as our compassion and charity: who is the substance of which Ariel is the shadow, the act pursued by the word, life pressing forward to become immobile in language. More clearly than Prospero's, his speech offers an

aspect of the inglorious and unglorified absurdity of existence. To say that it is too clever to be moving exaggerates the sense of disappointment it leaves after many readings.

In the second poem, *For the Time Being: a Christmas Oratorio*, it is clear at last that the poet is meditating on nothing less terrible than the Fall. From one side and another, his intelligence throws its light on the appalling Void of a world not animated by a transcendent meaning, of a human life which is not part of infinity; the bewilderment of a world in which evil and good appear to have changed place, in which good, deprived of its special sanctions, now struggles on an unequal footing with evil; the futility of an historic time into which eternity has never at any moment entered; the torment and salvation of Dread; and the revolt of the rational man, the man of good will, against the hideous risks of accepting the paradox that at one point historic time is broken into by the timeless. The irruption of the eternal into time, this "ingression of Love," is the birth of Christ, facing man with the necessity of making the leap out of absurdity into the Absurd, as into the finally familiar:

"To choose what is difficult all one's days
As if it were easy, that is faith. Joseph, praise."

It would be possible to go back through Auden's earlier work and pick up the beginnings of the threads which go to the weaving of this difficult pattern. It is more valuable first to acknowledge the complexity, the intellectual intention and courage of this double poem, and then to try to find out why, how, and in what degree, the impression it makes is again one of disappointment. This can only be done by examining the poetry itself. It becomes apparent that the verbal audacity is not the vehicle of any emotional audacity. With clairvoyance that in a less intelligent writer might be involuntary, he himself describes the aridity which, again and again, as it were chokes the breath out of the poetry:

"Jealous of my native ear
Mine the art which made the song
Sound ridiculous and wrong,
I whose interference broke
The gallop into jog-trot prose
And by speculation froze
Vision into an idea
Irony into a joke,
Till I stood convicted of
Doubt and insufficient love."

Echoes of the inspired trivialities of *The Orators*, excellent sentiments given vigorous expression, rouse the attention to expect more than it receives. His temptation, his cherished sin, as poet, has always been "to private joking in a panelled room" (*Look, Stranger!*), to a jingling of bright images, the quickness of the hand deceiving the reader's eye but not his inward ear. He slips too easily into sounds like the hand-clapping of a music-mistress:

...द्युतिः संवृत्त नादलीनः सुकोमलांगः कमनीयमूर्त्तिः॥ अनंगले
ल। निरतः प्रगल्भः स मेघरागः कथितः सरागैः॥३१॥ मेघरागु॥





PLATE IV



PLATE V

"Observing how myopic
Is the Venus of the Soma
The concept Ought would make, I thought
Our passions philanthropic,
And rectify in the sensual eye
Both lens-flare and lens-coma...."

The vivid visual images he finds, in that part of *For the Time Being* he calls *The Annunciation*, for the play of the Four Faculties, belong all to the same order, changing, from Faculty to Faculty, only in degree of organisation or disorganisation. It is not only that the sensuous element is almost missing from the poetry. The pressure of latent emotion which, in great poetry, makes itself felt at all levels of the poet's language, is not here felt. The tenderness of Mary's song *At The Manger*, the sadness of Rachel's brief lament, are wholly contained in the words, as if the emotion had entered them and died there.

Yes, in spite of a sense of disappointment, almost of frustration, which deepens with every re-reading, Auden remains that one, among the poets of his own and succeeding generations, from whom we expect most. From whom we continue—for how much longer?—to demand evidence that he is not simply one of the most intelligent writers of our time and language, but a major poet. A new long poem, with the significant title of *The Age of Anxiety*, has appeared this year in America. Its difficulties, partly verbal, partly springing from the extreme quickness, sometimes only extreme adroitness, with which he joins object to object by their most remote resemblances, are formidable at first sight, less so when another reading reveals the perpetually recurring theme of man's dual nature,

"...............all the needs and conceits of
The poor muddled maddened mundane animal
Who is hostess to us all, for each contributes his
Personal panic, his predatory note
To her gregarious grunt as she gropes in the dark
For her lost lollypop. We belong to our kind
....
Temporals pleading for eternal life with
The infinite impetus of anxious spirits,
Finite in fact yet refusing to be real,
Wanting our own way, unwillling to say Yes
To the Self-So which is the same at all times,"

of the sin of pride which rouses in him the saving Dread even while it delivers him to evil—

"Behold the infant, helpless in cradle and
Righteous still, yet already there is
Dread in his dreams at the deed of which
He knows nothing but knows he can do,
The gulf before him with guilt beyond,"

of the Fall and the "ingression," once more described, in lines following immediately on the first of the two passages already quoted—

"That Always-Opposite which is the whole subject
Of our not-knowing, yet from no necessity
Condescended to exist and to suffer death
And, scorned on a scaffold, ensconced in His life
The human household. In our anguish we struggle
To elude Him, to lie to Him, yet His love observes
His appalling promise; His predilection
As we wander and weep is with us to the end,
Minding our meanings, our least matter dear to Him
His Good ingressant on our gross occasions
Envisages our advance...................."

There is a sense in which the whole poem is an account of the fears, the guilt, the profound inescapable guilt, even of our innocence—

"....................All that exists
Matters to man; he minds what happens
And feels he is at fault, a fallen soul
With power to place, to explain every
What in his world but why he is neither
God nor good, this guilt the insoluble
Final fact, infusing his private
Nexus of needs, his noted aims with
Incomprehensible comprehensive dread—"

The technical accomplishment of the poem is remarkable. It is cast in the form of an eclogue, in which four characters, a woman and three men, together in a New York bar, and later in an apartment house, on an All-Souls Night during the war, convey through their speech and reflections the poet's meditation on his theme. They speak in alliterative verse.

In the less then twenty years since he began, Auden has not developed any great range or variety of metrical forms, but he has acquired a very great assurance of movement within his chosen (or chosen for him) limits. The surface of the poem is therefore brilliant and intricately worked, a mosaic of bright images. It is where it is flawed that we learn most about the depths below the surface. The flaws are always in the same three or four kinds—like duller human beings, poets betray themselves by the ways in which they stumble or stutter. At places the tension weakens suddenly, almost to flabbiness: as in—

"Some miserere modern enough
In its thorough thinness...."

where the feeble adjective "thorough" serves only the alliteration: or as in passages such as this one:

"...................At Wheels Rake,
In his low library loving Greek
Bishop Bottrel; he came back from the East
With a fat notebook full of antique
Liturgies and laws, long-forgotten
Christian creeds occluded within a
Feldspar fortress. Fay was his daughter;
A truant mutation, she took up art,
Carved in crystal, became the friend of
Green-eyed Gelert the great dressmaker,
And died in Rome..........."

where the epithets have so little emotive or emotional force that almost any others could be substituted for them without loss. At other places the tone is so reminiscent of an earlier Auden that it falls into parody—

"...................In the bleak dawn
We reached Red River; on Wrynose Weir
Lay a dead salmon; when the dogs got wind
They turned tail. We talked very little;
Thunder thudded; on the thirteenth day
Our diseased guide deserted with all
The milk chocolate..................."

even, into parody inflated to a point where it becomes foolish in its own right—

"The wall is fallen
That Balbus built, and back they come
The Dark Ones to swell in the statues,
Manias in marble, messengers from
The Nothing who nothings. Night descends;
Through thickening darkness thin uncases,
Ravenous unreals, preambulate
Our paths and pickles."

The verse goes again and again through a familiar trick (familiar from *The Orators* and *The Dog Beneath the Skin*), the use of a domestic image to evoke suspense and dread—

"Unknown to him, binoculars follow
The leaping lad; lightening at noonday
Swiftly stooping to the summer-house
Engraves its disgust on engrossed flesh,
And at tea-times through tall french windows
Hurtle anonymous hostile stones—"

a trick which, by too much repetition, has worn a thin place in the carpet under the acrobat's feet. And there are moments of a distressing jauntiness, also familiar.

In all these moments when the surface gives way to his lightest pressure, the effect on the attentive reader is the same: he has the sense of an active intelligence,

tirelessly at work, elaborating, exploring, the content of a thought, without being able to draw on any intense emotional experience. To say that the excitement which this poem, at its brilliant best, starts in us has analogies with that started by watching a masterly display of fencing is at once praise and a statement of its deep lack. So high a degree of skill is impressive. But the impression is made by a verbal prestidigitator.

There are passages in which the clear fine images come together to create a new and beautiful thing. Yet it would be untrue to say that Auden has a fine ear. In its place he has, what he had almost from the beginning, an immense skill in detecting likenesses and combining images. He is serious, intelligent, intellectual, eloquent. The disappointment which accompanies our excitement begins when we have entered into his words themselves and discovered that they mean what they say, and nothing more. There has been, since the 1930 *Poems*, intellectual development, the growth of technical assurance, but no or little visible spiritual development. His feeling is becoming sophisticated, not subtler or richer. Is it that he lacks some patience required for the poet? Or is it that the depth of nourishment a great poet needs for his growth has been cut off? By exile? Are wit, intelligence, an extreme quickness in perceiving the relations of things, operating now in

The air which is now thoroughly small and dry
Smaller and dryer than the will? (T.S. Eliot)

The influence of Kierkegaard on the later poems is overbearing. He was no doubt led to Kierkegaard by the powerful instinct of a spiritual kinship. The awareness of kinship prevents him from realising how heavy on him is the weight of Kierkegaard's bolder and much more tortured mind. It is not possible to enter with any assurance into *For the Time Being*, or *The Age of Anxiety*, without some knowledge of Kierkegaard's own thought. This measures the degree of the poetic failure, by measuring the degree in which the philosophy remains in the poetry, unfired.

Auden is forty years old; the questions we must ask his work can remain for some time yet unanswered.

February 24, 1949

It is an honour to be allowed to record, with humility and sincerity, the profound respect due to Pandit Nehru. Not only India owes him a debt. It is fortunate for England, too, that at a dark and difficult hour of her relations with India, a statesman of the integrity, wisdom, and sanity of Pandit Nehru was living and acting. Gratitude for this good fortune or this evidence of divine grace should go further. In a world which has increasing need to understand, and in some measure share in, the traditional wisdom of India and the attitude to life of India's great thinkers, it is fortunate that India will continue to be guided by a great, good and wisely intelligent man.

INDO-IRANIAN RELATIONS

SAID NAFISI

Most of the persons who go through the geographical data of modern books come across two names going together and with a harmonious sequence. These two names are Iran and India. In fact, not only have these two countries spiritual and geographical relations, but they have the closest cultural ties dating back to the dawn of their history.

Today, all studies and researches on the origin of the Aryan race lead to the conclusion that the Iranian and Indian Aryans, who constitute two of the greatest branches of this glorious race, lived together in the beginning of their civilisation. The Avesta mythology on the one hand, and that of Rigveda on the other, are conclusive proofs of this.

All historical researches locate the cradle of the Aryans in an area between Iran and India, i.e. in Central Asia. The first Aryan migration into Iran took place about 6000 B.C., and we can readily come to the conclusion that the first Iranian and Indian Aryans lived in the plateaus of Central Asia prior to that period. In Iran, the realm known as India has always been looked upon as a land of hopes and aspirations. We find the word Hindustan mentioned in the Hakhamaneshi relics and sculpture and in the Zaroastrian religious scriptures.

In Iranian music we notice the Indian musical modalities, and history tells us that the Gypsy (Tsigon) musicians, who later on spread in all the civilised countries, first came to Iran from India at the invitation of Bahram V, the Sassanian monarch.

As for scientific relations, we know that Indian mathematics and medicine were introduced in Iran at the time when the Pahlavi translation of *Favilha Peelpai,* which is the basis of all European and Semetic translations, was accomplished. Here we should mention the name of one of the Pahlavi translations of the Legend of Buddha, from which originate all the European and Semetic narrations of the legend Gasaphat, Barlaam.

There have been translations of Indian astronomy in the Pahlavi language, of which Siddhanta may be mentioned. Furthermore, it was during this period that Buddhism was introduced into Iran and took root in the flourishing plateau of "Bamian".

The city of Balkh boasted of an imposing Buddhist temple called Now Bahar (from the Sanskrit *Nowa Waharar*).* The renowned family of the ministers of the court of the Abasside Caliphs, the Barmacides, were the descendants of the holy keepers of this temple, which had the title of Pramukha in Sanskrit, for which

*Obviously *Nava Vibar* or *Naya Vibar*. (*Eds.*)

"Barma-Cides" is the Persian. At the time of the Arab domination of these regions, the Buddhists were the most numerous religious community of these parts, and had advanced as far as Samarkand.

The Greco-Belodic civilisation, formed through direct contacts in Bakterian in Iran of Iranian and Indian elements, is too well known.

During the whole of the Islamic era, Iran and India always constituted two of the most closely connected Moslem countries. Persian was always a literary and scholastic medium in India.

Numerous are the Indian writers and poets who have written in Persian.

Almost all books on Indian history were written in Persian, and practically all Persian dictionaries have been written in India.

Sufism in India has always used Persian, in order to give expression to the religious aspect of the philosophy. One of the most extensive chapters in Persian literature has been constituted by Indian poets versifying in Persian. Not only have Urdu and Hindustani adopted Persian words, but also the more remote languages of Gujrati, Terwali and Prakrit have utilised an appreciable element of Iranian expressions in them.

Since 1526, when the Timurid Prince Babar, who was born and brought up in Iran, established his empire in India, to the end of the reign of the great Mogul Dynasty, Persian was always the court and literary language of this vast Empire.

In this manner, during all these periods, specially in the XV and XVI centuries, India was the best refuge for all such Iranian writers and poets for whom life became hard in Iran.

Iran is indebted for another thing to her great neighbour. In the XIX and XX centuries, the great nations of Europe felt the need for studying Persian literature, simply because Persian was the administrative and literary language of that land (India), out of which they expected to derive vast advantages. Due to the same reason, even the French, who settled in India, felt the need for learning Persian, so that they should be able to ensure their interests.

These few lines represent a very small number of the imperishable and eternal ties that link Iran and India together.

I am confident that these relations will be strengthened more and more, and will soon bring a harmony which will bring them closer and make them more sincere to each other.

April 20, 1949

HUMANIST POLITICS

M. N. Roy

The relation between the State and the individual is the most fundamental problem of political philosophy. While individual liberty still remains a professed ideal, theoretically guaranteed, to a greater or lesser degree, by all modern democratic constitutions, in practice it is subordinated to the exigency of organisation. The undeniable necessity of protecting and promoting collective welfare seems to contradict the concept of individual freedom. It is held that co-operation and organisation, indispensable for the purpose, presuppose restriction of the liberty of the individual, and that the constitution which reduces the necessary restrictions to the most minimum degree assures the nearest approximation to the ideal of democracy.

But that is only a hypothetical assurance, no more reliable than mere wishful thinking. Because, once it is conceded that restriction of individual liberty is justifiable for the sake of collective welfare, it follows logically that complete absence of the one may mean the fullest attainment of the other ideal. This logical inference has been frankly made in all the collectivist political theories—nationalist, socialist or communist; and the one or the other form of collectivism is the fundamental principle of political practice in our time.

Even the classic land of "rugged individualism," the United States of America, is no exception: America is greater than the greatest of the Americans; the so-called American way of life means the obligation of all individual Americans to conform with the will of the fiction of a collective ego. The Nation-State, in practice, makes no greater concession to the concept of individual freedom than the Class-State of the Communists, and also of the Socialists. And no modern democratic State has as yet outgrown nationalist collectivism. Consequently, the most fundamental problem of political philosophy—the problem of reconciling individual freedom with the necessity of social organisation, still remains unsolved and appears to be baffling.

Freedom of the individual is said to be the essence of democracy; at the same time, the concept of the State, of society for that matter, is collectivist. Collectivism and individualism being mutually exclusive principles, the idea of a democratic State seems to be self-contradictory, the very notion of democracy unrealistic. Therefore, Marx came to the conclusion that the State is an engine of coercion, the modern democratic State being the instrument of the capitalist domination of society, which must be replaced by proletarian dictatorship. If the contradiction between the theory and practice of democracy cannot be eliminated, there is no getting away from the logic of the Marxist political philosophy, notwithstanding its fallacy of setting up the utopia of the State withering away in a classless a society.

The modern conception of democracy has come to grief thanks to the contradiction inherent in its own origin. The moral sanction and theoretical justification of totalitarianism are latent in Rousseau's notion of the General Will, which is the metaphysics of the democratic political philosophy, having for its cardinal principle the doctrine of popular sovereignty. This doctrine was deduced from the hypothesis of a contract as the foundation of civil society; and according to Rousseau, who has gone down in history as the prophet of modern democracy, social contract implied complete alienation of individual rights and interests. Parliamentary democracy, fascist totalitarianism, proletarian dictatorship—all can be referred back to the false notion about the relation between society and the individual, which is the common point of departure of modern political philosophies. Totalitarianism, whether nationalist or communist, at the one extreme, and anarchism, at the other, equally logically follow from the basic fallacy of the modern democratic political philosophy. If liberalism stops short of the anarchist extravagance, it lays itself open to the charge of abandoning its basic principle of individualism; democracy discredits itself in the eyes of its critics, who thereupon brazenly advocate dictatorship, of one sort or another, camouflaged or naked; and in the prevailing atmosphere of frustration and demoralisation, caused by the patent failure of democracy in practice, their propaganda has a growing appeal as the counsel of despair.

Nevertheless, no other system of government devised so far is an improvement on the democratic. Theoretically, it still remains the best possible political organisation of society. Rehabilitation of the concept of democracy, so as to make its practice consistent with its theoretical presuppositions, therefore, is the crying need of the contemporary world. Political thinkers and social architects are confronted with the challenging question: Is democracy possible? At the same time, the widespread and tenacious loyalty to the traditions of modern social experience, cultural achievements and political thought, compels the advocates of dictatorship to make verbal concessions to the concept of democracy. An outright rejection of this basic concept of modern political philosophy was confined only to megalomaniacs like Mussolini and Hitler. All other critics of democracy propose their various innovations on the plea that otherwise the democratic system of government cannot be realised, free from weakness and inefficiency. Proletarian dictatorship, the only alternative to democracy which at present has a considerable support, is offered as the means for attaining the end of a genuine democracy which will buttress political liberty on the foundation of economic equality. It is, therefore, ostensibly, not a negation of democracy. Whether democracy can result from dictatorship is a different question. The point is that by general admission, including that of its critics, democracy is the best possible political organisation of society. The effort to make it work is not fighting for a lost cause. But, to be successful, the effort must be bold, radical, honest and full of confidence.

The effort to rehabilitate democracy must begin with a new approach to the old problem of the relation between the State and the individual. Indeed, for posing the problem properly, it is necessary to go a step further back and begin with



PLATE VI

an enquiry into the original relation between man and society. The State being the political organisation of a human community, its relation with the individual is a continuation of the relation between man and society. Man's priority in this relation is admitted in all the different secular theories about the origin of civil society. Anthropological research has led to the discovery that society originated in primitive co-operation, which enabled the savage to carry on the struggle for existence successfully. *Society, thus, is a creation of man. The relation between the* State and the individual logically follows from that empirical fact. As the political organisation of a human community, the State is also a creation of man, and therefore it cannot claim the subordination of the individual without reversing the relation between the creator and his creation.

The primitive State was founded neither as the result of a social contract, nor as a deliberately created instrument for the domination of society by some individuals or particular classes. It was a spontaneous process, promoted, almost mechanically, by the common realisation of the necessity of co-operation for the security of all concerned and for the administration of public affairs. Nevertheless, in course of time, the physically stronger and mentally more developed members naturally assumed the leadership of the community. They were entrusted with the defence and civil administration of the State. Thus came into existence ruling dynasties and classes whose supremacy, the hereditary or divine right to rule, was eventually challenged by the modern democratic political philosophy. The meaning of democracy is that the State, being a creation of man, has no right to demand subordination of the individual; on the contrary, it should be controlled by its citizens so as to serve the purpose of protecting individual liberty and promoting general welfare.

Yet, the growing complexity of the social and political organisation has correspondingly increased the degree of the subordination of the individual. The experience of centuries appeared to prove that security could be had only at the cost of liberty. Was the State really to be a Leviathan?—a veritable Frankenstein? And man enslaved by his own creation? Modern democratic political philosophy was the reply to that challenge to the very possibility of man ever becoming free as an individual. It declared that the function of social and political organisation was to help the growth of human personality. The apparently utopian ideal of equality could be approximated in the process of society performing its basic function. The beginning of the development in that direction should be made by reorganising the State on the principle that sovereignty belongs to the people. The people is composed of individual human beings; therefore, in the last analysis, sovereignty belongs to the individual constituents of the State.

Theoretically, it was a promising start; but, in practice, the doctrine of popular sovereignty became a mere formalism, because the human essence of the democratic political philosophy was from the beginning eclipsed by the stark reality of actual life. Notwithstanding the declaration of the equality of all men, either in abstraction or before the law, the fact of disparity could not be denied. Theoretically, sovereignty belonged equally to all the citizens; but only a few were quali-

fied to wield the sovereign power to rule, or even be conscious of it. Under such circumstances, the doctrine of popular sovereignty could not but be reduced to a mere abstraction, indeed a legal fiction. The undeniable fact of a greatly uneven intellectual and cultural development of the community, justified the practice of the delegation of sovereignty by the people at large to a few qualified to administer public affairs, who thus constituted a ruling class and for all practical purposes usurped the sovereignty of the people. From its very birth, democracy was haunted by the ghost of Rousseau's totalitarianism. The apparently unavoidable, and therefore plausible, practice of the delegation of sovereignty through periodical elections amounted to the total alienation of particular interests to the General Will, as advocated thoughtlessly by that romantic prophet of an ill-fated democracy.

However, to do Rousseau justice, it must be recollected that his confounding totalitarianism with democracy resulted from the realisation that direct democracy, as practised in the City States of ancient Greece, was not possible in the much larger political units of the modern world. Yet another fact influenced the practice of democracy so as to run counter to the philosophical principle of individualism. It was the rise of National States in revolt against the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church. The misalliance with nationalism put into the concept of democracy a collectivist connotation. The Nation-State, whether republican or monarchist, claimed to represent a collective ego which was morally as well as legally entitled to ignore the comforts and convenience of individual citizens. The nation became a metaphysical concept; it was greater than the sum total of its component units—individual human beings. Democracy broke away from its humanist tradition. The individualist creed of political liberalism also lost its humanist connotation, though imperceptibly. Economically, human beings were counted as so many heads, and politically as voters to be coaxed and cajoled at the time of periodical elections.

The promises of the democratic political philosophy did not materialise because, in practice, it was forgotten that the units of the democratic State were human beings. A return to the humanist approach, to the fundamental problem of political philosophy, indeed a revival of the humanist view of life as a whole, therefore, is the condition for the rehabilitation of the concept of democracy and making it a reality in practice.

The ideal of the equality of men needs no longer be a mere make-believe; nor need it be formalised as equality before the law. It can be attained, in an increasing degree of approximation, because human beings, as biological units, are endowed with equal potentialities of development in every respect. To help the free unfoldment of those human potentialities is the function of social organisation. The function of the State logically follows: it is to regulate public relations in such a manner as to promote general welfare without any prejudice to the freedom of the individual. Since social co-operation regulated by democratic laws facilitates the unfolding of the potentialities of human existence, freedom of the individual cannot be inconsistent with social organisation. In other words, democracy is possible only on the basis of the humanist philosophy, which

suggests that a democratic society, including its political organisation, can be built on the foundation of voluntary, intelligent and purposeful co-operation of men consciously pursuing the ideal of freedom to be experienced individually.

The condition for the success of democracy is the spread of education, as Plato realised centuries before the dawn of the modern democratic age. Education in this context means such intellectual and cultural development of the members of a community as makes them feel the urge for freedom and consciousness of their power to attain it by progressive approximation. Such a process of general intellectual and cultural development can be promoted only by humanist philosophy, which, in the revealing light of modern scientific knowledge, declares that man is essentially rational as well as creative. Thanks to the endless potentialities of his biological being, one man is capable of equality with any other man. Thus, humanist philosophy brings the democratic ideal of the equality of men within the reach of practical possibility.

Humanism is not a system of contemplative thought. It can guide political practice in the fruitful direction of assuring the success of democracy. Indeed, only humanist political practice can build a democratic State on the basis of individual liberty, and reorganise society as a co-operative commonwealth of free men, who would guarantee their own freedom by zealously defending the freedom of others.

Man being the creator of society and the ultimate source of the sovereign power of the State, any reorganisation of society and reconstitution of the State presuppose a new development in man. Dissemination of scientific knowledge, as well as the lesson of history that man can make or mar his destiny, will change his outlook, awaken in him the consciousness of his creative power, and help the unfolding of his untold potentialities. Consequently, democracy will cease to be a mass of voters manipulated by political parties struggling for power; it will be a community of men and women conscious of their sovereignty and capable of exercising it by themselves, instead of allowing the ruling class of professional politicians to usurp it, thanks to the pseudo-democratic practice of the delegation of power. Even in the large political units and highly complex social organisation of the modern world, direct democracy will be possible in the form of a network of small co-operative commonwealths, which will replace the helpless atomised voter of formal parliamentary democracy. Such a structure of the State will prevent centralisation of power amounting to a negation of democracy.

Modern political philosophy, while talking in terms of democracy, has actually preached collectivism of one kind or another. Therefore, it gave birth to the Hegelian and Marxist conceptions of State, both equally totalitarian and dictatorial. Collectivism contradicts the fundamental principle of democracy, because it places the individual in a subordinate position. On the other hand, democracy itself has a collectivist connotation, which cannot be eliminated except by laying emphasis on the priority of the individual. The rehabilitation of democracy, thus, is conditional upon a revival of its humanist tradition. If the long-cherished ideal of a free society of free men is not to remain for ever a utopia, humanist politics should replace nationa-

list, socialist and communist politics. It represents all the positive aspects of these latter, and offers much more. The term democratic being itself also ambiguous, humanist politics may be a more suitable means for promoting social progress.

Political philosophy hitherto has thought in terms of nations and classes; the result was the disappearance of man from human affairs. At last, political philosophy must think in terms of man, and social architects realise that man is the brick for them to build with; and that a free society can be constructed only with and by free men. A humanist treatment of the social and political problems will increase the number of spiritually free men, and thus make the decisive contribution to the attainment of the ideal of a co-operative commonwealth of the world.

March 15, 1949



MARTIAL AND NON-MARTIAL RACES IN INDIA

R. C. MAJUMDAR

During the latter half of the XIX century, the British Government in India evolved a new policy of military recruitment. It was based on the theory that the people of India may be broadly divided into two classes, one of which was fit for military service and the other was not. By way of its practical application the Indian army was recruited almost exclusively from certain classes such as the Gurkhas the Sikhs, the Pathans, the Maharattas, the Rajputs etc., while others, mostly from eastern India, such as the people of Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, Assam and even the U.P., the C.P., and Madras, were taken in very small numbers, if at all, in the army.

The background of the theory was a belief that the former class had a special aptitude and inborn qualifications for a martial career, while the latter, owing to defective physique or *morale*, were inherently unsuitable for such a career. It should be recalled that the theory was first preached and practised only after the great upheaval in 1857, usually referred to as the Sepoy Mutiny. It is a strange coincidence that the Gurkhas and the Sikhs, who loyally assisted the British Government, were now declared to be the principal martial races, while the peoples of the eastern region, who fought against the British, were excluded from this category.

It is also worthy of remembrance that the "races," who were thus declared non-martial, were the very people with whose help the British won their empire in India. For, it is a well-known historical fact that the Indian soldiers who fought England's battles in India were recruited mainly from Madras, Bengal, Bihar and the U.P. If these could win an empire by defeating the Maharattas, the Sikhs and the Gurkhas, when each of them were a powerful fighting force, there could be no special urgency, from the point of view of the safety of the State, to drive them away from the army when the British empire was securely established, and the power of the Indian States was thoroughly broken. One may be excused, therefore, for entertaining the suspicion that the so-called distinction between the martial and non-martial races was dictated by political considerations rather than the military necessity based on any belief, far less any positive evidence, that the inherent defects of certain classes of Indians made them unfit for a military career.

Nevertheless, as the idea seems to have gained ground and taken deep root in the soil, it is necessary to subject it to a searching examination. I propose, therefore, to test it in the dry light of history.

Any one who has even a general knowledge of the broad facts of Indian history knows full well that the reputation of the Gurkhas, the Sikhs and the Maharattas, as fighting forces, are, comparatively speaking, of recent origin. The Gurkhas were practically unknown before the latter half of the XVIII century; the Sikhs

turned into a military clan only towards the end of the XVII century; while the Maharattas, as a fighting force, were the creation of Shivaji, who died in 1680 A.D. Thus, none of the three peoples, who figure prominently to-day as great martial races, existed as such three hundred and fifty years ago. This is a brief, very brief, period, indeed, compared with the whole course of Indian history, and even that portion of it of which the details are known, extending over more than two thousand years. The present theory of martial races would make one think as if the previous period, which constitutes the most glorious one in the history of India, was almost a blank so far as the military efficiency of the people is concerned. Yet, it was full of annals of military glory and renown such as distinguishes the so-called martial races of to-day, and, what is more important for our present purpose, this glory was achieved mostly by the peoples of that part of India which is now regarded as the home of non-martial races. A few facts will suffice to bring home this truth to us.

The first reliable account of a great military power in India is furnished by Greek writers, in connection with the invasion of India by Alexander the Great. They refer to the Prasii and the Gangaridai as the most formidable military power in India, and support this general observation by the details of their army. It is also hinted at by at least one or two of these writers that Alexander did not advance beyond the Punjab on account of the fear inspired by them. Whatever may be the exact relation between the Gangaridai and the Prasii, there is no doubt that their homelands were in modern Bengal and Bihar.

The great empire—the greatest in ancient India—that flourished after the departure of Alexander from India was founded by the Mauryas, whose homeland was also in Bihar. The same thing was true of the great Gupta Empire which embraced nearly the whole of Northern India.

After the downfall of the Gupta empire, we find peoples of different parts of India coming into the forefront as the premier political power. In those days, the military strength of a people being the sole basis of their political supremacy over a large stretch of territory outside their own country, the martial spirit and efficiency of a group of people can be best judged by the part they played in political history. Judged in this light many peoples in different parts in India appear to have been great martial races at one time or another. Harshavardhana and Yasovarman of Kanauj (in the U.P.) were great conquerors in the VII century A.D., and the empire of the former extended from the Punjab to Bengal. The Kashmirians under Lalitaditya (VIII century A.D.) conquered a large part of Northern India. In Bengal we find the Pala Emperors, Dharmapala and Devapala (VIII-IX centuries A.D.), carrying their victorious arms as far as the river Sindhu and ruling over a mighty empire in Northern India for nearly half a century. The Pratiharas of Kanauj ruled over even a vaster empire immediately after them. When this empire crumbled early in the X century A.D., different peoples under able leaders distinguished themselves for a time as the greatest military powers of the day. Among them we may specifically refer to the Chandellas in Bundelkhand under Yasovarman and Dhanga (X century A.D.), the Kalachuris in Central India under Gangeyadeva and Karna (XI

century), the Paramaras in Malwa under Munja and Bhoja (X-XI centuries), the Chahamanas in Ajmir under Vigraharaja and Prithiviraja (XII century), the Gahadavalas in the U.P. under Chandradeva and Govindachandra (XI-XII centuries), the Gangas under Anantavarman (XI-XII centuries), and the Chalukyas of Gujarat who, as well as the Senas of Bengal, offered the most stubborn resistance to the Turks for long after they had conquered the rest of Northern India. The military careers of these great rulers leave no doubt that, under them, their peoples were raised to the highest pitch of military efficiency.

The same thing is true of that part of India which lies to the south of the Vindhyas. On the eastern coast the Pallavas were a great military power for nearly 400 years. The Cholas, who succeeded them, became the leading military power in India in the X and XI centuries A.D. Under Rajaraja and Rajendra their victorious army proceeded as far as Bengal in the north and the island of Ceylon in the south, and their powerful navy won for them a mighty empire beyond the seas, in Sumatra and the Malay Peninsula. On the western side, the Chalukyas and the Rashtrakutas not only became the leading military powers in the Deccan, but more than once inflicted defeat upon many powerful rulers of Northern India.

The Muslim period of Indian history furnishes similar examples. Even apart from the Rajputs, whose military qualities are still recognized, we find the Karnata rulers of Vijayanagara, and the Eastern Gangas and the Gajapatis of Orissa, ruling over mighty kingdoms and maintaining their position against the Muslim rulers. Not unoften did they invade the dominions of their powerful Muslim neighbours and inflict crushing defeats upon them. The case of Orissa is particularly worthy of note. Nobody thinks of the Oriyas as a martial race today, but few people perhaps know or care to remember that, from the XIII to XV centuries A.D., they not only ruled over a considerable part of the Telugu country, but often made aggressive raids against the Muslim principalities immediately to their north and west.

This brief and rapid survey of the salient facts of Indian history seems to establish beyond doubt one great historical truth. It is the patent fact that the military efficiency is not the monopoly of any particular region or group of people in India, but that diverse peoples, belonging to different localities and of different origins, have formed, from time to time, highly efficient military forces. We may further add that able leadership, proper equipment, and favourable atmosphere offer a far more satisfactory explanation of this military efficiency than any inherent racial characteristic, real or fancied.

This view is upheld by another patent fact of history, viz. that all the great military powers, mentioned before, suffered a great decline in course of time. The military inefficiency of a people is often inferred from an episode in which they suffered defeat in an ignominious manner. But it is easily forgotten that even the great martial "races" have suffered similar disgrace. Eighty thousand brave Rajputs under Sangram Singh were routed by 12,000 Mughals under Akbar. Similarly, the redoubtable Turks and Afghans were routed by the Mughals, and the Mughals by the Maharattas. But at Kirkee a British army of 2,500 defeated the Peshwa's Maha-

ratta force ten times their number. The story was repeated at Sitabaldi, when 18,000 soldiers of the Bhonsle chief of Nagpur were defeated by an English army of 1,600. These facts show that military qualities may be both acquired and lost, and that efficiency depends, to a large extent, on factors other than racial characteristics. The physique, as well as the habits, customs and propensities of a people no doubt count for much in military efficiency, but these qualities are not perpetual endowments of any group of people by divine grace. They can be acquired, at least to a large extent, and also easily lost. Moreover, any deficiency in these respects may be more than made up by energy, enthusiasm, and a spirit of determination which triumphs over all obstacles. Above all, a people inspired by high ideals, and led by able generals with adequate resources, can build up a military order of the highest efficiency.

Sometimes the inference about the military inefficiency of a people, wrong in itself, is based on incorrect interpretation of historical data. To take a well-known example, the story of Bakhtyar Khilji's conquest of Bengal is often cited as an evidence of the hopeless deficiency in military qualities of the Bengalis. But the alleged conquest of Bengal by 18 horsemen is a wrong interpretation of facts, as what the Muslim historian says merely amounts to this, that only the city of Nadia was conquered by Bakhtyar, and even that was accomplished not by 18 horsemen but by an entire army the vanguard of which, consisting of 18 men, entered the city unopposed as they were taken to be horse-dealers. But whereas this episode is taken into account in assaying the military worth of the Bengalis, it is clearly forgotten that even when nearly the rest of Northern India was conquered by the Muslims, the Bengalis maintained their independence in East and South Bengal for nearly a century, and claimed victory over the Muslim rulers.

Even if we accept as correct the Muslim version of the capture of Nadia by a sudden daring raid—though there are grave reasons to suspect it—it does not, by itself, prove the military inefficiency of the Bengalis. For, apart from what has been said above, even people of acknowledged military ability are known to have fared equally badly in the face of such a sudden raid. It may be mentioned that, not long after the death of Bakhtyar, the Turkish army of Bengal fled in panic and confusion when a small band of only 200 soldiers of Orissa made a surprise attack on the army of Tughral Tughan Khan at Katasin. I have particularly cited the example of Bengal and Orissa, as today the peoples of these two provinces are generally believed to occupy a very low place even in the graded scale of non-martial "races." But history shows that they were once highly efficient from the military point of view, and there is no obvious reason why they cannot become so again. It is no doubt true that the present worth of a people cannot always be assayed by its past. But it is equally true that the future cannot be judged by the present alone. The very fact that a people once formed a highly efficient military power gives the lie direct to the theory that permanently brands it as a non-martial "race." It further leads to the presumption that given fair chance and opportunity they may again prove highly efficient soldiers. If we follow this line of argument, and bear in mind the facts of

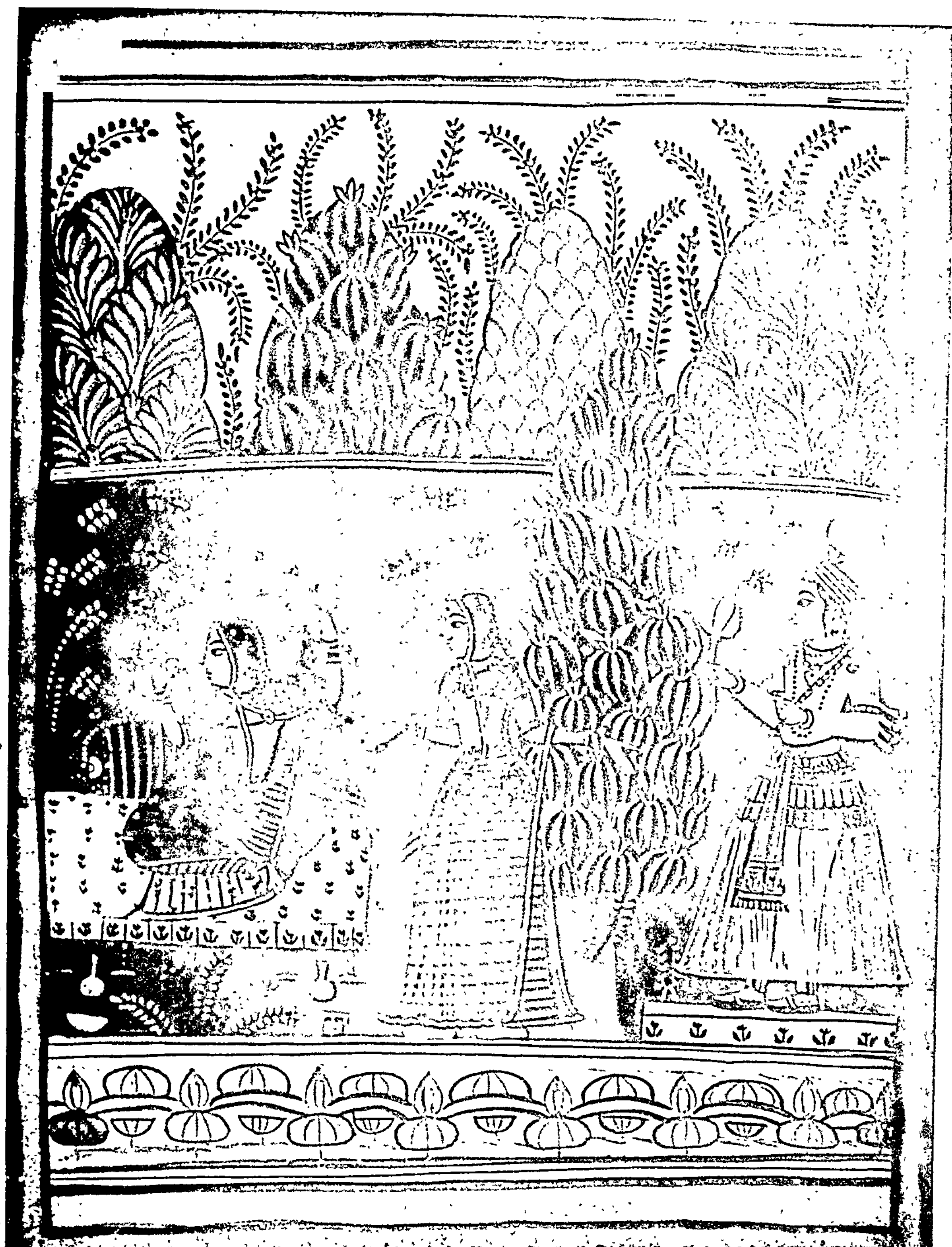


PLATE VII





PLATE IX

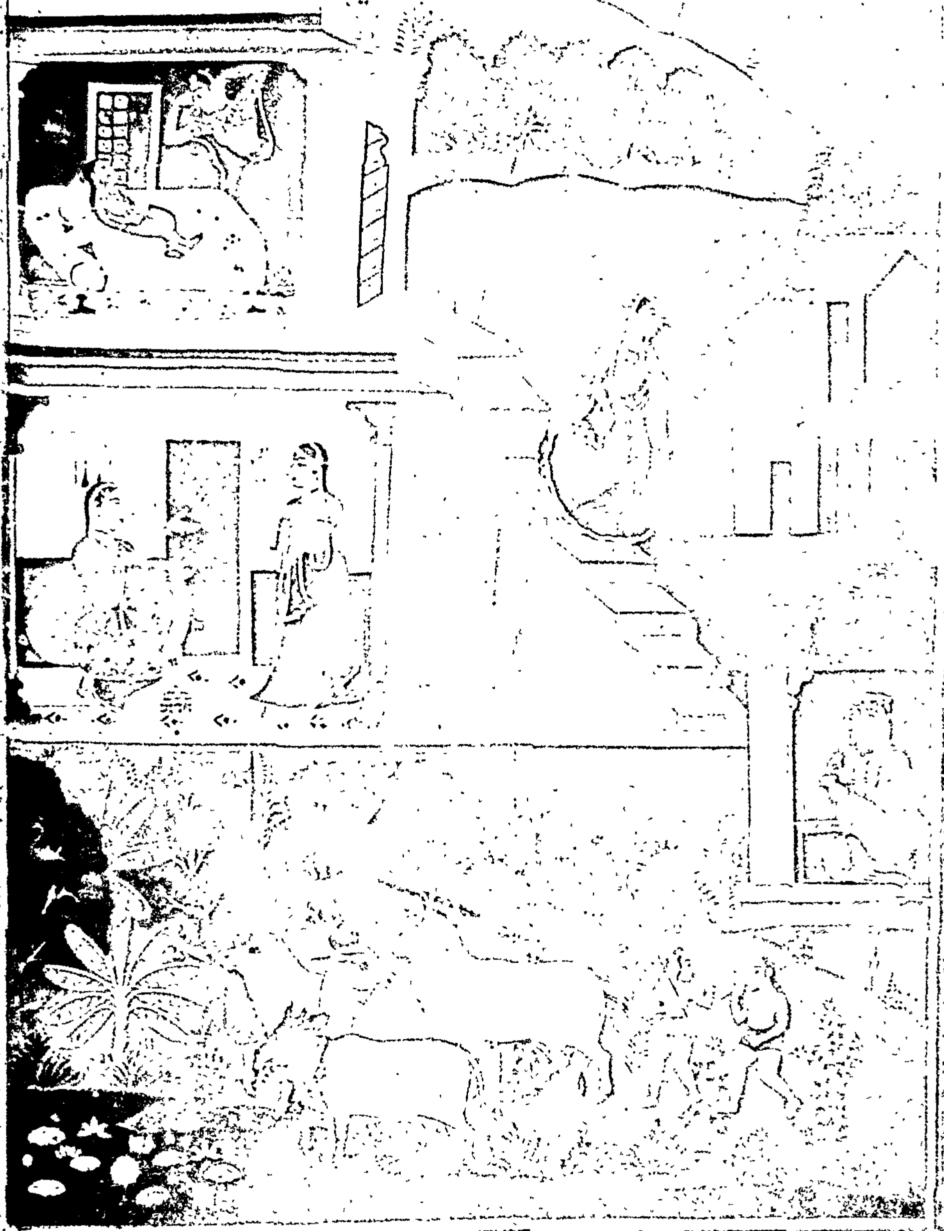
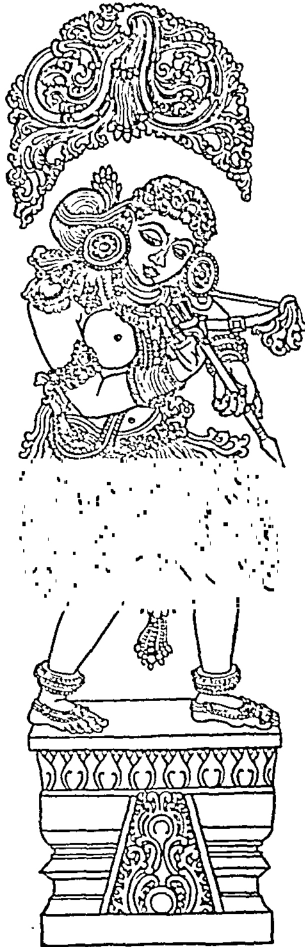

।।रागललिता।।नाहिंनजगाइसकतिसुनिसुवातसजनी।।आजुहोंअपनेंजांनतमें
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PLATE X

Indian history mentioned above, the theory that divides the Indian people into martial and non-martial races, highly problematic in itself, must be regarded as fundamentally opposed to historical evidence.

March 28, 1949



INDIA: A SECULAR STATE

GURMUKH NIHAL SINGH

I

The ideal which India's First Prime Minister has placed before the people and their representatives in the Indian Constituent Assembly is to build in India a Secular State and not a Communal or Sectarian State. It was to avoid even the slightest implication that the State in India was to be a religious or sectarian State, that India's national leaders decided to call their State "India," and not "Hindustan" as the vast majority of Hindus wanted to.

Attempts are being made to condemn the conception of the Secular State by calling it Machiavellian (immoral and irreligious), Marxian or Materialistic—engaged in the quest of material efficiency and power politics, devoid of all spiritual and moral values. It is like giving the dog a bad name and then hang him—and the object is either to justify the new Islamic State of Pakistan, or to resuscitate the ancient Hindu Polity in India.

II

Moving the Objectives Resolution in the Pakistan Constituent Assembly on March 7, 1949, the Prime Minister of Pakistan expounded the doctrine "that all authority must be subservient to God". And he added:

> "It was quite true that this was in direct contradiction to the Machiavellian ideas regarding a polity where spiritual and ethical values should play no part in the governance of the people and, therefore, it was also perhaps a little out of fashion to remind oneself that the State should be an instrument of beneficence and not of evil."

It is surprising that such a statement should be made in the XX century, when the recognised objective of the State is in the highest sense ethical, viz., to enable every individual to achieve his best self. However, the Prime Minister of Pakistan went on to declare:

> "But we the people of Pakistan have the courage to believe firmly that all authority should be exercised in accordance with the standards laid down by Islam, so that it may not be misused. All authority is a sacred Trust entrusted to us by God, for the purpose of being exercised in the service of man, so that it does not become an agency for tyranny or selfishness."

And the Pakistan Prime Minister "wanted to demonstrate to the world that Islam provides a panacea to the many diseases which have crept into the life of humanity today."

If Islam had been a new dispensation, and if the State of Pakistan had been the first Islamic State in the world, the claims made by the Pakistan Prime Minister might have been received with a sense of great expectations. But history has recorded the

results of the exercise of authority both by Moslems and non-Moslems, who had claimed to have derived their authority from God, either "directly" or "through the people," and who had held it as "a sacred trust" entrusted to them "by God." And mankind has learnt, after paying a terrible price, that no authority can be trusted to wield power in the interests of the people which is solely responsible to God—it is only by constant vigilance, and by holding the authority strictly and relentlessly responsible to themselves, that the interests of the people can be protected.

It is, therefore, most significant that while the Pakistan Objectives Resolution proudly proclaims:

> "Wherein the State shall exercise its powers and authority through the chosen representatives of the people",

it is completely silent about its responsibility to the people! The essence of democracy is not only that the authority should be exercised by the chosen representatives of the people, as was emphasized by several Pakistan Ministers, but it is still more that the persons exercising authority should be responsible to the people, and this omission cannot be covered up by calling their democracy "Islamic," or "as enunciated by Islam".

III

In this connection it is interesting to make a brief reference to the views of the Pakistan expert in political theory, Dr. I.H. Qureshi, former Professor of History in the Delhi University. Speaking on the Objectives Resolution, on March 9, 1949, in the Pakistan Constituent Assembly, Dr. Qureshi stated:

> "The Preamble recognises in the very beginning that all authority is delegated through the people of Pakistan to the State of Pakistan by God. Nobody can talk of absolute authority in the XX century. Therefore, the guarantee against absolute authority lies only in emphasis on the moral principles which work most absolutely."

He then expounded his ideas of secular democracy:

> "Secular is non-monastic. When we say that no priesthood is recognised by Islam, we do not see why it is said that our democracy is not secular. Of course, if the word means that the ideas of Islam should not be observed, then I am afraid that kind of democracy cannot be acceptable to us in Pakistan."

It is difficult to believe that the learned Doctor is not aware of the difference between "Secular" and "Islamic" Democracy, between "Western Parliamentary Government" and "Democracy as enunciated by Islam," or between limitations on authority imposed through "emphasis on the moral principles which work most absolutely" and "the principles of legal and political responsibility". The attempt obviously is to obtain the approval of the people to a system of irresponsible government by calling it "Islamic Democracy."

IV

It may be readily agreed, as desired by the Pakistan Prime Minister, that "in real Islamic society there are no hewers of wood and drawers of water. The humblest can rise to the highest position." But what about the position of non-Muslims

in such an Islamic society? The Pakistan Objectives Resolution lays down:

> "Wherein the Muslims shall be enabled to order their lives in the individual and collective spheres, in accord with the teachings and requirements of Islam, as set out in the Holy Quran and the Sunna".

This, obviously , means the recognition of Islam of the Sunni dispensation as the State Religion in Pakistan, relegating all other religions to the background. It is true that the Objectives Resolution speaks of making "adequate provision.... ..for the minorities to profess and practice their religions and develop their cultures," and also of observing "the principles of democracy, freedom, equality, tolerance and social justice," but adds the rider "as enunciated by Islam." Speaking in the Pakistan Constituent Assembly on March 12, 1949, Sir Muhammad Zafrullah Khan admitted:

> "It was a matter for great sorrow that, mainly through mistaken notions of zeal, Muslims had, during their period of decline, earned for themselves an unenviable reputation for intolerance".

Unfortunately, this is not a thing of the past, but conditions in Pakistan today are not far different—as pointed out by Mr. S.C. Chattopadhyaya, the Leader of the Opposition, in the Pakistan Constituent Assembly while speaking on the Objectives Resolution. He said:

> "I have been passing sleepless nights pondering what shall I now tell my people, whom I have so long been advising to stick to the land of their birth? They are passing their days in a state of uncertainty, which is better seen and felt than imagined from this House. The officers have opted out, the influential people have left. The economic conditions are appalling, starvation is widespread, women are going naked, people are without trade, without occupation, the administration is ruthlessly communal, a steam roller has been set in motion against the culture, language and script of the people. On top of this, by this Resolution, you condemn them to a perpetual state of inferiority. A thick curtain is drawn against rays of hope and all prospects of an honourable life."

But comments Dr. I.H. Qureshi:

> "So far as legal safeguards were concerned, they have been put down in the Resolution. Regarding political safeguards, they could only be provided in the Constitution, but the best political safeguard for any minority was to win the affection of the majority."

It is not necessary to make any comments. It is a natural corollary of the conception of a Sectarian State, and of the elevation of one particular faith—in this case, Sunni Islam—to the position of State religion, that other religions, and those who profess them, should occupy a position of permanent inferiority. And no end of specious arguments, and inclusion of all kinds of rights in the list of Fundamental Rights in the Constitution, can alter the actual position.

V

There is one final argument that is put forward by the advocates of the Sectarian or Communal State, whether they be Pakistani Muslims or the Hindu or Sikh Communalists—it is the all-embracing nature of religion and the impossibility of divorcing religion from politics.

Speaking on the Objectives Resolution in the Pakistan Constituent Assembly on March 12, 1949, Pakistan's Foreign Minister stated:

> "The conception that religion and politics occupy distinct spheres, which should not be permitted to overlap, was born of failure to grasp the full significance of religion. The function of religion was to establish and maintain the most harmonious relations between man and his Maker on the one hand, and between man and man in all aspects of their relationship on the other. Politics was only one aspect of the relationship between man and man. Those who sought to draw a distinction between the sphere of religion and politics as being mutually exclusive, put too narrow a construction upon the functions of religion."

Similar ideas are expressed by Professor S. V. Puntambekar, Professor of Political Science, Nagpur University, in his paper "The Secular State: A Critique". He writes:

> "A secular state can be conceived to exist when religion as such does not interfere in the affairs of the State and the State does not interfere in the affairs of religion. But history has shown that both these conditions are not completely possible. Both the State and Religion touch the affairs of social and moral, economic and educational life of a people. Unless the people of India become absolutely atheistic, materialistic and this-wordly, the attempt to establish a secular state has no real meaning...
>
> "In India religion has played a great part in building up the life and civilization of her people, her social institutions and modes of behaviour. It is the soul and drive of her life in all its aspects. Can we now divest ourselves completely of its empire, and overthrow all her values and ways of life?"

It is not necessary to quote here the views of other scholars and religious and political leaders. It will be sufficient to state that the Sikh leader Master Tara Singh believes that Sikh religion and spirit cannot be preserved without political power, that it is not possible to separate religion from politics so far as the Sikhs are concerned, and that the separate political entity of the Sikhs must be preserved at all costs.

VI

It would, thus, appear that this wider conception of the functions of religion is not confined to members of any one community or faith. As a matter of fact such a view was held almost universally throughout the world during the ancient and the medieval periods. But the progress of science and development of technology, freedom of intercourse and expression, and changes in populations and in faiths have altered the entire situation, and have brought about considerable contraction in the sphere of religion and the secularisation of economic, social, educational and political life in modern times. Today the State does not consist of persons only of one faith, and the conception of nationality has become more territorial and cultural rather than religious or ethnic, as it used to be. It is, therefore, not practical today to distribute political power on the basis of religion—if it is attempted, as was done by the British in India for purposes of their own in accordance with the policy of divide and rule, the result was disintegration and embitterment of national life and communal relationships, culminating in the partition of the country and in the terrible happen-

ings of 1946 and 1947. It is true that an attempt is being made today in Pakistan to set up a religious (Islamic) State. The unfortunate effects of this policy were pointed out in a moving speech by Mr. S. C. Chattopadhyaya, the Leader of Opposition, in the Pakistan Constituent Assembly, on March 12, 1949, an extract from which has been quoted above. It is, therefore, clear that any combination of religion and politics in the modern State is fraught with evil consequences, and must result in either driving out the minorities from the State, in reducing them to a state of inferiority and abject misery and humiliation in the State, or in constant friction and bad blood bursting out occasionally in terrible outrages and blood baths. If the modern multi-communal State is, thus, to preserve its unity and integrity, and to treat its citizens without discrimination and on a footing of equality, it must become a Secular State, and keep religion scrupulously out of politics.

VII

The conception of the Secular State is certainly a revolutionary one in the conditions which have hitherto prevailed in India. Foreign rule did not allow the Indian mind to grow and to become modern. The enlightening influence of education was denied to the vast majority of the people, and they were encouraged to live in small, separate, water-tight compartments, and to follow the outmoded ways of life. The old conception of personal and communal law was allowed to continue; and not only no effort was made to develop the territorial conception of law or to evolve the spirit of loyalty to the whole nation, but deliberate attempts were made to encourage sectional and communal loyalties, and all kinds of obstacles were placed in the way of the building up of a sense of Indian Nationality. And when political awakening came, and it became impossible to withstand the demand for the establishment of representative institutions and the Indianisation of the higher ranks of public services, a new theory was adumbrated that, in the peculiar social conditions of the country, the system of territorial representation and the merit system for the recruitment of services were fraught with mischevious possibilities. The mind of the members of minority communities was injected with the communal virus, and they were encouraged to demand communal representation and special safeguards inconsistent with the development of responsible democracy and growth of the sentiment of unity and nationality in the country. As this proved advantageous to the educated few among the minority communities, they took up the slogan and propagated it among the masses, with such zeal and ingenuity tha' the spirit of communal rivalry and hatred became rampant throughout the land. But in spite of the terrible happenings of 1947, and the achievement of freedom, communal mentality has not disappeared from our midst—it is still poisoning the atmosphere and embittering relationships among members of different communities. In my view, a purely negative policy of condemning communalism, or of banning the militant communal organisations, will not acheive its purpose—it might even create a reaction and sympathy for communal organisations. What is needed, above all, is a positive policy and programme, and a common organisation for creating a common national culture, and for inculcating a truly national

outlook. Our greatest need is the formation of a gigantic, country-wide, common organisation, with a missionary zeal, and a programme directed towards the creation of conditions favourable to the fusion of different cultures and communities, and the building up of a true Indian Nationality.

VIII

The ideal of the Secular State can only be achieved in India if we succeed in exorcising the communal spirit, and in driving out the communal mentality particularly from the minds of those who are in positions of power and authority in the country. Considerable misunderstanding prevails among the people as to the exact meaning and significance of the words "Secular State." Interested persons are deliberately trying to confuse the Secular with the Machiavellian or Materialistic conceptions of the State. It is, therefore, necessary to make it clear that the conception of the Secular State has nothing whatsoever to do with Machiavellianism or Materialism. A Secular State must have a high ethical and spiritual ideal, and the Indian leaders are trying to build the Indian State upon the Gandhian Principles of Truth and Non-violence, and they appear to be genuinely anxious to co-operate with other nations in preserving the peace of the world, in promoting goodwill among nations, and in securing justice, freedom and equality to small and struggling nations, and to the peoples of backward areas and tribes.

The Secular State is distinguished from the Communalist or Sectarian State by the fact that in the Secular State no distinction is drawn between one citizen and another. All citizens are treated on a footing of equality, and power and positions in services are distributed on the basis of individual needs and merit, and not on such extraneous considerations as caste, community, religion or race, as is done in the Communalist or Sectarian State.

The secular conception regards the individual as the centre of the whole social organisation, and the rights that are given in the Secular State are to individual citizens and not to communities, groups or associations. It is true that no individual can satisfy his various needs without combining with other persons in a number of associations. It is for this reason that the individual is given freedom of association. However, there are certain essential needs such as those of security, order, economic freedom, etc., which can be satisfied only through association with other individuals living in the same area. They are really territorial needs, and should, therefore, be satisfied through territorial and secular associations, and not through associations based on considerations of caste, sect, religion or race.

Such is the conception of the Secular State, which is non-sectarian and democratic. It is equalitarian and, in the highest sense, ethical—as it believes in making no distinctions between individuals, and distributes power and positions in services on merit and on the basis of individual needs.

The secular ideal has been accepted by the Indian Constituent Assembly, and an attempt is being made to embody it in the new Constitution. It is true that in certain respects the Draft Constitution departs from the ideal, but it is recognised

that such provisions are only for a short transitional period, and they should cease to operate after the practical need for them disappears, and by a specific date. But the success of the experiment in Secular Democracy that is being made in India will depend on the extent to which we succeed in driving out the communal mentality from among the minds of the people, and in creating a common culture and a common national spirit in the country.

March 20, 1949





PLATE XI

IMPACT OF SCIENCE ON INDUSTRY

JNAN CHANDRA GHOSH

"It is Science alone," observed the Hon'ble Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, in his message to the Jubilee Session of the Indian Science Congress in 1938, "that can solve our problems of hunger and poverty, of insanitation and illiteracy, of superstition and deadening custom and tradition, of vast resources running to waste, of a rich country inhabited by poor people." "The application of science is inevitable and unavoidable for all countries and people today. But something more than its application is necessary. It is the scientific approach, the adventurous and yet the critical temper of science, the capacity to change previous conclusions in the face of new evidence, the reliance on observed fact and not on pre-conceived theory—all this is necessary not merely for the application of science, but for life itself and the solution of its many problems."

With such a philosopher-statesman at the helm of affairs, our people cherish the hope that henceforth they would have a fuller and more satisfying life. They have faith that with a national Government in power, with a will to do things, better days will not be far off. We need such ardent hope and faith, if this dawn of freedom is to break into a bright morning of joyous life, and not fade into darkness again. It is, however, well to recognise that there is a great gulf between faith founded on knowledge which can move mountains, and mere wishful thinking which often leads to failure. Knowledge today is something more than power. The Eur-Americans have demonstrated that technical "know how" is the real wealth of nations. In North America specially, they are making continuous efforts to gain increased mastery over the forces of nature, to make better things by cheaper processes, to increase the productivity of their soil and improve the quality of crops and live-stock by scientific management—with the result that a vast jungle has been transformed into the richest country in the world in the course of 300 years.

It will be, however, incorrect to assume that research directed to practical ends only monopolises the attention of the gifted men in North America. I remember having asked once the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the embarassing question: "To which branch of Science will you attach the greatest importance in your programme of development"? The answer came promptly: "We believe in running all our horses abreast, and we do not exclude even Psychology, Sociology and Economics from the race." He recalled to mind the great lesson of history that the industrial revolution followed the renaissance in Europe; and that new developments in trade and industry occurred at about the same time and among the same people whose minds regained their freedom from domination by old faiths, and hence could make new discoveries and new inventions. He held

the view that search for truth according to methods of scientific discipline is the basis of modern civilisation.

However that may be, there can be no doubt that a nation which depends upon others for its basic scientific knowledge will be slow in its industrial progress, because it will not have the benefit of the experience of men who create such knowledge. It is truer now than ever that basic research is the pace-maker of industrial progress. It provides the scientific capital—the fund from which the practical applications must be drawn.

It is easy to give many illustrations in support of this statement. The story goes that when Faraday, in the twenties of the last century, gave a lecture in the Royal Institution demonstrating that a wire carrying an electric current moved round a magnet, a lady from the audience asked: "What is the use of this toy?" Faraday only replied by the counter question: "What is the use of a baby?" It often happens that the application of a discovery may not be obvious to the discoverer himself, or the progress in technical practice has not been such that the discovery can be taken advantage of when it is made. Today, however, we appreciate what the baby science of electro-magnetism, combined with Faraday's laws of electrolysis, has, in the fulness of time, done for the development of the vast eletro-chemical and electro-thermal industries; caustic soda, chlorine, potassium chlorate, aluminium, magnesium, pure copper, chromium, nickel and silver-plating, carbide, carborundum—these are materials without which we consider no civilised life can exist. Even more important than these materials is the power for driving our machines, which has been placed at our disposal by the large scale generation and long distance transmission of electricity. The manufacture of heavy electric machinery has now reached such dimensions, that the smallest factory which the Government of India intend to establish will cost about 200 million rupees.

One cannot tell where fundamental research will lead. It is like the wind which bloweth as it listeth. The work of Crookes and J.J. Thomson culminated in the electron. It was at first more of the nature of a philosophical conception, and little could one anticipate at the end of the last century that electronics was going to be one of our most progressive industries, and that with its aid messages, sounds and pictures could be transmitted through space to distant parts of the world, that radio location of distant objects in the sky will be the essence of modern defence. It is no wonder that the first act of the National Government of India would be to establish this industry as a State enterprise, at a capital cost of 4 crores of rupees.

Take another story—this time of another immortal in British Science—Rutherford. In the first world war a scientific committee was constituted, with Rutherford, Langevin of France and Compton of U.S.A. as members, for the development of supersonic devices for the detection of submarines. On the day fixed for a conference in Paris, Rutherford was not present, but excused himself by stating that some very recent experiments of his had apparently indicated success in disintegrating the nucleus of the hydrogen atom; and, if this is true, it is a fact of far greater importance than the war. He would be delayed a couple of days pending the termination of the experi-

ment. Later, it developed that what Rutherford had done, had not been to disintegrate the hydrogen nucleus, but rather the nucleus of the nitrogen atom. Hard boiled politicians may not agree that the discovery of the artificial disintegration and synthesis of elements was more important than the first world war, but they would readily agree that it had much to do in winning the second world war.

Years ago when I was a school student, I remember having read in a popular scientific magazine that a dreamer named Einstein had postulated the daring hypothesis that matter and energy are inter-convertible; and when they are transformed, one into another, a quantitative relation exists, giving the simple expression—Energy=Mass x Square of the velocity of light. Educated people who survived the disaster of Hiroshima, or witnessed the amazing spectacle at Bikini, were forcibly impressed with the fact that it is one thing to read about Einstein's Equation $E=Mc^2$, but it is another matter to have the practical truth of this mathematical equation demonstrated before one's eyes in a breath-taking manifestation of power; that man can produce temperatures of the order of 3 million degrees centigrade, that he can shoot neutron in high concentration at any object with incredible velocities approaching that of light. This is a discovery which, in the language of Rutherford, is far more important than the second world war.

The science and practice of inorganic chemistry have already started taking a new form. The most important element in the world today is uranium, far more precious than gold, platinum or diamond, and the most important chemical today is uranium hexafluoride. Ten years ago, if any one had made this prediction about uranium hexafluoride—a chemical which is unstable in presence of moisture, produces fumes due to hydrolysis, his sanity would have been questioned. But it has one great merit; in vacuum it evaporates practically with normal vapour density, its sublimation point 56.2° lying below the melting point. This property has been taken advantage of in partially separating the fluorides of uranium isotopes, and hence enriching ordinary Uranium_{239} with fissionable Uranium_{235}. The atomic bomb as developed in the Manhattan Project has opened up a new world of industry based on the knowledge of fluorine chemistry. How few of us in India have seen elementary fluorine! Yet fluorine is now manufactured in electrolytic cells carrying 1500 amperes having a life of more than a year, and is used in the production of uranium hexafluoride, in the manufacture of coolants like hexafluorxylene, and polyfluorheptane which are inert to uranium hexafluoride, and have boiling points between 30° and 130°C, and for the manufacture of polyperfluoro-vinylchloride which is a lubricant with stability against uranium hexafluoride. Unconnected with industries, intimately connected with the use of atomic energy, fluorine compounds have recently gained in industrial importance in refrigeration based on the use of freon, in the synthesis of petroleum hydrocarbon, where boron trifluroide is the most important catalytic agent—much more powerful than the well-known aluminium chloride—and the development of the hydrogen fluoride torch producing a temperature of over 3500°C.

About two years ago, when I was in Cambridge, I was told a story of an after-

noon tea at Rutherford's, when he and Bohr and Havesy wondered if we would ever know how long it would take to eliminate from the system the carbon in the sugar put into the tea. That was the origin of the famous researches of Hevesy on the use of radio active tracer elements in biological processes. Sodium is transformed into a radio active isotope Na_{24} when exposed to neutron streams. They say that in atomic explosions, a man may escape injury from heat and blast waves with the aid of strong shelters, but he would become his own source of death—would kill himself by the gamma ray emanations of the Sodium in his body fluids converted into $Sodium_{24}$ by neutron bombardment. But turning to the pleasanter aspect of the picture, Radio $carbon_{14}$ Radio iodine, Radio phosphorus, and Radio sulphur are now available in quantities which may make possible large scale research on the mechanism of growth of normal and abnormal tissues. Already the St. Louis Cancer Clinic has purchased from the Monsanto Clinton Laboratories a pea-sized unit of $Carbon_{14}$ derived from a chain reaction pile, which emits 40 million β-particles per second, with a half life of several thousand years. This is considered by far the most precious asset of that Hospital. Who knows that the manufacture of radio active isotopes in another generation may not become the largest chemical industry! Oak Ridge, which supplies U.S.A. and abroad tagged atoms for research and medical purposes, has become one of the biggest industrial units of America. Some 40,000 people live in this town, which has grown to this size almost overnight.

Take another field of physical chemistry. In the inter-war period, Bridgeman in America, Basset in France, and Leserew in Russia began studying the physico-chemical properties of materials at pressures going up to 100,000 atm., and temperature going up to 800°C. Entirely new techniques were developed for this purpose. The investigators cared very little if their results would ever find industrial use. Their technique has, however, found very important use in the production of polythene by the Imperial Chemical Industries. Bridgeman has found a new form of of ice VI, which has a density greater than that of liquid water; water is converted into this form under very high pressures at room temperature. Based on this fundamental discovery, studies have been undertaken on the detoxication of biological fluids, by freezing out water under the influence of pressure alone, studies which may create a new type of immunochemical industry. Theoretical studies on the changes in the value of A and E in the rate equation $K=Ae^{-E/RT}$ under the influence of pressure alone may lead any day to results of industrial significance. For example, it has already been found that nitrogen and hydrogen combine in 97% yield at 7000 atmospheres without any catalyst. At Sindhri, where Government is putting up a plant for the manufacture of 350,000 tons of Ammonium Sulphate, the pressure used is about 400 atm., and the conversion is much less even with a very active catalyst.

I remember the controversy that once raged round Ostwald's postulate that catalyst cannot initiate a chemical reaction, nor alter the course of such a reaction. This controversy was responsible for the discovery of reactions attended with small changes in free energy, where the catalyst practically determines the nature of reaction

product. Thus, on a copper silver catalyst, alcohol is dehydrogenated to aldehyde, and on an alumina catalyst it is dehydrated under certain conditions to ether, and under more drastic conditions to ethylene. Following this clue, the Russian Levedov developed a mixed catalyst containing both dehydrating and dehydrogenating catalysts which in one stage decomposed alcohol into molecular proportions of ethylene and acetaldehyde, which in their turn reacted to produce butadiene and water. This is the method which has been industrially developed in U.S.A. to produce 500,000 tons of synthetic butadiene rubber annually in war time. Another illustration is given by the theoretical studies on the variety of chemical-reactions that take place between carbon monoxide and hydrogen with different catalysts under different experimental conditions—studies which were ultimately utilised in building up the modern methods for manufacture of methyl alcohol or petrol by the well-known Fischer Tropsch Process. It is of interest to note that the Government of India contemplate manufacturing at an early date, from our unlimited reserves of low grade coal, liquid fuels in quantities sufficient for our aviation and defence requirements.

Sometimes substances which have been long known as mere laboratory curiosities burst into world-wide significance, because of the discovery of some properties of practical value associated with them. This has happened, for instance, to lead tetraethyl when its anti-knocking properties were discovered; and to D. D. T. on the discovery of its insecticidal properties; and to Dr. Paul Muller has just been awarded the Nobel Prize in medicine for this discovery. The history of medicine and biochemistry similarly afford many instances of pure research leading to unexpected industrial development. The discovery by Banting that, though removal of pancreas in an animal would cause diabetes to appear, obstruction of the duct of the pancreas would not develop diabetes, was responsible for the isolation of insulin, and later on its large scale manufacture. The same is true of Flemings' classical observation that an accidentally contaminated petri dish on which staphylococci were growing showed destruction of the cocci in the regions which were infected by the contaminating mould penicillion-notatum. The history of the isolation of penicillin by Florey and its large-scale production is common knowledge. Indian scientists have taken a keen interest in this search for antibiotics, and the Government of India have decided to establish in Bombay a factory for the manufacture of 400 billion units of penicillin under the supervision of General Sokhey.

There is no doubt among informed people that new scientific knowledge is the principal raw material on which all industrial progress depends. Discoverers of such knowledge publish promptly and freely their results, which are available to all who seek them. It is the general experience, however, that such knowledge does not find an immediate industrial objective. The reason is that knowledge gained in the laboratories of pure science results in a general understanding of nature and its laws, points the way to the solution of important practical problems, but does not give a complete specific answer to any one of them. Here comes the job of the researcher in applied science who provides such complete answers. The work of men who utilise existing knowledge for practical purposes is complementary to that

of explorers to whom discoveries are ends in themselves. They belong to the the same family, and the interaction of their work is beneficial to both. One sometimes meets in this country the boast of pure scientists that their work is quite useless—with the implication that it is thereby somewhat better. This is just a pathetic snobbery of the academic isolationists. A problem of pure science which may have some practical bearing is more worth studying than a problem of equal scientific interest but even remotely without such bearing. Much fundamental science in many parts of the world has suffered by lack of this stimulating contact with applied science. Close relationship between fundamental and applied science is desirable for two reasons: firstly, applied science continually produces new techniques, materials and instruments which provide invaluable tools for the fundamental scientists, eg., measuring instruments, valves, photographic plates, high vacuum and pressure pumps, new types of glass, crystals, alloys, magnets, phosphors and innumerable materials of construction with very uncommon properties. Secondly, applied science continually throws up problems of fundamental scientific interest. Marconi's success in spanning the Atlantic by radio-transmission against the pontifical advice of Stokes indicated the possibility of the existence of conducting layers in the upper atomospheres. This clue was pursued by Sir Edward Appleton, who perfected the experimental technique for measuring the heights of these layers, and was later responsible, along with his colleagues Sir Robert Watson Watt and others, for the development of the radiolocation of distant objects in the sky.

Take, again, the achievement of the Wright brothers. They were practical machanics with a certain amount of scientific background, but with great initiative. They made their own aero-engines and their airframes which actually flew into the air on December 17, 1903; while the great scientist Langley, who knew more about the science of aero-dynamics than anyone else in his time and had all the resources of the United States Government behind him, built a machine which fell into the Potomac river as soon as it was launched. There has been a long and arduous journey from the plane of Wrights to the jet plane of Whittle, but at every stage of the journey applied science has been fertilised by the ideas of pure science, and pure science by the technique of the former.

To us in India both these aspects of research should receive equal attention. We may differentiate between a long-range programme and a short-range programme of applied research. Both forms of research are generally good financial investments. I may here mention the savings that have come from a few inventions. It is estimated that the gas-filled electric lamp developed by Langmuir in the laboratories of the General Electric Co. represents an annual saving in the cost of domestic lighting of the order of £210,000,000. How much saving the newer phosphorescent lamps will effect is yet a matter of guesswork, but there is no doubt that the saving and the general improvement of illumination will be much greater. The improvement in the efficiency of petrol engines due to lead tetraethyl saves billions of gallons of petrol every year. The use of modern accelerators in vulcanising rubber has saved a capital outlay of the order of £100,000,000. As a matter of fact, no modern industry

which has been brought into existence by scientific research can survive in a competitive world if continuous improvements are not made by scientific work. Research is the elixir of the life of all industries, ever renewing their youth and vigour. While short-range research, such as those just mentioned, may bring an immediate return for the capital, a long-range programme of research is an insurance against dark days, and its indirect return by fostering research-mindedness in the country, and in training personnel with a flair for discovery, is of inestimable value. It also often happens that the direct return of one fruitful piece of long-range research pays back many times the cost of ninety-nine which could not find useful application. Today, when we are planning to develop a million-ton synthetic nitrogen industry in order to be independent of import of food from other countries, it is of topical interest to recall that exciting venture of the late Professor Haber, when, in 1909, he demonstrated before the Badische Chemical Engineers that it was possible to obtain small-quantities of ammonia by synthesis from nitrogen and hydrogen. Millions of pounds had to be spent before this discovery could be exploited commercially; and today, synthetic ammonia, apart from its value in war, constitutes the biggest single item of heavy chemicals with an annual production of more than 200 crores of rupees.

The history of the present war has taught us that to neglect research is to invite calamity. General Rommel won his battle in North Africa with the aid of petrol manufactured in Germany from coal. The battle of Britain depended on the courage and skill of the brave young pilots of Britain, but also on the superiority in the design and performance of British aircraft, and the phenomenal development in radiolocation which originated with scientists sitting behind cathode ray tubes. The Battle of the Atlantic depended on the courage and skill of British sailors and airmen, but as much on scientists and engineers like Blackett, who invented the means of intercepting U boats and confounding their devices. It is not necessary to multiply instances, as the facts are too patent to escape notice.

In Russia scientific research before the war was being planned with a crusading zeal, and an able scientific researcher is considered a key man; and "it is a matter of primary importance that such men should be produced in maximum abundance and kept in maximum activity." They spent annually one per cent of national income on scientific, technical and agricultural research, i.e., 1.2 billion roubles; and in 1938 the Soviet Union had 902 scientific research institutes with a staff of 30,000 research workers. We are full of admiration for the heroic Russian resistance which has now fortunately become a mighty offensive. Determination and valour have no doubt played their part in the ordeal through which the Russians have passed, but no less important for success have been the high degree of scientific backing, the abundance of equipment and war materials which are the fruits of long planning and forced marches in industry. The United States of America employed 70,000 research workers and spent £70,000,000 in scientific and technical research in 1940, which is 0.3 per cent of national income. In the inter-war period, 1919-39, Britain made a magnificent effort to improve her organisation of scientific and industrial research. The Department of Scientific and Industrial Research created during the first world

war was spending about $1\frac{1}{3}$ million pounds a year, while the industrial firms in 1938 were spending about 6 million pounds in their own research laboratories. Besides, the universities and the government departments were doing research of a high order with their limited resources.

Of course, money cannot create a Faraday, though it may provide facilities for his development. At the same time, the expenditure of funds and the number of technical men employed for research afford some indication of the progress achieved. The parliamentary and scientific research committees of Great Britain are not, however, satisfied with the existing state of affairs, and in their recent report have regretted that England is falling behind the U.S.A. and Russia in many respects, and have urged the need of revising completely the scale of her research efforts. They look forward to spending at least ten times the present available funds annually after this war, in order to provide the basis without which British industry cannot effectively meet the needs of the future.

There is a school of thought in this country whose advocates do not believe that scientific and technical research is necessary for the industrial development of the country. They consider that all that is needed is to decide on general grounds if the country has the potential resources in power, raw material and transport, which will justify the establishment of any particular industry, and then import into the country the necessary machinery and experts for the purpose. They are in favour of providing such technical education in the country which will enable the industry to be run by indigenous talent after a period of probation under foreign experts. They would strongly support technical and vocational education, but stop at research as being more in the nature of a luxury. I have often met this attitude in our powerful industrial magnates and *entrepreneurs* in business. To them the history of the dyestuffs industry should be an object lesson. The first synthetic dye was made in England by Perkin, but the industry soon found a congenial home in German soil. In Germany the practical outlook of businessmen is, more often than anywhere else, enthused by that faith in scientific research which comes from first-hand knowledge. Thus, twenty long years of painstaking research were necessary, at a cost of more than a crore of rupees, before Bayer's process for the synthesis of indigo could be commercialised. But once it was done, the fate of the natural indigo of Bihar was sealed, and it disappeared from the world's market in another twenty years. The attitude in Great Britain, on the other hand, was one of complacent "wait and see;" and the result was that in 1914 she had no dyestuffs industry of any importance. As the war progressed it was realised that the British dependence on Germany for dyes was a fatal mistake. Modern war depends for its successful prosecution on an abundant supply of a large variety of chemicals; and a dyestuffs and fine chemicals industry must be considered an integral part of every defence programme. The British Government took immediate and far-reaching steps. Beginning with a direct and large subsidy for the formation of a company, which ultimately was absorbed in the Imperial Chemical Industries, millions of pounds were spent on developmental research in every branch of the industry. Later on, the importation of dyes and even











PLATE XVI

intermediates was prohibited. As a result, Sir Gilbert Morgan in 1939 claimed with justifiable pride that of the five most fundamental discoveries in dyestuffs chemistry since 1921, the world owed three to British talent. The British dyestuffs factories are not only producing now their home requirements, but have also in addition a considerable export trade. This altered attitude in Great Britain is reflected in the Ormsby-Gore Report of 1928, which observes that "no nation can advantageously depend only on the efforts of other nations for the purpose of promotion of knowledge. This is not only because such dependence is an ignoble parasitism, but also because in the field of international relations, no less than in national life, the power that comes from knowledge comes from its early and rapid use, and from close contact with men who have created this knowledge."

We hope that the Government of India in the Centre and the Provinces will take courage, and swim with the current of the modern world's enlightened opinion and make, in an ever-increasing measure, generous provision in their annual budgets for scientific and industrial research in India. Under the guidance of Dr. Bhatnagar the Board has done good work, but it can do better if it is provided with ampler resources. As Prof. Hill has so admirably put it: "If a country is poor and undeveloped, let us spend more on research, and not less. Let us aim at giving 1% of our national budget, 1% of the loss due to ill-health, 1% of the cost of our transport, our houses, our water, our coal, even our broadcasting to research, and in ten years we shall be getting back not 1% but 10, 20 or 200 per cent in dividends. And if those who call themselves 'practical men' object, let us remember Frances Galton's definition 'that practical men are those who practise the errors of their forefathers.'"

We live in an era of difficulty, suffering and danger. To be able to shoulder the heavy responsibility of reviving our nation and completing our revolution, we must have at all costs a clear idea of the content and meaning of science; we must propogate the spirit of science and we must utilize the methods of science, so that one man will be as efficient as ten, and in one day ten days' work will be done.

Let science be the driving force behind our industry, and let us so intensify the pursuit of both that science may become the all-powerful solvent of our mental inertia, and industry the solvent of all our economic ills. May we all pledge ourselves, as Panditji has so often wished, "to build India on a scientific foundation, to develop her industries, to change the feudal character of her land system and bring her agriculture in line with modern methods, to develop the social services which she lacks so utterly today, and to do so many other things that shout out to be done."

March 30, 1949

INDIAN FINANCE SINCE INDEPENDENCE

K. T. Shah

Since the achievement of Independence, the independent Government of India has had many problems to tackle, but none has caused such severe strain as that relating to finance. It is a trite saying that sound finance is the key to efficient and good administration. Our ideas of what constitutes sound finance may have changed; but the nature and purpose of the demands on the public purse have not changed much except in number and variety. The sources, moreover, from which the public purse is replenished from time to time have also increased in number and expanded in degree; but their co-relation with the demands constitutes, in essence, the same problem. In no case, however, is the conduct of public finance in India after Independence affords an obvious proof of the truism quoted above, and epitomising the art as well as the science of public finance. Independence is hardly two years' old, if we reckon from August 15, 1947. Even if we reckon from the formation of the first Interim Government of exclusively Indian personnel, the administration of the national exchequer by the children of the soil can scarcely be regarded as more than three years old.

This may not be deemed sufficient to provide the necessary knowledge and experience for handling such a complicated machinery as India's public finance on the morrow of a new birth as an independent, sovereign State. This, moreover, had to be under the heavy load of a legacy of immense dislocation, depreciation and discontent accumulated by six years of a global War; and in the face of emergencies utterly unexpected and, therefore, unprepared for by the new rulers of India. The emergency causing financial strain of an unprecedented nature and proportions is not even now ended, though the War is over since four years. These are extenuating circumstances which gravely detract from any criticism one may feel inclined to urge against the post-Independence administration of Indian Finance. Nevertheless it would be a grievous fault if one mistakes extenuating circumstances for a clean bill and leaving the court without a stain on one's name. Let us review briefly the events and developments of the last two years in the field of public finance, and see what ground is there for those responsible for policy and administration to take the flattering unction to one's soul.

It may be recognised at the very outset that the moment was not ripe to make bold experiments, or strike out new departures in revenue or expenditure, in credit or borrowing. Those who came to the helm on the eve of Independence were themselves too deeply trained or used to the accepted notions of sound finance and orthodox ways to administer the system to wish to make any radical departures on their own account. Their class sympathies, moreover, unconscious as they may have been

in some cases, were too closely concerned with established tradition to seek any exception. The sudden emergency which faced them in the shape of the refugee problem forced them, no doubt, to shoulder strange responsibilities and consider unfamiliar expedients. But making every allowance for these, their outlook, experience or ideology were all alike arraigned against any original experiments.

During the year or so that substantial transfer of power was being made, i.e., during the year that the Interim Government held office, no far-reaching developments or departures in financial matters could even be thought of. This was partly due to the fact that full power was still lacking; but largely because the first new Indian Cabinet was itself divided into two distinct and opposed Governments. Even on basic questions of policy there was hardly agreement on outlook or endeavour. While, for a brief spell of two months, the present Finance Minister held that portfolio, no new ventures or reforms could be thought of. For the more operative part of the year 1946-47, and for the Budget of 1947-48, the last Budget for undivided India, the Minister-in-charge did not or would not see eye to eye with his Cabinet colleagues of the majority Party. The Budget of 1947-48 was remarkable for a number of radical innovations and sensational developments. But it is open to question whether all those changes and new devices were the sincere expression of strong convictions in regard to theories of public finance, or simply a symptom of political partisanship manifesting itself in measures of taxation. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, who held the Ministry of Finance in the two-party Cabinet, had not previously been known for any revolutionary views on public finance. Perhaps, as his successor once remarked, his Budget was an attempt to find the depth of a well by throwing another person's baby into it. There was, in the Budget of 1947-48, presented by the *Nawabzada*, a good deal of bold originality that roused the vested interests almost to a frenzy of abuse and despair. The taxes he devised, the rates he increased, the rationalisation he proposed, the remedies he considered to prevent or guard against evasion and to recover the just dues of the State unjustly withheld by unscrupulous capitalists—all indicated a determination to deal with the Bosses of Big Business, which has been sadly abandoned by his successors. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan's effort, even if inspired by communal partisanship, was commendable in itself, and would have been productive of substantial benefits to the exchequer had his firmness been maintained. However much the personal equation or party influence may have been at work in the proposals of the 1947-48 Budget, their very presence showed what immense room for reform or reorientation there was in the financial administration of Independent India. The tradition of sound finance on the conservative basis of vested interests and privileged classes, established by Britain for her own ends in this country, was manifest in the policy always to make both ends meet as far as possible. Not that there were no years of recurrent deficits especially after the two World Wars, and a world-wide depression had shaken the very foundations of that system. But the basic principle of avoiding deficit budgeting was still upheld, at least in theory. And if any recourse had to be had to the printing press to meet unforeseen, extraordinary or uncontrollable demands, the financier always professed to minimise

that recourse, and to undo its mischief at the earliest opportunity. These ideals had been inculcated much too often and much too deeply by the British financiers, since the day Indian Public Finance first came to be regularised, to be abandoned or modified by their Indian successors all of a sudden. And so, even after the British domination had been removed from the field, Indian finance continued to be conducted on the lines they had laid down.

For the new Government, moreover, it was not easy to change course all at once and recast the basic conception and framework which had been evolved by nearly 90 years of financial administration on the British model. The Finance Ministers and the Cabinet which followed had in fact the same social philosophy, and so were not anxious to make radical departures from the established routine and accepted tradition of financial administration. For one thing, the technical staff remained almost unchanged, even after the transfer of power and establishment of Independence. This does not mean that particular individuals in the Secretariat did not change places. What is meant is that their outlook, principles and policy remained essentially unaffected by the transfer of power. In so far, therefore, as they were the only advisors to whom Indian Ministers could turn for all that seemed technical and mysterious, they naturally continued the routine and established tradition with which they were most familiar.

The new Ministers, the politicians, had made grand promises while in opposition, but when they came to take charge of the financial portfolio they found it inadvisable, if not impossible, to strike out their own independent line. Finance was at first entrusted to a professional economist who had wandered or blundered into Big Business. But when the Cabinet came to be reconstructed after the accession of the Muslim League, that Ministry fell to one who was primarily a politician, and a determined partisan at that. He remained in charge for nine months; and was influenced by considerations not strictly financial or economic. He felt himself, therefore, more free to make far-reaching changes, in consonance more with his Party line than on new lines of radical financing. His successor was undoubtedly inspired by the class consciousness of an unblushing champion of vested interests which showed itself in a hundred ways, and affected his financial administration in every item and aspect of that Ministry. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan had prepared and presented the Budget for 1947-48, the last Budget for undivided India. It was frankly a sensational performance which shocked the vested interests and privileged persons out of their sense of self-complacency, immunity from question or criticism, indifference and insouciance for all that was felt against them. Partition of the country came, however, within six months of that Budget, which had not been suffered to pass without substantial concessions to the howling wolves. Mr. Shanmukham Chetty, who followed, was no less resolute on the other side of the fence, perhaps more clear in his fundamental conception of public economy, certainly more firm in his grasp, more determined in his views, more pronounced in his sympathies. A millionaire in his own right of birth and work and inheritance, he began as a member of the *Swaraj* wing of the Congress Party, and, when that Party chose to go in the wilderness, he promptly chang-

ed sides to reap all the advantages, emoluments or opportunities in place and power that usually fall to the lot of such easy conscience. And when once again the wheel had turned, with the Congress Party uppermost, he had no hesitation to recall his old allegiance or affinity to accept office in a Party Government whose principles he had often derided, whose programme he had ridiculed, whose leaders he had despised. Once installed, however, he knew his mind, and went his way without stumbling or hesitation, without question or compunction. The Budget for the balance of 1947-48, prepared by him, sounded a note of retreat, which was made clear beyond possibility of doubt in the Budget for 1948-49, the first complete year under Independence. The Finance Minister made no secret of his class consciousness in presenting his financial proposals. Certain legacies from his predecessor, like the enquiry into Tax Evasion scandals, could not be avoided. But even if he had to carry them forward he made his own attitude undoubted by attempting to withdraw certain prominent names believed to have been seriously involved in culpable evasion. The attempt was, no doubt, frustrated by the mounting tide of resentment in the rank and file against such open efforts to favour a particular class, or rather particular individuals in that class. The defeat was partly due also to internal rivalries between Big Business groups. The Finance Minister was class conscious first, personal partisan next, and hardened opponent of all that was against his prejudices most of all. Hence, it happened that, even when he was warned by his own technical advisors and secretarial assistants against the step, he is reported to have made no secret of his view, and callously replied that he would not be a party to admitting Socialism by the back door.

That Finance Minister had played for high stakes, and had lost. The time came soon when he had to pay the forfeit. He had to yield to Party pressure, and to retire from the field in ill-concealed disgrace. His successor is perhaps less able, technically speaking; or, at any rate, has less of a grasp of the technical side of public finance. But he is free from the taint of a turncoat, and free from the prejudice of excessive class consciousness. He has, besides, a reputation of unquestionable honesty, which is unaffected by his doctrinal scepticism. His name as an economist is earned more by official position than personal contribution. But still it counts for a great deal, and interested parties naturally make the most of it. His position in the world of business, earned and acquired, not inherited or adventitious; his service in the cause of fiscal protection to the textile industry; and the martyrdom threatened to be inflicted upon him by those in power at the time, have all combined to perpetuate under his stewardship the same traditional frame-work and methods that had inspired and dominated Indian finance all through the British régime. Dr. John Mathai does not pretend to be a Socialist of red or pink variety; but not even his worst enemy could call him a hardened capitalist blind to the march of time, unmindful of the changing background, unwilling to defend any interest except that of his class.

This brief outline of the work of personal equation in such matters is added only to show how the entire foundation and superstructure in public finance has been affected. The tradition, however, is stronger than individual opinion, and so also the background; and the individual sentiment fails to exert itself to the utmost, if

at any time in the Cabinet the policy of Government comes to be determined without any clear conception of the ends public finance is intended to serve. In the absence of a well-defined policy resolutely executed, in the absence of a clear-cut programme, public finance necessarily falls a prey to the machinations of wire-pullers acting on behalf of interested parties.

The main difficulties facing the Indian Finance Minister today are in regard to sudden and utterly unexpected expenditure caused by:

1. the heavy stream of refugees arriving from the partitioned parts of the country, causing complex problems of their food, lodging and employment; and
2. military operations in Kashmir. The rising cost of living and the consequent increase in the working cost of Government is incidental, though no less serious.

The general effect of the aftermath of a long war is still with us; while the direct consequences of becoming an Independent Sovereign State, bring their own train of problems which have all to be tackled at the same time.

The problem of the refugees is many-sided, of which the direct cost to Government—both Central and Provincial—is the least. On the surface this problem causes the greatest and most immediate difficulty. It is nearly two years since the problem began, but has not yet reached anywhere near solution, even on the purely financial plane. The actual cost of feeding and housing, of transporting and caring for millions of homeless people, uprooted all of a sudden from their traditional homes and habitual occupations, was impossible to estimate, and still more impossible to escape. The obvious, direct, immediate figure runs into several crores. The estimate made at the beginning of the year varies by fifty per cent or more within twelve months. The repercussions and ramifications in providing accommodation and employment have yet to be reckoned with; while no one knows the time limit within which the problem as a whole can be said to end.

Nor is there any end yet to the expenditure on account of the Kashmir operations. Even after the "Cease-Fire" and acceptance of the U. N. intervention, the Indian forces sent there do not seem to be reduced. The budget of 1949-50 provides the same inflated figure for Defence, as in the 1948-49 Revised Estimates and Supplementary Grants. The loans, advances or subsidies on the civil side to the Kashmir Government are unlikely to diminish—at least until the plebiscite has been taken. And though it may not be quite proper to measure such costs with the results achieved or expected, a careful observer of the course of both these events cannot help feeling that we have been pouring crores upon crores down a bottomless drain pipe. Of direct material benefits from these operations, even if successful, there seems no prospect; of any enhancement of national prestige there appears no hope; of any improvement in national security, there is no evidence. Financially considered, Kashmir is a clear loss; politically considered it is proving a miscalculation, to put it politely; ethically examined, it remains a costly question mark.

With the acquiring of Independence, certain obligations, particularly in the field of defence, have developed, for which the machinery has had hardly any preparation or background. It is one of the most acute problems of national policy for this country, whether it would involve itself in the race for armaments that is openly or insidiously going on all over the world. Under the British *régime* we were helpless victims and voiceless associates in all the entanglements or alliances of power politics under exploitive Imperialism. Since the transfer of power and the acquisition of Independence our declared policy is that of strict neutrality. But the legacy of the British rule, the connections we are still maintaining with the Commonwealth, and the invisible contacts which are being established from a variety of angles with the Anglo-Saxon *bloc*, as well as the undisguised conflict growing every day between that *bloc* and the Soviet group on the Eastern side of the world, makes it highly questionable how long this neutrality can be maintained. It is still more questionable, in any case, how long India can avoid building up her own Defence provision to meet any eventuality.

India must, at any rate, define her basic policy of National Defence, which is today the prey of passing circumstances. Her military potential in man-power is as immense as her population, area, or coastline require. But modern wars are not decided by sheer force of numbers. The immense equipment, armament and auxiliary services of all kinds necessary for modern Defence presuppose a highly industrialised background. And that is still lacking in this country. Our arms and equipment of all sorts have largely to be bought today from outside sources. And once we purchase war *material* from foreign sources, we inevitably become, in this age of standardised production and interchangeable parts, dependent on that source for all the time that we use that material. Industrialisation on a scale proportionate to the defence needs of this country, in the event of a totalitarian global war, will take years to achieve, even if we had basic resources, technical skill, scientific knowledge, and patents sufficient for the purpose. It is, accordingly, worth considering if Gandhiji's ideology of non-violence and voluntary non-armament would not be more economical, and even more politically preferable, than the present race for lining up with the Anglo-Saxon *bloc* in the matter of the Army, Navy and Air Force, including all their armament and equipment, strategy and technique.

The present normal Defence Budget is three times that Budget before the War, without counting the capital budget or extraordinary expenditure. But this is by no means the last word in the burdens this country will have to shoulder in the name of National Defence. The provision which is being made in regard to our technical training facilities, military science and research, or building up our Navy or the Air Force, and providing modern mechanical equipment needed for the land troops, compels us to purchase second-hand armament, which is much more costly than effective. We have not even adequate equipment of repairing a modern warship or a fighter plane. There is, of course, nowadays no need to think of a "scientific frontier." The new-found Independence is likely to lead us into the easy paths of jingoism, if we do not take care to avoid all dreams of leadership in Asia. For such leadership, even if

allowed to us, will have its inevitable liabilities which may prove far beyond our strength to shoulder.

Whether this country can afford, at this stage, to pledge itself to such visions is for the leaders to decide. But so far as the mere technique of finance is concerned, the resources by which such ambitions can be achieved, and must be backed, are not visible to those accustomed to scrutinise objective evidence.

On the civil side, too, the same lack of clearly defined policy is abundantly in evidence. In regard, also, to projects of social and economic development, it was the fondest hope of those who had taken an active share in the struggle for *Swaraj* on the economic plane that once the foreign exploiter was removed from the country, a new era would dawn of peace and prosperity, of social justice and economic equality. There is, however, no sign yet, so far visible, of that hope materialising. The use of public finance as a means of re-distributing the national dividend, ensuring social justice and smoothing out the inequalities of wealth and opportunity is by no means accepted by the financial authorities of this country. Grandiose projects of power production and river training, soil conservation and food increase, river training and irrigation, have been launched. Experts entitled to hearing are not convinced that every one of these projects, its financial estimates and advertised consequences, have been carefully considered and scrutinised from every viewpoint. Even, if we discount expert opinion as inspired by professional jealousy, there is evidence of the Economy Committee of laymen, which goes far to suggest there has been no planning, co-ordination or integration of all these projects *inter se*, and much less as between several other demands or sectors of our national economy. It is doubtful whether, in the intense demand for increasing food supply enough care has been taken while conducting the "Grow More Food" campaign, about maintaining a proper proportion as between food crops and cash crops which provide raw materials for our leading industries. And all this, altogether apart from the consideration that these projects, even if successful upto the degree expected, will take years to be completed; and that meanwhile they will cause serious displacement, dislocation and distress of which no account seems to have been taken.

The replacement of large numbers occurring by these projects when taken in hand, and their resettlement on the same if not better level, must cause serious headaches to those responsible. Even granting, however, that when these projects are achieved, there will be a substantial addition to the total stock of the country's wealth, its distribution more evenly and equitably amongst the people primarily affected, as also in the population as a whole, has not been provided for in these projects, in the manner and to the extent that one could desire. Still more serious is the question of steady growth in numbers which has been evident in the last three censuses. This may not be a strictly financial problem; but as an ingredient in our national economy in the aggregate, of which finance must soon take notice, it can no longer be ignored. Our population seems to grow at the rate of 15 per cent per annum according to the last census; and our food resources are declining today. Even allowing for the projects just mentioned, the country's food supply is unlikely to keep pace at this rate



PLATE XVII

of multiplication. There will have to be a radical reorganisation of the entire social system if this problem of growing numbers is to be satisfactorily settled. Apart from the initial drawback of a sub-normal standard of living for the vast mass of our people, there is the apprehension of this increase being unevenly distributed, and such improvement in the food resources as may take place in the aggregate being more than counter-balanced by the increase in numbers.

Instances of this *genre* can be multiplied *ad infinitum*. The point of supreme concern and importance is: whether there has been proper co-relation as between our needs or ambitions and our resources or ability. A Taxation Enquiry Committee had been proposed years ago; but only a meagre instalment in the shape of a Fiscal Commission has been appointed, up to the moment of writing. And neither the scope of that Commission's enquiry nor its purpose has been defined with special reference to the eventual co-relation of the fiscal with the financial aspect of the national economy.

The aid so far afforded for building up new industries, expanding old, or improving material resources in general is *ad hoc*, spasmodic, and, therefore, more burdensome than effective. The development of vital social services, woefully neglected in the past and so leaving a heavy leeway to make up, is similarly fitful, disjointed, unplanned and inadequate. Nominally, indeed, the outlay on the account has increased substantially since popular Government came to power at the Centre as well as in the Units. But it is open to question whether a goodly proportion of that increase is not swallowed up in creating spectacular institutions, ministering to personal fads, or providing fat sinecures for the favourites of those in power. The results, so far achieved, are by no means commensurate with the expenditure incurred.

No wonder, then, that there is a universal demand for economy in public expenditure. The volume of such expenditure has undoubtedly grown in every department for several reasons. There has been a very heavy rise in prices and costs to three or four times the pre-war level. Posts and offices have been multiplied, and more persons employed than before the War. New departments have been created and new channels opened up for meeting wartime demands in a variety of ways. As most of them were born of wartime emergency, there has been no real scrutiny of the necessity, propriety and economy in setting up all these posts or offices, departments or directorates. Nor was any regard paid to the number of persons engaged, the scales of their salaries and allowances, the provision of equipment and incidental services for operating all these mushroom establishments. Because of this absence or laxity of control and the urgency of the emergency, a degree of corruption developed which demoralised the services, increased waste, and intensified discontent.

Even after the War was over, the process of increase and multiplication in the activities in the State and its departments, for one reason or another, has not ceased. A vast stream of new functions has started since Independence, particularly in connection with our international contacts and relations. A host of new occasions has grown up for taking counsel together in frequent conferences between ministers, officers, and non-officials at every time, on any excuse. Small wonder, then, that an utterly uncon-

trollable rise in expenditure has occurred and still continues without any attempt to check.

This rise is out of proportion to the service received by the people; and so there has been a wide-spread, incessant demand for economy. The consciousness is growing wide and high that the departments are too many, the personnel too large, the scales of salary and allowances too liberal; and, so, there must be some pruning and cutting down, somehow and somewhere. We are unwilling to economise in the Defence Services, however extravagant they may be. Nor do we like to risk retrenchment in essential services. And so the axe is likely to fall where perhaps it would do more harm than good.

The growing demand for economy is unrelated to the situation as a whole; and certainly unconsidered from the standpoint of service needed, leeway to be made up, or value received, so to say. Economy, merely in the sense of mechanical retrenchment, can only work more evil than good. The model provided by the Geddes Committee in Britain after World War I, or the Inchcape Committee in India, about the same time, seems to be in little vogue nowadays; and those appointed to advise Government for effecting economy are so trained, so situated and habituated as inevitably to regard economy in a narrow light, almost mistaking it for unreasonable cutting down. They think of all employment of workers as a means of earning surplus value for the owning class; and so are utterly unqualified to consider this complex problem of real economy in public expenditure for a progressive modern State, which has such a heavy leeway to make up in many fields of national development. The nature, scope and purpose of public expenditure in every department and in every item has an aspect not confined to the purely commercial view of the matter. If advice is to be restricted only to the latter aspect, it is likely to result in creating sudden unemployment on a vast scale amongst people who could have nothing to fall back upon during the time they seek new employment; and so will be created a much greater measure of distress and dislocation than could be compensated for by the savings effected in the money cost of government.

There is, for instance, a very large number of employees in a number of new departments dealing with controls, rationing, research etc., which have come down to us in consequence of the War. From the very start of their employment their appointment has been on a temporary basis. This arrangement continues even though the majority of those employees have served from 5 to 10 years. Given the training, outlook and mentality of the Economy Committee, there is every risk that, merely on the score of making some saving, a large proportion of these so called temporary employees may be axed. It is a strange commentary, however, on the methods and mechanism of our government, that even at the moment, when such wholesale "retrenchment" is impending, either new recruits are invited to public service in those very departments, or old employees, ripe for superannuation, are continued in their employment, even after they have passed the high water-mark of their retirement. In either case public service would not benefit, while the temporary employee retrenched or demobilised would be the needless sufferer.

No definite figures are available, in spite of repeated demands, of the number of such employees even in the civil departments of the Central Government only. Reliable sources indicate, however, that there are something like 15,000 employees in the civil departments of the Central Government on a temporary basis, who have served from 3 to 10 years, but who are still called "temporary" and are liable to being discharged without further notice. If any such step is taken, it can only spell disaster to the individual without any corresponding benefit to the nation.

The Report of the Economy Committee has not yet been officially published. Their original recommendations are, however, reported to have proposed a saving of about Rs. 20 crores per annum in the salary bill alone. According to the latest reports, the findings and recommendations of that Committee, which are said to have been agreed to by the Ministries concerned, make savings only up to Rs. 6 crores. By the time, however, all their recommendations have been fully considered, and their cost in terms of public economy and human values fully examined, the chances of real, lasting economy would have faded into nothing.

In the Budget of 1948-49, the then Finance Minister had promised a lump sum cut, or saving in expenditure, of 2½%. In a total expenditure of Rs. 350 crores this would mean nearly Rs. 8 crores. But that has not materialised, and the present Finance Minister in the latest Budget has held out very little hope of any such saving being effected.

If un-coordinated *ad hoc* retrenchment is made, without any definite plan or governing principles, there would be inordinate waste. That every possible economy should be secured in public expenditure is only a maxim of sound finance that no one need dispute. But, in order to see that all the aims and items of national economy are properly attended to, it is of the first importance that the resources of the Government should be carefully considered, co-related with their obligations, and utilised scientifically. There is no such co-ordination. Our present system of public revenue is a medley of resources devised *ad hoc* and applied without a guiding principle or long-range policy. In the 90 years' old system of Indian finance, several taxes or groups of taxes have changed places and importance almost radically. Direct taxation on income, for instance, did not exist when taxation was first placed on a systematic footing. And even if we regard land revenue as a form of direct taxation, there was no scientific devising of the system, co-relating it either to the ability to pay or to the legal and moral grounds for raising it, and that apart altogether from the wide range of variation in the land revenue assessment and land tenure systems from Province to Province. Death duties or estate duties have yet to come; while super-tax, excess profits duty and capital gains tax are war-time innovations which still remain to be integrated with the tax system as a whole. Even the differentiation in the rates charged between earned and unearned incomes is only a few years old, while a sound system of refunds according to the burdens borne by lower brackets of income remains a desideratum. There can, of course, be no talk of a capital levy while the present outlook on public finance endures. The abolition of the professional parasite, the *zamindar*, is beginning to make some headway,

but the principle of compensation for expropriation having been accepted, a real abolition of such anti-social elements still continues to be a distant dream.

Indirect taxation in the shape of customs duties, excise, and salt duty were integral and important parts of the Indian financial system from the earliest time and continue till today, except the salt duty which has been abolished since two years. The most considerable item in excise is threatened to extinction by Prohibition, while new central excises are being developed. Revenue from public domain and State enterprise, like opium, railway and postal traffic, mint and currency receipts, forests and miscellaneous items have varied in considerable proportions almost from scratch. The Central customs and excises contribute almost as much as direct taxation on income. In regard to customs, moreover, the implications and consequences of a national fiscal policy, whereby such duties are imposed not entirely for revenue reasons, have never been scientifically considered, except by the Fiscal Commission of 1921-22 or the Taxation Committee of 1924-25. A new Fiscal Commission has recently been appointed (April 1949) while a Taxation Commission has been promised. But they all work independently and without any co-relation *inter se*.

Most of these items continue today, though their relative importance has materially altered. Direct taxation is now of the first magnitude, contributing half the total Central revenue; but indirect taxation from customs and excise is no less important. The cry, however, rising in crescendo in recent years, that the heavy burden of taxation reacts prejudicially on the country's industrial progress, is raised incessantly by interested parties; and Government have practically accepted the accusation implicit in that cry. They have, therefore, surrendered at discretion to vested interests. In the tax reliefs given in the Budget of 1949-50; in the removal, variations or re-impositions of controls in various matters; in fiscal and industrial policy; and in the threats to workers one can trace the weakness of Government, and the increasing retreat against vested interest in every field. Even in regard to the enquiry ordered some two years ago, in respect of the grave scandal of tax evasion, the start was that of the lion, but the progress is hardly that of the lamb. At one time, it was estimated that the amounts unlawfully withheld from the exchequer, if correctly assessed and rigorously collected, would provide at least Rs. 500 crores, which would more than suffice to provide capital for all the developmental projects now in hand or under consideration; and at the same time that sum would go a long way to cure the evil of inflation. But no great collections have been made so far; and, meanwhile, the parties affected are finding every day more and more means to avoid legally, or evade illegally, the burden of taxation, —not to speak of the Depression fast supervening.

Everyone admits the existence of inflation, which has intensified in the last two years by 100 points. But of all the effective anti-inflationary measures recommended by the Committee of Economists in August 1948, few seem to have been adopted in their fullness, and none carried out with the rigour and determination the subject demanded. In fact, Government's own financial slackness, lack of economy and ill-judged surrender to vested interests are much more responsible for keeping up inflation, than any alleged slackness on the part of labour in slowing down production.

"Produce or Perish" is the favourite slogan of Big Business and Government parrots today; but a more truthful and appropriate version, so far as workers are concerned, would be "Produce and Perish".

Because of all these, public credit also seems to have suffered, utterly, unnecessarily. The interest rate has continued to be low; but the public programme of borrowing has not yielded the results expected. This has been taken as undisputable evidence of the non-cooperation of the capitalist class, due to the increasing and intolerable tax burden; but that is an absurdity, which those in charge of the financial machinery are either unwilling to expose, or unable to appreciate.

During the British régime the excuse of Indian capital being unavailable for productive purposes, was probably objectively true and psychologically understandable. Under a national and popular government, however, the allegation, if true, would amount to treason; and, if false, it is a mischievous and malicious libel which must be exposed without a moment's loss. There is no dearth of capital in this country—if only it were sought in the right directions, scientifically mobilised and employed productively. This can be achieved without any denial of a just return to capital properly and productively employed, under a comprehensive plan. But so long as capitalists consider themselves as a class apart from the country as a whole, and so long as they insist upon special treatment and indulgence, there can be no hope either of maintaining public credit at a high level, or of prosecuting productive public enterprise to unquestioned success.

For all this, however, there must be a definite, well-considered, fully-concerted national policy of all-round, simultaneous exploration and development of our material resources, social services, and public utilities. If Government continue to proceed on an *ad hoc* basis, meeting each emergency or occasion as a specific instance, without any co-relation with other sectors of our national economy, our programme of development will unavoidably be hesitating, lop-sided, and eminently liable to frustration. The mischievous divorce of mutual affinities, that was made into a fine art during the British régime, must be stopped. We must cease to consider public expenditure apart from public revenues; fiscal policy independent of taxation policy; rail-roads apart from communications and other transport services; currency and banking apart from public credit. These are all essentially and integrally connected one with the other; and the solution of the problems arising in each cannot be attempted each in a separate water-tight compartment and exclusive laboratory. There have been frequent protestations in favour of the need to plan on a national scale, and to apply it on a national level to all actual preparations. But there is little evidence of any such Plan, and still less of a desire for a concerted implementation.

April 20, 1949

SOCIAL SOLIDARITY

IRAWATI KARVE

During the days of the domination of a foreign power India fought for her freedom as one people and one nation. Discordant voices rose again and again, but it was felt that they could be silenced when freedom was achieved. But on the eve of liberation the internal discord became so great that the land had to be split into two nations. The atrocities following the split, and the Kashmir war have left erstwhile colleagues and present neighbours in a mood of mutual distrust, if not hatred.

The events of the last year, and the general anxiety to achieve solid unity for what is left after the partition, make it very necessary to understand what type of unity India possessed and what type of unity India should build up.

Though there is little exact chronology in India's early history, its literature keeps a record of over thirty-five centuries. Political events like the fights of named kings, migrational records like the passing of certain rivers by certain clans, beliefs in different gods, early medicine and magic are all portrayed vividly in a language which was read and understood and cultivated by each generation of learned men. It has been a long and a continuous cultural process which has moulded this land into a single cultural unity. This unity is based on the Sanskrit language and literature, the Hindu religion and Brahmanism.

Upto the advent of the English the same Sanskrit literature was studied in all parts of India, and the literature of the provincial languages consisted overwhelmingly of translations from the epics and the classics, and an endless reiteration of the Vedantic philosophy. The places of pilgrimage and sacred temples were common to all Hindus, and Benares was the holiest of cities. The spread of Brahmanism brought about large tracts of the country under the influence of Brahmin ritual and the patriarchal family system of the Vedic Aryans. This basic cultural unity was achieved in an age-long process of culture-contact without active propaganda or proselytising. It, therefore, allowed many varied customs and gods to remain intact. In fact, the expansion of Hinduism always went hand in hand with the expansion of its pantheon. Thus, to the outsider India presents more variation, contrasts and disparities than uniformities. We shall see further what they are, and whether they help or mar the ideal of social solidarity.

In spite of this cultural process, India was never united as one political power before the British came. Many well-meaning patriots like to paint glorious pictures of the Asokan empire, or like to write Indian history in terms of "the first empire," "the second empire" and "the third empire"—an obvious imitation of the history of ancient Egypt. But pre-British India was never one Empire; it was always divided into independent kingdoms which always fought against each other and engag-

ed in bloody battles. This, however, is a thing of which we need not be ashamed. Our position was like that of Europe with its numerous sovereign states engaged in perpetual wars. It was a historical chance, and a happy one for us, that, instead of being a sub-continent divided between the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, and the English, the English succeeded in driving away the other competitors and gained the prize alone. For the first time in its long history India was ruled for a century and a half as one state, had a common system of travel and communications, a central government and a peaceful inter-provincial intercourse.

Before the advent of the Western powers India was a cultural entity; but cultural unity does not necessarily culminate in political centralisation, and it might have taken many decades if an outside foreign power had not achieved it, before the conquerors or we knew fully what was happening. The political unity which we enjoy today is an outside imposition. We have not worked for it, nor are we fully used to it. We are, however, greatly concerned in preserving it because we understand its value. This value is doubly enhanced since the split which gave birth to Pakistan. How can we achieve it is the issue before all thinking people in India.

It has been always possible since ancient times to establish a strong unitary rule over one people or aggregates of different peoples by the vigilance, ruthlessness and the military power at the command of the central authority. But it has also been seen since ancient times that such a rule is never enduring, and that when it ends it breaks up the State into innumerable fragments. Another pattern for social solidarity is given by the modern dictatorial rule where extreme uniformity and regimentation of the ruled is achieved. People are made to wear standard dresses, eat standard foods, build standard houses, read a given literature, worship the same god, speak the same language and think the same thoughts. *Deutsche Industrie-Norm*, shortened to DIN, was stamped on all kinds of gods manufactured in Hitler's Germany. It meant that only certain patterns in a particular class of goods were allowed, and the words DIN stamped on such goods indicated that the thing conformed to the rule. And, though human beings did not actually receive a stamp DKN (*Deutsche Kultur-Norm*), they were moulded into a uniform cultural stamp as rigid as the one prescribed for material goods.

A certain amount of uniformity and patterning is inevitable in the machine age, and especially in a period of scarcity of consumer's goods and foodstuffs, but whether it should be the goal of a people anxious to build up national unity based on social solidarity is a question which we must consider carefully.

It is not merely the necessity of the machine age but the cultural ideal of Christianity that is responsible for this thirst for absolute conformity to a prescribed pattern. The racket of monotheism was first started by an Egyptian king about three thousand years ago. This king was fortunately suppressed by the priesthood, but the idea persisted and culminated in the establishment of the Christian Church. It has one god, one code of behaviour and one priesthood. It also thinks its duty to make propaganda for this creed, and to convert people by means, foul or fair, but mostly the former. The political creeds of today which know no compromise, which

are based on the leadership of a single deified individual and prescribe a certain mode of behaviour, are a consequence of two thousand years of Christian dogma.

The social process in India was quite different from the pattern sketched above. It is a continuous process. From the Vedic period upto the present, though Hindu religion and social institutions have changed, they have never broken away completely from the past. And in spite of the rise of the Buddhistic religion there is no analogy to the complete wiping off of a former phase of culture as in the case of Europe, where all traces of a former heathenism were ruthlessly and deliberately killed by Christianity. Europe had complete amnesia for its infancy until it was resuscitated by the Renaissance and, later, by the scholarly studies of professors of ancient Teutonic languages, folklore and archaeology. The discovery of the Greek thought came as a shock to a people brought up in the narrow bigotism and prudery of Christianity. The barbaric splendour of the ancient Teutonic gods took Germany as if by storm, and the result was unbounded admiration for everything Greek and Teutonic which modern writers evince. Not having had to undergo the violent tearing away from culture roots which Europe experienced, we need not have the uncritical romantic recapturing of the past which some Europeans are doing today. We can study and understand the cultural process, throw away that which is unsuitable, and retain whatever is useful even if it is age-old.

In India the cultural process is one of exchange, accommodation and addition, rather than of cultural conflicts, extinction of one culture and substitution of another. The result of this has been that the primitive lives not only side by side with the most civilised, but within it. The age-old and the latest are found cheek by jowl. All India has gods whom all venerate, and yet each linguistic area shows preference for certain gods over others. Polygyny, monogamy and polyandry are all practised in India today. Some people look upon marriage of blood-relations with abhorrence, while their next-door neighbours practice cross-cousin marriage as a matter of course. Especially as regards certain sexual relationships the Hindu society had reached a realism and a liberalism which is not found in Christian Europe at all. A man's concubine was accepted as such by the whole society including his family, and her children, though born out of wedlock, had certain rights in his property. The strictest vegetarianism is practised by some, while others are habitual meat-eaters. India is divided into great linguistic regions, and the written records of some go back to the beginning of the Christian era, while the others had a well-developed literature before Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury Tales*. But behind this variety of modern languages stands Sanskrit as the unifying factor for all, including to a certain extent even the southern languages.

The task of modern India is to build up a sense of social solidarity which will result in a real unity of the Indian State. I have already indicated above very briefly two ways of doing it, and I do not deny that a determined military government may be able to achieve the unity by either of the two ways. But I think it would lead ultimately to the loss of moral values like individual liberty and democracy, and go counter to the spirit of our civilisation which has a history of over three thousand

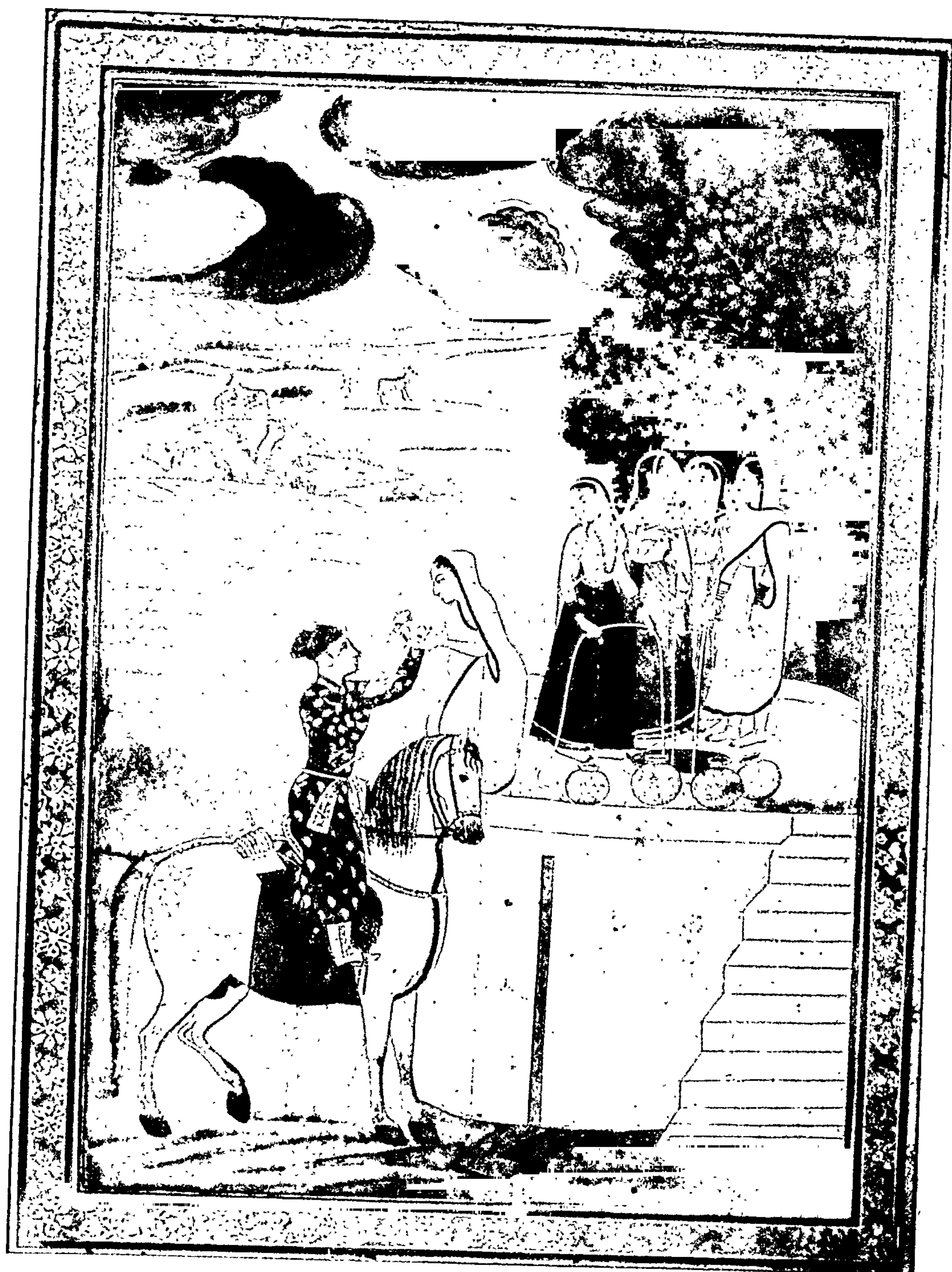


PLATE XVIII

years. Apart from that, coercion and regimentation, though immediately successful, may lead to the ultimate ruin of India.

Let us consider one by one the factors that are supposed to be detrimental to Indian solidarity. The first in importance is the existence of large linguistic regions. People of these regions are demanding unification of their regions into single confederating units called provinces or states. A common language is the most obvious symbol of cultural unity. If it is a language with a script and literature, the sense of belonging together is increased through a common heritage of centuries. That a people who speak one language should want to unite into a state or province is but natural, and the only objection to such a demand would arise if the larger political unit is weakened by the formation of linguistic sub-states. Argument based on analogies is never conclusive, because an analogy only approximates to the case under discussion. It is never completely identical, and yet analogies may help to understand the different aspects of a situation, and so I give a few. Russia is one of the vastest and most varied States in the world. The different federating units have no unity in culture, history or race. The cultural range is very wide, comprising the most primitive and the most modern. To give but one example. The wandering nomadic Yakuts had no written language, but the U.S.S.R. has now turned theirs into one by giving it their script; a flourishing university with arts, science and medical faculties gives education to the young Yakuts in their own capital Yakutsk, and in their own language. Russian is not even a compulsory language for all, though it is learnt by those who sit in the central legislature, or go to European Russia for higher studies, or hold higher government posts. Russia has undergone a transformation greater than that of India, and its task of creating a firmly united State was far more difficult than the one faced by Indian leadership today. Its solidarity was put to test in the last war, where it had enemies on both the eastern and western fronts, and it came out of the test with flying colours. Its military dictatorial rule apparently does not find it necessary to suppress the purely linguistic and cultural life of its member States in order to ensure the unity of the State.

Tiny Switzerland harbours three nationalities speaking three different languages. The three nations, Germany, France and Italy have been at war almost every quarter of a century, but this has not shaken the solidarity of the Swiss nationals, who have remained strictly neutral through two world wars, and loyal to their composite State.

The third analogy is that of the United States of America, where peoples of all European nations and of all the world have evolved quite a different formula for achieving national unity. It is necessary for every immigrant to pass an English language test within a certain period, and all the education imparted to all young people is only through the English language. The State is divided into sub-states which have autonomy as regards civil and criminal law, types of education, etc. The pride that is felt by the people for these sub-states is remarkable, and American literature, while stressing the unity of the federal State, fosters this pride. The insistence on one language, however irksome, has, however, a basis both in History and Culture. In northern America the first settlers in any great numbers were the speakers of the

English language. It was they who gave shape to the American way of life and to its Constitution. It was also they who fought the battle of Independence. Later people from all over Europe came. They came in small numbers, some to make their fortune, others to escape the tyranny of their rulers, and still others who were exiled from their native lands. One thing common to all is that it is always an uprooted humanity that comes to the shores of America. It leaves its land, family and traditions behind when it comes to the United States, and is only a drop in the ocean of the English-speaking population there. Losing their own language is but the snapping of the last thread that binds them to the land they leave, and they do not feel it so poignantly. The American example, therefore, has no analogy with the nations in Switzerland, or the sub-states of Russia, or the linguistic regions of India. In all these latter instances the people, the land and the traditions are bound together in a cultural unity, and either to divide such people or to combine them with others with the ultimate aim to break the cultural oneness cannot in any way be conducive to the welfare of the federal central government. A continuous friction among people of different languages, forced to be under the administrative control of one province, leads to perpetual dissatisfaction and a sense of frustration. None of the people in such a province can feel the pride of civic achievement or educational and cultural freedom, and this frustration ends in profound dissatisfaction with the central government. We must acknowledge the fact that the India of the present is made up of different nations, and that the Indian Union is a union of nations which must remain bound together for mutual welfare.

The American war of independence has also shown that people speaking the same language may fall out if a community of interests is not maintained. Creation of linguistic provinces will certainly not mar the unity of India, though it is not a guarantee of solidarity. It reduces friction within a province and may help towards smoother working of all together at the centre.

The second important factor towards national solidarity is felt to be a common law. We have already seen what a variety of practices exists in India as regards such fundamental social institutions as marriage and family. A little thought will convince anybody that social institutions being modes of human inter-relations, worked out by a people through long history, there is nothing intrinsically inferior or superior in one mode as against another. If an institution is adjusted to economic and environmental conditions, and if injustice is not done to any human being, it may be allowed to remain undisturbed. A variety of adjustments keeps a social fabric elastic, and the people tolerant. It should not be the legislators' business if a man has one wife or many, or whether he shares his wife with his brothers. But legislation must step in to help if a man or woman feels dissatisfied in such a marriage. As far as possible there should not be too much social legislation, and if a country has many modes of performing the same function they may be left undisturbed even if it is contrary to the passion of uniformity entertained by certain people. Social legislation is not primarily to pamper the pet ethical theories of a class, but to ensure social justice. From this point of view, a legislation which differentiates between the children born in

wedlock and the children of a concubine is not progressive legislation at all. If a man bears children, he must be made responsible for their maintenance, and this principle was acknowledged by the ancient Hindu Law, and is a part of the Chinese law also. It would be a folly to give up this liberal principle for the sake of the ethical ideas of the West. Equality of status, equality of opportunity, an equitable distribution of family wealth, and a sane provision for dissolution of marriage are the primary principles of social legislation; other details may well be left out completely, if possible.

Ultimately social solidarity depends on community of interest, a sharing of good fortune and bad fortune by all, and, negatively, on a common danger. The community of interests can be achieved by an equitable distribution of national wealth and equality of opportunity to all. The feeling of national oneness sinks to zero as soon as a man feels that there is gross inequality as regards food available in different provinces. People in the south are blamed as parochial if they express a desire for linguistic provinces and are told that that jeopardises the unity of the State; but when the same individual goes to Allahabad, can eat four or five course meals, and attend an evening party where hundreds of guests are fed liberally, he is naturally baffled at the unity-argument. When he speaks out his astonishment, even educated people answer blithely that they eat more because they grow more! And then, on top of this, when a minister tells him that food imports from outside are to be reduced, if not completely eliminated, his mind stops working altogether. Growing food is not an activity which is possible with all types of land. With the best of wishes one cannot grow food on waterless tracts, or on tops of rocky mountains. Indian geographical conditions are varied, and if it is supposed to be one land fair distribution of food grown in the whole of the country is a primary condition towards fostering a feeling of unity. It is a revolting thought to feel that here in the south the working man (outside of Bombay city) must starve one day in a week because the official ration is two and a half *seers* of food grains per week, while his so-called brethren are eating twice that amount and wasting still more at parties given by government officials. If there is enough for all, "conspicuous waste" becomes merely a matter of social prestige, but in conditions of semi-starvation unequal opportunities to satisfy this primary animal need are the surest way to undermine social solidarity, and lead to internal revolt and revolutions.

A feeling of solidarity and community grows in the knowledge of common labour and pride of achievement. Work done together, and producing things of utility and beauty which can be enjoyed by all, bring people together as inheriting and creating common culture. But if a State allows its industrialists and financiers just to become rich, without creating anything of value, this bond is never created. India had a tradition of creating things of beauty and utility. That tradition is still kept up by the poor artisan, who works in miserable conditions at silk and cotton looms in Benares, Kashmir and Karnatak, or potters who hammer brass and copper into beautiful vessels or do inlay-work. These examples can be multiplied, though these workers are now dying out for want of patronage, and their place has been taken by the modern Indian industrialists who care neither for beauty, utility nor durability,

but only for their profits. It is not as if they cannot manufacture good things, but they lack the will to do so. Practically no Indian mill manufactures cotton cloth which the wearer can wear with pride. No economical housewife with an eye to beauty dare buy the shoddy stuff that goes under the name of Indian ceramics, and no person, however poor, likes to use Indian drugs for his near and dear, if a foreign product is available in the market. Every product is adulterated so that, when newly introduced, it may be sold for something better. The enormous profits which these sharp practices have secured are further augmented by sharper practices of tax-dodging. These practices of the capitalists are counterbalanced by labourers who endeavour their utmost to get as much as possible out of this profit-making game, and have the potent weapon of a strike at their command. Whatever the economic consequences of pampering to the exploitation of masses by the capitalists and the loss of work due to industrial disputes, their evil consequences from a social point of view are appalling. Such a society very soon loses all cultural and ethical values, and the mutual relationship of classes becomes that of pure antagonism, but thinly masked until opportunity arises for one class to dominate completely. When patriots exhort the masses to buy home-made goods, or place import duties on consumer goods without guaranteeing quality or fair price, the result is again one of irksome restraint, because all the sacrifice is demanded from one class while all the good is reaped by the other. One naturally argues: "What use is it to buy Indian goods if it only enables the capitalists to buy bigger and costlier cars, or undertake pleasure trips to foreign countries? If the money does ultimately reach the foreign shores it may as well do so *via* the humble needs of the common consumer." That is the inevitable conclusion which people reach. Then, indeed, all thought of common labour and common creation has vanished, and social solidarity is completely wrecked. The common man is starved spiritually, and the rich live in a world of imitation, importing luxuries, mannerisms and vices from abroad, unable to use his riches for creative endeavour, without any sense of loyalties or moral values; in spiritual decadence worse than the starvation of the poor. Social solidarity and a unified State cannot arise under these conditions, whatever the military strength or the patriotic dreams of the leaders may be.

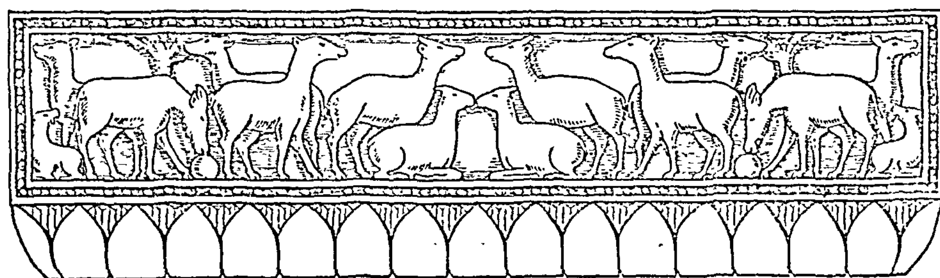
During the foreign rule, the ruler caste had a certain standard of living which distinguished them completely from the ruled. During those days it was necessary for any self-respecting Indian to insist on the same pay for the same work; but now, in view of what has been said above, the standard of living of the higher class government servants must not be too high. The motive of service must be not only security from want but a genuine spirit of service, enterprise and love for those whom one serves. Unfortunately today the same scales of salaries as of old are enjoyed by the government officials, and they live a life which is entirely different from that of the cultured majority of the other Indians. Glamour, instead of service, seems to be the motto for all government servants at home and abroad, and it becomes difficult to preach service to the rising generation in the face of the life of ease and show enjoyed by many of the older generation. While we talk about the masses all the time, our own

life is further and further removed from them. In the attempt to keep the remuneration of people somewhere in conformity with the inflated prices of commodities, certain necessary services can no longer be performed cheaply by the government or by any private enterprise. With the growing political consciousness of the masses there is greater demand for higher education, and that education was never so beyond the poor and the middle class as it is today. A democracy which cannot give educational opportunities to its members creates another item in the division between the haves and have-nots, and social solidarity and harmony based on mutual understanding vanishes rapidly. When a poor man, unable to pay the high fees of the high schools and colleges, hears from his leaders, who themselves have taken that education, that the education given upto now in schools and colleges is nothing but poison, it is no longer a joke to him but a class-challenge. The challenge is being taken up rapidly. Fifty years ago in this province[1] educated people started societies on missionary lines to give cheap education to the masses. Such societies are starting up in many districts today, and the pupils are fired with new enthusiasm and a keen appreciation of the failure of the government to give them education. They are also the leaders of the opposition—the leaders of the poor, who are starving for educational opportunities. Their young enthusiasm can be utilised if it is realised that we cannot raise the standard of life for the poor without lowering that of the rich, that salaried officers may at best be well-to-do people but must never count as rich, that professionals, like doctors and pleaders, must not be allowed to amass money but their services must be socialised, and that the rich industrialists, financiers and speculators must yield a major portion of their profits back to the government in the shape of taxes.

Social solidarity is not jeopardised by the creation of linguistic provinces or by keeping intact a variety of social institutions, but it will surely be wrecked if we do not engage in common labour for the creation of material and spiritual values, if we do not divide equally what all produce and if we do not all share in the want and misfortune of some, or if we lay a premium on education, or if we let art, craftsmanship and pride of quality die at the hands of rapacious capitalists.

June 17, 1949

[1] Bombay. (*Eds.*)



INDIA AND ITS FOREIGN POLICY

A. RAMASWAMI MUDALIAR

The attainment of independence by India has brought to the forefront the question of its foreign policy and its relations with foreign states. In no sphere of its activity has there been more complete independence achieved by the severance of relationship with Great Britain than in that of foreign affairs. The most distinctive character of the independence of a nation is its right and freedom to decide on its foreign policy.

And yet, by the very nature of the past administration, India has not had and could not have had any experience in the conduct of foreign affairs. The fact, however, presents the country and its statesmen with both disadvantages and advantages. Her statesmen have to build up a tradition in foreign policy; they have to forge new relations with the statesmen of other foreign nations they have to understand and appreciate the view-points of such governments and study the background behind the foreign policies of sovereign states. The advantages, however, are equally clear and, perhaps, outweigh the disadvantages due to want of experience in the conduct of foreign affairs. India has fortunately a clean slate to write upon. It has no commitments of the past, which often prevent a country from following the course dictated by logic and even idealism. That great act of wisdom and statesmanship of President Roosevelt, which resulted in the signing of the United Nations Charter by peace-loving nations in June 1945 and which brought into existence the United Nations Organisation, has, to a large extent, removed the cobwebs which surrounded the foreign relations of various countries in the past. It is true that the League of Nations, established about three decades back, had a similar object in view. There were to be no secret treaties, no alliances, military or otherwise, which did not see the light of day, no pacts, offensive or defensive, which escaped the notice of the peoples of the world. But it is nevertheless a fact that, owing partly to the deficiency of the machinery of the League of Nations, and, even more, to the defects of individual statesmen of different countries, the basis on which the League of Nations was established was not always kept in view, and the purpose which was intended to be fulfilled by the League of Nations was not carried out. It is the hope of all nations that the United Nations Organisation may fulfil that purpose more adequately and in a larger measure than did the League of Nations.

India, through its Foreign Minister, has declared more than once its complete faith in the United Nations, and its deep-rooted intention to work in accordance with the Charter of the United Nations, and to fulfil the obligations cast on it by that Charter. Its foreign policy is based firmly and irrevocably on the Charter of the United Nations.

It is, therefore, necessary to understand the basic principle of the United Nations Charter and the manner in which that Organisation has so far worked. During the three years of its existence, the organisation has been the subject of much praise, but unfortunately of even greater criticism. There have not been wanting men of first rank in the political or international field who have expressed the deepest pessimism regarding the functions of the United Nations and its capacity to fulfil the one great obligation cast on it, the preservation of the peace of the world. If the short period during which that organisation has been in existence is remembered, if the gravity of the problems that have arisen in the wake of the conclusion of the last War is realised, and if the efforts made by the Organisation, not merely in the political field but in the economic and social field, are properly studied, one could venture to hope that this extreme pessimism is not justified. The United Nations Organisation postulates an international force which, by its very existence, will prove the greatest deterrent to any aggressor country. Its weakness lay, however, in the fundamental basis on which the international force had to be built up, and the manner in which the decisions of the Security Council had to be arrived at. During the discussions at San Francisco, the Four Powers which invited the United Nations Conference, and France were of the view that unanimity among the Five Powers was essential in all issues relating to security. It is a matter of past history to recount that many nations, India among others, were extremely doubtful of the wisdom of emphasising the need for such unanimity. The position at the San Francisco Conference, however, was, as it was put very bluntly by the leading delegates of some of these Great Powers, that there could be no Charter if the need for such unanimity was not conceded. It was Hobson's Choice for most of the delegates of other countries, and the choice had to be accepted. Events, which have occurred since, have proved that the fears entertained by some of the countries have been amply justified. The pessimism, to which reference has been made, regarding the utility of the United Nations Organisation, or its effectiveness in promoting international peace, arises very largely owing to the differences that have occurred amongst the Great Powers, differences which have resulted in many practical solutions adumbrated in the Security Council being negatived by one or other of the Great Powers. In spite, however, of the situation created by these deadlocks, the record of the proceedings of the General Assemblies amply prove the need for an organisation of the kind and the good work that it has so far done.

The debates of the General Assembly, of the Security Council and of the Economic and Social Council and the Trusteeship Council are all open to the public. Statesmen of the highest rank are expected to and do give their views freely, and, in fact, this open clash of view-points; sometimes of ideologies, has created the very pessimism regarding the prospects of peace which the critics of the organisation so largely depend upon for condemning the United Nations Organisation. One has only to recall what would have occurred in the pre-War years and, in fact, did occur on more than one occasion. Secret negotiations and understandings, rumours about secret pacts echoing through the diplomatic corridors of Europe, creating in the minds of the administrators a sense of insecurity, but lulling the peoples of the world into a

sense of peace and security—these were the characteristics of the diplomatic world of yesterday. They were more dangerous and will continue to be more dangerous than the open clashes of word and speech, however violent and however aggressive they may sound, in the debates before the Security Council, or the General Assembly and its Committees. One may well describe the meetings of the United Nations as the safety valve through which the pent-up passions of statesmen are released without detriment to world peace. Above all, the peoples of the world know what issues are being debated, and on what questions deep divergences of opinion have arisen.

It has been frequently stated, in comments upon the United Nations' debates, that most of the countries of the world are divided into two *blocs*, the Soviet *bloc* and the Democratic *bloc*. It is unfortunate that such distinctions are drawn. A war of ideologies does not tend to promote or ensure the peace of the world. During the last War, the statesmen of Great Britain and of America refuted the theory that they were engaged in a war of ideology. It was the practical steps that Germany took which precipitated the War, making it impossible for the "democratic nations" to contemplate in silence and with equanimity the march of events whose trend and inevitable conclusion was crystal clear. Democracy has many facets. The types of democracy that prevail in countries which claim to be and are admittedly democratic differ widely. The basic fact however must be that the will of the people, properly ascertained, must prevail in the administration of the country. To contrast a democratic State with a communist State and to suggest that the communist State is necessarily anti-democratic may not be as simple as it sounds. After all, the people get the governments that they deserve. The internal set-up of a State depends very largely on the political advancement of its people. What would be wrong and what cannot be justified is a state of affairs where a country, with one form of government, tries to impose, either through direct or indirect pressure, through open or secret means, its own system on another State. Not by propaganda, not by open preaching of its tenets, but by secret methods, by trying to overwhelm through force the administration by what may be called Fifth Column activities promoted directly by such a State in another country, if a State tries to change the political system of another, it is guilty of the gravest crime against world peace and world security. This is what has to be really combated at every stage and in every way, irrespective of the countries which are concerned. A clearer understanding between the type of government in a particular State and the manner in which, in its extra-territorial activities, that State conducts itself so as to impose its ideology on another State—a clearer understanding of these two activities will help peoples to decide what to condemn and what to leave alone.

India has rightly, therefore, decided not to join any particular *bloc*, but to keep itself free to make decisions. Its hope, as its Prime Minister often said, is to reconcile what may be divergent views, to act as a bridge between two opposing ideologies, both of which can exist if their spheres of activity are clearly defined and understood. The task is not easy, and will often bring this country into the vortex of doubt and suspicion. It was the late Jan Masaryk who is reported to have said, when it was



PLATE XIX

suggested that his country may bridge the differences between two other countries, that a bridge is walked upon from both sides. Though there is no danger of the literal application of this acute observation of the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, India must be prepared for its task, with the knowledge that, occasionally, friends will misunderstand her position.

The position of India in Asia and the Far East is unique. "Unique" is a more correct description than what is often stated about it, that it is the leader of the countries in Asia and the Far East, or that it is the most important of all such countries. The Prime Minister stated, quite recently in Switzerland, that it is not the size or the population of a country that makes it important, but it is the manner in which the citizens of the country acquit themselves—their patient hard work, their industrial advancement, their social solidarity, and their determination to safeguard world peace. Its physical location and the part that it is expected to play in stabilising conditions in this part of the world, in carrying its message of peace to neighbouring states and countries, makes India unique. If leadership is to come to India, it is not by its own self-assertion, but by the recognition which other countries voluntarily and willingly will give to the part that it has played and must play in the future for the peaceful progress of this area, and of the world in particular. The foreign policy of any country depends vitally and almost exclusively on the strength, progress and prosperity of the home front. The spokesmen of India abroad derive their authority naturally, and almost solely, on the peace that prevails at home and on the strength that abides in the country. That peace is proclaimed by the solidarity of the nation, that strength is defined and illustrated by its economic prosperity, even more than by the hordes which it can call up to arms on any given occasion. Peace and security at home is, therefore, the first essential for the contribution which India or any other country can make towards world peace and security.

Nothing has impressed more the statesmen of the world than the determination with which the two foremost leaders of India, the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister, have carried out what they realised to be the first function of the new government—the consolidation of the strength of the country and the preservation of internal peace. The activity of these leaders in making one homogeneous whole of a country which had fissiparous tendencies developing, and which some, not too friendly towards India, felt would disintegrate the country, has proved the foremost factor in the confidence that is being re-established among these foreign statesmen regarding the position of India, and the part which it may well be called upon to play. Without being too rigidly bound up in slogans, without yielding to the temptation of being too logical in matters concerning the integrity of the State and the strength of the administration, the country has, on the advice of some of our foremost leaders, been consolidated, and forces which have tried to sabotage such efforts have been sternly dealt with. These are factors more telling to the international world than any assertion on the part of any Indians that India is a great country, or that India is the leader of any group of countries. Strength and progress at home necessarily lead to the establishment of sound diplomatic relations abroad. It is much to be

regretted that there is not a proper appreciation of the need for establishing such cordial relations abroad. Those who speak of India as a great country, as one which has a great future before it, as one which has to play a great part in the international world, are some of the very persons who criticise the establishment of embassies and consulates abroad. When it is realised that some of the smallest countries of Latin America or of Europe, small in size and population and small in resources, have nevertheless established embassies and consulates in all parts of the world, and practically in every country, and when one sees that India has even now comparatively few such embassies abroad, one realises more clearly that the criticism can only come out of lack of proper knowledge and appreciation of what these embassies are expected to do, or even of how they function. To understand the policies of other countries, to promote cordial relations between India and such countries, to promote trade and commerce with such countries, and, above all, to have a proper understanding of the trend of foreign policy in the world, it is essential that India must have such embassies practically in all countries of the world. It is to be hoped, therefore, that properly equipped embassies of the kind will, ere long, come into existence in all such countries.

The Prime Minister of India is also its Foreign Minister. It is no praise of him to state that he, above all other Indians, has been a student of foreign affairs for a long time, and has taken the most active interest in the study of questions relating to international policies. His enthusiasm for causes which promote world peace and secure decent conditions, political and otherwise, for all the peoples of the world, is well known. Long before it was dreamt that India would be completely free and independent, when it was thought that it will not be one decade but several decades before India can have its own foreign policy, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru had taken interest in and tried to affect the policy of this country in foreign affairs. In 1938, in his last tour before War to Europe, he had taken the keenest interest in the Spanish rebellion against the Franco *régime*, and had visited Spain for the purpose of encouraging those who wanted decent conditions of living and a fair democratic regime. His position at the helm of affairs in foreign policy is a guarantee that India will pursue the path of peace and promote in the international world, through the United Nations and otherwise, that peace and goodwill amongst mankind which is sorely needed to-day.

June 15, 1949



IMPERIALISM OR METROPOLITANISM

Arthur R. M. Lower

It is an honour for a Canadian to be asked to contribute to a book to be laid at the feet of the great Indian statesman, Mr. Nehru: an honour, but a logical honour. For it was Canada which blazed that trail of self-government, yet friendship with the centre, which has continued to widen down to today and of which the latest example is India's free association with other like-minded nations.

In the XVIII century, the nature of the relationship between metropolis and dependency proved an insoluble problem. The England of George III insisted on domination, or at least the legal symbolism of domination. The Thirteen Colonies insisted on self-government, though they were willing to maintain their allegiance to the Crown. The Tory Government of Lord North and the pressure of the Tory King George III, made the old happy-go-lucky compromise impossible. Each side stood upon its view of its rights. The result was the American Revolution and the dissolution of the first British Empire.

It is often said that Great Britain learned from the loss of American colonies the secret of empire—how to accord freedom and retain a measure of control. If the entire historical sequence from 1783 to the present be considered, this may be true. It is not the case, however, that the loss of the colonies marked an about-turn in British policy, from domination to local freedom. If anything, just the opposite turned out to be the case. The persons responsible for the colonies in those strategic days after 1783 believed that they had been lost because they had had too much freedom, not too little. They had had too much democracy, not enough aristocracy, too much non-conformity, not enough of the Established Church and its ecclesiastical hierarchy. Some of the provinces had become too large and powerful. Moreover, in 1789 the French Revolution broke out, sharpening up all the reactionary tendencies of the England of the time. William Pitt, the Prime Minister and son of the great Whig "Commoner," himself gradually became a Tory. Edmund Burke, that most enlightened of Whigs, eventually became in fact, if not in name, a Tory. The French Revolution had the same effect on liberal opinion then as Communism is having today: it acted as a catalyst, some liberals going far to the left and adopting the Jacobin point of view, others going as far to the right, becoming Tory reactionaries, and the majority remaining puzzled and relatively ineffective.

The first post-revolutionary colonial programme (if we except Pitt's India Act of 1784) was, therefore, Tory in tone, and, though not exactly reactionary, decidedly conservative. It availed itself of the policy of *divide et impera*, by dividing up a large Nova Scotia into three smaller provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Cape Breton (1784). In its great legislative enactment, the

Canada (or Constitutional) Act of 1781, it divided the old province of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada, though this was mainly a reflection of the linguistic regions of English and French. However, it contained provisions for the establishment of a colonial nobility (happily never acted upon) and for the landed endowment of the official church. Bishoprics of the Church of England had already been set up. A liberal offset to these provisions was the grant of representative assemblies to both provinces. English-speaking provinces might look upon an assembly as their right, but to grant one to a French province (and in the midst of the French Revolution) constituted a bold and liberal measure.

This first non-English assembly under the British Crown was to play a pioneering *rôle*. An assembly with full power of discussion and a large measure of financial control, but without means of securing the enactment of its bills or of dominating the executive, has been compared to "a fire without a chimney." "Fire without a chimney" it certainly proved to be, and half a century after representative government began it came to a stop in the rebellions of 1837. These were only partially racial, for very similar sets of causes operated in both the Canadas, with the result that there was a rebellion in both. Neither rebellion was serious or affected more than a small minority, but their effects were great. In fact, it was the few drops of blood shed in November and December of 1837 that have determined the course of British Imperial History down to the present. For, as an immediate result, Lord Durham was sent to investigate, and in his famous *Report* he adopted the policy suggested to him by Robert Baldwin, the Canadian statesman, and recommended what Baldwin had, for almost ten years, been calling "Responsible Government."

"Responsible Government," the complete control of Canadian government by those Canadian ministers of the Crown who could secure and maintain a majority in the Legislative Assembly, proved to be the secret of a new era in Imperial relations, but it was not achieved at a stroke. Lord Stanley, Colonial Secretary in Sir Robert Peel's Tory government of 1841-46, felt that it was equivalent to Canadian secession, and he urged governors to keep power in the hands of the old local privileged cliques, whose activities had been mainly responsible for the Rebellions. It was not until the Whig ministry of Lord John Russel took office that "Responsible Government" was fully and frankly accorded. Lord John's Secretary of State for the Colonies, Earl Grey, thus takes his name as one of England's farthest-sighted statesmen.

Parenthetically, it is impossible to divorce the grant of Responsible Government from the *laissez-faire* ideas of the time, with their central concept that every pot should stand on its own bottom. Of these ideas Earl Grey was a leading exponent.

The course steered in Canada since the grant of Responsible Government has been steadily in one direction—towards complete self-government. At each point of discussion, it has been Canadian weight which has turned the scale toward de-centralization. This has come out most clearly in the Canadian opposition to Empire Councils, and in the reconstruction of the years 1917-1931, which, culminating with the Statute of Westminster, turned an Empire into a Commonwealth.

What Canada's share was in the recent deliberations, by which India decided to remain in association with the other countries stemming from similar sources, is not yet known. It is unlikely, however, that the mere form of government decided upon by India would be given much weight by Canadian representatives. Monarchy has a sentimental appeal to many Canadians, possibly to most. But it must be remembered that monarchy to us is virtually never visible to the naked eye. Our form of government is monarchical, it is true, but it is difficult in practice to distinguish us from a republic. Consequently, if the people of India wish a technical republic rather than a technical monarchy, Canadians will simply feel that that is their concern. The real tests would be two. Is India worth having as a friend? Is India's government to preserve freedom as we in Canada traditionally know it? The first question admits of only one answer by any sensible person. It is to be devoutly hoped that only one answer will be found possible to the second, too.

Canada, thus, can feel that she is welcoming India into the company which she herself has formed. She discovered how to gain independence without causing bad blood, thereby rendering possible the "Commonwealth." Now India has retrodden those steps. Many other parts of the former British Empire have made the same journey. For those of English speech and blood, it was an easy journey. For Quebec (Lower Canada), South Africa, Ireland, and now India, Pakistan and Burma, it has been a much harder journey, but its goal is being reached. The historian should not omit to notice the coincidence of the stages of progress with the presence in power in Great Britain of Whig, Liberal or Labour Governments.

The ordinary assumption in discussion of European expansion is that expansion equals "imperialism," that "imperialism" is national, racial and military, and has as its distinguishing feature the domination of one people by another. Canadian experience would tend greatly to modify this assumption. Canada came into existence in the old French days as a result of the fur trade and of the missionary urge. After the British Conquest of 1763 Canada's attachment to Great Britain was economic and sentimental, rather than military. The position of India obviously has been very different, but here, too, the economic tie has been prominent. It came first in time by a century and a half, and it no doubt will last long after all thought of the military aspects of the English occupation have perished.

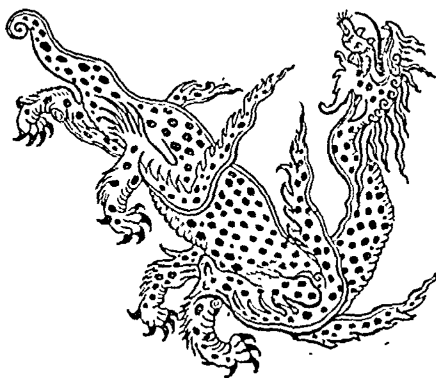
If the growth of the modern economic world be studied from its major initial impulse, the discovery of America, down to the present, it seems to the writer that the concept of Imperialism, which at first glance appears as the single most prominent feature of the period, could be rendered more useful if it were refined and strained of its propagandist crudities. What we are faced with consists in some four centuries of dynamic expansion on the part of favourably situated communities. These communities might be semi-national states, like the Spain of Philip II, or national states, like Elizabethan England, or commercial cities, like Seville, Antwerp and London. If the whole period be cast into the scales, it seems to the writer that the commercial city will weigh heavier than the national state. The commercial city, thanks to the energies of its inhabitants, steadily expands the area from which it draws useable

products. It gets a firmer and firmer hold over this area, and changes its control from economic to political. It often is able to determine the policies of the State of which it is a part. In the case of one great city, this extension of the metropolitan control of its hinterland hardly stopped until it had embraced the whole earth. That metropolitan city was London, the perfect type of the Metropolis. But within every country the same process occurs. In Canada, Montreal, at the head of navigation on the St. Lawrence, threw its controls of commerce, transportation and finance clear across the continent to emerge on the Pacific at Vancouver. In India, Calcutta apparently controls its hinterland of the Ganges valley in the same effective way. Of course, when business becomes so big that it has to be transacted with gunpowder, then in come soldiers, sailors, noble lords as Governors and functionaries, and metropolitanism changes into something else, for which the better name is probably Imperialism.

But the warp and woof of the structure remains the same. The metropolitan centre seeks to conserve its interests and to bend its hinterland to its own purposes. Eventually, the hinterland comes to realize that it is a hinterland, it secures for itself a collective character of some sort—colony, province, dominion, what not?—and opposes this to the metropolis. The metropolis may yield, or fight. In the long run, it does not make much difference. The new collectivity, often shocked into existence by the metropolis itself, sooner or later must come into control of its life; a fresh historical situation then arises, and a new evolution begins.

For those of us who can still communicate in the English language, the cycle began with the American War of Independence. Its details were worked out by Canada. And now the countries of the Indian Ocean are completing it. A new cycle of history is about to begin, and the historian can only hope that, having profited from the experience of the old, the men who work it out will improve on it.

May 25, 1949



MOLA RAM, CHITRAKAR AND KAVI OF GARHWAL

MUKANDI LAL

Garhwal is the home land of the Aryans where they composed the *Vedas*. It is known as Debbhumi, Uttrakhand, Kedarkhand, the dwelling place of gods and *rishis*. It is the cradle of the Ganga and the Jamuna. Europe heard of Garhwal when her warrior sons demonstrated their valour during the first great world war. Patriotic Indians cheered the Garhwali soldiers when they, lead by Chandra Singh Garhwali, sowed the seeds of the "Indian National Army" in Peshawar, by refusing to fight for the British, and were tried for mutiny, for which "offence" the writer of this tribute had the honour of defending the "Mutineers" of the Second Royal Garhwal Rifles before the Court Martial. Lovers of Rajput and Pahari art know Garhwal as the land which gave birth to Mola Ram, the greatest known master of the Pahari Painting. My *guru*, Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, so long ago as 1916, wrote in his monumental work, *Rajput Painting*, Vol. I. p. 23: "Mola Ram is almost the only name of a Pahari painter yet known." Similarly, Mr. J.C. French, who came to see Mola Ram's paintings in my collection at my house, at Lansdowne (Garhwal) in 1930, wrote in his *Himalayan Art*: "Mola Ram is one of the few Himalayan artists who are known by name, and is practically the only one whose history is fairly well-known."[1] Art lovers and art critics know Mola Ram only as a great artist. But he was also a great poet, philosopher and political thinker.

The editors of the *Nehru Memorial Volume* have done me the honour of asking me to contribute a paper to this volume. I consider it befitting to begin my tribute to the First Premier of Free India by publishing for the first time Mola Ram's Portrait of a Premier (*vazir*) of Garhwal, and by quoting Mola Ram's opinion regarding the statesmanship of his contemporary statesman, Jaidev, *Vazir* of the Raja Lalit Shah of Garhwal. Although I have been collecting paintings of Mola Ram and materials to write about his life and work, and to write the history of the Garhwal School of Painting, ever since 1909, yet, I discovered a remarkable group-portrait (Plate 1) of Jaidev only the other day (January 29, 1949) in the collection of Sri Girja Kishore Joshi, Deputy Collector at Bareilly. On the top of this remarkable contemporary portrait of a Garhwali Minister (Jaidev), Mola Ram has written in his own beautiful hand, in Hindi, the follwing verse:

Dātā Gyātā Gyān men Jaidev Vazīr;
Lajāwant sūrvīr satvādi gambhīr.
Vachan kahe sakrai hare na tāmen chitta,
Sūm dekhī sūrat lajai tajai apni vitta.

[1] *Himalayan Art*, (London, 1931) p. 53.

Sri Jaidev Vazir ki yih tasvir likhi jab,
Diyo dusālā turi ek sau ek mohi tab.
Rākhi vachan pratīt jīt jagmen jas līnyo,
Guni mitra parsann sūm arī kaun dukh dinyo.
Suno sant sab kān de Molā Rām vichār kahi,
Sarm-dār saun kām hai murakh ke jāchak nāhin.

"Jaidev *Vazir* (Minister) was generous, all-knowing, learned, modest, brave, truthful, thoughtful, serious and deep. His words are full of meaning and weighty. He does not loose himself in his words. He does not like to be close-fisted. He gives away his wealth; when I painted this picture of Sri Jaidev *Vazir* he presented me one Shawl and one hundred and one rupees. He kept his word. He won glory in the world. He made friends with the learned and good. He punished the wicked and enemy. Listen, Oh, ye (readers), all good men, with open ears, the words of Mola Ram, who is friend of the good and the learned men, and hates the fools and evil-minded."

Mola Ram gives the qualities of a statesman in the above description of Jaidev. He has given his political ideas in his history of the House of Garhwal Rajas. Mola Ram points out how a statesman can win over and keep under him newly-conquered countries:

"One who pleases and keeps on his right side the subjects (newly-conquered people) he gets others' country. One who wants to rule by force over a newly-conquered country, he cannot control or keep them....................Keep the common people pleased. Do not speak harsh and bad words to them. Do even and equal justice. Give just as much punishment as is due, and not more."

Parjā kaun jo nar parchāwai;
Mulak parāyo so nar pāwai.
Dhing dhāng jo karat hai nāi;
Tāke sab ho wain bas māi.
....
Parjā kaun parchāy ke rakhiye;
Nit nyāy sab hi kā kījai
Jathā parjā dand hi dejai,
....

Mola Ram diagnosed the causes of the downfall of the Hindus[1] as well as the Muslim Kingdoms in India. He says:

Bhule the Hindu jab hin, Musalmān tab hin āyā,
Bhulā Musalmān iab hin, Firangan pathāyā.[2]

[1] *Chitrakar Kavi Mola Ram ki Chitrakala aur Kavita*, p. 72 (154) (Hindustani, Allahabad) by Mukandi Lal.
[2] *Ibid*, p. 74 (156).



PLATE I. *Jaidev Vazir* by Molaram

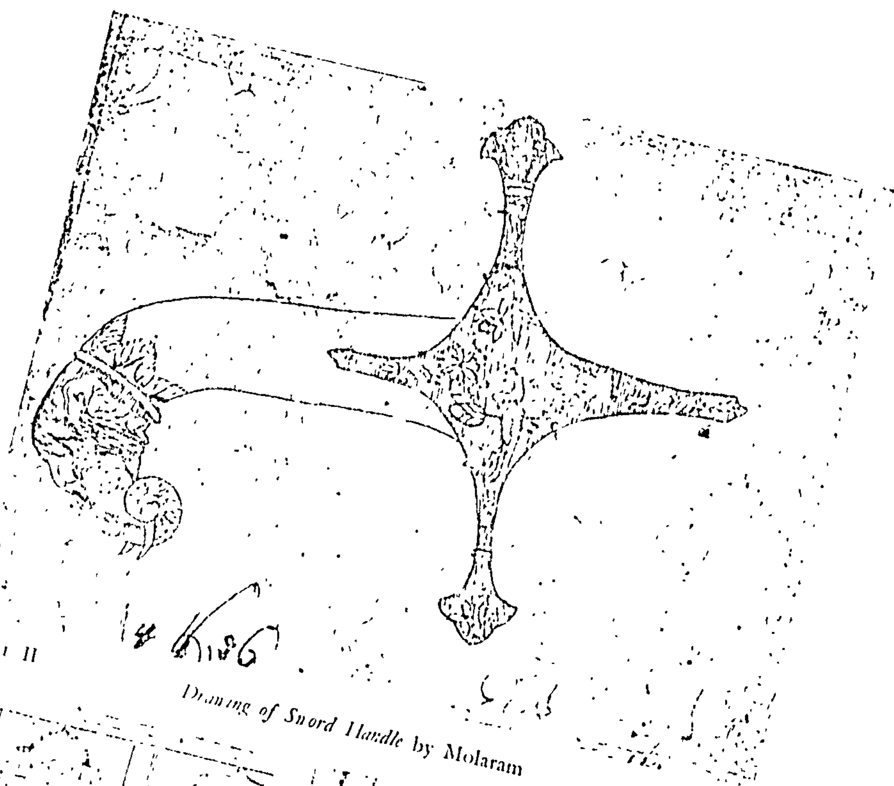


PLATE II

Drawing of Sword Handle by Molaram

PLATE III.

Consoling the Queens by Molaram



PLATE IV. *Raja Lalit Shah* by Molaram



PLATE V. *More Priya* by Molaram

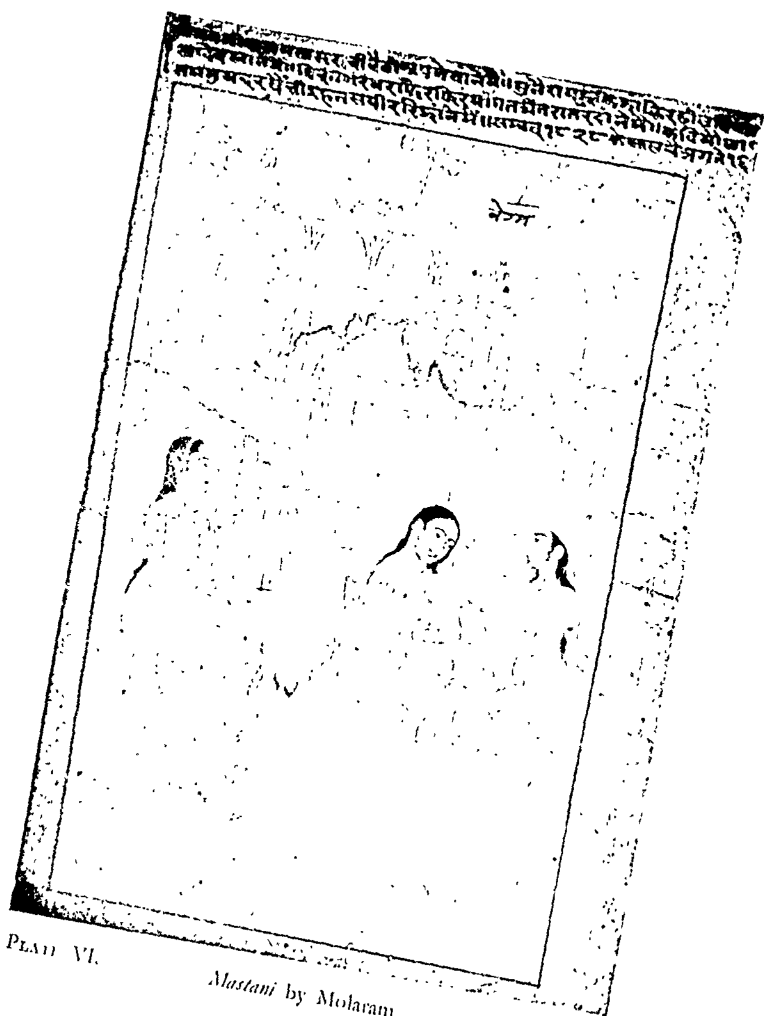


PLATE VI. *Mastani* by Molaram

"When the Hindus forgot their tradition of righteousness and public spirit the Musalmans conquered them. Similarly when Muslim rulers forgot their duty and lost themselves in self-indulgence, Firanghis (English) took over the country."

Mola Ram did not participate in contemporary politics and administration. He devoted all his time to painting and writing. But his contemporary rulers of Garhwal, his patrons, used to go to him, into his studio, for his advice, whenever they were in trouble. I will cite here one occasion when Raja Jaikrit Shah (1780-85) of Garhwal was opposed by his rebellious Governor of Dehra Dun, Ghamanand Singh, who rose in revolt and invaded Srinagar (the capital of Garhwal Kingdom within which Dehra Dun was then included). The Raja Jaikrit Shah went into Mola Ram's studio and asked him to seek the help of the Raja Jagat Prakash of Nahan (Sirmur). Mola Ram writes:

"Mahārāj ati dukhit bhayo;
"Chitrasāl mahin hamko kahyo.
Molā Rām kām taji jāo;
Chitrasāl nāhak hi banāo.
Hamko dustan ān dabāyo;
....
....................................."

"The Maharaj was much distressed. He came to my studio and told me, 'Oh Mola Ram give up painting, why are you wasting time in it. The rebels have attacked me' ...."

Mola Ram, instead of himself going to Nahan, wrote a poem and painted a relevant (appropriate) picture, and sent them to Jagat Prakash through a messenger, Dhani Ram. This is what Mola Ram wrote:

"Jagat Prakāsh tum Bhānu sam,
Tam ham hun kiyo grās,
Grāh gahyo jyon gaj hi ko,
Ghamanand Singh diyo trās.
Sur pai sūr sāvant sāvant pai;
Bhīr main vīr pai vīr padhārai.
Shāh ko Shāh vishāh karai,
Jo girai wah kām sam pher sudhāre.
Rīti sabain apne kul ki, kavi Mola Ram na kou visārai,
Kīch ke bīch men hāthī fasai, tab hāthī ko hāth de hāthī nikāre,
Yahai chhand ham diyo banai, chitra sahit likhi diyo pathāy."[1]

"Oh (Raja Jagat Prakash, you are like the sun (and in your presence) darkness (Rāhu) has swallowed (eclipsed); just as a mere alligator catches hold of an elephant,

[1] *Ibid*, pp. 133-4.

so Ghamanand Singh is oppressing (Jaikrit Shah). A hero can be helped only by another hero; and a king by another king. When a warrior is in trouble only another warrior can come to his rescue. A king in trouble can be helped only by a king. A dethroned king can be restored (to his throne) by another (king). I, Mola Ram, say, great men (kings) do not abandon their family tradition of helping others. I composed the verse, and painted a picture on the (same) subject, and sent it (to Raja Jagat Prakash of Nahan)."

For the last forty years I have been collecting materials to write the *History of Garhwal School of Painting* and *A Study of Mola Ram and His Art*. The delay has been due to the difficulty in collecting sufficient materials, which have been scattered far and wide, all over India. Mola Ram was born in or about 1740, at Srinagar, Garhwal, my ancestral home. He was one of the seven sons of Mangat Ram, who was himself a great artist; evidently still practising in Mughal style. A drawing of a sword handle (Plate 2) is a specimen of his art. Evidently, like all the artists of the Rajput and Pahari Schools, Mangat Ram had adopted the profession of goldsmiths. Mangat Ram's grandfather Har Das, and his father Sham Das, had come to Srinagar, Garhwal, in 1658, with Suleman Shikoh, son of Dara. Suleman Shikoh was surrendered to Aurangzeb under threat of war after one and a half years. Sham Das and Har Das, the two artists, were detained at his court by the Raja of Garhwal (Prithipat Shah, 1638-60). Sham Das was the son of the well-known artist, Banwari Das of Shahjehan's Court.

Originally when I first wrote a note on Mola Ram in the *Modern Review*, in 1909, and later in *Rupam*, in 1921 (and subsequently in other periodicals), I had given Mola Ram's date of birth as 1760, which date has been accepted by all European and Indian writers on Art. But, since, I have come across conclusive documentary evidence that Mola Ram was born in or about 1740, and not in 1760.

On the back of an incomplete painting (Plate 3, *Consoling the Queens*) which is dated 1769 A.D, Mola Ram has written a scathing criticism of his contemporary courtiers and officials at the court of the Rajas of Garhwal:

"*Jhuthe Sirdār Kārbār Chobdār khare,*
Jhuthe Lekhwār kalam kāgad roshnāi hai,
Jhuthe sab haraf ek sānch nā chatāk jāme,
Jhuthe hi chhāp, mulak Mālik kī duhāi hai,
Jhuthe at nain, bain, jhuthe sab lenden,
Jhuthe dharam karam an karār ājmai hai,
Kahat Mola Ram guni lokan kaun kathin bhai,
Jhuth saun nā kām, jin ki sānch ki kamāi hai,

1826 (1769 A.D.) Kā Phagun 15."

"I Mola Ram, say these are hard times. It is difficult to get on, for those who live by their honest labour, when the Court is surrounded by lying officials, lying household servants and lying attendants. The writers (clerks) are liars, even the paper

on which they write and the pen and ink with which they write are false. The very alphabets (letters) are liars. There is not a grain of truth in any thing. The Royal seal of the Lord of the land (the Ruler) is not truthful. The officials and courtiers swear falsely by the Lord. They speak lies with their eyes, as well as words. Their whole life, their work, their religion, all are false. They do not keep their words. Sambat 1826 (1769 A.D.) 15th Phagun."

If the earlier date 1760 (given by me) were correct these should be the ideas and courageous words of a boy of 9 years of age, which is inconceivable. Besides the painting also, even though incomplete, is of such high class that it could not be the work of a 9 years' old boy. Both the ideas and art are of a mature man of about 30 years of age.

The portrait of Mola Ram with his patron, Raja Lalit Shah, of Garhwal (Plate 4) indicates that Mola Ram must be about 40 years' old when he painted the portrait. Raja Lalit Shah ruled only 8 years, 1772-1780, A.D. The portrait was painted after his accession to the throne.

Mola Ram's signed and dated picture, *Mor-Priya* (Plate 5) bears his motto on the top of the picture. He says: "He cares more for sincere appreciation of his art and ideas, rather than for tons of money and thousands of villages as reward"—

"*Kahān hajār kahan laksh hain,*
Arb kharab dhan grām.
Samjhai Molā Rām to sarab sudeh ināṁ

Sambat 1832 *Sāl* (1775 *A. D.*) *Phālgun Sudi.*"

Mola Ram painted it in 1775 when he must have been a mature artist of about 35 years of age, and not a boy of 15 years. Similarly, he drew a picture of *Mastāni* (a gay girl) (Plate 6) in 1771, on the top of which he has written a verse in which he has described the scene. This is the only picture by Mola Ram in which he has owned that he was a painter (*Musavar*), otherwise he always called himself a poet, and not a painter. He also says that he had drawn the picture to amuse himself. This confession gives the correct ideal of an artist—that he paints for his own pleasure:

"*Mastāni chāl mast sharābi baithi apne khāne men,*
Sune rāg jhuki jhānki rahi sakhi pyālā de dastāne men.
Pivat bhar bhar phir phir māngat hai, tarātar dāne men,
Kavi Molā Rāṁ Musavar khainchi yih tasvīr rijhāne men.

Sambat 1828 (1771 A.D.) *Sal Chait Gate* 16."

"I, Mola Ram, poet and painter, have drawn this picture of *Mastāni*, a gay girl, to amuse (please) myself. (Her pose and expression) show she is sitting, intoxicated, to enjoy her meal and drink. She is listening to music and looking towards her companion, who is holding a cup of wine in her hand. *Mastāni* is drinking cup-fulls, and asking for more and more, again and again."

Mola Ram is the only Indian artist about whose life and work is known so much in detail from the materials left by the artist himself. His importance as a great

known artist of the Pahari School has been recognised by European as well as Indian writers on Art. In concluding this short paper on Mola Ram, I will refer to only one authority, Mr. J. C. French, who has written: "His (Mola Ram's) descendants have continued to live in Srinagar, Garhwal, down to the present day as substantial tradesmen.[1] So they have been able to keep sufficient relics and records of their ancestors to give their pedigree some vitality, and to prevent it becoming like that of poor, poverty-stricken Nadu of Kangra, a mere list of names. Mr. Mukandi Lal, who has been referred to as an authority on Mola Ram, is a fellow townsman of Mola Ram's descendants in Srinagar, and so has had every facility for the study of this painter. Mola Ram, while not a dominating artist, is a typical one, and his career illustrates the course and development of Himalayan Art as a whole. The pictures of Mola Ram in Mr. Mukandi Lal's collection are good examples of this...........It is most curious and interesting to note the way in which Mola Ram responded to and followed the flow of the cultural and artistic tendencies of this age. His life as an artist typifies and illustrates a complete revolution in the Art of the Hills."[2]

A most remarkable fact which is illustrated and proved by the life work of Mola Ram is that he originally painted in Mughal style (*vide* Plate 6, *the Mastani*) and later in life changed over to Rajput Pahari style (*vide* Plates 3 & 4) commonly known as Kangra Kalam. This conclusively proves the opinion of Dr. H. Goetz. "In the earliest Rajput Paintings we find the synthesis of both elements, but with that qualification that here, too, the Muslim element acted as catalysastor to effect the birth of the young Rajput style of painting, full of new possibilities, from the ossified echo of Medieval Hindu Art that had been XV and XVI century Jain, Vaishnava and Sakla Painting."[3] The latest research indicates that early Rajput style, or old Hindu art, under the influence of artists from Iran imported by Akbar, produced the Mughal style, and again the Hindu artists of Mughal School reverted to Rajput style producing the Pahari School, of which the Garhwal School is a branch and Mola Ram (1740-1833) the greatest known artist.

September 26, 1949

[1] Mola Ram's great great-grandson, Balak Ram, Fate Ram and Tulsi Ram are still living at Srinagar. The last named and the present writer are intimate friends from childhood, and are close contemporaries; others are much older than us. The writer saw the last on September 5, 1949.

[2] *Himalayan Art* by J. C. French (London 1931) pp. 105-106.

[3] *Art and Thought* (Issued in honour of Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy, London 1947), p. 90.

FUTURE OF MUSLIMS IN INDIA

S. V. Puntambekar

To me the problem of Muslims in India is covered by the greater problem of the future of Islamic peoples as a whole, if the Muslims want to live merely as Muslims in India and take no initiative in entering into the world-current of modern life as the Turks have done. There are three kinds of attitudes possible. One is to live as Muslims as such with all the burdens and principles adopted at a particular period of history, call it the purity of Islam or the perfection of Islam of the early Caliphate. The second one is to combine nationalism with Islam like Pakistan, and to attribute to it all the virtues of modern civilisation. The third is to enter into the world-current of modern knowledge, ethics and civilisation, to expand and adopt the conception of human brotherhood, and to give scope to human ambitions and pursuits which are higher than the formulas of any by-gone creed. This third attitude has been adopted by the Christians of Europe and the Hindus and the Chinese of Asia. Without giving up the fundamentals of their religious or spiritual life they have adopted a common human or civilisational approach, which does not divide humanity into the favoured and the disgraced, or the believers and the unbelievers. There is flexibility, liberality and forward outlook in that attitude, not mere dogmatism, conservatism and blindness. It must be admitted that whatever higher spiritual truths our religions might have given us, they did not originate and develop, nor were they meant, as hindrances to the peace, freedom and happiness of this wordly or secular life. Every religious treatise has within it some elements which are based on and meant to guide the contemporary social, political and economic life. One cannot accept them as guides to meet new necessities and types of life which develop in the course of history, due to human contacts and inventions, or impositions and imitations of other peoples. This historical and human aspect of every people's life cannot be ignored, and, therefore, we cannot refuse to recognise and to adopt the advance which humanity has made in solving the problems of human life. This can be easily seen in the Harun and Mamun period, or the early Seljukian period of the Bagdad Caliphate. When their free and responsive, reverential and tolerant, inquisitive and adaptive attitude towards knowledge and learning, peoples and countries was dominant, their subjects advanced in knowledge and learning, and they and the world profited by them. We must, therefore, look at the problem facing the Muslims as a whole, or in India, from a broader historical and cultural point of view. For this purpose spiritual truths or traditions need not be sacrificed. They do not come in the way of developing qualities of freedom of mind, tolerance of opinion, and respect and reverence for other ways of life.

To me, therefore, the future of Muslims in India, as elsewhere, depends on

what they understand by spiritual life and its essential contents, and then differentiate them from the needs of secular life. Spiritual life is primarily a relationship to the divine. Secular life is primarily a relationship between neighbours or fellowmen. The spiritual is also ethical, and, therefore, it should guide the secular in developing higher qualities or virtues in the individual, but it is not the secular itself. Unless this is clearly grasped, the secular life of the Muslims will not get liberated from the dead hand of the past. It will be ruined, and will also ruin the ethical and spiritual life which their religion advocates. Moreover, whatever one's religion teaches it cannot go against the fundamental proposition of human freedom and fraternity which are the very essentials of human and spiritual life. I humbly suggest that the Chinese and Hindus of old, and the Christians of modern times, have adopted this attitude *in spite of their old spiritual beliefs. Hence, their religious or ethical codes* do not interfere in the growth of their knowledge, learning and science. To the extent the Hindus and the Chinese lived in the grasp of the dead hand of the past, they did not and could not make progress. They, however, were not bound by their religious and social codes in the free pursuit of knowledge and learning. They did not divide the humanity into the favoured or elect, and the disgraced or damned. They understood the essential aspect of human approach to problems of life. They considered the approved ways of life to be plural and various, not unitary and uniform. Therefore, their social and moral codes were many, their philosophies of life numerous. Take Laotse, Kungfutse, Motse, and Chuangtse of China. They are all revered and followed. Laotse's atheism, Confucius's socialism, Motse's humanitarianism and Chuangtse's anarchism are all there. Later on, Buddhism, Islam and Christianity also flourished there. There was no rigidity but human flexibility and freedom in their attitude. Similarly in India various philosophers and their different philosophies prospered; various social codes and their moral values prevailed. Christians and Muslims were welcomed, and not persecuted. Their teachings and philosophies were studied. The Indian mind was free, critical and receptive. Indian religious approaches were not one, but many. Hence they could take to and develop new ideas and forms more easily and, therefore, endure long, both as creative and possessive, as intellectual and spiritual, people.

To me there is future for every group of people, to the extent they are free mentally and spiritually, and are associative and tolerant morally and socially.

Unless the independent Muslims of Asia do some heart-searching and history-searching, and understand the laws or lines of human freedom and progress as evolved or experienced in their own countries and other countries, and also compare their ideas of life, security and progress with those of others, it will not be possible to say much about their future by way of advice.

Human culture is not and cannot be one-sided or one-tracked. There is both independence and convergence in it. This realisation has to come to the Muslims as it has come to the Chinese, Hindus and Christians. Then only there is a future, but not as a particular dominant sect or group, but as members of a new human brotherhood, maintaining unity in variety.

Muslim states and peoples of Asia have to realise this, take to advanced scientific studies and human attitudes, and not live in theocratic or Turko-cratic stables of their own, though they may call them democratic. Even then they are stables or closed caves. There may be democracy of equality within, but there is no democracy of freedom without, which is more important from the point of view of human freedom and welfare.

Why do the independent Muslim states not unite or make themselves felt in a world advance? Because their values of secular life, political, economic and intellectual, have lost their substance, validity and drive. They are not effective and useful today. One cannot live on hatred or dominance of others. One must develop creative values and faculties of life. The golden age is in the future also, not only in the past. It came in the past because it was in the future. The theory of Messiah or prophethood is an illustration of this. Human life once sanctioned, and once ordered, is not final, or the best. Leave man and humanity the ambition to go ahead and the freedom of choice for betterment in new surroundings. Let them develop new ways and values, new virtues and wisdom to regulate life afresh, after the bitter experience gained and the sad experiments made.

Does the world, including India, provide conditions for a good neighbourly life to Muslims even if they want to remain as Muslims? I would say "yes," and, therefore, there is a good future for Muslims all over the world. But the question is how they respond to the new freedoms and new values of life of the modern world? In India a Muslim gets the fundamentals of freedom, including the freedom of religion or belief and worship, freedom of association and culture, and freedom of opinion and assembly. The Indian State is secular, not attached to, nor promoting any particular religion. His religious and social code is not interfered with. He is assured equality of status and citizenship in all aspects of administration and civic life. He should not remain discontented, because he has lost some extra privileges and weightages, political or civic. He must give up his conception of the old political supremacy and new political separatism and extra-territorial attachment. He must enter into the public, cultural and secular life of the country very fully and freely. He must remember that Indian culture is not a unitary culture but a plural one, where many currents have joined to make it rich. He has been a sharer and inheritor of it. His life has been made not only by his religion, but also by the geography, history and people of the country in which he has lived. Possession of dominant and weighted political power is not the only value or end in life. How a man lives best and possesses and creates conditions assuring perfect life where not only the past guides him but the present inspires him and the future attracts him—this is all important. My humble opinion is that if the Muslims, along with the Hindus, Christians and other groups, enter the common life in this civic and spiritual spirit, there is not only a future for them, but also for the country of which they are nationals or residents, and of the humanity of which they are natural parts and partners.

June 13, 1949

BAPU VITTHAL MAHADEV : A MAHARASHTRIAN DIPLOMAT

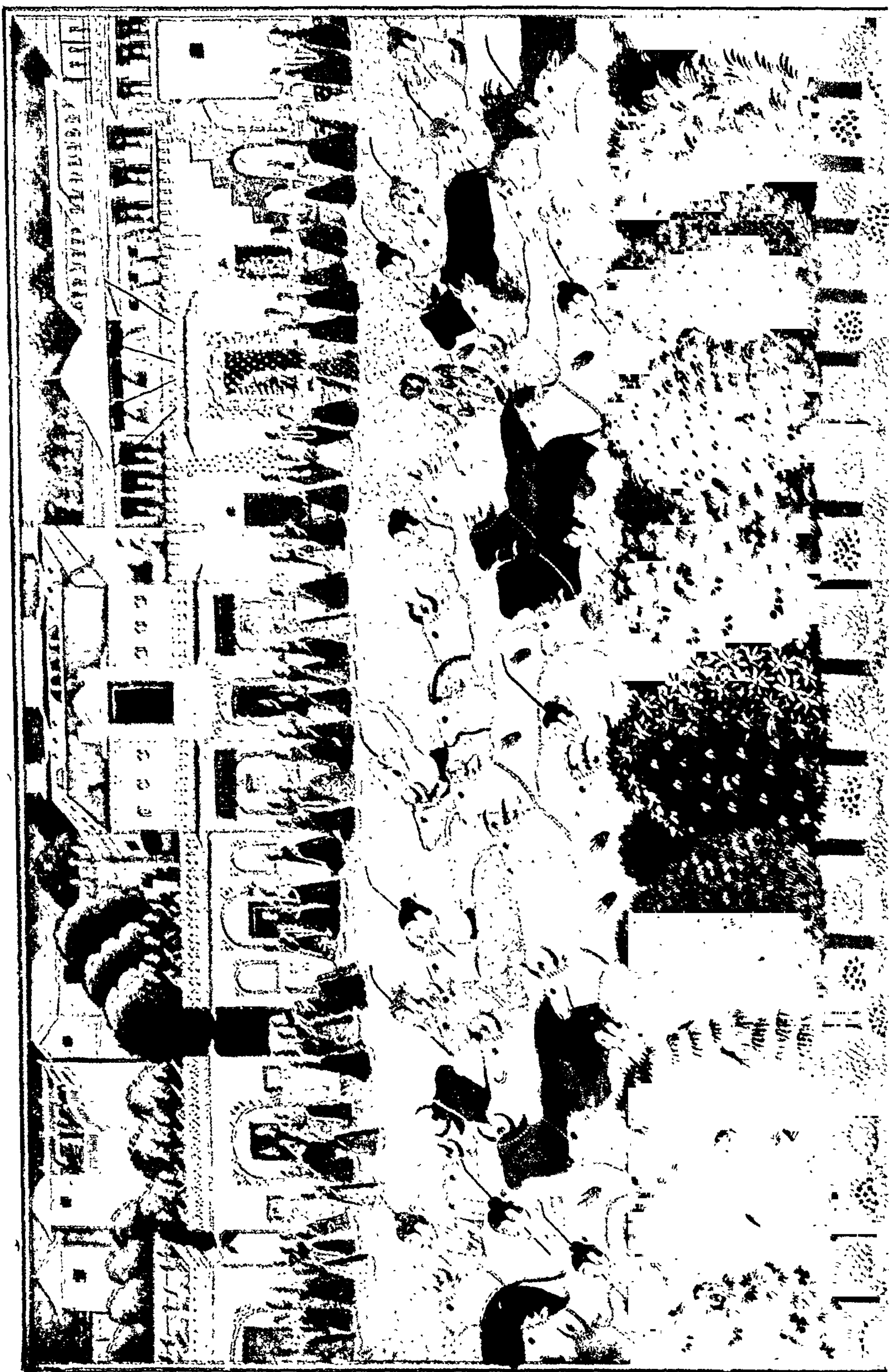
RAGHUBIR SINH

Of all the scores of statesmen, politicians and diplomats whom Arthur Wellesley (later Duke of Wellington) came across, and with whom he had to negotiate during his stay of eight eventful years in India, one person who left a very deep and everlasting impression on his mind was one Maharashtrian diplomat, Bapu Vitthal Mahadev, who held the high office of Chief Ministership of Daulat Rao Sindhia for a brief period of just one year (October 1803-October 1804). Evidently enough, he did not attract much attention, nor did he command any particular respect from his contemporary compatriots more than what might have been due to his office, and hence they did not care to recollect and record any account of his early life, or of his previous career. The Marathi sources do not give any details of his doings during the brief period as well for which he held this high office. What little information now available of this remarkable personality is mainly from the detailed account of the peace negotiations with the Sindhia, and the lengthy descriptive despatches of the British Residents at the court of Sindhia, during the year 1804.[1]

An old and attached servant of Daulat Rao Sindhia, Bapu Vitthal had always been his personal favourite. But prior to being appointed the Chief Minister, he was no more than *khasnavis*, or Controller of Sindhia's household, an office of great trust but not of high rank. But he was esteemed a good man and possessed the entire confidence of Daulat Rao Sindhia, which he fully merited by his zeal and attachment. Hence, when his then Chief Minister, Jadu Rao Bhaskar, was killed in the battle of Assaye (September 23, 1803), in a moment of real emergency he was called upon by his master to hold that high office in succession to Jadu Rao Bhaskar, according to Malcolm, "from considerations which referred more to the ineligibility of others than to his superior fitness for the office." Obviously enough, he could have no pretensions to that high office save those of the great trust his master reposed in him.

Immediately after his appointment to that high office, it became Bapu Vitthal's first and foremost concern to negotiate a most favourable peace with the English, even after the signal defeat that his master had suffered in that fateful battle of Assaye. An agreement for suspension of hostilities between the English and Sindhia having been concluded by November 22, 1803, the negotiations for a final peace treaty had been started and were going on for some time, but little progress could be made until Bapu Vitthal Pant made his appearance in the British camp on December 23, 1803. Then it took them just one week, and the treaty between Sindhia and the English

[1] Poona Residency Correspondence Series: Vol X—*Treaty of Bassein and War of 1803-1804 in the Deccan*, Ed. by Raghubir Sinh (in preparation), and Vol. XI of *Daulat Rao Sindhia's Affairs, 1804-09*, Ed. by N. B. Roy.



was finally signed at Sarji Anjangaon in the early hours of December 30, 1803. During these days Arthur Wellesley sat face to face with Bapu Vitthal and negotiated the terms of the treaty. Malcolm too joined these discussions and fully participated in the same.

Bapu Vitthal played a most notable part during all these negotiations, trying to gain every possible advantage for the lost cause of his master. At this time "he was a man far advanced in years, but of unbroken energy and formed both by nature and habit for diplomatic address. His self-command was wonderful. He had a sour, supercilious, inflexible countenance, in which no penetration could ever discern a glimpse of feeling. He wore, indeed, an impenetrable mask. The most startling demand or the most unexpected concession was alike received without the motion of a muscle. Malcolm said of him that he never saw a man with such a face for the game of Brag. From that time Vitthal Pant was known by the name of 'OLD BRAG' in the British camp."[1]

Bapu Vitthal's frantic and even last minute efforts to retain the town and *pargana* of Broach and the *pargana* of Sindkhed completely failed. So also he was unable to secure the British support in Sindhia's opposition to Holkar. But by his suave, peruasive ways and tactful handling he was able to retain for Sindhia his *inam* lands not only within the territories of the Peshwa but also within the northern districts of Dholpur, etc., which were then being handed over to the British. The British further agreed to grant *jagirs* or pensions to those officers of Sindhia, who had lost their lands by the transfer of these northern districts formerly held by Perron. Moreover, the British undertook to defray the expenses of the subsidiary force to be maintained by them for the defence of Sindhia out of the proceeds of territories already acquired by the peace treaty of Sarji Anjangaon.

The technique adopted by Bapu Vitthal in these negotiations of his with Arthur Wellesley was thus summarised by himself once during his later talks with Malcolm. At the very outset, "I demanded of General Wellesley what were his intentions respecting the government of my master. He told me in reply that it was neither his wish nor intention to destroy it, on the contrary that he desired to preserve and raise it as much as was consistent with the perfect security of the interests of his own nation. Satisfied with this assurance I resolved, as the best step I could take for the interests of the Maharaja, to place an unqualified reliance on the generosity of the English Government............On hearing his different propositions, I stated, as was my duty, the losses which would result to Sindhia from their adoption, but on no occasion did I ever refuse my assent to any one condition of the treaty, and most of the alterations of a nature favourable to this State which were made in the original draft, which General Wellesley brought forward, were suggested by the General himself, who manifested throughout the negotiations an anxious desire that the government should not incur further misfortunes than those it had already sustained." In consequence, the British General himself became eager to grant

[1] Kaye's *Life & Correspondence of Sir John Malcolm*, Vol. I, pp. 240-241.

Sindhia especially favourable terms and to place him, even as a subsidiary ally, in a position of peculiar advantage. Bapu Vitthal played no little part in thus making Arthur Wellesley look after the interests of Sindhia, and these successes gained by Bapu Vitthal in negotiating this peace treaty greatly raised his own reputation at the court of his master.

Soon after the ratification of the treaty of Sarji Anjangaon by Daulat Rao, Malcolm was sent to that court as the Resident there, mainly to negotiate and conclude a treaty of defensive alliance, for which Sindhia had so earnestly been pressing. This time, too, Bapu Vitthal was able to make Malcolm agree that the subsidiary force, to be maintained by the English for Sindhia's help, would be stationed outside the territories of Sindhia, though the Governor-General had greatly desired otherwise. The loss of the fort of Gwalior and the country of Gohad had very much rankled in the mind of Sindhia, and though in spite of his repeated efforts Bapu Vitthal was then unable to secure their restoration, by his continued impassioned pleadings he was able to fully convince Malcolm that Sindhia had executed the peace treaty of Sarji Anjangaon under the strongest possible conviction that Gwalior, which had belonged to him before the war, would be restored to him on the conclusion of peace. Thus, even when the Governor-General declared that the restoration of Gwalior and Gohad to Sindhia "would be a breach of his public duty," Malcolm remained unconvinced. At Calcutta, however, this Gwalior controversy was interpreted as an Arthur Wellesley *versus* Bapu Vitthal tussle, and the Governor-General was most keen to prove that "General Wellesley has not made a worse peace than Vitthal Pant," by not giving the latter any advantage by restoring Gwalior to Sindhia.

But in spite of all these evident and quite convincing successes of his, it was never plain sailing for Bapu Vitthal at the court of Sindhia. A constant tussle was going on between him and other rival groups of senior officials at the court for the supreme control in the conduct of the administration of Sindhia's dominions. Once in February 1804, he actually left Sindhia's camp for Burhanpur, mainly with a view to exposing to Daulat Rao Sindhia the incompetence of these rivals of his who aspired to high offices in the state. But for good many months none could dislodge Bapu Vitthal from that high office. Daulat Rao Sindhia had given him full powers in respect of the state administration, and even though his powers as such were absolute he was always careful to exercise them in a manner that would indicate the reverse. In all questions whatever, as a matter of form, he would consult some of those respectable officers, none of whom could possibly be an object of his own jealousy. This pleased Daulat Rao, and at the same time gave real strength to the administration of Bapu Vitthal without causing any actual harm to the State.

Bapu Vitthal knew full well that the times and circumstances were most inopportune even for the slightest rupture in the good relations of Sindhia with the British, and as such he paid due attention to the suggestions of the British Residents at the court of Sindhia. At the outset, when Daulat Rao was invited to cooperate with the British in their war against Yashwant Rao Holkar, he most

readily agreed, and all necessary orders were passed to do everything possible in that respect. But Sindhia's enthusiasm soon cooled down. Sindhia continued to retain Holkar's *vakil* in his camp. No assistance was now forthcoming for the British forces then marching through his territories against Holkar. Above all, Bapu Rao Sindhia, sent to co-operate with Lord Lake, did not do so; on the other hand, he did his best to obstruct and create troubles for the British on the way. Bapu Vitthal had to explain away all this unfriendly conduct. He was a shrewd man of affairs endowed with a smooth and persuasive tongue, and he tried to take fullest advantage even of this adverse situation. He humoured the British Resident by making solemn protestations of his master's unstinting fidelity and unswerving attachment to the British, and very *naively* tried to ascribe all these seeming unfriendly happenings to the distressing difficulties under which Sindhia's government laboured everywhere from pecuniary embarrassments. Naturally, during all this period of Bapu Vitthal's ministry, the entire foreign policy of Sindhia was marked with certain timidity and hesitation, which was mainly due to the series of various difficulties that hampered Sindhia's administration on all sides, and not merely a result of any special partiality of Bapu Vitthal for the English, even though at one time Malcolm did deem it likely that "Bapu Vitthal would look to the cultivation of the friendship of the British nation as means of securing his personal authority as well as of advancing the interests of his master's government."

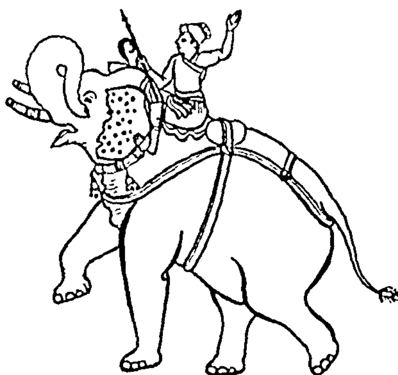
Bapu Vitthal was neither destitute of ability nor deficient in energy, but he added to bodily infirmity a very irritable temper. His violent private resentment could not necessarily be tempered at all times by the considerations of good of the state, and though he could not possibly get a free hand to deal as he liked with persons enjoying Daulat Rao's personal favour, he tried his utmost to take retaliation for his personal enmity from them as well. But Bapu Vitthal's main handicap, which gave his enemies their best chance against him was his continued ill-health and consequent prolonged absences from attendance at the court. Thus, when Sharzaji Ghatge, the father-in-law of Daulat Rao Sindhia and his previous Chief Minister as well (1798-99 and 1800-1802), arrived uninvited in the camp of Daulat Rao on August 11, 1804, he found it very easy to rejoin his son-in-law at his secret private conferences. Soon after, Bapu Vitthal happened to fall ill and was unable to attend to the affairs of the state for quite a long time, and taking advantage of the same Sharzaji Ghatge was once again able to regain his previous ascendancy over Sindhia, who had not yet got reconciled to the loss of Gwalior and Gohad, and was constantly fretting over the continued efforts of the British Resident in forcing him to send Holkar's *vakil* away from his camp and also for Sindhia's return to Ujjain. Sharzaji's daring and resolute policy of defying the wishes of the British Resident most readily appealed to Sindhia, and hence, early in October 1804, when Bapu Vitthal was very ill and unable to move, Daulat Rao left him behind and marched away from that camp. In view of this ascendancy of Sharzaji Ghatge at the court, Bapu Vitthal, now more or less on his death-bed, in consequence actually retired, and Sharzaji Ghatge succeeded him as Sindhia's Chief Minister. On recovering a bit, Bapu Vitthal too

proceeded to Harda (64 miles east of Khandwa on the southern bank of the Narmada), where he continued to stay till his death on November 21, 1804.

Thus died this eminent diplomat of Sindhia's court in obscurity, unnoticed and unlamented. His master received the news with every demonstration of grief for his loss, but he was then very busy collaborating with his new Chief Minister in developing the long-contemplated attack on the State of Bhopal. But good many years later, thousands of miles away from the very shores of India, a most glowing tribute was paid to the genius and capabilities of Bapu Vitthal, by one who had not only dealt with him while carrying on the actual peace negotiations in December 1803, but who had also in later years ample chances of comparing him in his own mind with much better-known and more eminent diplomats of Europe. "And years afterwards," writes Kaye, "when Malcolm met General Wellesley, then the Duke of Wellington, in Europe, and the conversation one day turned upon the characters of great men of France, the latter, when questioned regarding Talleyrand, replied that he was a good deal like 'Old Brag' (Bapu Vitthal), but not so clever."[1] How much would one wish that Bapu Vitthal had an eminent General like Napoleon to back him, or at least a national state like France to work and negotiate for![1]

March 29, 1949

[1] Kaye's *Life and Correspondence of Sir John Malcolm*, Vol. I, pp. 240-1.



HINDUISM : A STATIC STRUCTURE, OR A DYNAMIC FORCE

A. S. Altekar

It is well known that the antiquity of Hinduism goes back to the hoary past; its persistence through succeeding ages has, therefore, given rise to considerable speculation. The orthodox Indian school holds that its ever-continuous existence is due to its being *sanātana* or unchanging; others think that it has survived so many millenniums and revolutions because it has ever been adapting itself to new conditions and conceptions. At a time when India has once more emerged as a free nation, there is a natural curiosity in India and abroad to have a correct knowledge about the nature of her ever-enduring civilisation. Let us try to examine the problem within the brief space permitted for this article.

According to the orthodox view, Hinduism is *sanātana*. But this term does not mean that Hindu culture is *unchanging*, as is wrongly supposed; it merely emphasises its eternal and ever-enduring character. A glance at the religious, philosophical and social structure of Hinduism will make this proposition quite clear.

In the realm of religion the early Vedic hymns disclose polytheism, which passed into monotheism perhaps through the intervening stage of henotheism. Already in the *Ṛigveda* we find the religious reformers averring that *Agni*, *Yama*, *Mātariśvan*, etc., are but the names of one and the same Supreme Being. But as centuries rolled on, monotheism did not satisfy the growing religious consciousness, and monism was evolved—God is not merely one, without a second, but he is also immanent both in the individual and in the universe. Hinduism, however, did not believe in regimentation of thought in the realm of religion; it allowed full freedom even to all those who could not conscientiously believe in the existence of God. Hinduism presents the unique spectacle of being perhaps the only religion in the world where even those sects are regarded as orthodox which do not subscribe to the doctrine of the existence of God. Sāṅkhya philosophy does not recognise God; *Pūrvamīmānsā* grants him only a grudging and qualified recognition; and yet both are regarded as orthodox.

This continuous flux and evolution in religion and philosophy is characteristic of Buddhism as well. Early Buddhism was an atheistic and soul-denying system, laying down the path of a personal salvation. Later on it developed into the *Mahāyāna* system, which transformed god-denying Gautama Buddha into an *avatāra* of the *Bodhikāya*, recognised the soul as an undying principle and declared that the *Bodhisattvas* are born again and again for the salvation of humanity.

Hindu philosophy went on showing an admirable vitality down to the XVI century A.D. Sankara, Rāmānuja, Madhva and Nimbārka no doubt profess merely to comment upon the ancient sacred texts, but in reality each one of them expounds a new and full-pledged philosophical system of his own. There was a temporary

arrest of growth for three or four centuries owing to external circumstances. But Hindu philosophical thought has begun to show its age-long vitality and fecundity from the middle of the last century. Swami Dayananda Saraswati, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Vivekananada, Ramatirtha, Aravinda Ghosh, Radhakrishanan and Tagore are some of the modern Hindu thinkers, whose philosophy and view of life and values have begun to appeal to the modern thinkers both of the East and the West.

A bird's eye-view of the religious and philosophical history of India, thus, discloses that Hinduism is not a static but a dynamic force. This, however, does not mean that it has no moorings or convictions of its own; its evolution is governed by certain well-recognised principles. It does not care whether a sect or system believes in the existence of God; it is, however, anxious that it should recognise the regulation of the universe by a moral order or principle. The atheism of Buddhism, Jainism and Sāṅkhya did not shock the custodians of Indian culture and religion; for all these systems recognised the principle of moral order as embodied in the *karma* doctrine. The *Chārvāka*, who denied the existence of God merely to advocate a scheme of hedonism, finds short shrift at the hands of Indian philosophers. The *karma* doctrine in its turn presupposes the theory of rebirth, which is also accepted in one form or other by most of the Indian systems of religion and philosophy. The recognition of a moral order presupposes the recognition of an eternal principle, call it God, *Ātman*, *Brahma*, *Prakriti*, or *Śūnya* or Emancipated Soul. Such a principle is accepted by all the Indian systems.

Hinduism has absorbed a number of beliefs and theories both of indigenous and foreign origin. But it failed to absorb Christianity and Islam. The most probable reason for this is the non-recognition by these religions of the doctrine of *karma* and rebirth, and non-acceptance of Soul as an eternal and ever-abiding principle akin to God in its essential qualities.

In the realm of religion and philosophy, Hinduism has been a dynamic force, primarily because of its liberal catholicism. It did not advocate and enforce the theory of one God, one Messiah, and one Scripture. It recognised that God manifests himself in different forms and in different ages; His message is not contained in a single book belonging to one clime and time, but can be revealed in different works belonging to different ages and written in different languages. It is the sacred duty of human beings to try to understand this message as contained in these books, and as interpreted by the custodians of the different sects and religions. This will be possible only if we not only tolerate but honestly revere the different sects and try to understand their view-points. The great Asoka, whose *dharmachakra* is the crest of free India, thus exhorts his subjects: "*If a person praises his own sect or blames other sects, all out of devotion to his own sect, he thereby merely injures his own sect. It is therefore meet that the followers of different sects and religions should reverentially listen to the tenets of one another with a view to understand them.*"[1] It is because India has been following this

[1] यो हि कोचि आत्पपासंडं पूजयति परपासंडं वा गरहति सवं आत्पपासंडभतिया, किंति आत्पपासंडं दीपयेम इति सोच पुन तथा करोतो आत्पपासंडं बाढतरं उपहनति। तं समवाय एव साधु! किंति अंणमणस धंमं श्रणेयु च सुश्रुसेयु च।
—*Twelfth Rock Edit of Asoka.*

eminently reasonable advice of the great emperor that its different sects and faiths have been living together harmoniously. And it is because they have been so living, and thereby facilitating the contact of mind with mind, theory with theory, and ideal with ideal, that the religious and philosophical thought of India could be so progressive, rich, diverse and helpful.

Hinduism, however, is not merely a dogma or a philosophical system; it is also a scheme of life presupposing a social structure. Is this structure a static or dynamic one?

A glance at history shows that Hindu social structure has never been a static one. It is true that the present orthodox view is that it is governed by the rules of scriptures revealed once for ever and, therefore, *ipso facto* unchanging. This view, however, is discountenanced by the sacred texts themselves. Manu, for instance, recognises that changes may become necessary in the social structure, and authorises leaders of society to sanction them after taking a survey of the whole situation. Our sacred texts relegated this function to a standing body of ten leaders of society, who were to be both deeply conversant with the contents of the sacred texts and keenly alive to the needs of the new times. When Hindu administration became more evolved by about the beginning of the Christian era , the function of this non-official body was transferred to a member of the ministry differently described as *Dharmamahāmātras, Dharmāṅkus'as* or *Paṇḍitas* in different centuries and provinces. *S'ukranīti,* a Smṛiti of the VIII century, thus describes the functions of this minister:

> "What ancient and modern customs and practices are current in society? Which of them are sanctioned by the sacred texts? Which of them go against their injunctions? Which of them are discountenanced both by the scriptures and current practice? The minister named *Paṇḍita* is to take a stock of the whole situation and advise the king, so that he can take suitable action promoting the welfare of his subjects both in this and subsequent life."[1]

Hindu leaders and governments used to sanction suitable changes in the Hindu social structure, and, therefore, it survived through centuries. In fact, the medieval Smṛitis like *Nārada* and *Bṛihaspati,* and commentaries and digests like the *Mitākshara, Dāyabhāga* and *Kalpataru,* are nothing but new treatises, sanctioning several new changes with the approval of contemporary society and governments. How far-reaching and revolutionary some of these changes were may be briefly indicated. The Vedic texts did not recognise the rights of the widow to inherit the property of the husband. *Yājnavalkya Smriti* boldly advocated it in the III century A.D. About two centuries later Bṛihaspati and Kātyāyana pleaded that it should be extended

[1] वर्तमानाश्च प्राचीना धर्माः के लोकसंश्रिताः । शास्त्रेषु के समुद्दिष्टा विरुध्यन्ते च केऽधुना ।
लोकशास्त्रविरुद्धाः के पंडितस्तान्विचिन्तयेत् ।
नृपं संबोधयेत्तत्र परत्रेह सुखप्रदैः ॥ I. 99-100.

to both movable and immovable property, and the *Dāyabhāga* argued in the XII century that it could not be defeated merely because the husband was living as a member of the joint family at the time of his death. Inscriptions of the XV and XVI centuries show that though the texts were silent on the point, society had begun to recognise a widow's right to alienate even immovable property, if it was done to promote religious and cultural aims. Vedic texts recognised the custom of levirate, as was done in contemporary times almost all the world over. But this canonical recognition of the custom did not prevent the Smṛitis from describing it as beastly and starting a vigorous crusade against it; they did not stop till it was stamped out of existence. In early times a number of foreign tribes like the Sakas, the Parthians and the Kushanas came and settled down in India. Hinduism absorbed them all within its own fold. Later on, when Islam came into the country, Hinduism was unable to absorb it owing to various factors that cannot be discussed here. When the proselytising activity of the new religion created a new situation, leaders of Hindu society did not start to ransack the Vedic and Smṛiti texts to find a solution of the problem. They boldly composed a new Smṛiti, now known as *Devala Smṛiti*, which declared that persons who are converted by force or fraud to a new religion can be admitted back to the Hindu fold, provided they seek readmission to it within twenty years. Hundreds and thousands of converts used to be readmitted to Hinduism down to the XIII and XIV centuries.

The short historical survey attempted in this paper will have shown to the readers how Hinduism is not a static structure, but a dynamic force. Unfortunately, the truth of this proposition is not sufficiently realised by the Hindus themselves. The orthodox Hindu believes that Hinduism is once for ever fashioned by the pristine *śāstras* of hoary antiquity; the educated Hindu is not sufficiently acquainted with the history of his culture and religion to know their true nature. It was an evil day when the non-official change-sanctioning authority, the *das'āvara parishad* of the Smṛiti, was replaced by a Government department presided over by the Minister for Religion. For, when Hindu rule came to an end by the XIII century, this department also disappeared, and during the last six hundred years Hinduism has remained more or less static. With no authoritative and intelligent agency to guide him, the average Hindu believes that religious beliefs, philosophical theories and social practices, current in the XII century, are of hoary antiquity; it is his conviction that they are all sanctioned by the scriptures (which he does not understand), and that to depart from them is an unpardonable sin. This utter and pitiable ignorance of the real nature of Hinduism is at the root of the amazing opposition which measures like the Hindu Code have evoked in the recent past even in educated circles.

It is high time for Hindu society to set its own house in order. Our ancient *ṛishis* never expected that the rules that they had laid down would be regarded as binding for ever by their descendants. They themselves have pointed out the necessity of making periodical changes in them. The great Manu has declared that even religious injunctions should be disregarded if they are opposed to public opinion or



PLATE XXI



PLATE XXII



PLATE XXIII

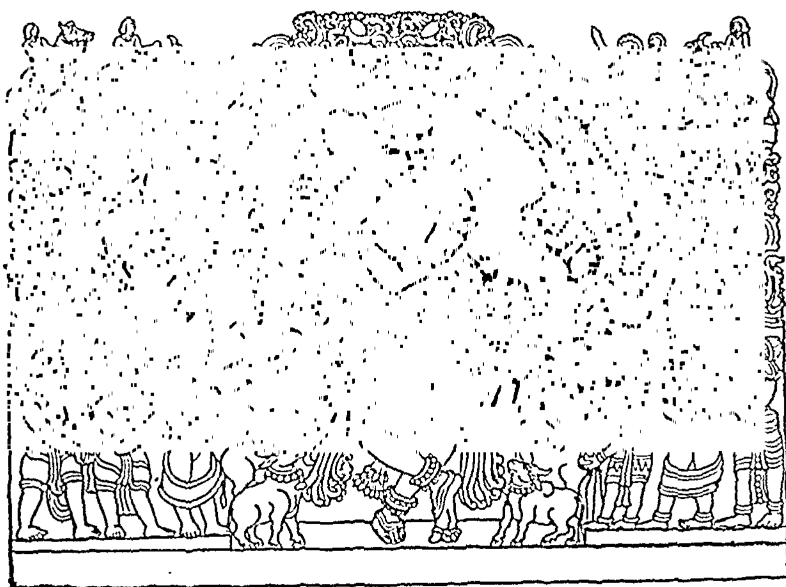


PLATE XXIV

found to be against social stability.[1] Hindu thinkers did not believe that philosophical truths are revealed once and for ever, and that there is no evolution in them. Hindu religion, philosophy and social structure are nothing but the records of a glorious and instructive struggle of human mind to free itself from limitations that become meaningless in course of time, and to attain to more and more glorious heights that are revealed by man's ever-expanding vision. There is no doubt that Hinduism will become once more a great world force, the moment this consciousness becomes a part and parcel of the modern Hindu mind and begins to mould and influence its activities in the different spheres of life.

May 31, 1949

[1] परित्यजेदर्थकामौ यौ स्यातां धर्मवर्जितौ
धर्ममप्यसुखोदर्कं लोकविद्विष्टमेव वा।
—IV. 60.



THE INTERNATIONALISM OF INDIA

SUNITI KUMAR CHATTERJI

The position of India as a self-contained unit or area in the geography of the world is unique, and it has been generally admitted. It is self-contained by being cut off from contiguous land tracts by mountain walls and deserts encircling it in the north, and by the sea surrounding it in the south. The peninsular part of India is a projection of the north Indian plains which form a detached and a sort of fenced-up part of the mainland of Asia. It occupies the central place in southern Asia, flanked by the lands of Iran and Arabia on the one side and by the continental areas of Burma, Indo-China (Cambodia and Viet-nam) and Malaya and the islands of Indonesia on the other. Equally central is its position in the southern half of the hemisphere embracing the Old World, Eurasia, Africa and Australia and the island region of Oceania. The entire mainland of Asia in all its vastness seems to converge into India, forming a sort of hinterland to India in the north. The ocean which laves the southern shores of India finds its terminus in the land of India, and this southern ocean has been quite fittingly named after India, as the *Indian Ocean*, forming the centre or apex of the triangular maritime region with the Antartic area as its base and the African and Australo-Indonesian tracts as its two sides.

In addition to her central position in the area of the three continents, Asia, Africa and Oceania, India has been richly endowed with natural resources which have always enabled her to supply the requirements of the people inhabiting the four continents of Asia, Europe and Africa and, (latterly), Oceania, in articles of vital importance for their physical and cultural well-being, from time immemorial. Her agricultural and forest products, her minerals, her manufactures like iron and cotton, and her imports from neighbouring lands like spices from Indonesia and silk from China, formed a series of much-needed commodities in the different countries, particularly of the Western world, for alimentation and raiment, for arts and crafts, and for luxury and commerce. It is one of the essential facts of ancient and medieval history that for a long number of centuries the trend of history in the lands of the Near East, of Mediterranean Europe and of Western Europe, hinged on the control of the trade routes to India and of the Indian trade, first by land and then by both land and sea. This international importance or significance of India in world affairs is unique, and this has had its bearing on the history and culture of India also.

The isolation or self-contained character of India as well as her international *attirage* are thus both the result of her geographical position. The geographical situation and the natural resources of India apart, the human factor in the history and culture of India has also made the country a *focus* to which peoples and civilisations have converged, as well as a *nidus* from which racial and cultural movements have irradiated

outside from time immemorial. From most ancient times, diverse races with their languages and cultures came into India, settled down there, and became modified by both the climate and by miscegenation among themselves into a more or less homogeneous type, in which culture and mentality have obscured original diversity of race and speech. The Indian Man, of mixed origin, produced a composite culture which distinguished itself as one of the main types of civilisation in the world, with its own special character. This became a great force for the uplift of man, for the unfoldment of his intellectual and spiritual being, not only within India but also outside India. Most of the more important racial elements in the Old World contributed to the evolution of the typical Indian Man; and, thus, for this basic genetic reason, Indian humanity has some tie of kinship or other with the humanity in a great part of Asia, Europe and Oceania. In the plane of culture and civilisation, the leaven supplied by Indianism to the peoples round about India, and the service rendered by Indianism to distant peoples, furnish additional and sometimes very strong bonds of unity.

India's situation, Nature's gifts to India, and the doings and achievements of Man in India—all these have brought about the most outstanding fact about India, *viz.*, her Internationalism.

In the present paper an attempt will be made to give an outline of the working of the human factor in achieving this International Position of India.

It is rather strange to contemplate that no kind of man evolved from some anthropoid ape on the soil of India—so far as the anthropologists can see with the actual evidence now available. There is no autochthonous race for India. All her human habitants came from outside, some from the East, but mostly from the West, and found in India their *karma-bhūmi*, the sphere of their work and achievement. Different races of men with their different languages and cultures came at different times and became permanent inhabitants of the country. Beginning from eolithic times, as many as seven different races in their nine branches, and at least five separate language-groups and connected cultures, came to India.

It is not necessary to go into details of these racial movements, but an indication of the more important groups, and the part they played in the evolution of Indian culture, will be helpful in understanding the origin and spirit of this culture.

The first people to arrive on the Indian scene were a Negroid people from Africa, who came along the coast-lands of Arabia and Iran into India. These Negroids were in the stage of food-gatherers and not food-producers, and were in a most primitive state of culture. On the mainland of India they have become extinct or absorbed among subsequent peoples who followed them, and their language also is lost. Only in the Andamans a few hundred Negroids survive, descendants of a group which managed somehow to arrive in the islands, probably from South Burma, the nearest part of the mainland. The Negroids appear to have contributed very little to Indian civilisation—they did not get a chance to develop themselves for that.

After the Negroids there came from the West, from Syria and Palestine, the Proto-Australoids, who formed a very early branch of the Mediterranean race. They were of medium height, dark, snub-nosed and long-headed. In India their language was

modified into the Proto-Austric speech, which was the source of the *Kol* or *Munda* languages of India (like *Santali, Mundari, Ho, Korku, Savara, Gadaba*), and the *Mon-Khmer* languages of Assam, Burma and Indo-China (*Khasi* in Assam, *Mon* or *Talaing, Paloung* and *Wa* in Burma, and *Khmer* or Cambodian, *Stieng, Bahnar* etc., of Indo-China), Nikobarese, and the languages of the island areas—Indonesian (*Malay, Javanese* etc.), Melanesian, and Polynesian. The Proto-Australoid (or Austric, to specify their developed form in India) people spread over the whole of India, and they are found to form the basic element in the population of the country, being prominent everywhere among the lower classes. They were particularly numerous in the great riverine plains of North India. The bases of the agricultural and village culture of India go back to these Austrics, with the cultivation of rice and of certain vegetables, and of cotton, and with weaving and the domestication of certain animals (like the fowl, and, possibly also, the elephant). Their mythology and traditions, and their notions regarding man and the world of the Spirit as well as future life, in their modified forms supplied a good many elements in the development of the composite Hindu or Brahmanical religion and philosophy and spiritual thought and culture, which developed in Northern India from 1000 B.C. onwards, through the fusion of the Austrics with the Dravidians, and the Aryans and the Indo-Mongoloids. These Austric-speaking pre-Aryans of India merged in the Indian plains into a new Hindu people, after accepting the language of the Aryan invaders, and mixing, in both blood and culture, with the Dravidians who came into India possibly after the Austrics. The village life of India goes back to the Austric people. Those Austrics who lived in the hills and jungles of Central and Eastern India, or fled there after the Dravidians and the Aryans came and became masters of the plains, have kept some elements of their native culture intact, and have preserved their language also. But, over the greater part of the country they became just one of the component elements in the formation of the Hindu masses, particularly in Northern India.

Dravidian-speakers followed the Proto-Australoids or Austrics. These also came from the West, and they comprised several branches of the same Mediterranean people —a very early off-shoot of which had come into India as Proto-Australoids. The Dravidian-speakers were thus the kinsmen of the pre-Hellenic people of Greece and of Asia Minor, and from their original homeland they brought to India quite an advanced civilisation, which was not a mere village culture like that of the Austrics. The remains of an astonishing city civilisation which has been and is being unearthed in South Punjab and Sind, at places like Harappa and Mohen-jo Daro, give us a glimpse into a highly developed culture centering round towns, with regular streets of brick-built houses sometimes more than one story high, and furnished with baths and underground masonry drains, which go back to times before 2500 B.C. It is believed that a Dravidian-speaking people of East Mediterranean affinities created this civilisation in India. These were a city-dwelling people, who were known as *Dāsas* or *Dasyus* to the Aryans, when they came into India as invaders after 1500 B C. from Iran. These Dravidian speakers were settled in large *blocs* in the Deccan and South India, and also in Western India. In the South we have solid areas of the great Dravidian languages, Telugu, Kannada,

Tamil and Malayalam, unbroken by Aryan enclaves, and only in the Northern Deccan we have Dravidian solidarity shattered by the Aryan speech among the less-advanced Gonds, while in Western India the Aryan speech has made complete conquest, with the exception of a group of Dravidian-speakers still surviving in Baluchistan as the Brahuis. The Dravidians also occupied the Gangetic plains right upto Eastern Bengal, judging from the occurrence of Dravidian words in place-names all through the Ganges Valley, and from the evidence of the strong Dravidian influence in the formation of the modern North Indian Aryan languages like Hindi and Bengali. The Dravidians were a more advanced people in material culture than the Aryans, who were the next group to arrive into India from the West. They had regular cities with real houses (*nagara*), and they had an architecture and art of their own. Their religious notions and practices are believed to have survived largely in the later form of Hinduism, known as *Puranic* Hinduism (as opposed to the religion of the Vedic age, which was specifically Aryan, and not so much mixed with or modified by non-Aryan cults and ideologies). The great divinities of later Hinduism like Siva and Uma, Vishnu and Sri, are, in some of their basic or salient characteristics, Dravidian and not Aryan. The Hindu ritual of worship by means of water and the produce of the earth (flowers, leaves, grain etc.)—the *pūjā*, as opposed to the *homa* or animal sacrifice and burnt offering through the fire—and the characteristic Hindu ideas of *yoga* mysticism and discipline, are also of very likely Dravidian origin. Some of the vital things in the composite Hindu culture of the subsequent post-Aryan periods were contributions from the Dravidian world.

The next people to come into the Indian scene were the Aryans. They were a branch of the primitive Indo-European people, whose original homeland was in the dry uplands of the Eurasian plain to the south of the Ural mountains, where they had developed and characterised their language and their semi-nomad culture by 3000 B.C. Here they did not advance much in material civilisation. Their greatest contribution was that they were the first to tame the horse and to put him to the service of man. They had also sheep and swine, and the goat and the cow they obtained from the southern peoples like the Semites and the Sumerians. They had a noble language, the expression of the mind of a very gifted people, at once reasonable and practical, and imaginative; and their social life was characterised by some ideas which we would now call advanced and enlightened, particularly in the position they gave to their women in a society which was basically patriarchal. These Indo-Europeans from after 2500 B. C. began to leave their original homeland and migrated in bands to various lands to the West and South. The tribes of the Indo-Europeans who went West mingled with local peoples and became transformed into the Celtic and Italic, Germanic and Balto-Slav and other peoples. In Greece they were transformed into the Hellenes, the composite people which came into existence by 1000 B. C. through a fusion of the original Aegean people of Greece and the incoming Indo-Europeans. Another group, much more mixed with the local peoples and cut off from the mother-stock earlier than the rest, became the Kanisian people, forming the ruling aristocracy over the Hittites of Asia Minor by the beginning of

the second millennium B. C. The Aryans (or Indo-Iranians) were another branch of the Indo-Europeans, whom we find gradually establishing themselves in Eastern Asia Minor and Northern Mesopotamia from the closing centuries of the third millennium B. C., coming there in small bands as horse-dealers and adventurers, and taking part in local affairs and succeeding in establishing themselves as ruling aristocracies among some of the local peoples. These Aryans, who in their original race, which has been labelled *Nordic* by anthropologists, were tall and fair, blue-eyed and golden-haired, straight-nosed and long-headed, had absorbed peoples of other races who took up their language by contact with them, notably a short-headed people known to the anthropologists as the *Alpines*. Those Aryans who remained in Mesopotamia and Asia Minor were inevitably absorbed among the local peoples. But some of their tribes pushed into Iran, then into India, and thus saved their language and separate cultural existence. From Iran they came to India, and, with their arrival and the establishment of their language in India, the distinctive composite culture of India took its start.

The Aryans' contact with the non-Aryan peoples was at first hostile. But when they permanently settled down, a mutual influencing and fusion were inevitable. The Aryan language spread all over Northern India, from Afghanistan to Bihar by 600 B.C. In Eastern Panjab and Western United Provinces of the present day, from before 1000 B. C., the fusion of peoples, cultures and religions started, and Austric, Dravidian and Aryan combined to create a new people, the Hindu people of ancient India, and a new culture, the old Brahamanical or Hindu culture (with its two new religious off-shoots, Buddhism and Jainism). It would appear that leaders in thought and leaders in action among this commingled people, like Krishna Dvaipayana Vyasa (of mixed Aryan and non-Aryan origin) and Krishna Vasudeva Varshneya, contemporaries of the *Mahābhāratā* heroes (c. X century B. C.), gave a conscious lead in the formation of this composite culture. This new people and culture took up the language of the Aryans, which itself came to be profoundly modified by the Austric and Dravidian speeches; and in all spheres there was a conscious harmonising of the diverse elements supplied by these different races or "language-culture" groups. When this kind of fusion was being fostered, there was no scope for racialism, for nationalistic jingoism and its perpetuation by an over-conscious historical sense or consciousness. That is why we have not had much use for history in ancient India, a history which would preserve memories of old linguistic and cultural conflicts, particularly in the formative period of our culture.

While this fusion of Austric, Dravidian and Aryan was taking place, another racial element came from the North-east, the Indo-Mongoloid, speaking dialects belonging to the Sino-Tibetan family. These people, known to the Aryan speakers as *Kirātas* (the Austrics similarly were known to the Aryans as *Nishādas*, and latterly as *Bhillas* and *Kollas*, and the Dravidians first as *Dāsas* and *Dasyus* and later on as *Drāviḍas*), were branches of the great "language-culture" group to which belong the Chinese, the Siamese, the Burmese and the Tibetans. They entered India by Assam and Bengal from the East, and by 1000 B. C. they had established themselves

as far as the southern slopes of the Himalayas, besides Assam and Bengal. They touched the fringe of Indian civilisation, accepting the composite Hindu or Brahmanical (*i.e.* the *Nishāda-Drāviḍa-Ārya*) civilisation, and they influenced it in Nepal, Bihar, Bengal and Assam; but this influence did not penetrate far. It is believed by some that Buddha himself was of mixed *Kirāta* or Indo-Mongoloid origin, like most of the people of Nepal, North Bihar, North and East Bengal, and Assam at the present day.

A composite culture, in which room was found for the ideologies of so many diverse types, such as the culture of India was from its very inception, could not but be tolerant in its attitude. And a great toleration—nay, more than that, a reasoned acceptance—of all ideologies, particularly in relation to the world of the Spirit, characterises Indian culture more than anything else. A respect for the other man's position or point of view is something which comes most naturally to an Indian person. Indian culture embraced a great philosophy, and a great art as its plastic expression, besides Indian literature as the manifestation of the Indian mind; and all these had a message for humanity outside also. India passively received aggressors from outside, from whom India took what they had to give, and India was able to absorb most of them. She also actively gave to the outside world of her best—not only in her arts and letters and science, but also in the more abiding and more precious gifts of the Spirit—her own attitude, her social philosophy, her solution for the sorrows of mankind, her realisation of the Ultimate Truth behind life. The ideologies of Brahmanism, Buddhism and Jainism formed the venues through which India served mankind in the past, and is serving it even now according to her best light. She gave some elements to the mystic philosophy of Islam (Sufism), and she herself received back this Sufi spiritual culture after it became characterised in the Islamic lands of the West. Whatever Science she had, particularly in Mathematics, in Chemistry, in Medicine, she gave to the West; and she is once again seeking to enrich our human heritage in this domain also.

An Indian person who is conscious of his cultural origins and racial affinities, and is a modern man in spirit and outlook, cannot but feel being a member of the Most International Nation in the world. Thus, with us Indians, our Aryan languages of the present day, Hindi and Bengali, Marathi and Panjabi, and the rest, and particularly our Sanskrit, form our greatest spiritual and intellectual link with Europe and America. Racially we cannot talk of the Indo-European or Aryan "race" as embracing all the peoples of Europe and India, but as speakers of Indo-European languages we have special ties or bonds with the English, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Russians and other Slav peoples, the Letts and Lithuanians, the Albanians, the Greeks and the Armenians. The Austric element in our racial make-up, and our Indian Austric languages—these connect us closely with the basic peoples of Burma and Siam, of South China and Indo-China, of Malaya and Indonesia, and even with distant Melanesia and Polynesia. The *Kirāta* or Indo-Mongoloid elements, mixed or pure, completely absorbed or still in the process of fusion in Northern India and Eastern India, enable us to claim the Chinese, the Siamese, the Burmese, the Tibetans, and pro-

bably even the Ural-Altaic peoples, as our cousins, near or distant, if not exactly our very brothers. The basic Dravidian element in our population both in North India and South India reminds us of our uterine connexion with the highly civilised ancient peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean and Asia Minor areas, and also with Iran. The powerful Aryan leaven in our culture is stirring a new sense of kinship and fellow-feeling in the minds of the people of Iran and of Afghanistan (or Ariana), as much as it does in that of the cultivated European person who feels he must pay his homage to the speech of the *Rig-Veda* as the elder sister of Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Irish, Old Slav, Old Armenian and the rest. Indian Islam, with its twelve centuries of history in India and its long roll of saints and thinkers, and its contact with Hindu thought, is now something which is our very own, and at the same time it is in its basic conceptions and practices a great bond of union with the Islamic world outside, particularly with the Arab world where Islam and the national culture are practically one. Our long connexion with the Turks—one of our greatest Indian rulers and one of the greatest men in history, Akbar, was half-Turki and half-Irani in blood—makes us feel friendly with the Turanian world. Our Buddhism forms an additional common platform between ourselves and Tibet and China, Korea and Japan, Viet-nam and Cambodia, and Siam and Burma, besides Ceylon. Brahmanic and Buddhistic ideas, and our Sanskrit as the great culture language of ancient Indonesia and Indo-China, similarly show our historic connexion, through allegiance to a common culture and philosophy and mentality, with both Indonesia and Indo-China.

From the beginning of the XIX century, when we first became conscious of our *rôle* in history and our service in the past to Man outside India, our leaders have realised this great fact of the *Internationalism of India*, whether in the past, or at the present time, or for the future. Rammohan Roy, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Swami Vivekananda, Keshab Chandra Sen, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore—each has preached it in his own special sphere or spheres, whether religion or philosophy, or politics or literature, or philanthropy or endeavour to bring God-consciousness to mankind. The best minds of India are taking their stand on this pivot—the Internationalism of India, and on the message of India being for all humanity. We have a scholar-philosopher like Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan bringing this message once again to the West. We have ample evidence of a response from the lands of the West, of an admission that India has been voicing, in her own way, the desire of the nations for Spiritual Harmony; and, within the Indian State, a sense of realisation of this same spirit of Universality and Internationalism that is the very basis of Indian culture actuates, fortunately for both India and the world at large, the statesman who is now at the helm of the Indian administration, and whose great personality we are honouring to-day, Pandit Sri Jawaharlal Nehru.

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EARLIEST CONTACTS OF INDO-IRANIANS

T. Burrow

The migration of the Indo-Aryans into India, and the introduction of that form of Indo-European speech from which are descended the mother-tongues of the majority of the population, is recorded in no document. It is a deduction, a certain and necessary deduction, from the evidence of comparative linguistics. The immediate origin of the Indo-Aryans lay in that portion of Central Asia which is separated from India by the mountainous frontier of the North-West, namely, the Oxus valley and the surrounding area. At this time the predecessors of the Indo-Aryans formed practically one people with the ancestors of the Iranians, and the essential features of the earliest Aryan language, as yet undifferentiated into two groups, have been reconstructed with considerable precision.

A century ago it was customary to believe that in this area the origin not only of Indo-Iranian but also of all the Indo-European languages was to be found. This view was perhaps based, in the main, on the immense prestige which Sanskrit enjoyed in the development of comparative philology, and the unique position which it does in fact hold in the comparative study of Indo-European. It is a view that finds no serious supporters nowadays, and it is quite certainly untenable. The origin of the Indo-European languages lies somewhere in the European area, and this means that Indo-Iranian too must have travelled from the West, before occupying that area of Central Asia from which the Indo-Aryans and Iranians separately expanded. It is not necessary here to go into the various complicated arguments which have been brought to bear on this question. It will be sufficient to stress the fact that, from the earliest period that is recorded, the greatest number and, what is important, the greatest variety is to be found in Europe. The deepest linguistic divergences are to be found in an area which has been long occupied by a group of languages; linguistic uniformity is to be expected in areas of recent colonisation and expansion. This is precisely the case with Indo-Iranian occupying an area which, at the time of its greatest expansion, exceeded that of the rest of the Indo-European languages. It constitutes only one out of the ten major branches of the family. The differences between the earliest Indo-Aryan and Iranian are small compared with the contemporary differences between the European language groups, which are hardly less different from each other than they are from Indo-Iranian.

Some idea may be formed of the original habitat of Indo-Iranian, prior to its move into Central Asia, as well as about the direction of this migration. The available evidence can be classified under three headings.

I. The dialectal position of Indo-Iranian within the Indo-European linguistic community.

II. Relations with Finno-ugrian which can be demonstrated by a study of vocabulary.

III. The only early documentary evidence consisting of Aryan words and proper names that have been found in cuneiform documents from the Near East.

I.

The idea which seems to have prevailed mostly among comparativists of the classical school concerning primitive Indo-European is that of a single united language which somewhere in the region of 2,500 B.C. split up through migration, and gave birth to its existing descendants much in the same way as Latin developed into the Romance language. It was also thought that by means of linguistic palæontology the origin of this language could be fixed in some comparatively restricted area. Proceeding in this argumentation, the claims of a variety of localities from Scandinavia to South Russia have been advanced, without any prospect of agreement appearing. Nor is it likely that anything profitable could emerge on these lines, since the conception on which it is based is not supported by the linguistic facts. The Indo-European languages cannot be reduced to a single united parent language within the period that can be reached by comparison. Rather, the evidence points to the conclusion that at this period Indo-European had already for a long time been divided into a variety of widely diverging dialects. Furthermore, it is clear that if there ever was at a remote period a stage of Indo-European when it showed as little variation as, for instance, old Indo-Aryan, the language must have differed radically from the late type reconstructed from Sanskrit and the European languages. This has been made clear above all by Hittite, whose remarkable divergences from the familiar Indo-European are to be explained by its early isolation. This being so, it is a waste of time to seek narrowly to define an original cradle, since the period lies too far back, and in the long course of pre-history endless migrations have taken place about which nothing can be known. It seems rather that at the period of Indo-European with which Indo-Europeanists deal, the bulk of Central and Eastern Europe was occupied by peoples speaking varieties of Indo-European. It seems, therefore, more profitable to see what can be found out about the distribution and inter-relation of the dialects of the early period, rather than to seek for an original centre of the whole.

The problem of the Indo-European dialects has been given some consideration by Meillet and others, and it is possible to reach some useful conclusions. A feature that has provoked much discussion is the well-known classification into *Centum* and *Satəm* languages. These two groups are so named from the way they treat Indo-European *k* in the word for 'hundred' (*kmtom*). The *centum* languages preserve it as such (Lat. *centum*, Greek. *hekaton etc.*); in the *satəm* languages it is changed, usually to some kind of Sibilant (Skt. '*satam*,' Avest. *satəm*, Lith. *szimtas* etc.) Similar changes occur in the case of the Indo-European *g* and *gh*. The languages participating in this sound change are Indo-Iranian, Armenian, Balto-Slavonic, Albanian, and, apparently, the extinct Thracian. These languages likewise agree in the loss

less of the labial element in Indo-European k^w, g^w, g^{wh}. Since this feature is so widespread, it must be assumed that the change took place in the Indo-European period, before the dispersal of the several languages, and that it affected a group of contiguous dialects within the Indo-European area. The possibility of independent development can be ruled out by the existence of two parallel changes in all the languages concerned, and the uncommon type of paralellisation of the *k*-series, which takes place without reference be the vowel that follows.

Before the discovery of Tocharian and Hittite it was common to regard the *centum—satəm* division as a division between Western and Eastern Indo-European languages, and the tendency was to regard the *centum*-languages as a united group like the *satəm*-languages. The discovery of the new languages, which turn out unmistakably to be *centum*-languages, transforms the picture. The *centum*-languages are alike only in preserving original *k*, *g* etc., and it is a commonplace of linguistics that common preservation in languages or dialects is not a sign of close relation. We must, therefore, substitute for the older idea classification into (1) central languages, namely Sanskrit and the *satəm*-languages which are characterised by these early changes, and (2) peripheral or marginal languages originating from the West, East and South of this area, which, by virtue of their position, escaped the changes that affected the central, innovating dialects. These fall easily into four groups which have no close mutual connection with each other.

(1) The Western Indo-European languages, Italic, Celtic and Germanic, which display certain common features, particularly the two former, and can be classified as a group. Their home, before they migrated to their later settlements, seems to have been Germany, and, from all that can be seen, the boundary between this dialect group and the central or *satəm* languages appear not to have differed widely from the present Slavonic boundary.

(2) Greek, to the South of central group ;

(3) Hittite and the allied Asiatic languages which separated earlier than the rest, and differ markedly from all the other languages; and

(4) The Eastern Indo-European dialects, of which the two languages recently discovered in Chinese Turkestan are the only remaining representatives. The interesting thing about "Tocharian" is that there is no sign of any special connection with the only other Asiatic group, Indo-Iranian. This becomes natural in view of the classification sketched above. Indo-Iranian, in spite of its present position extending far to the East, derives originally from one of the dialects of the Central Indo-European area. It would, therefore, be expected to be as far removed from the dialects of the Eastern periphery as from the dialects of the extreme West, and this is exactly what turns out to be the case.

Another feature which is of interest in this connection is the series of *r*-formatives which characterises the inflection of the medio-passive in certain languages. It had previously been thought that these terminations, which were known in Italic and Celtic, were a special development of these languages. It was thought that they had spread through the system from the third person plural, since Sanskrit contains

some *r*-terminations here, and this was considered to reflect accurately the Indo-European state of affairs. The discovery of Tocharian and Hittite altered this picture completely, since in these languages the system of *r*-terminations is as fully developed as in Italic and Celtic. Over-hasty theories based on this fact, deducing from a special relationship between Tocharian and the languages of the Far West, and similar speculations regarding Hittite, have turned to be without foundation. Hittite and Tocharian have no special ties with any other Indo-European group, or with each other. The conclusion that follows inevitably from this new information is that the *r*-type of inflection is an old Indo-European grammatical feature which has been eliminated from certain Indo-European languages. The elimination has been complete in the case of Greek, partial in the case of Sanskrit where they have been confined to certain cases of the third person plural. This raises the question whether there is any special connection between Greek and Sanskrit, and, since Sanskrit is descended from the central or *satəm* group, between Greek and this group in general. The answer is certainly in the affirmative. It is sufficient to glance through a comparative of Sanskrit to see that direct comparisons with Greek far outnumber those with any other Indo-European languages outside Indo-Iranian. The reconstruction of the Indo-European verbal conjugation to be found in Brugmann is largely based on Sanskrit and Greek. It cannot now pass as primitive Indo-European. A special connection has also been pointed out between Greek and Armenian, and since Armenian, like Sanskrit, is a *satəm*-language, it becomes clear that Greek is more closely related to the *satəm*-group than it is to any of the other *centum*-languages. This relationship must date to a period preceding *satəm*-changes, and at this time the distribution of Indo-European dialects must have been into a Central Group from which Greek and the *satəm*-languages are descended, and three marginal groups to the West, East, and South-East as enumerated above. From the Central Group it seems that the ancestor of Greek had moved into comparative isolation at some time preceding the epoch of the *satəm*-changes.

Among the Indo-European languages of the *satəm* -group, Indo-Iranian is found to have the closest connections with Slavonic. Among the features which demonstrate this we may mention the change of *s* to š (ṣ) (which further developed in Slavonic to *ch*) after *k*, *r*, *i*, *u*. This cannot be a matter of chance, since the conditions under which the change takes are so closely parallel. It must be concluded that at this period the two dialect groups were in close geographical proximity, so that this innovation affecting *s* could simultaneously affect both. In the sphere of vocabulary, the number of words, or forms of words, which are shared by these two families, but not known from the rest of Indo-European, is very considerable, and this points to the same conclusion.

The relations with Slavonic appear to date to the close of the Indo-European period, that is to say just before the great migrations which carried Indo-Iranian to the East, after which it developed in isolation. The connection suggests that the original habitat of Indo-Iranian was in Southern Russia, to the east of the area from which the Slavonic migration took place at a much later period. More specifically the part

of this area, namely the Ukraine, would seem indicated by the one time contiguity with the precursor of Slavonic. It would also suit the special relationship with Greek which was introduced into Greece by migration from the Danubian area. From here we may assume a gradual expansion to the East, leading eventually to the great migrations which carried the language first to Central Asia, and eventually to Iran and India.

II.

In addition to the evidence provided by relationships, further evidence is provided by contacts with Finno-ugrian, and these contacts point also to an original home in South Russia of early Indo-Iranian. This family of languages, in addition to the well-known Finnish and Hungarian, embraces a variety of smaller languages in Northern Russia on both sides of the Urals. The original domain of these languages lies this side of the Urals, the penetration beyond the Urals being of more recent date. The languages have receded much in historical time; originally they were in solid occupation of the bulk of North Russia.

The family is related to the Samoyede languages of Siberia (and possibly to others of the same area) and with them forms the Uralian family. In addition, there exist striking resemblances between Uralian and the Dravidian languages of India. These are strong enough to suggest that the two families, Uralian and Dravadian have a common origin, which may be termed Indo-Uralian. It is to be explained by a migration into India from Northern Eurasia, which preceded that of the Indo-Aryan, and introduced the Dravidian languages into the Indian sub-continent.

The evidence for the early contacts of Indo-Iranian, which has been frequently discussed, consists of a number of Indo-Iranian loan-words in the Finno-ugrian languages. One of these is the word for hundred: Finnish *sata*, Hungarian *száz*, Mardwin *śada* etc., whose identity with Sanskrit *śatam*, Av. *satəm* is obvious. The interesting thing about this word is that it can only be derived from the form of the word that appears in Sanskrit (with ś), and not with that which appears in Avestan (with s). Since direct contact with India is out of the question, this can only be explained by the fact that the word was taken from primitive Indo-Iranian, since at this period the characteristically Iranian changes had not taken place, and the form of the word was the same as it is preserved in Sanskrit. The same is indicated by other loan-words which have been pointed out. Excluding certain later, specifically Iranian, words in certain Finno-ugrian languages, which can be easily separated, these words show neither the changes characteristic of Iranian, nor those characteristic of Sanskrit. It is, therefore, reasonably concluded that they are derived from an early, undivided form of Indo-Iranian. This means that the peoples speaking the two kinds of languages must have been in direct contact at this period, and this can only have been so if the early speakers of Indo-Iranian were domiciled in Southern Russia.

There is also evidence of linguistic influence the other way round. This is a profitable field of investigation which has not received the attention it deserves. There has been a tendency to assume that since the same word appears both in Finno-ugrian and Indo-Iranian the former is always the borrower. This can only be proved when

the word in question can be pointed out in other Indo-European languages. When this cannot be done it is unjustified to assume that the word is primarily Indo-Iranian rather than Finno-ugrian. A case in point is the word for 'bee' (Sanskrit *makṣi-kā*, Finnish *mehi-lainen*, Mardwin *meks̆* etc.,). No *meksi* appears in any other Indo-European language, and as long as this is the case the possibility has to be considered that Indo-Iranian acquired this word from Finno-ugrian. An Indo-Iranian word for 'foam' Sanskrit *kapha*—'phlegm', with secondary meaning, Perisan *kaf*—'foam', etc. has no parallels in Indo-European. Some similar words exist in Uralian: Hungarian *hab* 'froth, foam', Wepsian *kobe* 'wave, foam', Samoyede Kam., *khovu*, 'foam'. It would be a reasonable assumption that this word, which Indo-Iranian shares with no other Indo-European language, has been acquired from a Uralian, if not specifically Finno-ugrian source. In the Vedic language there is a word *kṣip*, 'finger'. It looks like the root *ksip*, 'to throw', used as a noun, but it is difficult to see why such a meaning should develop. In Finno-ugrian there is a word appearing in various forms (Finnish *hyppy*, 'finger-tip' etc.) which appear to go base *tṣüpp*. Bearing in mind the fact that the words are identical in meaning, the difficulty about the meaning in the case of the apparent etymology, and the fact that one kind of *kṣ* in Sanskrit has developed out of earlier *tṣ*, the possibility of a Finno-ugrian origin for this word becomes a matter worthy of serious consideration. Mardwin *s̆ava*, 'goat', has been explained as a loan-word, from Indo-Iranian, quoting Sanskrit *chāga*. Sanskrit *chāga* cannot be separated from Sanskrit *chagala*, 'goat'. On the other hand, this latter word has every appearance of being connected with certain Dravadian words meaning 'ram', or 'he-goat', Tamil *takar*, Kanarese *tagar*, *tagaru*, Tulu *tagatu*, *tagru*. (the fluctuation between *t* and *ṭ* here indicates an original affricate). If all these words are connected, as they appear to be, then Sanskrit must be the borrower, since the Dravidian words are certainly not taken from Sanskrit. Since *chagala* is adopted from Dravidian, the Finno-ugrian word cannot be derived from Indo-Iranian, but must be a native word ultimately connected with the Dravidian words. Sanskrit *chagala* could go back to the Indo-Iranian period and be derived from Finno-ugrian, or it could be acquired from some other Indo-Uralian source.

There are other words of this type which suggest that further investigation on these lines would lead to interesting results. The above will serve as illustration. We may now turn to the third kind of evidence concerning the earliest Indo-Iranian, which turns out to be in full agreement with the conclusions reached from the other lines of investigation.

III

The evidence of an Aryan invasion of the Near East consists of a fair number of proper names which have been discovered in cuneiform documents, and a smaller number of words. The period from which this evidence dates lies between the XV and XII centuries B.C. The area effected is mainly the country of the Mitanni or Hurrians, lying to the North-West of Mesopotamia. The names of the ruling dynasty of this country have a strikingly Aryan appearance. Some can be transcribed into Sanskrit without difficulty, e.g., *Artasumara*, *Rtasmara*, 'mindful of

right', *Sutarna-Sutaraṇa*, 'conquering well,' e.g., Vedic *Sutarman*—n. pr. Others like *Tusratta* look Aryan, but have given rise to various interpretations about which it is difficult to be certain. The most important discovery of all in this region was a document containing the names of four deities that figure prominently in the *Rigveda*, namely Indra, Varuna, Mitra and Nasatya.

From this centre there seems to have emerged and spread down, as far as Syria, a series of smaller princes whose Aryan origin is demonstrated by their names. Examples of these are *Suvardāta* (*svar-data*), 'given by the Sun', *Indarota*, 'helped by Indra', of Vedic *Indrota'*—n. pr., and *Satuara-*(*satvara*) which bears the same relation morphologically to Vedic *satvan*—'powerful, victorious, warrior', as does Sanskrit *īsvara*—'lord' to Avest, *isvan*—*id.*

The Aryans introduced the horse into this region, and a Mitannian named Kikkuli was employed in the neighbouring kingdom of the Hittites in charge of the royal horses. In this capacity he produced a work on the subject, which by good chance has been preserved. This is written in the Hittite language, but a number of the technical terms are Aryan. Among these there is a series containing certain numerals, namely *aika vartana* = Sanskrit *eka-vartana*, 'one turn of the course,' similarly *tera°*, *panza°* *satta-°*, and *navartna* (for *nava-v°*), 'three, five, seven and nine turns.'

Finally, slight traces of Aryan nomenclature are to be found in documents from the Kassite kingdom of Babylon. Of these the most important and the most certain is the name of the Sun-god *Surias* (Sanskrit *Surya-s*, nom. s.) which is rendered by the Accadian '*Samaš*'. In view of the comparatively slight influences here, it is safe to assume that they are offshoots from the main centre of Aryan influence, namely the Mitanni kingdom.

The Indo-Iranian invaders of Mitanni were not numerous enough to establish their own language in the country. The local language continued to be used for purposes of administration, and after no very long period the language of the invading people gave way before it, and was quickly forgotten. The small remains of the language that are available show it as a form of early Indo-Iranian, modified somewhat phonetically as a result of its foreign environment. There is nothing in it that is specifically Iranian (*r* for *ẹ* is shared also by Vedic), and nothing that is specifically Indo-Aryan.

Various theories have been propounded about the direction of this invasion. The most unlikely of all is that which maintains that the Indo-Iranians, leaving the Danube valley passed across the Hellespont through Asia Minor, left this continent in the Near East, and then proceeded through Iran to the Indus valley. Another theory that is to be rejected would see a re-emigration from India in these invasions, and the Aryans among the Mitanni as specifically Vedic Aryans. This is based, of course, mainly on the presence of deities known in the *Rgveda*, but this fact carries no weight since the gods of the Vedic Indians were brought with them from outside, and all that the Mitanni evidence shows is that these go back to the primitive Indo-Iranian period, which is what one would expect. The position of the Mitanni kingdom to the

North-West of Mesopotamia, and the fact that there are no Aryan traces either to the West in Asia Minor (except such, e.g., in the Hittite kingdom, which emanate from this source) or before the Medes to the East of Mesopotamia in Iran, leaves only one route of invasion open, and that is by the Caucasus. This leads to South Russia, an area in which evidence of another kind shows the Indo-Iranians to have been originally domiciled.

Thus, evidence of three kinds leads to the same conclusions. The earliest home of the Indo-Iranians lay in South Russia. Between this period and the earliest emergence in history of the Indo-Aryans and Iranians respectively there is a considerable gap. It is in this interval that must be placed the migrations of the Indo-Iranians to Central Asia, and then separately, to India and Iran. The chronological evidence afforded by the Near Eastern documents appears in general agreement with the most popular of the estimated dates of the Aryan invasion of India, i.e., roughly in the region of 1400-1200 B.C. It appears that a movement of migration and conquest was in full swing by *circa* 1500 B.C., and in view of what is known of later movements in the same area the process is likely to have been fairly rapid. It is to be expected that the arrival of the earliest Aryans in India was not very far removed from that of their kindred invaders in the Near East.

In the historical period, for a long time, South Russia constituted part of the Indo-Iranian area. These later peoples, however, were specifically Iranian, and, what is more, Eastern-Iranian. From the VIII century B.C. onwards, a series of successive movements by Scythians, Sarmations, Alans etc., took place in the reverse direction, and it is by these peoples that the original home of the Indo-Iranians was occupied in later times. To what extent sections of the original Indo-Iranian community were left behind when the great eastward movement took place it is impossible to say. If any did so, they eventually lost their identity among the surrounding peoples, since the Iranian inhabitants of a later time certainly came from far to the East.

April 25, 1949



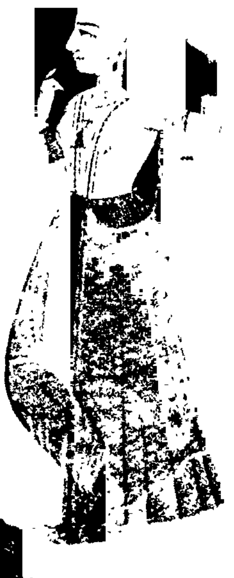


PLATE XXVI

THOUGHTS ON ART

NANDALAL BOSE

I am not a literary person. The art of using words is not known to me. I do not have the ability to explain and analyse. Some thoughts and glimpses garnered from a lifetime devoted to the arts is all that I can offer.

The reasons for the crisis that hangs so heavily on the human spirit today is due to the enormity of man's greed. Our individual and collective life has lost touch with the secrets of real growth. It is hampered by disproportionate development. For this state of affairs political or economic measures may give us palliatives. But the surer and enduring remedy will be found only in such inspiration, if there be any, that man may have over and above his mere life-maintenance and ego-expansion.

Art and literature belong to that kind of inspiration. True art purifies as well as integrates. It is precisely in times like ours—so obviously out of joint—that special attention should be given to aesthetic and spiritual education. There are people, eminent people, who question the usefulness of artistic pursuits at a time when the country and the world need more energy for the solution of what are supposed to be more basic problems. That, I think, is a mistake. For the activity of art is not a luxury, it is not a flight into dreamlands. At its highest it is a function of our being towards progressive self-realisation. At no time can we ignore art and not pay for it. Art is a strange necessity of our nature.

The inner light which we perceive in the encircling gloom deepened by ego and ignorance, the arts are rays of that illumination. They may "chase our nether shades," end the reasons of our suffering, if not suffering itself.

Every man is an artist, and a society which brings the art-heritage of all ages and times at the service of each of its members is a truly civilised community. In this connection the artist too has his special responsibility. He must not fall a victim to the inessential and the sensational. In an integrated society the artist is not a parasite, not an exhibition of individual mannerisms and maladjustments. What is demanded from the artist is earnestness and integrity, a mental conscious and consecrated like that of the *sādhaka*. Conscientiously observing his *svadharma*, or right religion, the artist will have fulfilled his function in society, as the harbinger of harmony, the lover of the Ineffable in *nāma* and *rūpa*.

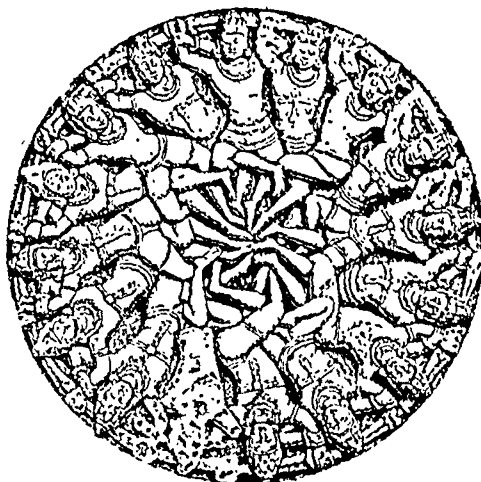
Tradition in art is like capital in business. It is possible to get good returns by judicious use of it. But tradition requires two other things to complete itself—Nature and originality. Nature, tradition and originality, the three make the complete artist.

The neglect of arts and crafts in education has not only deprived us in the field of sensibility, but also in the economic. The economic decline of the country has

gone hand in hand with the decline of the crafts. Among the Indian centres of education, it was Rabindranath who for the first time gave full and frank recognition to the arts. It is happy to know that his pioneering effort has been or is being followed by the rest of the country.

The lack of aesthetic training has not only made our lives *not* a thing of beauty, it has also deprived us from an enjoyment of the great art-forms of the past. It is no use taking pride in these objects if we do not love and understand them, and if in our turn we cannot new-create. Thanks to our ignorance about our own art, it had been necessary for European critics and experts to explain their significance to us, for then only could we realise the glory that was Ind, at second-hand. In a free India it is to be hoped that all the elements of our life will fuse together and become a living unity, and that art will be an expression of that unity which it has always been.

1944 *(Translated from Bengali)*



PROSE IN MODERN KANNADA

R. V. Jagirdar

Kannada literature is as old as it is new. As early as from the IX century A.D. epic poems were written by poets of recognised merit, and this tradition of high-class poetry continued till about the XVII or XVIII century. The curtain rings down, so to say, on one long act, and the curtain does not rise on the next act till almost a hundred years later. The gap is there, not of course in history but in our knowledge of it. For, when the next act opens, it continues in one sense the story of the preceding one, though it develops later on into an entirely unexpected form.

All the best poetry of the first thousand years was mostly modelled on, sometimes an imitation of and not rarely a mere rendering from, Sanskrit literature; as a rule from the two Sanskrit epics and the works of Kalidasa. Compared to Sanskrit, Kannada poetry (and that was the only literature) showed little originality. By the beginning of the XI century and with the rise of the Veerashaiva religion, a change in form and a revolt against Sanskrit are discernible; however, in about a century's time the influence of Sanskrit re-asserted itself. The form of the epics, the style of the classical poets, and, most of all, the purpose to propagate one's own religion are the distinctive features of this early literature.

When the second stage began in the XIX century, Kannada literature raised its head and slowly revealed itself with all the distinctive features of its early age. Sanskrit was still the dominating influence. But, perhaps, the tradition of epic poetry or the religious fervour was no longer there; so we find Sanskrit dramas being now translated into Kannada. Plays of Kalidasa, Bhavabhuti, Sriharsha and Bhatta-Narayana are all now attempted (sometimes one and the same play by more than one scholar). But the form favoured was still the metrical form. The influence of Sanskrit had not encouraged prose, since Sanskrit itself could not boast of any great number of prose works.

And then a momentous change took place. Revolutions in politics are always noted in history, since the disturbances and changes effected by them are immediate; but few persons observe that these effects are as temporary as they are immediate (otherwise history would not have repeated itself). Revolutions in literature are hardly noticed since their effects are not advertised by slogans and bullets; these effects are small, slow, but for that very reason permanent, in the sense that they become part of the society itself. The change that came over in the XIX century was such a revolution in Kannada literature. That revolution was the beginning of prose.

As in the case of a man so in that of literature, prose is a sign of growth. Unless and until a man could think out his own thoughts and show a mastery over his vo-

cabulary and his power to choose from it, prose does not come to him. And, unless he could think clearly and logically, prose does not flow from him at all. So, when a literature (which all over the world has started its career with poetry) expresses itself in prose, it means that that literature has grown, i.e., the writers, in addition to intuitive and imaginative powers, have brought in their intellect also in expressing themselves. The rise of prose is, therefore, as important and far-reaching in terms of the future as the appearance of adolescence in man.

A new form always means a creation; so the prose form, in modern Kannada literature, must be said to have begun a creative period in it.

It should not be supposed, however, that this prose came suddenly into existence all on its own. The new is created always out of the old. For this reason, Sanskrit and old Kannada poetry and the plays of Kalidasa and others were still there to influence the prose. An attempt was made to translate the Sanskrit epics and *Bhagavata* into prose. And what a kind of prose! Lengthy, mouthful and sonorous Sanskrit compounds rolled on in Kannada script, with Kannada terminations at the end of nominal forms and with Kannada verbs at the end of long sentences. But still it was prose wherein the words of a sentence were more formally and logically related to each other. This influence of a thousand-year old tradition could not be shaken off even in works not taken from Sanskrit literature. It must be remembered that, as in poetry so in prose, translation from other and earlier literatures formed almost the entire literary production. But since intellect and reason are the two lungs of the breath of prose, soon it was inevitable that works agreeing more with intellect and with reason forced themselves to be written.

Two such landmarks in modern Kannada prose deserve to be mentioned. The first was *Sikshana Mimamse*, a translation of Herbert Spencer's *Education*. This translation by Messrs. Alur and Magdal was published in 1910 (but written 4-5 years before that). The second was *Gitarahasya* of Lokamanya Tilak translated into Kannada. The fact that both these are translations does not detract from the greatness of these two works wherein, for the first time, logic and reasoning and philosophy had found a fluent expression in Kannada[1]. Prose of a sort was there, but prose to express one's process of thinking and argumentation, prose to express subtle shades of meaning in a logical method, prose to convey one's ideas with clarity and force to convince (and, of course, to attract) the readers—such prose came into Kannada mainly through the influence of English. It is interesting to note that from those early days till now it is the English-educated only that have given us masters of modern Kannada prose.

In another respect this rise of prose affected the growth of our modern literature. Since times immemorial, poetry and drama—these two alone—were considered as *belles lettres*. Even in Sanskrit, except for two or three writers, no one was recognised

[1] The authors of the first book have some interesting remarks in their foreword. "This book is translated into almost all the advanced languages of the world. [We know] it is daring on our part to render it into our undeveloped language....Modern Kannada is not still able to express modern and deep thoughts and, besides, there are not any such books in our language."

as a standard author if he wrote only in prose. Naturally, the tradition continued in Kannada also. It was only when our fathers and grandfathers found that men like Burke, J.S. Mill, Macaulay, Herbert Spencer and others were great writers and wrote in prose, that they must have felt bold enough to attempt this style. And so more and more prose came into vogue. There was, however, one limitation to the growth of such style. If only Spencers and Burkes were translated there would not be any reading class at all. The authors of Spencer's translation say in their foreword, perhaps in unconscious humour, that their writing would, in many places, prove to readers who knew only Kannada both obscure and difficult.

And so a diversion was found in biographies and, to a large extent, in fiction. Here our prose came to take a new shape. This fiction in the earlier stages was first in translation from Bengali and later from Marathi. Translating from a foreign language, the style had to be obscure, involved and artificial; but the same from an allied or neighbouring language would result in a more natural and a less involved style. The whole fictional literature, even if some day it were to be rejected as so much trash, would still find a place in the history of the growth of our modern literature: it gave shape, force, fluency and naturalness to the prose. In other words, our prose was no longer in an adolescent stage, shy and imitative; it grew into manhood. Men like B. Venkatacharya, Galagnath, Vasudevacharya Kerur and some others gave to us in their prose a powerful and most modern weapon. It is true that their prose was still partly "Anglicised" and mostly "Sanskritised"; nevertheless, it gripped the reader.

Now we come to the third and most recent stage. Today, one of the early writers, viz., Shri Alur Venkatrao (who translated Herbert Spencer in his student days) is still a powerful prose writer; his prose still has the grandeur of the days when English and Sanskrit were considered as two great literatures. There is Shri D.V. Gundappa (Bangalore), whose prose is richer in variety and expression but has the austerity of the old Liberals like Morley in England and Gokhale in India; on the other hand, there is Shri Masti Venkatesh Iyengar (more popularly known as Shrinivas) who, in his short stories, gives us a prose which is as simple as it is expressive. In the next generation there is Shri Karant (Mangalore) who, in his enchanting novels, has evolved a prose that is at once rich and homely; Shri A.N. Krishnarao (Bangalore) who has developed a style in his essays in prose on subjects like music, painting and other arts; Shriranga (Dharwar), in his book on the *Gita*, is considered by some to have contributed more to the prose in Kannada than to the philosophy of the *Gita;* Shri V.K. Gokak (Dharwar) has written two volumes in prose on his trip to England. These facts are mentioned not to give some names, but to show the variety of subjects which Kannada prose is essaying to express. From this sketchy narrative it is clear that original thinking did not produce a prose style; but it is also clear that the prose style, on the other hand, has given many an original writer to modern Kannada.

April 5, 1949 *(Translated from Kannada)*

KALIDASA'S DISCOVERY OF INDIA

V. Unni Krishnan Nayar

It has long been considered fashionable to speak of India as a heterogeneous subcontinent, inhabited by various types of people professing different religions, speaking different languages and following different social habits and customs, thereby seeking to establish that all talk of cultural unity was mere moonshine. Misconceptions die hard, and none are so blind as those who will not see. Unfortunately for India, her past history and culture had so long been overcast by the fog of foreign domination that to a superficial observer there was more diversity than unity meeting the eye.

Fifteen-hundred years ago Kalidasa discovered this unity and gave vocal expression to it through his writings. In fact, no other poet of India has been able to excel him in the portrayal of the eternal spirit of Bharata Varsha. His poetry is, if one may say so, an epitome of the social, political and cultural life of India. Sri Aurobindo speaks of him as "the third great embodiment of the national consciousness," the other two being Vyasa and Valmiki. By the time he appeared on the scene, the ancient ideals of the Rishis, nurtured in the unsophisticated atmosphere of the forest glades, had begun to get blurred by disuse, and it is no wonder that we notice in Kalidasa's writings a note of wistfulness trying to capture their elusive beauty. In the Fifth Act of his *Sakuntala* we find Dushyanta giving expression to a feeling of restlessness which has a nostalgic flavour about it. Although living in perfect comfort, the sight of beautiful things and the hearing of sweet sounds arouse a certain indefinable yearning in his heart, as if in remembrance of the happenings of a previous existence.

> *"Ramyāṇi veekshya madhurāmscha nisamya sabdān*
> *Paryutsukō bhavati yat sukhitōpi jantuḥ*
> *Tatchētasā sāmarati nūnam abōdha pūrvam*
> *Bhāvasthirāni jananāntara souhridāni."*

We may not be far wrong in thinking that when writing this *sloka* the Poet had in mind both the panorama of the past glory of Bharata Varsha and the decadence that had begun to set in owing to the increasingly materialistic tendencies of his age.

It is this same mental state that we notice in the introductory verses of the *Raghuvamsa*, where Kalidasa speaks in an apologetic vein of his venture to write the history of the Raghus. He says that in spite of his inequality to the task he could not help succumbing to the temptation held out by the outstanding qualities of his heroes:

> *"Tadguṇaiḥ karṇam āgatya*
> *Chāpalāya prachōditaḥ."*

[illegible] अथ [illegible] तरोर्मूले निषण्णा पीतवर्णभाक् ॥ तन्वंगी हारसंयुक्ता रागिणी त्रिवणी मता ॥ [illegible]
[illegible] पुष्पं [illegible]ऽल्ला नीलांशुकावृता ॥ नील कुंचितधम्मिल्ला विलसद्रक्तकंचुका ॥२॥



PLATE XXVII

And not only in the *Raghuvamsa*, but also in his other works, Kalidasa has presented to out-view a soul-stirring vista of India's glorious past. It will be interesting to have a look at some of the pictures he has drawn for our benefit.

The *tapovana* is the background of at least three of Kalidasa's works, the *Raghuvamsa*, the *Kumara Sambhava*, and the *Sakuntala*, and the emphasis in all the three of them is on the importance of discipline in the moral as well as the spiritual sphere. Take for instance the opening canto of the *Raghuvamsa*, where we are introduced to King Dilipa sorrowing at the absence of progeny to perpetuate his race. With his retinue reduced to the barest minimum he and his Queen proceed to the hermitage of Vasishta, the family preceptor. From him the King learns for the first time the reason for his childlessness—it was a curse of Kamadhenu to whom the King had unwittingly failed to offer obeisance on a previous occasion. The omission to tender respect to whom it is due hampers one's well-being, says the Rishi, and he enjoins on the King the performance of a vow to propitiate Nandini, the daughter of the offended Kamadhenu. For twenty-one days the King reduces himself to the position of a cowherd, and this brings him the fulfilment of his long-cherished desire. Such was the self-discipline which the sages of old had enjoined on individuals, be they kings or peasants.

This stress on self-discipline is still more strikingly illustrated in the *Kumara Sambhava*, where we see two noble souls deeply engrossed in meditation for no ostensible reason whatsoever. One of them is himself the dispenser of the rewards of penance (*swayam vidhāta tapasah phālānām*), while the other is the accomplished daughter of the Mountain Lord Himavan. To the casual observer neither of them could have had anything to gain by going through the ordeals of such a rigorous penance. But such was the contrariness of life that while even Mahendra was seeking the hand of Parvati she was bent upon winning Mahadeva as her husband who, meanwhile, was immersed in deep meditation in utter disregard of the entire external universe. Mere proximity to Mahadeva was bliss for Parvati, and though unaccustomed to any kind of toil she dutifully ministered to his wants in a spirit of self-abnegation. Kalidasa says that Parvati found alleviation for her fatigue in the cool rays of the crescent moon nestling amidst the matted locks of her Lord (*niyamita parikhēda tatchchiraschandra pādaih*).

As if this was not taxing enough, Parvati found it necessary to undergo a yet harder ordeal, as Mahadeva proved unrelenting. One day, in the course of her ministrations, she offered her Lord a garland of lotus beads made by her own hands, and in doing so their eyes met. Quite unexpectedly a few ripples appeared on the hitherto placid surface of Mahadeva's heart. But no!—it was beneath his majesty to yield to any such weakness. The emotion was nipped in the bud, and then and there he resolved to get away from the proximity of womankind. Crest-fallen at this unexpected discomfiture, Parvati realised the utter barrenness of her personal beauty which had failed her at the psychological moment, and took a solemn pledge to achieve by penance and meditation what she had failed to attain by mere physical attraction. And the result was miraculous. The unrelenting misogynist that Mahadeva had

appeared to be found himself obliged to admit defeat and declare: "From now on, I am your slave; you have bought me by your penance."

That was Indian womanhood at the acme of perfection—idealistic no doubt, but an ideal well worth striving for! And then, Kalidasa gives us another and milder vision of womanhood. The love of Sakuntala and Dushyanta, though born in the sanctified environments of a *tapovana*, had none of the spiritual glow or idealistic sublimity of the love of Shiva and Parvati. The lovers had, therefore, to pass through many heartbreaks before they could attain the stage of "living happily ever after." The spiritual content was almost non-existent in their first union, and the assurance given by the polygamous King to Sakuntala's companions on the eve of his departure to his capital proved an empty boast. The lovers yielded to the impulse of the moment without fully realising the seriousness of the step they were taking. Back in his palace, the King forgot the whole episode of the forest and plunged into the vortex of "civilized" enjoyments. The contrast between the irresponsibility of their first encounter and the seriousness of the final consummation is well brought out in the difference between the frolicsomeness which was noticeable in the scene of Sakuntala's virginhood and the discipline and self-restraint found in the sacred precincts of Maricha's hermitage. There is a significant purposefulness in the way Kalidasa has drawn the picture of this hermitage. In spite of its being a place where tempting objects like *Kalpa-vriksha*, lovely lotus ponds and celestial damsels abounded, it was just the spot that Maricha's disciples chose for their meditation, while hermits elsewhere underwent untold hardships for the attainment of those very objects! This is an eloquent commentary on the degree of self-restraint which these hermits had attained, and it is only in the fitness of things that the love of Dushyanta and Sakuntala found its final fulfilment in those environments.

It would be wrong to imagine that what Kalidasa attempted to portray in his writings was confined to the spiritual aspect of Indian life to the utter neglect of the temporal aspect.

In chronicling the history of the Kings of the family of Raghu, he has given us a picture not only of the territorial extent of this country but also of its political set-up. The itinerary of Raghu's *digvijaya* campaign is conceived on the basis of the essential integrity of India. Those were not days of railway communications, and yet a poet living in Ujjain found it possible to describe the scenes of human activity in places lying so far apart as the Himalayas and the Tamraparni, the Sindhudesa and Kamarupa. What else does it show but that there was a community of interest existing between the north and the south, the east and the west?

There is reason to believe that the various provinces were knit together by bonds of social and political relationship. Dilipa's queen Sudakshina was a princess of Magadha and her daughter-in-law Indumati belonged to the Vidarbha house. The three wives of Dasaratha came from Magadha, Kosala and Kekaya, while Rama and his brothers married into the Mithila family. The suitors who had foregathered at the *swayamvara* pavilion of Princess Indumati had come from various places. The princes of Anga and Avanti, Parantapa of Magadha, Pratipa of Mahishmati, Sushena



PLATE XXIX

of Surasenas, Hemangada of Kalinga, and the Pandyan prince were all there.

The *Raghuvamsa* gives us an account not only of the glory of the empire in its earlier stages but also of the degeneration that set in latterly. The kingdom was divided among the several successors of Rama. Bharata subjugated the Gandharvas of Sindhudesa and forced them to exchange their weapons of war for musical instruments. After him the country was shared between his two sons, Taksha and Pushkala, *of whom the former made Takshasila his capital, and the latter Pushkalāvati.* The two sons of Lakshmana became the rulers of Karapatha. Kusa set up his kingdom in Kusavati and Lava in Saravati. Ayodhya thus became deserted, and it then occurred to Kusa that it was undutiful on his part to have reduced to a state of utter desolation a place which had been the capital of his revered forefathers for several generations. There is a beautiful scene in the sixteenth canto of the *Raghuvamsa* where the presiding deity of Ayodhya appears before Kusa and bemoans her fate. This is said to have moved Kusa so deeply that he immediately made up his mind to resuscitate Ayodhya, and he accordingly went back to that city after making over Kusavati to certain family priests. But the sun of Ikshvakus' glory had already passed the meridian. The shadows began to lengthen and night set in during the reign of Agnivarna, a prince given to dissipation and voluptuous ease. He entrusted the task of administration to his ministers, and it is said that he became so indifferent to his duties that on those rare occasions on which he was compelled to give audience to his subjects at the insistence of his councillors, all that he did was to thrust one of his legs outside the window of his apartment! Nemesis, however, was not long in coming and he died a victim to consumption. His Queen, who was expecting a child at the time, was installed on the throne, and thus we hear of a Queen at the helm of Kosala's affairs.

We should not, however, overlook the limitations to the scope of Kalidasa's *portrayal of ancient Bharata Varsha, which may be attributed to the fact that he viewed* life from the standpoint of a court poet who had not many opportunities for moving among and mixing with the common people. The *locale* of the incidents depicted in his writings is either the *tapovana* of sages or the *rajadhani* of princes. The intervening regions are seldom traversed. The men and women whom we meet in his plays and poems are mostly drawn from the upper strata of society. Even the servants are royal servants whose behaviour is characteristically different from that of the commonplace working man and woman. They move in a sophisticated atmosphere. It is therefore refreshing now and then to catch a glimpse of cowherds presenting fresh ghee to King Dilipa and his wife on their way to Vasishta's hermitage, or of village elders of Avanti recounting stories of the romance of Vasavadatta and Udayana, or rustic women innocently gasing at the passing cloud with the conviction that it is the dispenser of the fruits of their agricultural labours.

I cannot conclude this better than by quoting the words of R.S. Pandit in the introductory note to his English translation of Kalidasa's *Ritusamhara:*

"No civilization can drop its past any more than a man can drop his memory and still be himself. The past is stored in the present. Indian litterateurs stem from an old culture. Recently they have been trying to reclaim the golden fleece of the past,

and scholars have begun to speak more and more with the ethic of the ancient systems in their veins. A national literature ought to be built, as the robin builds its nest, out of the twigs and straw of one's native meadows. It was thus that the past was harnessed to the future by Kalidasa."

April 8, 1949 (*Translated from Malayalam*)



TELUGU LITERATURE

V. Venkateswara Sastrulu

On the basis of its being the mother-tongue to the greatest number of people, the Hindi language occupies the first place in India. But Telugu, though occupying the second place according to population statistics, deserves to be placed over all others for its melody and sweetness. The premier language in South India, Telugu is also known as Andhra Trilinga, which is the mother-tongue to more than thirty millions of people.

The pronunciation of the Telugu-speaking people is well known for its clarity and charm of diction. Even today it is only the Telugus that are responsible for keeping up the standards of diction and intonation in chanting the Vedic Hymns which are the essence of Indian culture. It is this unique quality of phonetic completeness that has made it evolve as one that is at once sweet and melodious. It is the tradition in Telugu prosody to start lines of poetry with pure Telugu syllables; hence its adaptability to musical scores.

Andhras, known otherwise as Telugus, can trace their origins to one of the original five sects of Dravidians, who established a distinct civilization of their own even before Aryans. Since then, they had enriched their indigenous language by lavish borrowings from the early Aryan settlers with whom they came into contact. The range and scope of the language thus broadened, serving as a foundation for the building up of a great literature.

It is true that a good percentage of Telugu vocabulary was borrowed from Sanskrit, but the Telugus took care to see that the distinctive indigenous element was not overwhelmed in the process. With the aid of the principles of Sanskrit grammar, syntax and prosody, the Telugus were able to assimilate the foreign words into the body of their own language. In a way, therefore, the Sanskrit language is to the Andhras something of a patrimony.

The origins of modern Telugu poetry lie in the early folklore ballads created and sung by the people. Subsequently, its scholars worked hard to evolve certain rules of prosody out of those ballads. The early ballads were constructed on a general rythmic pattern, which scholars improved upon and changed by the imposition of subtler and more intricate forms of prosody, out of which were born poems and songs of greater technical perfection. This structure of prosody thus created enabled Telugu poetry to lend itself to musical scoring without suffering on that account in its literary value. This harmonious blending of the musical and literary qualities of the language encouraged the enormous development of devotional hymns. Mention may be made here of Thallapaka Annamayya who lived in the XV century. He was a chanter of hymns in the temple of Tirupathi, and author of twelve hundred hymns

(*kirtanas*). The tradition was handed down in the family, and his son Pedathirumalayya and grandson Chinnanna between them composed nine thousand *kirtanas*. They were handed down to posterity carefully etched on copper plates. Kshetrayya who flourished in the XVI century was another well-known hymn-composer who contributed four thousand hymns. These and other hymns of a later period serve as material to prove that the seeds of Telugu literature were sown in folklore. In the eyes of literary critics, however, it is pure poetry and not *kirtanas* that occupies a higher place in literature.

Telugu literature can be broadly divided into four sections—*Asu* (extempore), *Mathura* (lyrical), *Chitra* (anagrams, lipgrams, puns etc), *Visthara* (epics and classics). All these four branches of literature have been in existence from the X century A.D. But only epics and classics have come in for recognition; the other sections, though they have also been developed to a great extent, suffered neglect at the hands of students of research. The *Mahabharata* is the first of the Telugu classics. Incidentally, the Sanskrit *Mahabharata* was first translated into Telugu before it was rendered into any other Indian language. The Telugu version was the collective work of three poets—Nannaya, who translated two and a half cantos, Errapragada doing the rest of the third canto, and the remaining fifteen cantos completed by Thikkana Somayaji. Since then until today, the *Mahabharata* has remained the guide and authority for all subsequent literature. Telugus consider it as the fifth *Veda*.

Mahabharata was followed by Bhaskara's *Ramayanam* and Potana's *Bhagavatam*. This classical trinity has proved to the Telugus a guide, *prastanatraya* to life on earth and to life hereafter. The two versions of *Harivamsam* written severally by Errana and Somana, and *Naishadamu* by Sreenadha are the subsequent immortal classics. Contemporaneous with these were the other books on various subjects, Mallana's *Ganitam*, Ketana's *Andhrabhashabhushanamu*, *Vighneswareeyamu*, and Rechana's *Kavijanasrayamu*. These were written either completely in poetry, or were partly prose and partly verse. The latter variety was known as *Champu kavyas*.

A century after Nannaya wrote the first cantos of *Bharathamu* in Telugu, that is in the XII century, the Veerasaiva cult of religion spread in this country. Soon a batch of Saiva poets followed. Nannechoda *kaviraja*, Mallikarjuna Pandit, Palkuriki Somanatha, and Yadavakula Annamayya belong to this group. They enriched by their writings the *Prabandha*, the *Dvipada* and the *Sataka* branches of literature. The most famous of them was *Kaviraja sikhamani* Nannechodadeva, a prince-poet of the Surya dynasty. He was the ruler of Pakanadu. He wrote a great epic called *Kumarasambhava* in twelve cantos. It was not a translation of Kalidasa's great work of that name. A pioneer in the field of Prabhanda writing, he borrowed the story of Kumara's birth from the *Skanda* and *Siva puranams*, and made lavish use of the traditions of Sanskrit, Karnataka and Telugu writing and built up a new form of literature. Mallikarjuna Pandit founded in Andhra the *Aradhya* cult of Saivism and wrote the religious work, *Sivatatva Saram*. Palkuriki Somanatha was a scholar of the first order in Sanskrit, Tamil, Karnataka, Maharashtra and Malayalam. He also wrote *Basavapuranam* and *Panditharadhya Charitramu* in complete verse and

enriched the *Dvipada* branch of literature. With *Vrishadipa Satakamu*, *Basavodharanam*, *Basavasatakam* he introduced a new form of literature. If the Veerasaiva cult of Saivism took roots and settled in Andhra and Karnatak areas it was because of the pioneering efforts of this literature. He is the father of all Veerasaiva literature in India. Annamayya made his book *Sarvesvara Stotram* pass into scriptural literature by incorporating in it many hymns invoking Lord Siva.

All these productions mentioned above of the Saiva poets were by no means translations from Sanskrit. The story element, the language and the characters portrayed were all essentially Telugu. Therefore, the books stood as original productions in contrast to the other classics and epics in Telugu. During the Middle Ages flourished poets like Sreenadha, Jakkana, Pillalamarri Pinaveerabhadra, Nandi Mallayya and Ghanta Singayya, who enriched the *Purana* and *Prabandha* branches of Telugu literature. Sreenadha was a scholar-poet. He travelled over the Andhra country extensively and visited the courts of many ruling chieftains who honoured him frequently by making him a gift of his weight in gold. He was known as "Emperor of Poets" (*Kavisarvabhauma*). He also comes under the category of Saiva poets. His works include, among others, *Bhima Khandamu*, *Haravilasamu*, *Kasi Khandamu* and *Sivaratri Mahatyamu*. Most of them mirror the social and political life of the Telugus in the XV century.

The Telugu version of the *Mahabharata* was started during the period of the Eastern Chalukyas with Rajaraja Narendra as ruler, and was finished during the time of the Kakateeya dynasty. Poets like Sreenadha and Errana flourished during the period of the Reddi rulers. Later on came into existence the Vijayanagar Empire which had its heyday during the reign of Krishnadevaraya. That was the golden age of Andhra literature. The eight poets known as *Ashtadiggajams* adorned his court, and among them was Peddana, known as the Grandfather of Telugu Literature and author of *Manucharitramu*. Mukku Thimmana, the author of the ineffably sweet *Parijatapaharanamu*, the Saiva poet Dhoorjati of *Kalahasti Mahatyam* fame, Madayyagari Mallana, author of *Rajasekhara Charitamu*, Elakoochi Ramabhadrakavi, who wrote *Sakalakathasarasangrahamu*, Chintapudi Ellana, author of *Radha Madhavamu*, the humerous and classical poet Tenali Ramakrishna—all these flourished during the time of Krishnadevaraya, who was himself a poet-prince. He wrote the exquisite *prabhandham*, *Amuktamalyada*. The Vaishnava cult of religion received impetus and grew under his patronage.

Poets next in importance during the period were Pingali Surana and Ramaraja Bhushana. The latter, a giant among poets, was also a great authority on music. His works include *Vasucharitra* and *Harischandra-Nalopakyanamu*. The great classics *Raghavapandaveeyam*, *Kalapoornodayam* and *Prabhavati Pradyumnam* flowed from the immortal pen of Pingali Surana. They are the priceless gems of Telugu literature.

The Vijayanagar Empire received a serious set-back after the battle of Talikota in 1565 A.D. and rapidly declined, and the centres of patronage for poets shifted down South, to Madura, Pudukottai, Mysore and Karvetinagar. Literature produced in these places was known as South Indian Andhra literature. In each one of these

ON THE SPIRIT AND FORM OF INDIAN ART

SISIRKUMAR GHOSE

All life is self-expression, all life, individual as well as national. And if it is true that nations are made by artists and thinkers than by traders and politicians, then the self-expression of art is our highest national possession. An integrated art is the reflex of an integrated national culture. As Coomaraswamy put it long back: "I do not believe in any regeneration of the Indian people which cannot find expression in art; any re-awakening worth the name *must* so express itself." For obvious reasons, the Indian re-awakening has been clouded and dominated by political issues, but her artistic regeneration is also a fact, unfortunately little understood in its inner bearing. It is an insufficient freedom that does not bring to us the joy of creation. A few statutes, diplomatic exchanges and triumphs of technique cannot be the measure of our lives. The time has come to cure ourselves of the unhappy unbalance of politics without culture. Our discovery of India, to use Pandit Nehru's happy phrase, will remain incomplete if it does not at the same time include a discovery of her art-forms as well.

I am not an art-historian, and to explain the subject of Indian art in all its ramifications is beyond my means. Fortunately a number of art-critics—both eastern and western—have given us profound analyses of the inner significance of Indian art. It will be enough for my purpose to gather a few of these, and to connect them in some kind of sequence. I hope this will make—for the uninitiate—a reasonable guide to the art problems and purposes of India. Critics like Havell, Binyon, Okakura, Coomaraswamy and Sri Aurobindo, to mention only a few, provide ample instruments for the understanding of Indian art. There are also the writings of Rabindranath which give us the emotional aesthesis of all arts, while the enthusiasm of Abanindranath's exposition—in the Bageshvari lectures—is unsurpassed.

Perhaps I have already hinted at something of the spirit and form of this art by using the word "inner." For, we may as well say it in the beginning, Indian art "is an intuitive and spiritual art and must be seen with the intuitive and spiritual eye."[1] It has been "very largely a hieratic aesthetic script of India's spiritual, contemplative and religious experience," and "to ignore it is to fall into total incomprehension or into much misunderstanding."[2] As Coomaraswamy explains it: "It is sometimes suggested that no qualification or knowledge of or sympathy for Indian mysticism and ideals of life and character is needed for the study of Indian art; that it is sufficient for the student lacking these qualifications to know only whether he "likes" or "dislikes" a given example of Brahmanical or Buddhist art: that such art has no connection

[1] Sri Aurobindo: *The Significance of Indian Art.*
[2] *Ibid.*

with Indian idealistic thought, and that those who trace such a connection are themselves reading the *Upanishads* into the paintings and sculptures ...Is not the opposite view more true, that the understanding of Indian art can only be attained through a realisation of the mental (and social) atmosphere in which it grew?"[1] As Chiang Yee, the author of *The Chinese Eye*, puts it in a similar context: "The course our painting has followed in China, in contrast with yours in Europe, can only be ascribed to our traditional philosophy."

This want of knowledge and sympathy for India's traditional culture and philosophy is the most obvious and obstinate barrier for the average European, the direct source of much misunderstanding. Imperial snobbishness would not find anything of value in the culture of an alien and conquered race. And this feeling was considerably aided by "the intolerant refusal to admit the beauty of unaccustomed forms," not to speak of the genuine difficulty of appreciating an unfamiliar art, with its different motives and conventions. Yet, it should be remembered lest we erect the opposition between the hemispheres into an absolute antinomy: "there was a time when Europe and Asia could and did actually understand each other very well. Asia has remained herself; but subsequent to the extroversion of the European consciousness and its preoccupation with surfaces, it has become more and more difficult for European minds to think in terms of unity, and therefore difficult to understand the Asiatic point of view."[2] With the result that "what is called the appreciation of Asiatic arts is mainly based on categorical misrepresentation."[3] The misrepresentation is not a European monopoly, it is to be found among "educated" Indians as well. For instance, in Benoykumar Sarkar's *Aesthetics of Young India*.[4] But as Sri Aurobindo points out: "An inability to understand the motives and methods of Indian art and a contempt or repulsion from it was almost universal till yesterday in the mind of Europe. ... In matters of art the Western mind was long bound up as in a prison in the Greek and Renascence tradition modified by a later mentality with only two side rooms of escape, the romantic and the realistic motives. The Indian mind in its central poise finds it almost or quite as difficult really, that is to say, spiritually to understand the arts of Europe, as the ordinary European mind to enter into the spirit of Indian painting and sculpture... This, once understood, we can turn to the difference in the spirit and method of artistic creation which has given rise to the mutual incomprehension... The European artist gets his intuition by a suggestion from an appearance in life and nature or, when it starts from something in his soul, relates it at once to an external support... The appeal is... to the outward soul by a strong awakening of the sensuous, the vital, the intellectual and imaginative being, and of the spiritual we get as much or as little as can suit itself to and express through the outward man..."

[1] Coomaraswamy.

[2] Coomaraswamy: *The Theory of Art in Asia.*

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Sarkar's hardy cosmopolitanism hardly covers his—deliberate—want of sympathy for the Indian view of art and reminds of Havell's commisseration: "......the educated Indian probably stands behind the rest of the world in artistic understanding."

In other words, in most European art the seer of the subtle is obliged to subdue his inspirations to the law of the seer of the outward.

"The theory of ancient Indian art at its greatest is of another kind. Its highest business is to disclose something of the self, the Infinite...through its living finite symbols, the Divine through his powers... Life is seen in the self, or in some suggestion of the infinite, or of something beyond, or there is at least a touch and influence of these which helps to shape the presentation... A seeing in the Self accordingly becomes the characteristic method of the Indian artist, and it is directly enjoined on him by the canon. He has to see first in the spiritual being the truth of the thing he must express, and to create its form in his intuitive mind; he is not bound to look out first on outward life and Nature for his model, his authority, his rule, his teacher or his fountain of suggestions."[1] Thus, "one may well say that beyond the ordinary cultivation of the aesthetic instinct necessary to all artistic appreciation, there is a spiritual insight or culture needed if we are to enter into the whole meaning of Indian artistic creation, otherwise we get only at the surface external things or at the most things, only just below the surface....Indian architecture, painting, sculpture are not only intimately one in operation with the central things in Indian philosophy, religion, *yoga*, culture, but a specially intense expression of their significance." That is why "a great Oriental work of art does not easily reveal its secret to one who comes to it solely in a mood of aesthetic curiosity or with a considering objective mind, still less as the cultivated and interested tourist passing among strange and foreign things; but it has to be seen in the loneliness, in the solitude of one's self, in moments when one is capable of long and deep meditation and as little weighted as possible with the conventions of material life."

Indian art is inspired or conditioned by such motives. Apart from the distinction of the different media, its unity of inspiration is one and the same. Let us take a brief turn at its architecture, sculpture and painting and see how this unity is *in esse* maintained throughout.

"Indian sacred architecture of whatever date, style or dedication goes back to something timelessly ancient and now outside India almost wholly lost, something which belongs to the past, and yet it goes forward too, though this the rationalistic mind will not easily admit, to something which will return upon us and is already beginning to return, something which belongs to the future. An Indian temple, to whatever godhead it may be built, is in its inmost reality an altar raised to the divine self, a house of the Cosmic Spirit, an appeal and aspiration to the Infinite.

"The more ancient sculptural art of India embodies in visible form what the *Upanishads* threw out in inspired thought and the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana*

[1] It is this concentration of attention upon the all-embracing, immediately apprehended aesthetic continuum rather than the direction of thought and of Western art following this thought upon the three-dimensional, postulated commonsense object in the theoretically conceived, geometrically defined space of the external world, which lies at the basis of Lin Yutang's incisive remark that to an Oriental a Western painter always seems to have painted the object from the outside, whereas the Oriental paints it with feeling and with identification of the artist with it from within." F. S. C. Northrop, *The Meeting of the East and the West.*

portrayed by the word in life. This sculpture, like architecture, springs from spiritual realisation, and what it creates and expresses at its greatest is the spirit in form, the soul in body, this or that living soul power in the divine or the human, the universal and cosmic individualised in suggestion but not lost in individuality, the impersonal supporting a not too insistent play of personality, the abiding moments of the eternal, the presence of the idea, the power, the calm or potent delight of the spirit in its actions or creations. The divine self in us is its theme, the body made a form of the soul is its idea and secret... The religious or hieratic side of Indian sculpture is intimately connected with the spiritual experiences of Indian meditation and adoration—soul realisation is its method of creation—and soul realisation must be the way of our response and understanding.

"The spirit and form of Indian painting are, in their centre of conception and shaping force of sight, identical with the inspiring vision of Indian sculpture. All Indian art is a throwing out of a certain profound self-vision formed by a going within to find out the secret significance of form and appearance, a discovery of the subject in one's deeper self, the giving of soul-form to that vision, and a remoulding of the material and natural shape to express the psychic truth of it with the greatest possible purity and power of outline and the greatest possible concentrated rhythmic unity of significance in all the parts of an individual artistic whole...."

In other words, "the Indian artist lived in the light of an inspiration which imposed this greater aim on his art, and his method sprang from its fountains and served it to the exclusion of any more earthly or outwardly imaginative aesthetic impulse."

It is easy to imagine the rejoinder of the impatient modernist to all this statement of motives, motives with which he is for the most part out of sympathy. He may say that all this is good enough for a consideration of the past, but not workable in the life of today. That, in fact, Indian art is, or has been, far too traditional to serve the different purposes of our contemporary existence, and that too great a concern over it can only lead to anachronism. The question of tradition is important in considering an art like the Indian (and even, as we have learnt, in an art like the Soviet). It is not possible here to enter into the problem in detail and we have to be content with two opinions, one by a critic and the other by an artist.

Says Coomaraswamy:

"It is of course true that the original memory pictures are handed on as crystallised traditions; yet, as long as the art is living, the tradition remains also plastic and is moulded imperceptibly by successive generations. The force of its appeal is strengthened by the association of ideas—artistic, emotional and religious. Traditional forms have thus significance not merely foreign to any imitative art, but dependent on the fact that they represent rather race conceptions, than the ideas of one artist or a single period. They are a vital expression of the race mind: to reject them, and expect great art to live on as before, should be to sever the roots of a forest tree, and still look for flowers and fruit upon the branches.

"When a living Indian culture arises out of the wreck of the past and the struggle of the present a new tradition will be born, and new vision will find expression in the language of form and colour no less than in that of word and rhythm. The people to whom the great conceptions come are still the Indian people, and, when life is strong in them again, strong also will be their art. It may well be the fruit of a deeper national life, a wider culture, and a profounder love, will be an art greater than any in the past. But this can only be through growth and development, not by sudden rejection of the past... We stand in relation to both the past and the future; in the past we made the present, the future we are moulding now, and our duty to this future is that we should enrich, not destroy, the inheritance that is not India's alone, but the inheritance of all humanity."[1]

In other words, "the arts of India must retain their Indian spirit, or become altogether worthless. The springs of art are in life itself, and when the life of the people is re-vitalised and re-inspired, this new life will be reflected in Indian...art... That the national movement that has stirred her deepest life has a deeper significance than one that is merely political and economic, has already been proved by the development of the National School of Painting in Bengal." Regarding the function of schools of art in India, the same writer continues: "The true function of schools of art in India is not to introduce European methods and ideals, but *to gather up and re-vitalise the broken threads of Indian tradition*, to build up the idea of Indian art as an integral part of the national culture, and to relate the work of Indian craftsmen to the life and thought of the Indian people." In this connection let us hear one of the members of the Bengal School of Painting, one who seems to have been guided by ideals similar to those enunciated by Coomaraswamy. Says Nandalal Bose:

"Tradition in art is like capital in business. It is possible to get fresh returns by a judicious use of this capital. Born in a Hindu family I have been brought up according to Hindu ideals and traditions. At one time I used to paint exclusively the figures of Indian gods and goddesses. Formerly I used to think of the hieratic forms as being higher than the events of daily life and other sensible things. Now I do not emphasise the form of things in the old way, and I try to see in each thing the divergent rhythm of the same Ineffable... Previously I sought for divinity in the images of gods, now I try to find it in 'sky, water and mountains'...

"In all ages and countries great ideas and ideals have been the motive of art. Medieval Europe had the ideal of Christianity, 'with the whole atmosphere of mysticism, chivalry and work-enthusiasm, with all the institutions, monastic, romantic and social, which formed its environment;' India had its ideal of Krishna and the Buddha, and the Chinese in the Tao...Indian art will come to its own as the sources of Indian idealism are renewed and revitalised. 'All this is for habitation by the Lord, whatsoever is individual universe of movement in the universal motion'—inspired by this wide vision of the *Upanishads* Indian art will create again, endlessly and anew."[2]

[1] Coomaraswamy: *The Aim and Methods of Indian Art.*
[2] *Silpakatha.*

Such a truly Indian art will have a value and meaning even beyond the national frontiers. In the present chaos of European art the Indian may have a rôle to play, and this not in a spirit of propaganda or aggressiveness. "There have been here and there minds of a fine perception and profound originality who have seen in a return to the ancient and persistent freedom of oriental art, its refusal to be shackled or debased by an imitative realism, its fidelity to the true theory of art as an inspired interpretation of the deeper soul values of existence lifted beyond servitude to the outsides of Nature, the right way to the regeneration and liberation of the aesthetic and creative mind of Europe."[1] It may well be that "when a new inspiration comes into Western art, it will come from the East." "It is the lack of a metaphysic that makes so much of modern art uninteresting and monotonous. Art which has no concern with the subjective life, with things unseen that are more real than that are called real, is little more than science. This is, indeed, the only hope...It is part of the message of the East that this inward vision, this divine imagination, is essential to all real art; that the impersonal beauty of a type is greater far than the representation of the transitory and individual."[2]

Therefore, as Sister Nivedita once said: "It is worth while to make some effort to recall Asiatic peoples to the pursuit of those proper ends which have constituted their greatness in the past, and are capable of bringing about its restitution."[3] Sister Nivedita also drew a correlation between art and freedom which is particularly relevant today. "Art can be developed," she said, "by nations that are in a state of freedom. It is at once indeed the great means and fruitage of that gladness of liberty which we call the sense of nationality. It is not, therefore, surprising that India, divorced from spontaneity by a thousand years of oppression, should have lost her place in the world of joy and beauty of labour. But it is very reassuring to be told...by competent authority that here also once, as in religion, during the era of Asoka, she evidently led the whole East, impressing her thought and taste upon the innumerable Chinese pilgrims who visited her universities and cave-temples, and by their means influencing the development of sculpture, painting and architecture in China itself, and through China in Japan."[4] Coomaraswamy is even more emphatic, and draws a further correlation between art and education:

"To a few it may appear strange that in a book devoted to the ends of Indian nationalism, so much space should be given to art, so little said of politics. It is because nations are made by artists and by poets, not by traders and politicians. Art contains in itself the deepest principle of life, the truest guide to the greatest art, the Art of Living. The true life, the ideal of Indian culture is itself a unity and an art, because of its inspiration by one ruling passion, the desire to realise a spiritual inheritance. All things in India have been valued

[1] Sri Aurobindo, *op. cit.*
[2] Coomaraswamy.
[3] Preface to Okakura's *Ideals of the East.*
[4] *Ibid.*

in the light of this desire. No other ideal can ever ultimately shape or determine the Indian character...

"I do not believe in any regeneration of the Indian people which cannot find expression in art; any re-awakening worth the name *must* so express itself. There can be no true realisation of political unity until Indian life is again inspired by the unity of national culture. More necessary, therefore, than all the labours of politicians, is National Education."[1]

The problem of art in education is yet to be solved, indeed it is far from being recognised. But if, as one of our eminent art teachers says, "ours is an ideal of complete education," the position and prestige of aesthetic culture must be on a par with reading and writing. The arrangements made in this direction have not been at all adequate. Among the reasons for this neglect is the quite widespread belief that art is the specialised province of a few professionals, the notion that the artist is a special kind of man, rather than every man a special kind of artist, and that art is without any relation to the life of the common people. Needless to say, all such notions are totally wrong and misleading. Even educated persons and educationists are not ashamed to confess their want of interest and knowledge of art, not to speak of the poorer folk....So far as we know, Rabindranath was the first to give art education its proper value in his culture centre at Santiniketan."[2] Rabindranath defined art as man's total response to Reality. It was but natural that an educational programme initiated by him would give her due to this Cinderella of education. According to Rabindranath: "The great use of Education is not merely to collect facts, but to know man and to make oneself known to man...It is the duty of every human being to master, at least to some extent, not only the language of the intellect, but also the personality which is the language of Art...To be brought up in ignorance of it is to be deprived of the knowledge and use of that great inheritance of humanity which has been growing and waiting for everyone of us."

"The great question today is this: 'Is the compelling movement within the country, which we call Nationalism, strong enough for the Herculean task before it, the conversion of a generation of parasites into a nation of Orientals?'......It rests with the Indian people themselves to say what the answer shall be."[3]

But, let us not love art because it will bring us prestige or prosperity; let us rather love it because "it is a high function of our being, a door for thought to pass from the unseen to the seen, the source of those high dreams and the embodiment of that enduring vision that is to be the Indian nation; not less, but more strong and more beautiful than ever before, and the gracious giver of beauty to all the nations of the earth."[4]

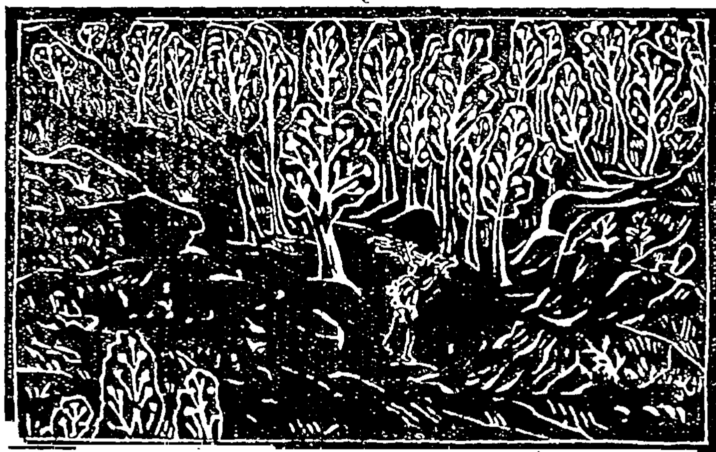
If India's "civilization, standing in the first rank in the three arts as in all things

[1] Coomaraswamy: Preface to *Essays in National Idealism*.
[2] Nandalal Bose: *Art in Education*.
[3] Coomaraswamy.
[4] *Ibid.*

of the mind, has proved that the spiritual urge is not, as has been vainly supposed, sterilising to the other activities, but a most powerful force for the many-sided development of the human whole,"[1] may it not prove it again and fulfil the incomplete gains of a mere political freedom?

May 1949

[1] Sri Aurobindo : *The Significance of Indian Art.*



MORAL FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN SOCIETY

Laxman Shastri Joshi

The moral foundations of Indian Society appear to be crumbling rapidly. The harmful consequences of the process, begun over a century ago, are becoming increasingly manifest in our time. The industrial civilisation, introduced by the British, operated as an influence disrupting the old order which furnished the moral sanctions to social behaviour, and the order appears to be in a state of dissolution today. Any endeavour, undertaken without regard for the influence of the changed times, to restore the moral consciousness on the old basis is, therefore, bound to prove futile.

The old moral foundation of our social life so far can be explained by the idea of a closed society. The rules of such a society are usually obeyed with the faith that they constitute the natural laws of behaviour. A closed society rarely looks upon them as conventional or man-made norms. All thinking in it is dominated by a faith that the world is governed by the transcendental law of *Karma*, or that ordained by divinity, that the laws governing social life are also a part of that law, and that the traditional or customary behaviour is, therefore, possessed of a transcendental or supernatural sanction. The rules of the Hindu caste system and the behaviour patterns of the Muslims are thus regarded as derived either from a supernatural, superhuman source, or from the preachings of the Prophet of God. The Hindus and the Muslims have, therefore, looked upon their customary laws as natural, and hence permanent. The customary rules thus came to acquire a religious sanctity, and their framework became as strong and stable as a steel-frame.

In an age in which science advanced at almost an imperceptible pace and the limits of knowledge scarcely widened for centuries together, in which the knowledge of the Universe remained in the same, mostly speculative or illusory form, social consciousness was bound to remain stagnant and almost unchanged. The result naturally was the faith of man in that society, that his destiny was not in his own hands, that the ultimate dispensation lay with the Divine, or the law of *Karma*. His conscience was thus merely an internalisation of the commands of Divinity or an external authority, noted and assimilated by his mind. The scriptural prescriptions and prohibitions, and the resultant rules of behaviour, completely dominated his mental life. The moral outlook, following upon such domination, naturally regarded earthly freedom as an illusion, and the desire for such freedom as tainted with sin. It was an outlook orientated towards the ultimate ideals of salvation and immortality. It is true that the demands of the flesh sometimes made man transgress the limits of customary or scriptural rules, but the result invariably was repentance or remorse; for the demands of flesh were viewed as the source of sin. Since death is the inevitable end of all

living organisms, the search for immortality led man to regard the body as something secondary, subordinate and even contemptible. True, there have been a few saintly or devoted beings who, being inspired by the search for immortality, endeavoured to lead a life governed by moral norms higher than the customary laws, and such transgression by them was taken to be an exception. But the idea that both such higher moral norms and the rules of customary behaviour had the supernatural as their only sanction, dominated the entire thinking of the age.

Such a society could not regard men outside the groups conforming to particular behaviour-patterns sanctioned by the scriptures as respectable, friendly or deserving of any co-operation. Barring a few exceptional cases of travelling merchants, conquerors or religious preachers, the rest of the society usually viewed such men as aliens. The Hindus even regarded a Hindu as fallen if he undertook a voyage, or went outside the country. The Muslims too did not think it wrong to regard the followers of other religions as worthy only of being slaves. Though the principle of human equality was a part of the higher religious principles of the Hindus and Muslims, their actual behaviour patterns had little to do with it. For thousands of years the "Hindu" social order has essentially been of a hierarchical nature. The restrictions observed by Hindus in their behaviour with each other convey the impression that even regional or provincial differences are of the nature of those of the caste system. The Brahmins from different provinces, for example, cannot dine with each other, much less can they inter-marry. The entire behaviour of Hindus is of a nature as discourages the growth of fraternity among men even in the same region, province or locality, and emphasises the difference of group exclusivism. Of course, such exclusivism should not be mixed up with enmity. The Hindu tradition has emphasised this feeling of difference for a long time, but it has never provided any quarter for the feeling of enmity towards others.

The Hindu ethics lends itself to a two-fold division, firstly the occupational ethics and, secondly, faith in the internal hierarchical relationships and their observance as if they were natural laws. That the Brahmin should endeavour to be an "ideal" Brahmin and the Kshatriya to be an "ideal" Kshatriya is a case of the former. The doctrine of *Karma* provided a metaphysical sanction to this occupational ethics, as also to the doctrine of social hierarchy built upon its basis. The history of the Hindu society was for centuries a stagnant and sterile cyclical movement within the limitations of this steel-frame. The Muslim aggressions and their rule did upset it to some extent but only for a while; its real nature remained unaffected even in details. The Hindus no doubt accommodated the Muslims as neighbours, but viewing them through the caste angle they started treating them as a separate caste. It is an old peculiarity of the Hindus to treat all groups outside their fold in a friendly and non-interfering manner, but always as distinct castes. They are not aggressive, but they have also never been able to leave the tribal outlook both in their internal relations as well as in those with others. The Hindu character is a product of this tribal outlook and the Vedic metaphysics, which tends to soften the rigidity of the behaviour pattern by opening up the prospect of absolute freedom before the spirit tortured by the cast

rigidity. *Vedanta* is indeed the hope of the human spirit struggling to liberate itself from a rigid, restrictive social order.

The modern industrial civilisation introduced by the British as the rulers of the country undermined this old social and cultural order confined to a particular territory. The harmony of traditional life was thus disturbed; its rhythm was lost. The result was the rise of inconsistencies in the traditional moral conscience of the individuals. The new legal system led to the revision of old laws, but the main factor disturbing the traditional life was the dynamic nature of the Western civilisation; for the traditional order was essentially of a static character. The introduction of modern industry disrupted the economic life, and various crafts were faced with ruin. The idea of freedom arises in a society wherein individual and group relations do not remain stationary, but go on changing continually. Science in such a society always grows, the picture of the Universe goes on changing, and thus becoming clearer and more meaningful. It was this kind of civilisation that started taking the place of the old order with its stagnant scientific knowledge and philosophy regulating life with a claim to be the absolute truth. The result of the process was naturally a change in the notions of the absolute, and increasing restrictions thus disrupted the traditional practical moral code of the Indian society. But it did not lead to the awakening of a new moral consciousness. The old social order has been disappearing without yielding place to a new and healthy order, or a new world outlook. The traditional dilapidated structure still persists. A moral vacuum is thus being created, and is the root cause of the acceleration of the process of moral degeneration since the attainment of Independence.

Nationalism appeared to be taking the place of the old socio-religious consciousness. But it is not a healthy product of the new human civilisation. There were no logical inconsistencies in the traditional moral consciousness or codes. Their structure corresponded to the level of knowledge, experience and capacities of human beings in those times. That is why they could regulate social life over centuries together. The national consciousness is, on the contrary, inconsistent with the basic impulses and visions of the modern culture. These inconsistencies often lead it to suppression and perversities. Its inner impulses are mutually inconsistent and leading to insoluble mental conflicts; and they also conflict with the external environment. The result is neurosis. Nationalism seeks to regulate mental life through suppression and excitation. The former is the method of the traditional civilisation. Suppression and excitation are the instruments of the nationalist states doubtful about their stability. Nationalism is thus incapable of encouraging the growth of reason or moral consciousness which is related with ethics based upon the comprehensive knowledge of man and understanding about man and the universe. Founded on the worship of territory or that of the power ruling over the same, Nationalism is inconsistent with the idea of "one humanity" which is a moral inspiration. It is opposed to the free scientific, artistic or economic intercourse all over the world; for that reinforces the sentiment of reverence of men without concern of their particular nationality. The various scriptural cosmogonies and world feelings are becoming incapable of inspiring

moral consciousness and making it meaningful, for the knowledge of the Universe is increasingly becoming the same for all men. The notion of solidarity in nationalism is a legacy of the restrictive order of the past. It is opposed to the conscious and rational co-operation of free individuals. Participation of men in the older solidarity was that of automatons with a dulled consciousness, functioning under the influence of habit. Nationalism proposes again to reduce men into automatons. It cannot thus lay an abiding foundation of the moral conscience.

The new ideologies of social reconstruction such as communism or socialism, though inspired by moral impulses, are essentially amoral; for they are deterministic and dominated by institutional thinking. They view the moral conscience to be strictly bound by the social conditions. It is a reflection of social relationships based upon the productive apparatus. Freedom of the will, on the other hand, is a crucial assumption in the old higher forms of religion, as also in the modern ethics. Man's knowledge about himself and his environment guides his free will so as to make it mature into moral consciousness. *Human freedom is thus the foundation of morality.* Socialism or communism, being collectivist like nationalism, naturally give ethics a secondary position. In fact independent existence of ethics is inconsistent with them.

No collectivist ideology can attribute primary significance to the principle of non-violence, accepted by all developed forms of religion. They regard the collectivity as a higher reality, with the result that the individual is reduced to the position of a cell in an organism. That is why collectivist consciousness finds it easy to sacrifice the individual. It is an experience of history that men committed to a collectivist view end as tyrants. Man, indeed, is the supreme moral value. Since collectivism disregards it, men possessed of a collectivist outlook tend to be wolves.

"How then does a protector change into a tyrant? Clearly, when he does what the man is said to do in the tale of the Arcadian temple of Lyceian Zeus.

"What tale?

"The tale is that he who has tasted the entrails of a single human victim minced up with the entrails of other victims is destined to become a wolf."[1]

Collectivism thus is seen leading to moral chaos, through the creation of neurosis much worse than that created by traditional orthodox religion. For, man's primacy and supremacy is not accepted by it. To reduce the individual to a cell of the social organism through suppression is its function. The spread of the new ideologies like socialism or communism in India may be a welcome sign from the point of view of the growth of thought, but it is to be feared that instead of contributing to the solution of the moral problem, they may only worsen the present chaos in moral life.

The need has arisen today for laying the foundations of a new ethics without invoking the aid of collectivity, God or any other supernatural or transcendental principle. We need an ethics that will give man the confidence in his powers of creating

[1] Plato: *Republic*, p. 313. (The Living Library)

his own social existence. Man, out to merge himself into or completely surrender to society or the State, is not likely to develop into a moral being. Traditional religions have divided humanity, and being lost in meaningless social customs, have become incapable of being revived in a manner as will contribute to the development of moral life. Again, their pure form has been distorted by the defects and limitations of the times in which they arose. Therefore, even if the effort to revive them succeeds, it will hardly help the satisfaction of the moral requirements of man under the present conditions.

Ethics must be founded on the positive knowledge of man. "Know thyself," is an ancient Upanishadic message. But it can again become meaningful in the light of the scientific knowledge pertaining to the various aspects of human life and Nature. The science of anthropology has shown the validity of the moral principle that human potentialities of growth are unlimited and that the natural aim of his creative genius is virtue. This nature of immeasurable human creativity is evident only when unity of humanity is realised. Man's unending endeavour to transform his environment, so as to make it conducive to his own growth through increasing knowledge about the Universe, which is a law-governed, beautiful system, is only a manifestation of his creativity. The unlimited creativity of man cannot be recognised without the realisation of man as the ultimate, intrinsic value. The new ethics, therefore, comes to the conclusion that humanity is the highest value. This can be accepted only when it is realised that man alone is the eternal pilgrim engaged in an endless quest of truth, in an unlimited enjoyment of the beauty of the Universe, and possessed of an incalculable creativity directed towards the removal of the shortcomings or weaknesses in humanity. It is this realisation of the supremacy of humanity that can help men retain his balance, regain his confidence in a situation of chaos, economic insecurity and social disorder.

The traditional view of regarding the liquidation of self-interest as the source of moral tendencies, based on the dualism between egoism and altruism, is no longer necessary today. Man can realise his love for other men through the increasing experience of his creativity. The mother's love for her offspring is the result of such experience. Traditional morality regards the senses and the body as the source of sin because their material requirements have often led man to immoral behaviour. But a comprehensive view of human needs cannot accept this conflict between the physical needs and moral life. In fact, the exclusion of material needs will amount to the removal of the foundation of life itself. Economic prosperity, sexual enjoyment and pleasures, abiding fame, effective power and rule over others, or profound scholarship by themselves are incapable of giving man a lasting happiness or peace of mind. Human discontent still persists. Marx, Freud and Adler cannot show how exactly human anxiety can disappear. Man is full of joy about his creations, when he finds in his conditions scope for unfolding his potentialities and can be in harmony with himself, the Universe and the other human beings, on the basis of his knowledge about himself and the Universe; the disturbance of that harmony, on the other hand, makes him unhappy, anxious, discontented, angry or puts him in the mood of renunciation.

In other words, he enjoys in the realm of freedom, and becomes unhappy under restrictions. Human freedom is, therefore, the supreme moral standard.

Man's freedom can grow only through his awareness of the responsibility to himself, his realisation of the duty to himself. Just as health, music, a work of art, rich and nourishing food, and healthy children constitute his requirements, so is his need for himself and others being engaged in the pursuit of their self-interest, without harming the interests of others. This moral need is as irresistible and unavoidable as the demands of the flesh. Just as a constipated person does not like food, so does one, unaware of a meaningful experience of his own development, not realise the need for morality. The appreciation of virtue, like that of music, demands a development of the natural propensities of man. Man may intuitively realise the value of good health, and may still disobey the norms of personal hygiene. The value of moral behaviour is similarly realisable by him, though he may infringe its rules. Goodness, like beauty, is intrinsically desirable.

The moral rules are indeed the rules of a higher art of living. Endowed with destructive propensities, which sometimes overpower his natural moral impulses, man sometimes fails to attain the joy in such living. Under such conditions, he is apt to forget his constructive creativity. His life is then corroded by laziness, passions, lust, jealousy, self-deception and the aggressive tendency. Man is both the artist and the material of the art of his life. His responsibility to himself can best be indicated in this manner. His love of himself is the source of his love of the Universe. In him alone can be found the source of morality and salvation. It cannot be found in God or in the other world. It is only the deep and intense realisation that living is an art that can promote man's love of himself and of the other human beings. The artistic outlook cannot permit any distortions; nor can it provide any quarter to selfishness. How can he, who is moved with noble sentiments by the beauty of starry heavens, relish starvation and misery next door on this earth? Morality is the beauty of human existence. It is the rhythm of human life.

Light, or the message of salvation, will not come for man either from the East or the West. His past too has little to tell him. He can get the light only from himself. His knowledge of himself can awake his creativity. He has still to build up a good society and a good world. Even the Hindu doctrine of *Karma*, or other developed form of religion, recognises that man's responsibility is essentially as an individual. He can save himself only through shedding the fear of his loneliness.

July 1949

THE EARLIEST STAGE IN MALAYALAM LITERATURE

C. Kunhan Raja

Malayalam is a language spoken by over twelve millions of people in the country called Kerala (also Malabar), lying in the South West of India between the Western Ghats and the Arabian Sea. The early history of the country and of the language and its literature is shrouded in mystery, and no reliable records are available. The literature now available began to develop more or less at the same time when many of the languages of the modern world, both in India and in Europe, began to develop a literature. About 1,000 A.D. may be marked as the border line separating the classical period in the literatures of the world and the modern period. In Europe Latin became a "dead language" about that time, and modern languages like Italian, French, Spanish and English started on their literary course. Similarly, in India also Sanskrit ceased to be the vehicle of first class literary art about that time, and the languages of the South like Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam began to develop independent literatures. Tamil had already a highly developed literature going back to more than a millennium. Mahratti, Gujarati and Beṅgali also started as literary languages in the North.

It is not possible to find an explanation for this united effort at starting literatures in such a large number of languages more or less at the same time after the lapse of the classics. Some of the great teachers of the world, *viz.*, Lao Tze, Confucius, Buddha and Mahavira, appeared in the East more less as contemporaries, and Plato appeared in Europe soon after. We do not know why. The position is the same in regard to languages.

The development of literature in Malayalam, which started soon after 1,000 A.D., was not a replacement of Sanskrit literature, but only a development of Sanskrit literature through a new medium, as in all the modern languages of India. The inspiration came from Sanskrit; the development came through the effort of Sanskrit scholars. The form, the mould and the standard were all taken from Sanskrit; the material too came mostly from Sanskrit. Even when local themes of an independent nature formed the main basis for the new types of poems, such poems absorbed a good element from Sanskrit and assimilated them into the poem.

It has been held, and such a view holds ground even now, that in the present Kerala area, there was only Tamil at a time, and that Malayalam is a later development of Tamil. It is true that many of the Tamil classics now available had their origin in the present Kerala area. But we have yet to decide whether Tamil was the local language, or whether Tamil was known in the region, being the only developed language in South India.

The social life of Kerala was more related to the Kannada country on the north,

and not to the Tamil country on the East. There must have been some language in the present Kannada and Telugu regions before these languages developed a literature; similarly, there must have been a language in the Kerala area too. It cannot be said that the language at one time in the whole of the present Dravidian area was Tamil. The possibility is that the Malayalam language was current in the Kerala area, perhaps without a literature developed in it, and that the literature of Tamil in the neighbouring country was known and was developed in the area.

It was the impact of Sanskirt with this regional language that gave the first stimulus for the development of literature. As a matter of fact, there is no Tamil literature either that is not influenced by Sanskrit literature. A large number of epic ideas in Sanskrit form, standard and mould migrated from Sanskrit into Tamil before Tamil too developed a literature. Such an evolution came about earlier in Tamil, but only much later in the other South Indian languages. And what is called South Indian literature is only Indian literature in Sanskrit through a new language medium.

In many of the Indian languages, literature started in the form of devotional songs of a religious nature. But it has been noticed that in Tamil the wealth of the earliest period in literary evolution lies in what may be called purely secular literature. Local heroes and heroines, local anecdotes, local scenes and local customs and manners dominate the earliest Tamil literature. The same is the case in Malayalam. The lyrics like the *Pattuppattukal* in Tamil are purely secular; the long epic called *Chilappatikaram* is also a local, secular poem, though there is a religious tinge in it.

Malayalam literature developed as a side product in the effort of Sanskrit scholars to interpret Sanskrit literature to the people of Malabar in their own language. Sanskrit dramas were presented on the Malabar stage, and stories from Sanskrit literature were also expounded in such theatres. Sometimes explanations and narrations of stories interspersed with dramatic acting. The earliest Malayalam poems now available appear to have been composed for such purposes, to be introduced into the presentation of Sanskrit dramas.

A few specimens have recently come to light for such early poems in Malayalam. They are in the form of *Champus* in Sanskrit, prose and verse mixed together. But in Malayalam *Champu* verses in Sanskrit metre are mixed along with passages in Malayalam metres. They all deal with some local heroine, how Indra, or the moon, or a Gandharva fell in love with a heroine, and how they came down to the earth to meet the heroine. This gives the poet an opportunity to describe various local scenes on the way to the residence of the heroine, to describe also the customs and manners of the country, the various communities and various professions and their peculiarities. The theme is local; but Sanskritic ideas come in as decoration into this purely local poem.

Malayalam literature was not flooded with Sanskritic material in the earliest times. It acted only as a pinch of salt. It was at a later time that the Sanskrit epics, like the *Mahabharata*, the *Ramayana* and the *Bhagavata* were translated into Malayalam. After that time, the local themes receded into the background, and the Sanskritic

material became the main theme in nearly all first class productions in the language. Even in this later period there are such beautiful poems like the *Chandrotsava* about a local heroine, one of the best poems in early Malayalam, and *Rajaratnavaliyam* dealing with a Maharaja of Cochin. Perhaps it is due to this partiality for local heroines and local themes that the Malabar poets took to *Sandesakavyas*, when Sanskritic stories became so very predominent in the literature. The *Sandesakavya* gave them the occasion to show off their national genius to the best advantage. It is modelled on Sanskrit; but the theme and the scenes are local.

This love of the country and this pride of the country, so prominent in the people of Malabar, persisted even when they took to Sanskritic themes, and in latter day *Champus*, dealing with epic stories from Sanskrit, one notices a strong local colour. It is this local colour that gives the real value to the poetic art when the stuff is taken from Sanskrit. This local colour came up with a vengeance in the poetry of a latter-day author of two hundred years ago, Kunchan Nambiyar, and it was preserved even till very recently. Even the earliest poetic productions after the introduction of Western specimens had this local tinge. It is in the contemporary literature that we begin to miss this local individuality. At present, a poem is a Malayalam poem only through the language; but it has ceased to be "Malayali" with a distinct local peculiarity in it. We cannot mark out fifty lines of poetry from Kunchan Nambiyar of the XVIII century or Venmani of the XIX century without finding something that is distinctly "Malayali" in it; but we can translate poem after poem of a modern, living author without revealing any trace of its land of origin. They all follow a certain set pattern borrowed from outside.

When literature started its course in Malayalam language, Sanskrit was admitted into this new literature, but Sanskrit became "Malayalamised," got assimilated into a Malayalam structure. Sanskrit enriched Malayalam; it did not crush down Malayalam. It was like working on a capital raised on credit. This was true both in the matter of theme and language form. Malayalam vocabulary increased; in a particular variety of poetry in Malayalam, Sanskrit words predominated by far more than eighty per cent; still the language remained true to Malayalam; the Malayalam spirit dominated a Sanskrit majority.

There was an attempt to create a sort of Malayalam-Tamil combination, on the model of the newly developed Malayalam-Sanskrit combination, which latter is called *Mani-Pravalam* (pearl-coral). It did not succeed. It is on the basis of the existence of this Malayalam-Tamil language (which died out in Kerala), that some people built up the theory that Malayalam grew out of Tamil and that gradually the Tamil element died out in the language. The fact is not so. At the time when Malayalam literature began to grow, the rulers of Malabar were strong. But at a later date the Pandya and the Chola rulers of the Eastern side became strong, and even invaded Malabar. It was during the time of this Tamil ascendency, through the victories of the Tamil rulers of Pandya and Chola, that there was the attempt to build up the Malayalam-Tamil combination on the *Mani-Pravalam* (Malayalam-Sanskrit) model.



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Buddhism and Jainism must have been very prevalent in the Kerala area in the early Christian centuries. The language did not develop a literature at that time. It was at the time of the "Hindu" revival, and the consequent impact of Malayalam with Sanskrit, that the language received the necessary strength and stimulus for the growth of a wealthy literature. It was the Sanskrit scholars of Malabar who started this literary growth in Malayalam, and who enriched this literature and gave it an individuality besides wealth.

Even the earliest specimens now available of Malayalam literature, dealing with Malabar heroines and Malabar scenery and Malabar customs and manners, show a maturity that could not have been attained without the development of a few centuries. The polish of language, the felicity of expression, the variety of metre, the music and the rhythm, all show a long growth of development. And in these early specimens there is nothing that can be called Tamilism. Tamilism came into Malayalam at a later stage.

The chief of the available works of the earliest stage in Malayalam literature are three *Champus* (only fragments are available), *Unniyati Charitam*, *Unniyacchi Charitam* and *Unnichirutevi Charitam*, the *Sandesa Kavya* called *Unnunili Sandesa*, and the epic called *Chandrotsava*. In the three *Champus*, passages in Sanskrit metres are mixed up with passages in Malayalam metres. In the other two works the metres are Sanskritic.

Then, there is a work on Malayalam rhetoric in Sanskrit called *Lila-tilakam*. That contains a large number of citations, all having a family resemblance with the works already noted above. None of them have come down to us, except for such citations.

There is some devotional literature in this early period, and some of them are not without literary merit. But none of them approach the secular literature of this earliest period in point of literary art. *Mahabharata*, *Ramayana* and *Bhagavata* came into Malayalam literature later; still the individuality of Malayalam remained unaffected in spite of this influx of Sanskrit. Sanskrit developed side by side with Malayalam. But Malayalam did grow luxuriantly along with Sanskrit, receiving material and form from Sanskrit and retaining its own individuality and genius.

No Malayalam literature now available goes back to a period earlier than 1300 A.D. But from the growth and maturity noticeable in the literary specimens of this period, it may be concluded that the literature had at least three centuries of earlier development. When the literature started, the growth has been steady and the progress rapid, so that it can be considered one of the richest among modern literatures.

May 2, 1949

NATIONALISM AND CONTEMPORARY ART

BENODE BIHARI MUKERJI

We feel today the presence of the two points of view—nationalism and internationalism—in different walks of our life. Though these two modern concepts followed our national awakening, yet they have gradually discarded their connections with it, and have become active in all sorts of cultural and social levels of life. These two ideas are found in conflict in all aspects of present-day literature, art, religious views, philosophical thoughts and educational problems. But the issue which the two opposite sides have chosen to fight out under the name of nationalism and internationalism is neither new, nor solely a result of present-day conditions.

The problem which arose at the beginning of the history of civilization as the conflict between the individual and society, and whether the one is independent of the other, is again making its appearance today after a long time as nationalism *versus* internationalism. It appears that neither the individual nor society have ever been completely dominant. The reason which did not allow either the individual or society to be completely suppressed in the past is also the reason which makes it impossible for us today to eliminate either nationalism or internationalism completely. That which was sought after by the individualist is also the object of search of the internalist; both have cultural ends in view, and both aim at inspiring men to fulfil their development.

What we call nationalism today is only a different form of socialism. In the past the leaders of the age used to try to make society as strong as a wall with the help of the various social codes or laws, so as to bring about a uniformity in our ways of living, eating, drinking and wearing clothes and ornaments . Owing to political prejudices today the leaders of nationalism are committing the same mistake. They do not aim, however, at prolonging the conflict between the individual and the society; and, on the other hand, they are likely to succeed in effecting a compromise between the individual and society. These two opposite viewpoints have frequently influenced the course of literature and art, but in other walks of life they have frequently been brought together through art. Even to-day while on the one hand nations are engaged in competing with one another, on the other hand a sincere effort is being made to bring out an understanding between the two camps through art and literature.

Here in India we came into contact with this conflict as our reaction to the Western civilization, first under the British rule. The times when these two points of view develop under the guise of social organisation is known as the age of Raja Ram Mohun Roy. Liberal in outlook and English educated, Raja Ram Mohun Roy and his colleagues had to face the orthodox *Sanatanists*. The same clash between the progressive group and the orthodox group has re-appeared today in the shape of

nationalism *versus* internationalism. Before we discuss how modern art and literature have been influenced by nationalism, we may review the age of Raja Ram Mohun Roy, when the seed of this conflict was sown in India.

With the impact of Western civilization that came along with the English people to India, individualism once again grew in strength. In those days India was under the bondage of social prejudices. With this strong external blow the social inertness in India gradually began to be shaken, and culture began to progress freely out of the bonds of current prejudices and superstitions. Such was the beginning of the age of individualism.

A handful of English educated individualists tried to follow closely the footsteps of European civilisation. This was the source of the introduction of romanticism in literature and that of realism in art on the Western model. With his compromising and liberal attitude and progressive views, Raja Ram Mohun Roy went ahead in his programme of re-organising Indian society with the help of this small group of English-educated persons coloured in European civilisation. The result was that our stagnant and conventional social sense was aroused, and our outlook became culturally broadened.

Raja Ram Mohun Roy introduced this new line of thought in our society through the voice of the *Upanishads*. Correctly viewed, the message of Raja Ram Mohun Roy was the message of the freedom of the individual from his contemporary society. As the impertinence of the individual liberty was unbearable to the then society, so we find a group of reactionary *Sanatanists* also besides Raja Ram Mohun Roy and his colleagues.

That modernity which was thus finding its way in society found itself expressed in the field of literature also; in its thoughts and emotions. The poetic genius of Madhusudan Dutt brought about a synthesis of the two concepts in a new form of literature. Raja Ram Mohun Roy's liberal ideas and Madhusudan Dutt's poetic gifts were the attempt to assimilate the Western civilisation. But the society which Raja Ram Mohun Roy and Madhusudan Dutt were trying to transgress, as full of prejudices and superstitions, had really in it a latent vigour and patriotism in spite of its hardened old-fashioned views—on account of which our society had been able to produce Indian literature and Indian art in the past.

Although the Indian society was witnessing an awakening in the world of thought through English education and new ideas, yet it took some time before the awakening could enter the arena of active life. We felt its influence in active life when an effort was made to bring about a synthesis between the past and the present. The credit of achieving this goes on the one hand to Vivekananda, and on the other to the *litterateur* Bunkim Chandra. It can be said that in the age of Vivekananda and Bunkim Chandra the difference between *Sanatanists* and the progressive ideas was gradually narrowed down.

Before this, through the genius of Raja Ram Mohun Roy and Madhusudan Dutt, it appeared that an attempt was being made to imbibe the new Western civilisation, but in it there was no sign of a synthesis of the old and the new culture. The people

who were inspired by the new influence were out to break away completely with the old, whereas the orthodox *Sanatanists* were enamoured of the contemporary beliefs and superstitions. Vivekananda and Bunkim Chandra made an effort to reform the past in the light of modern requirements so that it may be more useful; at the same time they placed the present age beside the past so as to examine its merits and demerits. The efforts of Vivekananda and Bunkim were based on principles which had to be applied in the present-day life, and were imbued with the solemnity of the voice of national awakening. With the same end in view, Vivekananda engaged himself in re-organising society, and Bunkim in creating literature.

In that age of acquiring energy from all sides, the liberal ideas of Raja Ram Mohun Roy appeared before Keshub Chunder and were narrowed down to socialism. Meanwhile, however, after the age of Bunkim, Vivekananda and Keshub Chunder, a new age was dawning upon India. The concrete shape that the ideas and the latent vigour of the Indians was taking, was the Indian National Movement. Literature, art, politics and sociology—all were engaged together in the making of a very big arena of activity. The object of this movement was to put an end to the conflict that was visible during the early years of British rule. From an effort to make a compromise between the past and the present, Indians in different parts of the country and of different shades of opinion found an opportunity to assemble together for making an effort to promote the cause of this movement. The influence of this nationalism was felt on literary education and artistic education. Coloured in this nationalism were seen the poet Rabindranath Tagore, and the artist Abanindranath.

The literature of Rabindranath and the art of Abanindranath give us a unique power of self-realisation. They made their importance felt in the then India, because they were representatives of the national creative faculties. At that time we were neither oppressed by questions of party cliques or provincialisms, nor did we care much for our individual creative faculties. This is the reason why art could flourish in those days in every household, and the whole of the Indian nation engaged itself in literary pursuits.

The first stage of our national struggle for independence may not have been politically very fruitful, but in the cultural field freedom touched us to the quick, and the hard fetters of false pretensions were cut asunder, and the search after our lost culture was begun. Consequently, the foundations of the *Gurkul Ashram* and the *Brahmacharya Ashram* of Rabindranath Tagore were laid with the aim of re-organising.

In the early years of the British Rule, the clash between the progressive forces and the orthodox *Sanatanist* forces was begun on the basis of society *versus* the individual; the self-same struggle made its appearance at the time of the National Movement in the form of nationalism *versus* internationalism. This time nationalism was more powerful in the political field, and internationalism made its home in the cultural field. The two opposite points of view came forward openly, and were even

mutually attracted. While on the one hand internationalism got the support of Rabindranath Tagore, on the other nationalism centred round Gandhiji.

In the last thirty years India crossed one age and entered upon another new age. The age that had begun with the advent of the European civilisation had now reached its maturity and had ended, and a new European civilisation was making its way in India.

In the transitional period of European civilisation a new Socialism, aided by the extraordinary power of the machine-age, once again revolutionised Indian thought. Rabindranath Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi appeared in the life of the nation at this time. The different views of Rabindranath Tagore and Gandhiji, which found their reflection in our life, were the resultant of the different ideas and actions of the XIX century. In the personalities of Gandhiji and Rabindranath Tagore are embodied the various aspects and the social organisations of contemporary art, literature and culture which were influenced by the conflict of nationalism and internationalism. On the other hand, a new kind of imitation of European civilisation was also begun. For the present, however, the subject under discussion is only that aspect of this change in our art, literature and social life which was represented in the personalities of Gandhiji and Rabindranath.

In the educational centre of *Vishva-Bharati*, Rabindranath Tagore gave a concrete shape to his ideal of internationalism. His attempt was to evolve an educational system which was not bound by the limits of nationalism, which could establish ideal relationships among the vast number of men in this world, and which could eschew narrowness and impart self-realization. Briefly put, this was the object of his educational ideals, and this was the key to his internationalism. In the cultural field, too, the unique achievement of Rabindranath's ideas and educational ideals is well illustrated in the art of modern India. The day when Abanindranath Tagore had begun to instruct people in the ideal of national art was the day when India evolved modern art. But the art into which Abanindranath infused new life by his extraordinary powers of concentration was circumscribed within the narrow frontiers of nationalism, and, in spite of devoted will and effort, declined æsthetically. Indeed, efforts were made to erect national fortifications "to protect" art from external influences.

At such a moment, Rabindranath Tagore inaugurated a change in the world of Indian art, by virtue of his tolerant views and educational ideals. A group of artists who had found themselves through indigenous and foreign art came out of the tangles of stagnation, and advanced modern art with all the energy pooled from a variety of sources. As a result of this, contemporary art was infused with a fresh life. The programme and the vision which Indian art had obtained in the national garb at the hands of Abanindranath once again found a new power, and advanced the cause of Indian art in full swing. In the view of Rabindranath art and literature alone did not occupy a predominant place in society; he regarded art, literature, music, dance etc.,—all these—as equally important to bring about a synthesis in society. From his point of view, in the path of self-realization, art and culture occupied an essential place, and this was the reason why the same liberalising influence which was

felt in modern art in his system of education, was employed in various walks of life with the help of art for creating beauty. This consciousness in our society was able to produce a new spirit in the field of arts, crafts, decorations etc. While Rabindranath's educational centre was pulsating with new life in modern culture, music, dance, art etc., and various other kinds of crafts, Gandhiji, free from anger and free from fear, with hard concentration, was trying devotedly to solve the economic problems of the country. At that time the influence of contemporary national movement was not felt on contemporary art, yet on literature its influence is discernible in a sufficient measure. In all the provincial Indian literatures a new awakening was witnessed. Frequently this promoted nationalism, and sometimes shed light on our national problems.

We find Gandhiji as a social reformer, first in the early stages of the non-co-operation movement when he conducted the famous march on Dandi. In the economic field this event signifies the creation of a new society by Gandhiji. The loveliness of Gandhi's socialism is in no way inferior to Rabindranath's educational system. He hoped to liberate the masses from weakness, falsehood and poverty by following this path, and the ideal society which Gandhiji aimed at needed for the solution of its economic problem the cottage industries, and village arts and crafts, in order that every individual might become self-supporting. We had not become familiar at that time with the culture which was being evolved by Rabindranath among the artists in his educational centre. When Gandhiji required them to take the cue from his social ideals, this group of artists of the educational centre jumped into active life. And, thus, the new culture and art came in contact with the coming generation of Indian society. This contact of our society with art and culture was a harmonious blending of Rabindranath's and Gandhi's ideals and aims.

The educational ideal which the contemporary nationalists regarded as worthless for sometime, and the art which was thought to be an obstacle in solving the hard realities of life, became very essential for solving the economic problems of life. On the one hand, the artists who were opposed to the machine age and to Gandhi's social ideals which were the result of it, and who were not able to check Gandhiji in spite of their earnest efforts to place obstacles in his path, appeared today to have declined, even though they are apparently progressing. On the other hand, a "cultural communalism," which was hidden in Gandhiji's social ideal, found its way out as "provincialism."

The various "isms" connected with literature, art etc., which came from Europe to Asia, were able to make their home in our county, being patronised at the right time by Rabindranath's internationalism and Gandhiji's social ideals. Hence, our modern literature and art, in spite of several dissidents, is engaged in imitating and cultivating these very "isms."

Having finished the chapter of national struggle, to-day India has reached its destination. Now, either our society will become conservative, being cowed down by prejudices and superstitions, or our relations with the world-wide humanity will become established. The solution of this problem depends on our political reader,

but only to a certain extent. To some extent, in the solution of this problem there must be a hand of the cultural reader too. A modern State is but an enlarged form of society, and a nation's organisation is based on its social ideals. Even this can be allowed that cultural conflicts are based on political problems. But can a nation afford to forego the light of culture?

In the growth of the civilisation we see it again and again that, on the one side, there is the development of the individual and, on the other, the growing strength of the society. Neither of them can be completely given up. In the absence of the light of knowledge the progress of either a State or a society will be checked. An artist and a *litterateur* alone can show this light of knowledge to a State. Without art and literature knowledge cannot permeate society. Literature and art will have to come to the aid of patriotism or any other ideal connected with a State—whether national or international—if and when it is sought to be established. The torch of culture which Rabindranath tried to kindle could not have succeeded, of course, if it had not received help from the social ideals of Gandhiji.

As a part of modern civilisation India has marched towards the new thought. Once again we have to face the original problems as in the last century, when modern thought entered India. Under the pretext of modernism people imitated things of the West. So do we find its progress to-day, too. At that time we had to face the reactionary *Sanatanists;* today their place has been taken by the "provincialists." This provincialism is not limited to politics, but has entered art as well as literature, under the name of nationalism, economic problems and social awakening. On the one hand, the vision of the contemporary literature had been dimmed by provincialism; on the other hand, in the name of modernism, internationalism and socialism, a different kind of imitation has begun. During the beginning of the British Rule men had sold themselves to "rationalism;" to-day they are in the hands of "socialism." Under the shelter of "rationalism," in spite of all sorts of mistakes, the prestige of our culture advanced with the help of modernism, and to-day also owing to this "socialism" art and literature somehow make progress, in spite of its occasional nature. Whatever little art and literature have flourished is due to the action and the reaction of this new development.

Several attacks and counter-attacks of the last century and the modern times can be evaded as historical repetitions, but not all. There are some such new problems, new thoughts and new systems of work as cannot in any way be described as the re-appearance of the old ones. They are new. This is why they are the more attractive, the more reactionary and the more powerful. Our art and literature have taken to the highest goal amidst the new and difficult conditions. One of their branches is entangled in "provincialism" under the pretext of party clique, and another has taken the shelter of modern socialism. On account of their opposition in their ends, either in the field of literature or that of art, we feel a sort of decline. If, in the meanwhile, something is being achieved, it may well be some occasional art fit to fill somehow the pages of history. Provincialism and modernism are contemporary

ideas. We have seen this while studying the past in the earlier part of this essay, and we see it even today.

Rabindranath and Gandhiji had to work by imbibing the conflict of the last century; to-day also the future will have to be built up in the midst of conflict.

The aim of the present discussion was to show the influence and the action and interaction of the individual in society. We have surveyed in this article the difficulties of the individual and society when revolutionised by the European influences, with Rabindranath and Gandhiji in view. In our national life to-day, on this auspicious occasion, the same problem and the same reaction is visible as nationalism *versus* internationalism. On the synthesis of these two ideals of State the flowering offshoots Indian culture and its various off-shoots depend. This article begins keeping in mind a unique period in our history, and now, at another such unique stage in Indian national life, it ends after placing the same problem before us.

March 1949

(*Translated from Bengali*)

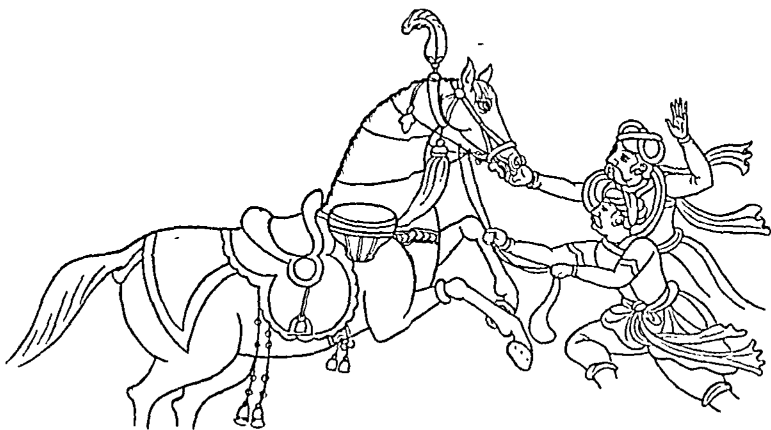




PLATE XX

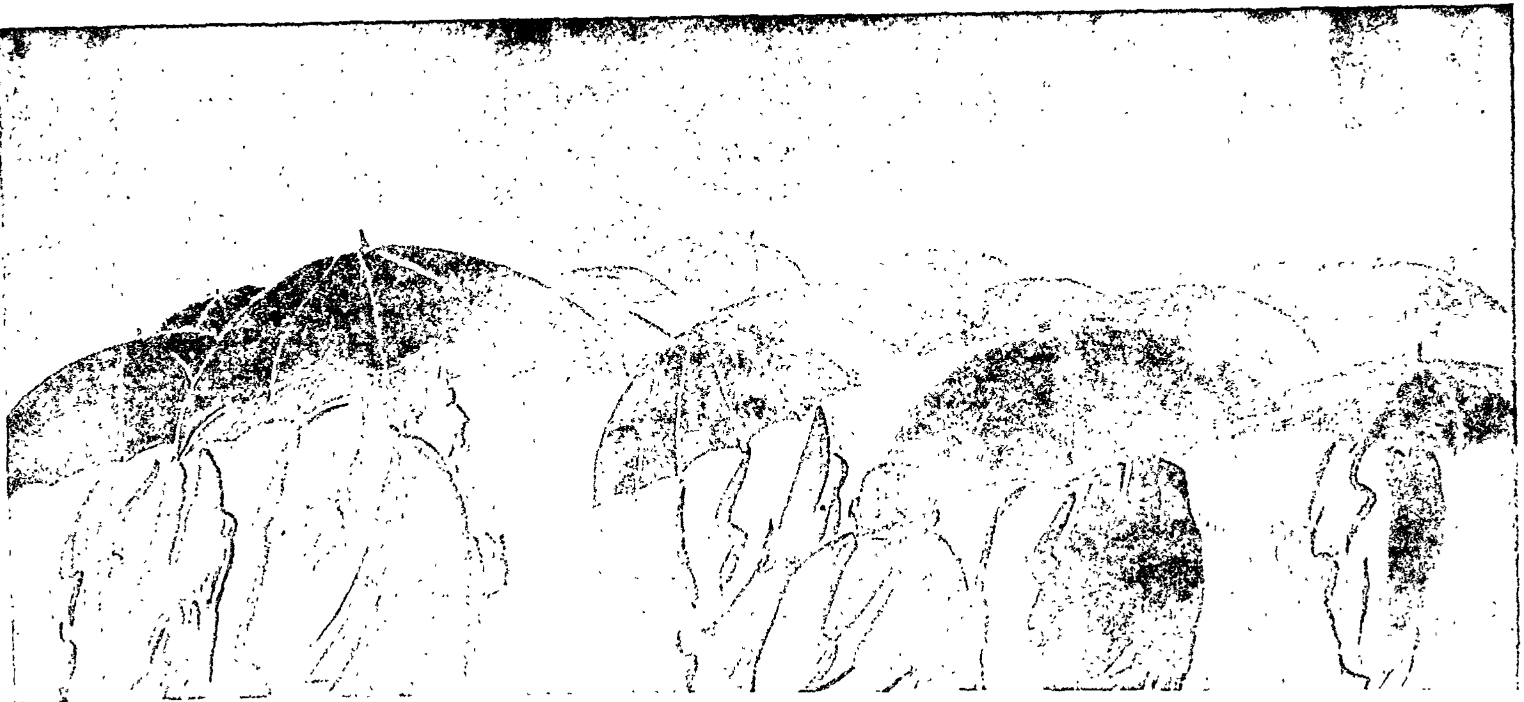


PLATE XXXIV

THE SPIRIT OF KERALA

K. Bhaskaran Nair

"Alas! Has it come to this? What a pity! Time itself has changed. This is the first time one sees a tearful eye in your race. Wipe it before it falls on the ground. Don't make the earth also hate you."

This is how, in one of the celebrated works of the late C.V. Raman Pillai, prince among Malayalam novelists, a grandmother admonishes a young girl who began to weep. These words uttered by an old lady who, after long years of exile in which she lost all her near and dear ones and experienced the depths of misfortune, has at last returned to the land of her birth, illustrate the attitude which the people of Kerala have adopted towards life from immemorial times. Perhaps the climate and the landscape and the peculiar history of Kerala are responsible for the development of this attitude. Legend holds that this narrow strip of land beyond the Western Ghats was reclaimed from the waters of the ocean by Parasurama. It is obvious that this legend, which is so often repeated even in this scientific age, has only a symbolic meaning, if it has one. The fiery Jamadagnya, who sweeps across the horizon of the *Puranas* like a thunder-cloud, is an astonishing character, who combines in himself the attributes of an ascetic and a warrior. This Brahmin, who fought the Kshatriyas eighteen times in succession, is at the same time a blessed individual who has attained release from the bonds of life. He is deeply involved in the fierce conflicts of the world, but he is also capable of the ultimate peace which is the goal of man. The history of Kerala reflects the sparks of fire which have burst forth from the incandescent spirit of this great ascetic, who stands vibrant with the fury of battle and who considered the earth as a battlefield and life an endless fight. Lightning, thunder and the fury of the monsoon are as common in the history of Kerala as in her atomosphere. The people of this land who valued manliness above all else have a tradition which reckons the softer aspects of the spirit as weaknesses. Their faces bear the impress of the struggle in which they are for ever engaged for suppressing pain and the emotions that weaken the spirit. Hatred of tears is inborn in them. Indeed, the practice of fondling and petting children, and showing them demonstrative affection, is unknown in the families of this land where the matriarchal system was in vogue. Children grew up here under the supervision of maternal uncles, who scolded and checked and bore a perpetually irate exterior. The fierce goddess Bhadrakali was so universally worshipped that she might be called the guardian deity of this land. Even today Kali temples may be seen at every turn in Kerala. Though they bear the marks of neglect, and are mostly dilapidated, they remain wrapt in a mute and terrible stillness, appearing as though their fiery powers are not yet extinguished.

Opinions may differ as to the desirability of this attitude to life. It is the atti-

tude of people for ever engaged in war and conflict. It is not conducive to the birth of a glorious culture and civilisation. It frustrates originality of mind and creativeness of the spirit. It is difficult for this kind of attitude to reconcile itself with delicate thoughts and dreams of beauty. But in the soil of Kerala this attitude towards life has given birth to a remarkable culture. Art and learning, agriculture and handicrafts, and the system of good government have always been the proud achievements of the people of Kerala. They stand at the forefront in the matter of cultural attainments among the inhabitants of the Indian continent. This has been a mystery to many observers. The life of this turbulent and restless people has an all too prominent roughness and lack of delicacy. However, in spite of these obvious characteristics, they have been able to experience visions of peace and beauty and give reality to their dreams. No doubt, there is a contradiction in this, but these contradictions reconcile themselves in some mysterious way in the inmost recesses of their soul. Their capacity to be the vehicles of contradictory tendencies, and yet be undisturbed by them, is truly amazing. The great Sankaracharya who renounced the world and became an ascetic did not take to the life of a recluse. He became the prophet of a new philosophy, the apostle of a new idea, and travelled from one end of India to the other. Though he taught that the goal of man is the attainment of the ultimate and the release of the soul from *samsara* and its causes, and that this aim is to be achieved by knowledge and wisdom preceded by the renunciation of all works and rites, he felt no qualms of contradiction in entering upon the most prodigious debating adventure known to history and in ascending the *Sarvajnapita*, nor in returning home on the death of his mother, proclaiming that mother and the land of one's birth are greater than heaven itself, and performing her obsequies in the prescribed way. India has produced other sages like him, but their teachings have been spread mainly by disciples and followers. One often sees behind the ideas and systems of thought, which have made their mark on the history of India, the joint effort of two personalities, an evangelical set-up which may be called the Nara-Narayana partnership. Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and Swami Vivekananda, Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru are recent examples of this partnership which is frequently seen in India's history. In the case of *Advaita*, however, Sankara was at once the prophet and the apostle. He combined in himself the attributes of Nara and Narayana. Even Parasurama, the legendary founder of Kerala, acted on his own behalf and combined these attributes in a similar way. It is because of this capacity to combine these attributes that the same person is seen functioning as a mystic and a warrior, without any sense of conflict or contradiction.

Any number of examples may be quoted from the life and annals of Kerala to illustrate this wonderful capacity to combine and reconcile contradictory aspects. It has already been mentioned how the people of this country, who gave the loftiest place imaginable to manliness, almost universally worshipped the goddess Kali. Here are a few more examples. One can see in Kerala physicians who, after applying highly medicated preparations of oil on the body of patients, in order to make it soft and tender, massage it with their feet in a manner which does not show any tender-

ness or softness. There are temples here where the deity—the great goddess herself—is propitiated not by offerings of flowers or sweet things, but by verses on concupiscence recited by devotees who are often gifted and respectable people. *Kathakali* which is Kerala's priceless contribution to world art, and which is considered the high watermark of perfection in dance and drama, employs almost all the things which are taboo on the stage all over the world, things like manslaughter, hand-to-hand fights, cries and catcalls. There are also events in the history of Kerala which have a similar self-contradiction or inconsistency about them. Martanda Varma, who founded the modern state of Travancore by his ruthless military campaigns, dedicated his sword and his entire State, at the end of his career, to his tutelary deity, Sri Padmanabha. This great event took place two centuries ago. Since then the Maharajahs of Travancore have ruled the State solely in the capacity of Sri Padmanabha *Dasa*. It is idle to say that this act of dedication and the practice that followed it were resorted to in order to please or delude anyone. The House of Travancore could very well have ruled the State without any such pretext, if they are to be called pretexts. They were kings by virtue of rights accepted by laws of Sovereignty. And, therefore, one has to admit that the great act of dedication of Marthanda Varma, the warrior King, was a spontaneous expression of his piety and devotion, and the outcome of the lofty *Dharma* of Hindu Kingship to which he owed allegiance. He and his illustrious successors have maintained this *Dharma*, and zealously guarded and fostered a great culture which was truly Hindu. The Zamorins of Calicut, who ruled for centuries over the northern part of Kerala, also were noted for their great concern for the Hindu faith. And yet this Kerala where Hinduism was the religion of the ruling kings is inhabited not only by Hindus. There is a large population of Christians in the south and Muslims in the north of Kerala. Christianity has not obtained a fraction of the foothold it has gained in Travancore even in those parts of India which were directly under the Christian King of England, who also holds the title of "Defender of the Faith." One will reach the same conclusion *vis-a-vis* Islam, if one compares those parts of India which were under the Moghuls and the territories which belonged to the Zamorin. The two Hindu kingdoms of Kerala ruled by the illustrious royal houses of Kulasekhara and Manavikrama, while they guarded and fostered the loftiest traditions of Hindu *Dharma* and remained staunchly Hindu throughout the long stretches of time when Hinduism was in decline all over India, tolerated and encouraged the spread of these alien faiths, which by their very nature do not even admit that all religions are ultimately the same, in a manner and with a generosity which cease to be mysteries only if viewed in the light of the astonishing culture of Kerala.

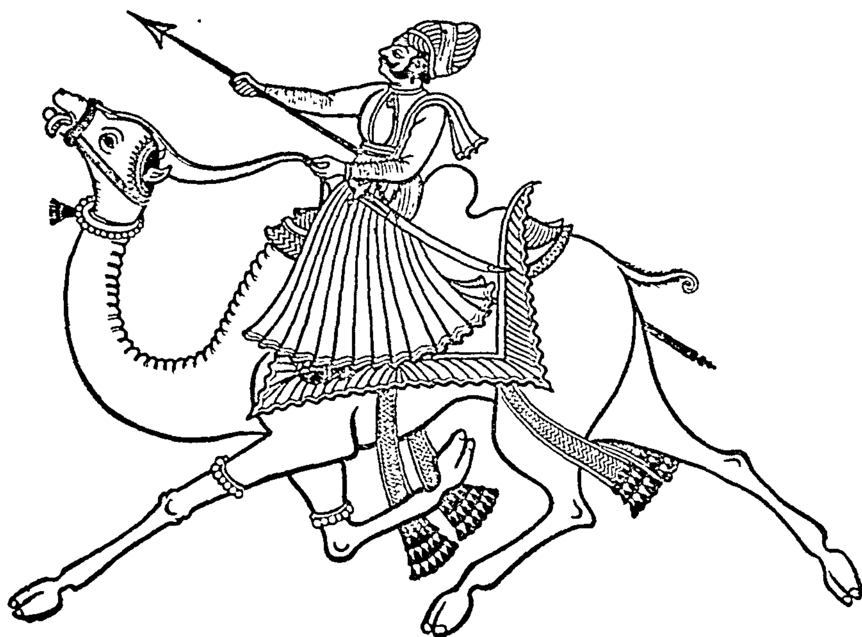
This culture of Kerala, though it has the capacity to reconcile the irreconcilables, has one remarkable limitation. There is no place in it for anything which even remotely affects manliness. It cannot assimilate such factors. Anything else is acceptable to it. This is the secret of the amazing vigour which this culture has maintained in spite of all the vicissitudes of history. But it is to be feared whether this important fact is not being ignored at the present time. Ever since India came into intimate contact with the civilization of the West, Kerala has been welcoming values which

can never be reconciled with her spirit or assimilated into her culture. These exotic values are standing apart and causing conflict to her soul. One can clearly see this if one examines the recent literature of Kerala. Pensive melodies and pessimistic ideas have flooded Malayalam poetry in recent times. There is a growing fear of life in the outlook of the rising generation of writers. Many a writer has adopted the practice of selecting the iniquities and the uglier aspects of life and stressing them in a manner which verges on the incredible. They aim at a low and despicable form of literary enjoyment by describing the aberrations of sexual passion. These practices are proclaimed as novelties and signs of progressiveness. There can be no more dangerous delusion. This habit is a disease afflicting the profligate and decadent soul which has lost all traces of manliness; it is an evil obsession which pretends to see the whole of life and stares at the ulcers alone. It leads only to fatigued inaction and pathological solipsism. Such literature may cause grief to immature minds and tickle the concupiscence of readers, but it leads nowhere. It does not help mankind to face life and its problems with courage and manliness. It has the *milieu* of a soul which is entangled in the complexes of sexual passion, and cries out for help. The cultural ethos of Kerala has never given this impression of helplessness. It has squarely faced sex and the emotions arising from it, and has never given them the status of cardinal principles, nor considered them the driving forces of human life. The present-day writers of Kerala, who ape the *isms* of western literature by deifying sex, forget these vigorous and ennobling traditions they are heir to. Their efforts to create artistic values and promote culture by this apotheosis of the baser passions are doomed to fail, but future generations are sure to suffer the evil consequences of the wrong steps they are now taking. Thus, Kerala today looks as though it is losing its vigour of spirit and drifting away from its cultural moorings. How long is it going to drift like this?

India today stands at the dawn of a new epoch. Her eyes are fixed on the path of progress. The people of Kerala should realise the meaning and significance of this new era, and the possibilities it will open out before them. Is this ancient land, which for centuries has experienced the joy of a noble culture and felt the cheer and tingle of an uninhibited and manly tradition, and which has remained as the *sanctum sanctorum* of *Dharma*, to go astray at this great moment in India's history? No, never. India, which has risen again on the horizon of the East, needs the culture which Kerala cherished and the traditions which she has built up. Every son of Kerala has to strive with vigour and manliness at this golden hour which throws out a challenge to his genius. Let him take up the challenge with the seriousness it deserves, and let it lead him to everlasting glory and to that realisation of the spirit which is the essence of all culture and the end and aim of that high adventure we call life. India is ignoring the powers that threaten world peace and obstruct human progress, and her children should strive so that she may fulfil the mission on which she started from the very dawn of history, and sit again on the throne of love wearing the golden crown of *ahimsa*. Let the sons of Kerala achieve the honour of becoming a suicide squad, if need be, to maintain this independent status of India and to justify her renewed

venture on the stage of world history. May the tradition of manliness, which is the most precious achievement of Kerala and which has been sanctified by the genius of Sankara and the blood of the Raja of Pazhassi and Velu Tampi, and which is adored as the most favourite aspect of the Absolute itself, survive without a stain the onslaughts of time and descend as a blessing on generations yet to come.

April 15, 1949 (*Translated from Malayalam*)



THE HINDU GODS IN CEYLON.

M. D. Raghavan

The principal Hindu gods of Ceylon are those that stand out prominently in the social life of the Island to-day and receive due worship from the Sinhalese and the Tamils alike. In the main, these are the *Hatara Varan Deviyo*, or the four guardian gods—Vishnu on the west, Saman in the east, Skanda in the South and Ayyanar on the north. To these should be added Pattini, the goddess who is very much worshipped by the masses of Ceylon, and Vibhishana the deified brother of Ravana. In the precincts of most Buddhist *Viharas* are shrines dedicated to the Hindu deities, Maha Vishnu, Kataragama (Skanda), Vibhishana and Saman. Apart from these gods of the Hindu pantheon, there are a number of minor deities enshrined in *devalas* in different parts of rural Ceylon, who are propitiated with appropriate rites by the Sinhalese Kapurālas.

VISHNU. The tutelary deity of the whole of Lanka, Vishnu has a special *role* as the guardian deity of West Ceylon. He is also known in Ceylon as Uppalvanna or Upulvan, the god of the colour of the blue water-lily. The Buddha at the time of his *parinirvana* foresaw that his religion would be preserved in its pristine glory in the Island of Sri Lanka, and entrusted the protection of his *sasana*, or church, to Vishnu. To-day the chief shrine of Vishnu is the Maha Vishnu Devala at Devundera, or Dondra on the south-west coast. The legend is that a sandalwood image of the god possessed of miraculous powers was washed ashore at Devundera by the waves of the sea and, ever since, the place became sacred to god Vishnu. This figure is supposed to have perished when the temple was demolished by the Portuguese. Sinhalese literature abounds in legends and poetical compositions devoted to the praise of Vishnu and his deeds. Thus, the *Satara-devāla-devi-puvatha* describes that Vishnu came to Ceylon and overcame the Yakkas, and alone of the gods supported Buddha in his struggle against Mara. The *Vali-yak-kavi* tells us that Buddha gave him charge of Ceylon; and the *Buddha-bala-depane* states that Buddha appointed him to guard his religion for five thousand years. When Vijaya and his seven hundred followers arrived in Ceylon, it is stated that he was under the protection of Vishnu, who saved him from the magic enchantment of Kuveni, the princess of the Yakkas. He also healed Vijaya of the *Dividos*, or the illness inflicted on Vijaya for his repudiation of Kuveni. The *Lanka-puvatha* tells us that Vishnu was brought in procession to Kandy in *Saka* era 1620. The poem *Paravi-sandesaya* describes the sanctuary of Vishnu or Upulvan in Devundera or Devinuwara, the present Dondra.

God Vishnu has so much entered into the Sinhalese social life that hymns in honour of Vishnu, or Vishnu *ashtakas* are sung at Sinhalese weddings at the *poruwa* ceremony invoking blessings on the bridal couple. *"Sasana Baravu Vishnu Deviyane,"*

"O god Vishnu, who art the custodian of the church in Ceylon," is a popular invocation, which also reflects the folk psychology in relation to god Vishnu.

SAMAN. One of the four guardian deities of Lanka, Saman is the tutelary god of Sabaragamuwa Province and presides over the Samantha Kuta or Adam's Peak, over the top of which is the sacred foot of the Buddha, and of which he is the traditional custodian. He is said to have attended on the Buddha during the time of his first arrival in Ceylon at the sacred spot of Mahiyangana, the site of the earliest of the *dagobas* of Ceylon, enshrining a handful of Buddha's pure locks. Lord of the Adam's Peak, he rules over the spirits of Samantha Kuta—the *Kumbandas*. The god Saman is popularly identified with Lakshmana, the brother of Sri Rama. The faith in the protective powers of Saman is such that as you proceed to Sabaragamuwa, you stop your car by the side of the *Bo*-tree on the main road, which marks the entrance to the region, and drop a coin in the offerings-receptacle (*pandura pettiya*) kept for the purpose.

AYYANĀR. The *Hari-Hara-Putra* of the Hindu classics, son of Vishnu, in his romantic *role* of Mohini or the celestial temptress, and the susceptible god Siva, is the popular village god of South India, riding nightly on his horse, protecting the agricultural life of the village. In Ceylon he is the forest deity, the protector of villagers tramping their way through forests. As you go over the solitary forest tracts of Ceylon, you frequently come across festoons of leafy twigs hung across a creeper under a shady tree, or two forked sticks planted on the ground with leafy twigs hanging from a creeper, or from a horizontal stick placed across. Occasionally, too, you see a clay figure of the god Ganesa, alongside of his brother Ayyanār. The offerings to Ayyanār are simple, but the faith is great and pilgrims and travellers are sure of his protection. The elephant is the appropriate *vahana* of the god in Ceylon, though the bridled horse has also a place. It is said that from Madura in the Pandyan kingdom he sailed and landed at Jaffna, whence Ayyanār rode along on his white elephant. *Vanni-puvata* narrates that he came to Ceylon in the days of King Bhuvaneka Bahu, and is one of the principal deities of the Vanni, under the name of Vanni Deviyo, or the god of the Vanniya.

Though these four are traditionally termed the four guardian gods, the worship of Vibhishana and Pattini is also greatly in vogue.

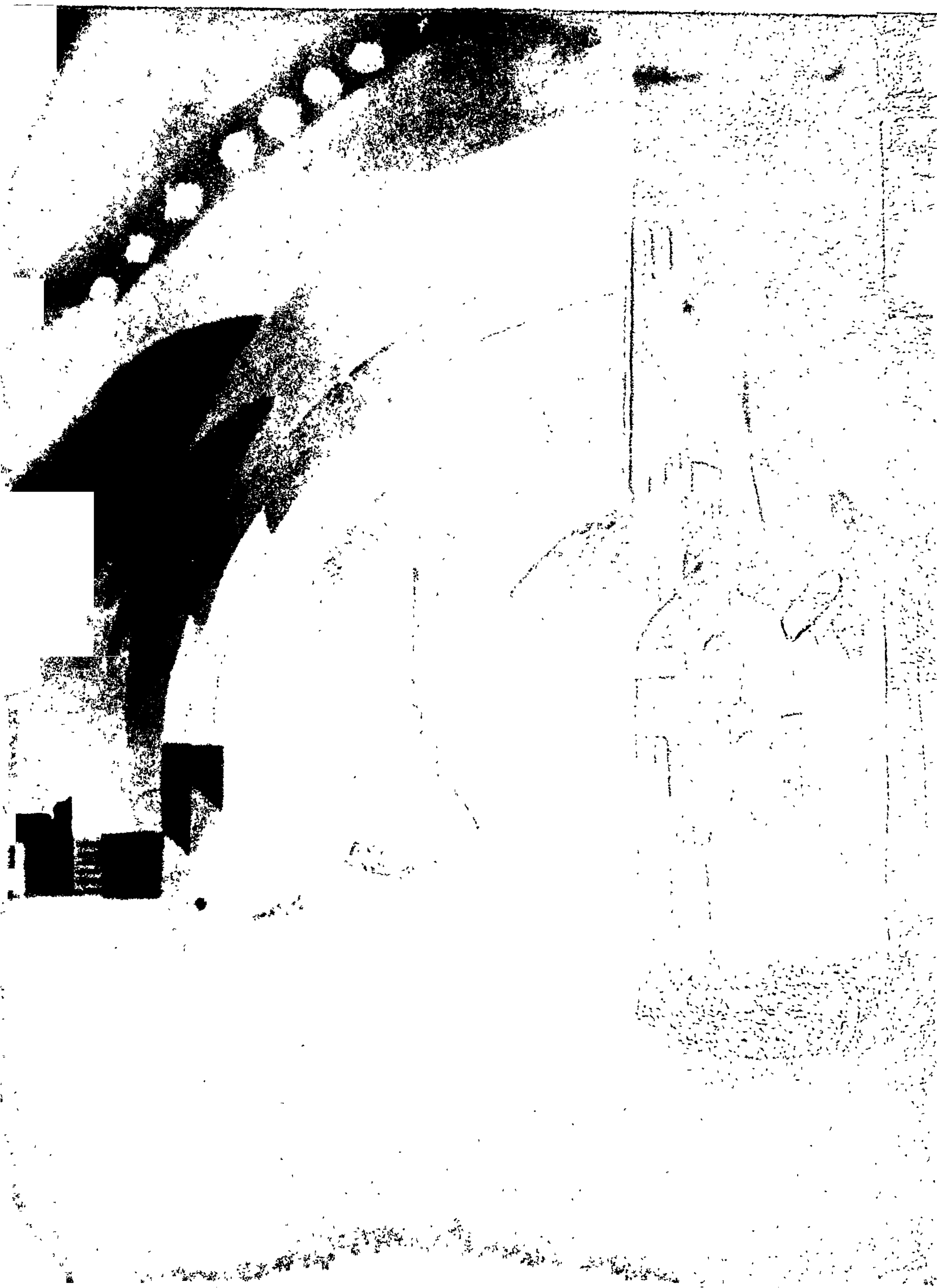
VIBHISHANA is the presiding god of the temple at Kelaniya. During his sacred visit to Ceylon Buddha reconciled the two warring Naga princes and gave to Vibhishana the jewelled throne of the Nagas and the sacred *Bo*-tree. Vibhishana Deviyo, as described in the *Salalihini-sandesa*, is a brother of Ravana. In the war against Ravana, it is said, "having looked into the past, the present and the future," Vibhishana advocated the righteous cause of Rama against the unrighteousness of his brother.

KATARAGAMA. Skanda, the Hindu god, is worshipped as Kataragama Deviyo in the Buddhist shrines of Ceylon, and in particular at the chief shrine at the village of the same name, in south-east Ceylon. According to Sinhalese tradition, King Dutugemunu in the I century B.C. rebuilt and richly endowed the temple at Kataragama

as a thanks-offering to the god, whose favours enabled him to march against the Tamil king Elala and to re-establish the Sinhalese monarchy at Anuradhapura. It is said that this followed a warning in a dream not to embark on an enterprise against Elala, unless he secured the aid of the Kataragama god. Devotees from India and Ceylon flock to Kataragama at the time of the annual festival to the god, which lasts for a period of two weeks in the month of Esala (July-August). Tradition has it that goddess Parvati in a creative mood once created seven sons. God Siva clasped them all in one embrace. One of the sons happened to escape. The other six who were hugged together became one figure—the god Kandaswamy, with six faces and twelve hands and riding a peacock; the son who escaped is known as the Kadavara Devata, identified as one of the deities of the Vanniyar in the North-Central Province. Kataragama Deviyo has two wives, the celestial Devayani and the mortal Valli Amma. It is believed that a Veddah of the Kovil Waname clan of the Dambana section found Valli Amma as a child in the forest of Kataragama and reared her until Skanda, the war-god, married her in the guise of a Veddah. The *Valli-male* narrates Skanda's coming in the disguise of an ascetic, and his wooing and subsequent marriage at Kataragama in the month of Esala, in which month the annual celebration to the god is held.

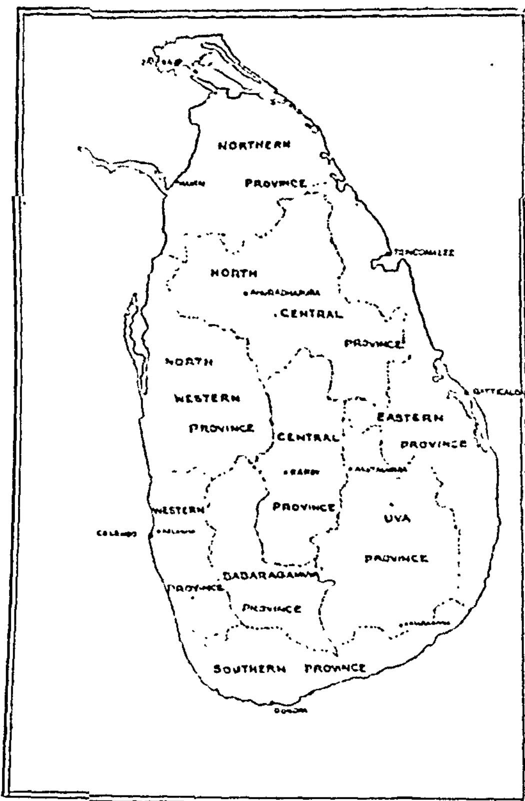
PATTINI is the goddess whose cult was introduced into Ceylon as a result of the successful invasion of the Chola country by Gajabahu, the king of Ceylon. The cultural aspect of this triumph of Gajabahu, has been far-reaching, for the king took with him to Ceylon an image of the goddess Pattini, her sacred anklet and the books dealing with the cult of Pattini. Thus was introduced the Pattini cult, the most popular of the cult of the Hindu deities in Ceylon today. Pattini is the deified Kannagi of the Indian tradition, the wife of the Hindu legend Kovalan, the Palanga of Ceylon tradition. Setting out on his travels, the husband was warned to avoid profligate women and not to talk to goldsmiths. Neglecting all his injunctions, he sells his wife's golden anklet to a goldsmith, who charges him with robbery, and the king passes an unjust order that he be beheaded. The executioner is terror-stricken at his incapacity to strike the fatal blow, until the merchant himself lets him into the secret of the spell cast by his wife, and he is decapitated. No sooner is this done than a curse spreads over the land, the curse of Kannagi, the chaste wife, and pestilence and fire devastates the land. Her deification and the institution of the Pattini cult soon followed, and the image of the goddess was consecrated in the Pandyan kingdom in the presence, it is said, of king Gajabahu of Ceylon, among others. The Pattini cult soon became popular in Ceylon, and several *devalas* were erected to propitiate her. The Kapurālas who officiate in these *devalas* are known as Pattini Hamis, and done the dress of a woman,—the *Sari* and the jacket—at all ceremonials and rituals.

Pattini also figures in other popular cults, such as the cult of the Kiri-Ammas. In times of epidemic, people in villages invoke the goddess for speedy recovery, and when restored to health always hold an alms-giving ceremony to seven old women who, for the purpose of the ceremony, are designated Kiri-Ammas. To these seven women milk-rice and sweet cakes, betel, plantains and coconuts are offered. During the ceremony coconut oil lamps are lit with seven wicks, and, as they depart, each



extinguishes one of the wicks and, touching a little of the oil in the lamp, anoints the head of the inmates of the family with the oil, invoking the blessings of Pattini and the other gods for their long life and good health. This ceremony is popularly known as the *Ammavurunge Dane.*

Many versions of the Pattini legend prevail in Ceylon. The *Ankeli-upatha* relates Pattini's birth in a mango and her marriage with Palanga, and states that one day in an orchard Palanga climbed upon a ladder in order to pluck a flower for her, but could not reach it. Pattini came to his help with a sandal hook. The hooked sticks of Palanga and Pattini became entangled and they pulled each other. Palanga's stick broke, and Pattini and her women companions danced and rejoiced. This is symbolised in the rural folk-play of Ceylon called the *Ankeliya,* or the game of pulling at ropes attached on either side to deer horns, or hooked branches of tough wood.



The month of Esala is generally the period of annual festivals at the *devalas* of Ceylon. These are brilliant annual events, which take the form of processions with much pomp and pageantry and are known as the *peraheras,* the foremost of all being the Kandy *perahera* lasting for fifteen days in the month of Esala, one of the most spectacular sights in the East. It is really a gorgeous and harmonious combination of the four distinct *peraheras*—the Temple of the Sacred Tooth Relic, and the *devalas* of Maha Vishnu, Pattini and Kataragama at Kandy.

August 23, 1949

MOTHER EARTH

VASUDEVA SHARANA AGRAWALA

Mother Earth is the deity of the new age. A deity or god is one to whom are addressed our righteous thoughts, pious actions and the spirit of dedication. Man cannot live without gods. Age after age their need is felt to feed the soul of man. But gods do not enjoy uniform glory forever: they rise and then disappear down the horizon. The *kalpa* of Indra-Agni and the *yuga* of Siva-Vishṇu, having had their share of man's best reverence and creative genius, are now no more. The modern age offers its salutation to Mother Earth whom it adores as the super-goddess. This is true not of one nation but of all. Those who have not installed her on the highest seat of life to-day, aspire to do so tomorrow. This is the universal trend of the new era. This new goddess has emerged in each country out of the activities involving vast oceans of humanity.

When the new deity of an age is born the nation sends forth its homage in a chorus of glad notes. The deity expressing the nation's soul becomes established in universal estimation. The Mother Land and the people enter into complete concord with each other. In order to understand the one it is essential to understand the other.

The physical boundaries of the Mother Land stretch before our eyes, but her real self is her cultural being which has taken shape in the course of centuries through the efforts of her people. India's boundary once stretched from Kamboja (ancient name of Pamir in Central Asia) to Sūrmasa (the Surma Valley in Assam), and from the source of the sacred Gangā to Kanyā Kumarī. There were changes, no doubt, in her frontiers from time to time, but the soul of the Mother Land was ever one: her cultural stream flowed unimpeded.

Mother Earth is born of contemplation. Mental *tapas* gives rise to thoughts and ideals that constitute the soul of the Mother Land. There is an inspiring conception in the Earth Hymn of the Atharva Veda, according to which the Earth lay hidden under the bottom of the sea in a previous age, and men endowed with capacity for contemplation lifted her up from there by the power of their thinking. We have all to realise the Mother by the power of our minds, by establishing affinity between her soul and ours. 'The Earth is the Mother, I am her son.'[1] This relationship is not merely physical. It finds fulfilment in the feeling of the heart. Our hearts are a part of the heart of the Mother Land. According to the Earth Hymn, the heart of the Earth or Mother Land is soaked in *amṛita*.[2] We have to claim our share in

[1] *Matā bhūmiḥ putrō aham prithivyāḥ*, *Atharva*, XII. 1. 12.
[2] *Yasyāḥ hṛidayaṁ satyenāvṛitam amṛitaṁ prithivyāḥ*, XII. 1.8.

this same *amṛita*-mind, which is only a synonym for national culture. In the sea of *amṛita* rolling round the mind are floating the lotuses of truth, *yajña*, sacrifice, *tapa*, *ahimsa*, kindness to all creatures, justice, *dharma*, knowledge, etc. Our ancestors enjoyed their fragrance; we have to realise it for ourselves in order to be able to approach the soul of the Mother Land. The Mother Land permeates our physical body, and wheresoever we go we are known by her distinctive features. We cannot separate ourselves from them. But infinitely more important than the physical aspect is the *amṛita* of her soul, which can be achieved by the practice of those virtues and attributes which have been the hall-mark of national character. The Great Epic gives a picture of the Bhārata Land that was loved by Indra, Manu, Ikshvāku, Yayāti, Ambarisha, Māndhātā, Sibi, Dilīpa and a host of other royal sages. The love of these Rajarshis for the Earth was not guided by considerations of economic gain or territorial expansion. Their loving faith for this land was inspired by the immortal ideals of truth and knowledge, which took root in her sacred soil in the hoary past and which her great men and women practised in their lives. This noble legacy handed down from the ancient times had been preserved and furthered by pioneers like Janaka, Yājñavalkya, Kṛishṇa, Buddha, Ashoka and Sankara of old, and by Dayānanda, Tilak and Gandhi in our own times. Their minds fed and nourished on the same *amṛita* which flows in the heart of the Mother Land. Even to-day our national regard for those lofty values has not diminished. Our leaders have stood against the destructive tendencies of our times and cherished those virtues by sacrificing their flesh and bones, even as Dilīpa sacrificed his body while tending the wish-fulfilling cow. The *amṛita*-mind of the Mother Land provides a background of this truth. The Father of our Nation who retained his balance of mind even in the midst of nightmarish violence, who swallowed the flames of revenge raging furiously in his countrymen even as Kṛishṇa gulped the *Dāvānala* who, like Siva, drank away the poison born of the communal upheaval in the country, provides a living commentary on the *Amṛita-hṛidaya* of the Mother Land. He was really a *Tathāgata*, a divine teacher, being in the direct line of descent from the old teachers. His mind was unshakeable in the *tatha-bhāva*, "the state of being *that*." This superman, firm as rock in his principles, saved the soul of the Mother Land from hatred and chaos. In Vedic terminology it is described as *dṛimhaṇa*, the principle of Firmness in the Earth's soul, which saves the Mother Land from convulsions age after age. India's history witnessed numerous such convulsions, but the cultural soul of the nation maintained its sanity even during these upheavals. This is the flow of life immortal (*amṛita*) in our country.

Our conception of the Mother Land embraces the whole world. Our land is a part of the Universe; hence the soul of the Mother Land is attuned to the soul of the Universe. We do not favour a nationalism which is at cross-purposes with world fraternity. The soul of India has striven through the ages for harmony with the soul of the world. The day when knowledge dawned on this land its blue skies began to resound with notes of harmony. Tolerance is the life-blood of the Indian nation. Harmony is its watch-word. There is, no doubt, great diversity everywhere in our nation as there is in human life itself, and each unit is different

from the other. One comes across the many and the diverse at every step. The author of the *Pṛithivī Sūkta* easily discovered this truth and said: "the men, whose Mother the Earth is, have diverse languages and diverse faiths."[1] Still under this very diversity is hid the bliss of life, only if we were wise enough to discover it. The Indian mind searched for unity, tolerance and harmony hidden behind the manifold diversity of the nation, and these served as a beacon for the country. The instinct for harmony and fusion is the fundamental characteristic of Indian thought. It is not due to indifference born of idleness, but is an attribute of the living and thinking mind, searching for unity at the root of things. This truth has been reiterated time and again in our literature. *Ekam sad viprā bahudhā vadanti*, "the sages speak of the One as many." This *mantram* of the Ṛig Veda is the corner-stone of our edifice of Knowledge. The effect of this illuminating and powerful *mantram* is non-aggression. No man, no community, no nation should look upon another in the spirit of aggression, nor should ever act in that spirit. This is evidenced by India's age-old history. She has always stood for the spread of culture through peace. Her religious conquest in foreign lands, which was only another name for cultural intercourse, grew from strength to strength owing to her peaceful creed. Everywhere her message was accorded joyous welcome by local faiths and traditions. Consequently, local cultures were enriched rather than uprooted. India's cultural mission across her seas was not actuated by motives of greed and selfishness. Her soldiers did not trample other lands under their feet for demoniac victories. Wheresoever she planted her flag, concord was her slogan.

The genius of our Land loves the fusion of the old and the new. Our national mind has a respect for the old, but at the same time it receives the new with open hands. Kālidāsa, the greatest poet of the land, gave utterance to profound truth when he said: "All that is old is not good, nor all that is new bad." Seers and thinkers, both old and new, have kept the fire at the altar of knowledge burning, and the nation has accepted its light in the generous spirit of welcome from time to time.[2] It has not been the tradition of our land to remain tied to the chariot-wheels of the past. The past with its traditions blesses us, but it does not bind us in a death-grip. Nature herself has showered the life-elixir on our present and future. Is it possible to defy it, and still survive? Our history resounds with the note of *charaiveti*, *charaiveti*, "march on, march on." The poet Tagore rightly sings:

Patana abhyudaya bandhura panthā yuga-yuga dhāvita yātrī;
He chira sārathi tava ratha chakrē mukharita patha dina rātri.

No doubt, the wheels of the nation's chariot have moved along the roads stretching through centuries. These roads have resounded with the utterances of sages and thinkers. An attitude of welcome and of acceptance of the new elements lies rooted in the heart of the nation. Revolutionary changes which were achieved elsewhere

[1] *Janaṁ bibhratī bahudhā vivāchasaṁ nānā-dharmāṇāṁ pṛithivī yathaukasaṁ.* Atharva, XII. 1. 45.
[2] *Agnih pūrvebhir-ṛishibhir-īḍyo nūtanair-uta.* Rigveda. I. 1. 2.

with bloodshed and chaos were effected here by the unfailing voice of our pioneers. How could this land bring about in such an amazing degree the emancipation of the women, the agriculturists, the untouchables and the exploited? The answer is to be found in the capacity for reconciling the old and the new, peculiar to the Indian mind. *Navo navo bhavati jāyamānah*, "new and new does it become as it unfolds," is the law of life. When a nation is born, new aspects are bound to appear. It is the new leaves that strengthen the growing plant. But the roots of the national tree go deep into the *amṛita* of the past. They cannot remain unaffected by the past, whence they draw their life's nourishment. There have been changes frequently in the old order, attended by new developments in this land of ours. Old structures have toppled down to give place to new, but the nation's reverence for its *amṛita-ghaṭa*, "Nectar Vase," obtained from the past never diminished. The remarkable genius of India for fusion will ever enable her to strike an artistic blend of the old and the new. A remarkable capacity for adopting and assimilating the new and foreign elements and casting them into our own moulds has ever been a feature of this country. The soul of India is seldom chary of new "isms." Foreign intrusions influenced by the culture of the land become rounded off and are gradually assimilated. They never uproot the old values entirely like a steam-roller. This is due to the rare combination of the static and the dynamic elements in the heart of the nation. The Indian goose, with one foot ever in the middle of the tank, lifts the other, as it were, for new lotuses. The soul of India is impatient of stagnating at one fixed point. It always yearns for freedom from the tentacles of time. It was this tendency that inspired the old Rishis to give utterance to the truth: "The one that sleeps is Kaliyuga, the one that stretches is Dvāpara, the one that stands up is Tretā, while the one that marches on is Satyuga."[1]

The soul of India also believes in the harmony of this world and the other world. Material prosperity and spiritual enlightenment of the land both should be perfect. The author of the Earth Hymn in the Atharva Veda has described the ideal national life as a harmonious combination of the physical and the transcendental worlds which, like Wordsworth's skylark, would be "true to the kindred points of heaven and home"[2]. India always took keen interest in fundamental truths, and their search has been an invaluable treasure of her culture. Simultaneously with this she has also had a regard for the actual worldly life. "We exist in the world for life,"[3] "death must not overtake us before old age,"[4] "I was not born for death,"[5]—these maxims demonstrate our abiding interest in life. Our history affords ample evidence of our shaping and perfecting life, of reconstructing life through Karma. Indian literature, art, philosophy, political institutions, culture and wider life travelled far beyond the frontiers of the land and contributed largely to the shaping of other cultures

[1] *Aitareya Brāhmaṇa.*
[2] *Saṃvidāna divā kave sriyāṁ māṁ dhehi bhūtyam,* XII. 1. 63.
[3] *Vayaṁ syāṁ bhuvaneshu jīvase.*
[4] *Mā pūrvam jaraso mṛithāḥ.*
[5] *Na mṛityave avatasthe kadāchana.*

to constructive work in all walks of life. Historical research during the last hundred years has brought to light the story of India's cultural gift to other nations.

India's spiritualism has been proverbial. Even to-day it is very closely related to the national mind. Her peculiar genius for healing the wounds inflicted on her physical being is born of this spiritual outlook, a direct result of which was that the material could never overcome the living within us. The fundamental spiritualism of India rests on Vedānta. Vedānta is the essence of India's culture, the flower and fruit of life. Vedānta was it that saved the soul of India from external onslaughts in moments of crisis. The Indian, even when he has materially lost all, finds himself living in a world of contentment. A study of history clearly reveals this trait of national character. If, at times of foreign aggression, one aspect of national life became barren and unproductive, there was another which was never subdued and which continued to nourish the national life with its life-giving sap. From this seed had sprung forth in due course sprouts of new life. In the history of India the spiritual world has never been subordinated to the political. Life ever got new lead and new meaning from religion. Our saints, seers, sages and teachers added vigour to the nation's life-force by infusing periodically new life through religion and spiritualism. We could redirect into constructive channels the immeasurable store of nation's energy only if we realised this aspect of the national mind.

In spite of the multiplicity of creeds and sects in India, her true spirit is opposed to communalism or sectarianism. It is readily susceptible to any universal or eternal exposition of religion. Whenever any thinker, imbued with the strength of character and insight, expounded a great religion of this nature before the masses, the people did not disappoint him. This has truly been the key to the happiness of the Indian masses in different ages. No religion is good or bad in itself—it is comparatively easier for an Indian to understand this truth. Religion justified its existence by the happiness of the people. Every religion is an expression of the immutable law or spiritual force that permeates the world, and it is acceptable to the extent to which it can dynamically express that law. Even at the outset of thought, our thinkers grasped this great law of the world and called it *Ṛita* and *Satya*. This same *Ṛita* came later to be called *Dharma*. Vyasa's definition of *Dharma*[1] is virtually a definition of *Ṛita*. *Dharma* is the force that supports the society and the people. *Dharma* did not come into being to drive people away from life and put them on the road to the forest, nor does it exist to rob life of its vigour and energy. *Dharma* is only another name for an ordered life bringing happiness to us in this world, and simultaneously leading us to spiritual peace. This *Dharma* is inkeeping with the higher laws of nature. It is not religious orthodoxy that prompted the famous saying of the Atharva Veda that the Earth is upheld by *Dharma* (*Dharmaṇā dhṛitā*). There can be no greater tribute to the Mother Land than saying that she rests not on military strength but on everlasting moral principles. For the Indians *Dharma* stands higher than even the king

[1] *Namo dharmāya mahate dharmo dhārayati prajāḥ; Yat syad-dhāraṇa-saṁyuktaṁ sa dharma ityudahṛitaḥ.* Mahābhārata.

or the State. *Dharma* cannot be ousted either by intellectual speculation or by military strength. *Dharma* governs everything. In other words, the law of *Dharma*, i.e., Truth, governs all other laws. Every soul is its dwelling-place. The moral urge stimulated by *Dharma* acts as a beacon to human beings, even where the penal law of the country is powerless. Indian history does provide instances of autocratic tyranny over the subjects, but even despots could not deprive the people of their privilege to judge the rulers according to *Dharma*. *Dharma* protects the human beings; its absence makes them hollow. This concept of *Dharma* does not reflect communalism or sectarianism; it signifies true *Dharma* or moral conduct.

Indian thought attaches great importance to conduct or action. The truth is conveyed by the poet in very simple words: the talk of *Yoga* by itself is of no avail: butter cannot be obtained without churning the curd. In India society has respected only men of conduct. The Indian mind never reconciles itself to the duality of a man's private life and public life. One need not be grieved at this. It is only one of our national virtues. Whenever there was a gulf between life and moral conduct, seers and thinkers, saints and prophets, appeared in the land to bridge the gulf. Conduct has ever been the touch-stone of thoughts in this country. Thoughts lacking moral sanction could not stand erect. What respect can the mean, crawling thoughts command from the people after all? Conduct has been the high water-mark of Indian life. The ideal of Rāma, which is the national ideal of this land, is another name for moral conduct or discipline. Valmiki's conception of him is that "Rāma is *Dharma* incarnate."[1] The message of *Dharma* echoing in the four corners of the land is, in Rāma's own words, as follows:

"Truth is the eternal ideal of kings' conduct, and for this reason it is the foundation on which the government stands. Truth maintains the earth. Rishis and gods consider the True to be also the Good. People are scared away from men practising untruth (*anṛita*) as they are from snakes. Truth-abiding *Dharma* is at the root of everything. Truth is the Lord of the earth; *Dharma* is conditional to Truth. There is nothing beyond Truth. Charity, *yajña* and *tapa*—all owe their power to Truth. Vedas also stand on truth; hence we must be truthful. Truth alone maintains the world and protects the families. I must defend Truth. It is impossible for me to violate the discipline of Truth by greed, allurement or ignorance. Truth is for me the *Dharma* embedded in the being of every individual. If I practise untruth it would mean my fall from the kingly ideal, the *Kshātradharma*. This earth, fame, reputation and wealth are all for the truthful. I shall earnestly rule my subjects, knowing what is to be done and what is to be eschewed. This world is the field of action (*karmabhūmi*). Once born, we should do noble deeds. Even gods like Agni, Vāyū and Soma reap the fruits of their *karma*. The one religion is Truth, which includes *Dharma*, chivalry and loving words which those aspiring for the good of the world have practised." (*Ayodhyākāṇḍa*, ch. 109).

The ideal of *Dharma* as enunciated above grows from within life. One who practices this ideal does not escape from life but advances by means of *Karma*. When the Father of our Nation talked of "Rāma Rajya," it was not an illusion. He had pictured before himself the concept of this same Truth-abiding *Dharma* and *Karma*. The *Dharma* rests on the power of determined action, *Karma*. When the citizens would begin to feel, like Yayāti, that they should not receive that which they did not strive for,[1] then alone there will be the balance between *Dharma* and *Karma*. Life's fulfilment is possible only through *Karma*. With faith in this principle, each person in the land must perform action.

The divine conception of the Mother Land is very old in India. It embodies those immortal ideals from which our countrymen have drawn inspiration. Restriction and regimentation are against Indian tradition. The masses cannot put in creative work under the fetters of compulsion. To urge the Indian masses on to the road of truth and to provide them scope for willing work, this alone is inkeeping with the Indian tradition. Truth with its brilliant rays pierces the curtain that veils the mind. Let the people devote themselves truthfully to the Mother Land whose legacy they have received from the ancients. Each one of us has to seek refuge with her. Mother Earth is the presiding deity of the age, let us worship her.[2] Mother Earth lives by the achievements of her distinguished sons.[3]

April 13, 1949

[1] *Ahaṁ tu nābhigribṇāmi yat-kritaṁ na mayā purā.* Matsya Purāṇa, 42.11.
[2] *Upasarya mātaram bhūmim.* Rigveda. X. 18. 4.
[3] *Ibid*, 1. 72. 9.





PLATE XXXVI

OUR LADY OF BEAUTY AND ABUNDANCE : *PADMAŚRI*

Moti Chandra

Goddess Lakshmī is a favourite deity of the Hindus. There is no auspicious occasion at which she is not invoked for the prosperity of the devotee. To commemorate her sacred character a special festival is held at Banaras which continues for sixteen days, during which the devotees throng her temple to offer *pūjā* to her. During these days gaily coloured terracotta figurines of the goddess are bought by the people for worship at home. During the "festival of lights" (*Divālī*) the worship of Lakshmī is specifically enjoined for the attainment of prosperity during the year. It is a popular Hindu belief that on the night of *Divālī* Lakshmī pays a visit to the houses of her devotees and those who are found keeping vigil in her honour are blessed with prosperity. In some households of Banaras the image of Gajalakshmī painted in sandal paste is kept for some time during the *Divālī* in the strong-room, and later on, diluted with water, is sprinkled all over the place, thereby ensuring the presence of the goddess of fortune for all the year round.

The presence of Śrī-Lakshmī, in common with the presence of other gods and goddesses is taken for granted by the Hindus, but an inquiry into the ancestry of Śrī furnishes us with some revealing facts. In the first instance, in ancient Vedic literature Lakshmī in common with Śrī is an abstraction expressing beauty, but at a later age she is visualised as a beautiful goddess, thus absorbing in her personality some of the attributes of the Great Mother Goddess who was worshipped in ancient days from India to the Mediterranean.

In the Indus Valley Civilization there are distinct traces of the worship of the Mother Goddess[1] in the shape of baetylic stones, phalli and ringstones and, besides, a large number of nude, heavily girdled, terracotta female figurines. In one terracotta seal from Harappa she is represented with a plant issuing from her womb, thus stressing her connection with the fertility cult. On the same seal the scene of human sacrifice perhaps points to the blood-thirsty rites connected with the Mother Goddess cult.

The most important objects probably connected with the Mother Goddess cult are a large number of ringstones, ranging from half inch to four feet in diameter found at Mohenjodaro and Harappa. According to Sir John Marshall, these ringstones should be regarded as representations of the female organ of generation, symbolising motherhood and fertility. It is interesting to note in this connection that, within historical times, small discs, with or without holes, discovered from Takshasilā, Kosam, Sankisā, Basārh, Rājghāt, etc., are definitely connected with the cult of the Mother Goddess. In the Hathial disc four nude goddesses, alternating

[1] Banerjea: *The Development of Hindu Iconography*, pp. 183 ff.

with honey suckles arranged in the central hole, emphasise the essential character of the goddess. The Rājghāt seal has an interesting decoration, which consists of a palm tree with a horse by its side and a female figure holding a bud in her outstretched right hand, followed in successive order by a long-eared and short-tailed animal, a crane, the goddess again, then a winged mythical animal and, lastly, a crane with a crab-like object near its legs.[1] It is remarkable that unlike the Takshaśilā seal the central hole is not there. In another fragmentary disc from Rājghāt there is a central hole, around which are engraved two nude female figures with outstretched hands. On the flat ends there are two monkey-like creatures with a *makara* between them. A Brāhmī inscription on its rim is unfortunately illegible. Another partly-broken disc from Kosam in the Bhārat-Kalā Bhavan, containing an inscription whose reading unfortunately yields no sensible meaning, is decorated with a nude figure of the Mother Goddess and a row of *makaras*. There is little doubt that these seals are perhaps cult objects. As observed by Marshall, "in these ringstones, which are quite small and used perhaps as *ex voto* offerings, nude figures of a goddess of fertility are significantly engraved with consummate skill and care inside the central hole, thus indicating, in a manner that can hardly be mistaken, the connection between them and the female principle."[2]

It is evident from the discs described above that the Great Mother Goddess was connected with the palm tree, crane, some mythical animals, alligators and the horse. Without putting forward any theory it is interesting to recall that in the *Mahābhārata* (I, 66, 55) the sky-going horses are recognised as the "mind born" sons of Lakshmī. It is interesting to note that terracotta figurines of horses are offered even to this day to certain village shrines of the mother goddesses. Her connection with *makara* is equally evident. In the *Harivaṁśa* (12482) Lakshmī is called the mother of Kāmadeva, whose ensign is *makara* (MB., III, 281, 7), which is also the ensign of Pradyumna as Kāma (MB., III, 17,2; VIII, 111, 25). Not only that the *makara* appeared as an auspicious sign on the hand of Śrī (MB., XIII, 11, 3), but is also the vehicle of Varuṇa and some other *Yakshas* and *Yakshiṇīs*.[3]

As the *makara* symbolises the essence of waters and virility, its association with Kāma is appropriate. Therefore, little doubt remains that Śrī-Lakshmī embodies in herself a whole complex of ideas connected with the cults of the ancient Mother Goddess and Varuṇa. Her connection with *makara*, a symbol of virility and also jewels, is peculiarly appropriate in her conception as the goddess of the riches, and of fertility, which she borrowed from that pre-Aryan goddess whose functions she gradually appropriated.

It is, however, not known whom the Indian nude goddess represents, though we know that a nude and steatopygous type occurs throughout the most ancient world, from Central Europe to the Ganges Valley, whose general significance has been admirably summarised by Glotz. "She is the Great Mother. It is she who

[1] *Ib.*, 187.
[2] *M.I.C.*; 1, 62-63.
[3] Coomaraswamy: *Yakshas*, II, p. 53.

makes all nature bring forth. All existing things are emanations from her. She is Madonna, carrying the holy child or watching over him. She is the mother of men, and of animals, too. She continually appears with an escort of beasts, for she is the mistress of wild animals, snakes, birds and fishes. She even makes the plants grow by her universal fecundity....perpetuating the vegetative force of which she is the fountain head."[1]

In Western Asia she was known as Anahita or Ishtar, and it is possible that she was worshipped at some distant age in India and Western Asia alike. As observed by Dr. Coomaraswamy:[2] "The Great Indian goddess Aditi has much in common with the Babylonian Ishtar, and on the other hand with Śrī-Lakshmī: in each case, either in literature or in actual iconography, or in both, great stress is laid on the milk-giving quality of the goddess who is sometimes compared with a cow. We can safely assert that the Indian nude goddess was a goddess of fertility, for this is written unmistakably upon her image; that she was a popular and perhaps a household goddess; that she was one, and perhaps the greatest, of the non-Aryan feminine divinities who later on were gradually, and only with difficulty, merged in the Brahmanical and Buddhist pantheons as Śaktis; and that she is in the last analysis identical with the Great Mother, the Supreme Devī of the Tantra. Not all the religious development, nor the successive waves of alien ethnic influences of three millenniums, have suffered to eradicate or even weaken the indigenous concept of the supreme deity as a feminine power."

It is, however, not possible to name this Great Mother Goddess, as the Vedas, our earliest source of information, with the exception of Aditi, attach little importance to goddesses. However, the *Gṛihyasūtras* occasionally mention some feminine divinities. Thus, Sinīvālī, a sister of the gods with broad hips, is begged to give children; Purandhī is the goddess of abundance; and Vāsinī, the "ruling goddess" mentioned in the various *Gṛihyasūtras*, "is probably the mother goddess who despite all Vedic influences always was the chief spiritual village power indentified with Siva's wife in various forms." (Hopkins). The suggestion of Umā as mother goddess is also significant. But, before any suggestion about her identification is made, it should be borne in mind that all these are goddesses of abundance and, therefore, it is difficult to say which one played the rôle of the Great Mother Goddess.

To revert to the iconographic and aesthetic history of Śrī-Lakshmī, it is evident from the early Vedic literature[3] that here as well *Śrī* embraces the concept of beauty and welfare as in the later literature. When the most varied beings are described in Avesta as *Srīr* then the word only signifies beautiful, and that too visible beauty in the primary sense. The Rigvedic *Śrī* also carries the same meaning, though we could not be sure whether the aesthetic reactions of the Vedic period agreed with

[1] Glotz: *Aegean Civilization*, p. 245.

[2] *Archaic Indian Terracottas*, pp .72-73, IPEK, Leipzig, 1928.

[3] H. Oldenburg: *Vedic Words for "Beautiful" and "Beauty," and the Vedic Sense of the Beautiful. Rupam*, Oct. 1927, pp. 98-121.

those of our own.[1] Its connection with the derivatives of *drs*[2] however, convince us that *Srī* connotes the sense of physical beauty. *Srī* is also used in the sense of purifying or adorning.[3]

After the careful examination of all relevant passages from the *Rigveda*, Dr. Oldenburg comes to the conclusion that possession of *Srī* does not mean so much as prominence and distinction, as something pleasing to the eyes. Though the word at different places also refers to the pleasing appearance inherent in a man, and also to adornment which produces the pleasing effect, its meaning as beauty and beautiful is prominent.[4] But *Srī* also indicates beauty that is heard. At one place *Srī* indicates splendid position in life,[5] accruing from pomp and splendour, but even in this meaning its primary sense of visual beauty is not far away.

The relation of *Srī* and *Soma* is difficult to assess; when *Soma* was mixed with milk, *Srī* or its usual alteration *Srīn*, is used. The meaning "to mix" is attributed to the verb *śrīṇāti*. Oldenburg quotes certain passages to show that its appropriate meaning would be "to strengthen." He also finds a close parallel between *Srī* and *Srīṇāti* and comes to the conclusion that in the Rigvedic time *Srī* indicated importance, splendour and adornment. Most probably the verb, like the noun, acquired gradually the meaning of rising to the plentitude of happiness and wealth.[6]

In the later Vedic literature as well the conception of *Srī* as beauty does not disappear, but its dominant meaning is the important position in the worldly life. *Srī* is also combined with *bhūti*[7], *rāshṭra*, *kshatra*, *annādya*, etc., and specially with *yaśas*. In the *Satapatha Brāhmaṇa* (XI, 4, 3, 1), however, the abstract conception of *Srī* gives place to a concrete form in the story which relates how *Srī* of Prajāpati was driven out by his *tapas* from within himself, and stood there, brilliant, shining, sinuous like a heavenly woman. Here we can clearly see the transference of an abstract idea of beauty to the visual form of a heavenly body, possibly the Great Mother Goddess of the pre-Aryan India, who possibly carried within herself the idea of beauty and plentitude.

The most important phenomenon of this age, is however, the unity of the conception of *Srī* and Lakshmī. The connection between Lakshmī and *lakshman*, "sign, mark," is quite obvious. As mentioned by the *Satapatha* (VIII, 4, 4, 11; 5, 43) *lakshman* is the outward visible sign of a happy or unhappy disposition; *lakshmī* is the disposition itself, which is proclaimed or can be proclaimed by a *lakshman*. According to the *Atharvaveda* (VIII, 115), the human being is born with a hundred and one *Lakshmīs*. They can fly on to him with wings, they can attach themselves to him, as a lichen clings to a tree. Magic[8] causes the evil *Lakshmīs* to

[1] *Ibid.*, 98-99.
[2] R. *V.*, VII, 15, 5; X, 45, 8; IV, 10, 5, etc.
[3] R. *V.*, V, 3, 3; VIII, 7, 25; X, 72, 2 etc.
[4] Oldenburg. *Ibid.*, 100.
[5] *Kāṭhaka S.*, XXXVIII, 2.
[6] *Ibid.*, 104 ff.
[7] *Atharvaveda*, XII, 1, 63.
[8] *Kau. Sū.*, XVIII, 16 ff.

disappear and get themselves attached to an enemy. But people wished good *Lakshmīs* to remain. The noble conception of *Lakshmī* finds expression in such terms as *bhadrā*, *śivā* and *puṇyā*, while its evil epithet *pāpā* recedes into the background, and finally only the auspicious meaning of the term holds the field. The inauspicious meaning attached to *Lakshmī*, however, did not completely die out and finds expression in such terms as *Kulakshmī*, *Alakshmī* etc., used in contradiction to the noble qualities of *Lakshmī*. This auspicious meaning of *Lakshmī* comes very near to the conception of Śrī, both expressing well-being and splendour of existence. Thus it was easy for *Śrī* signifying happiness, and *Lakshmī* the disposition to receive it to merge. *Śrīśca Lakshmīśca* are found side by side in a series of conceptions denoting blessing. In the *Taittirīya Āraṇyaka* and in the *Vājasaneyī* (XXXI, 1) Śrī and Lakshmī appear together as two heavenly women, and this combination leads to their complete identification.

In the *Śrī-Sūkta*, a *Khila* attached to the *Rigveda*, which could be dated at least before the Pāli Buddhist texts, there is no longer any difference between Śrīdevī and Lakshmī; they are both called *ārdrā* and *padmamālinī* (V, 11, 14). According to the *Śrisūkta*, Śrī is awakened by the roar of the elephants (*hastinādaprabodhitā*).... bathed by elephant kings with golden pitchers (*gajendraiḥ....snāpita hemakumbhair....*). "Mother Śrī....lush in the lotus lake....lotus faced....lotus shouldered, lotus eyed, lotus born, darling of Vishṇu....Mahālakshmī....put thy lotus foot within my heart."[1] Thus, if in the *Śatapatha* the beginning of the divine personification of Śrī is yet vague, the goddess of the later period is complete in all essentials; even lotus becomes her cognizance. In the *Sūtra* literature (*S.G.S.* IV, 21, 7ff.) offering is made to Śrī at the head of the bed, which emphasises her function as a goddess of fertility. Her bountiful nature is emphasised in the *Taittirīya Upanishad* (1, 4) where Śrī is said to bring garments, cows, food and drink, "therefore bring me Śrī."

Śrī's connection with Vishṇu, however, does not appear in Vedic literature, but in the *Taittirīya Saṃhitā* (VII, 5, 14), as noticed by Dr. Coomaraswamy,[2] Aditi receives oblations as the wife of Vishṇu; in *T.S.* IV, 4, 12, she is described "the heavenly lady of the quarters, the easily milked, the rich in milk, the goddess....the lady of Vishṇu, the mild, ruling the world........may Aditi be auspicious to us." Motherhood is her characteristic. She is identified sometimes with *Pṛithvī* and her thousand streaming breasts are said to milk out refreshment. Without throwing any hint about the identification of Śrī and Aditi it is obvious that there is a close analogy between them. Aditi is not exactly Śrī, being more of Bhū, but some part of her is present in the later Śrī as an independent power and the wife of Vishṇu, pressing out milk from her breasts in certain sculptures. Her conception of motherhood is also stressed by calling her mother (*Sirimādevatā*) in one of the Bharhut sculptures.

[1] Bhattacharya: *Elements of Buddhist Iconography*, p. 71.
[2] Coomaraswamy: *Early Indian Iconography*, II, *Śrī-Lakshmī*, *Eastern Art*, Jan. 1929, p. 175.

The goddess Srī-Lakshmī in the epics attains her full inconographic significance. She is said to be born of the churning of the ocean.[1] She is treated, as has already been said, as Kāmadeva's mother,[2] and in that capacity she bore on her hand a *makara* as an auspicious mark. As Krishṇa's wife she is Rukmiṇī, mother of Pradyumna.[3] She is also associated with Indra and Kubera, but she is not as yet his wife as in later literature.[4] Vaiśravaṇa Kubera's wife is Bhadrā.[5] In the *Rāmāyaṇa*[6] (R. V., 7, 14) she is said to have been represented on Kubera's car with lotus in her hand. Her moral and ethical concepts are also emphasised in the epics. She discourses on religion,[7] though she does not believe in excessive virtue. She is also luck.[8] At one place in the *Mahābhārata*[9] she asserts: "All virtues strive to attain to my qualities. I am success, steadfastness, prosperity. I dwell with victorious kings, and with such as are rightful and truthful. Formerly I took my abode with the Asuras, as long as they practised all virtues; but as they give themselves up to sin, I leave them and go over to Indra." Her association with lotus is also emphasised in such epithets as *padmālayā*, *padmahastā*, etc.

She is treated with scant respect in Buddhist literature; in the *Milindapraśna* (191) her cult is counted as a secret one, and in the *Brahmajāla Sūtra*,[10] her worship is proscribed. The early Buddhist art, however, did not believe in such taboos, and as a motif Srī-Lakshmī was being freely employed. In *Jātaka* 535 she is connected with the east; in connection with Āsā in the south; Saddhā in the west and Hiri in the north; she is reproached as being false, and indiscriminately bestowing fortune as willingly on the idle, low-born, or ugly as upon the wise and the learned. In the *Siri Kālakaṇṇijātaka* (No. 392) Sirimātā is the daughter of Dhataraṭṭha, Regent of the East; she is made to say: "I preside over the course of conduct that gives lordship to mankind; I am beauty (*śiri*), fortune (*lakshmī*) and prudence (*bhūripaññā*). In the *Jataka* 535 it is mentioned how a king sits on judgment in a dispute between the goddesses Āsā, Saddhā, Siri and Hiri. Siri, beautiful as a morning star, says: "The man to whom I wish joy, enjoys all pleasures." However, the others reproach her because without her even the learned and the wise must fail, whereas under her protecting wings even the idlers and the ugly attained success. Thus accused of the lack of discrimination she lost the prize to Hiri. In the *Dhammapada Aṭṭhakathā* (ii, 17) she is simply the goddess who gives luck to the kingdom (*rajja-siridāyikā-devatā*), an epithet which goes very well with her conception in the Gupta period.

Srī-Lakshmī maintains her somewhat auspicious character in Jain literature. In the *Kalpasūtra* (36) Srī is one of the fourteen auspicious dreams of Triśalā, forestall-

[1] *M.B.*, I, 110, 111.
[2] *M.B.*, I, 61, 44; 67, 156.
[3] *M.B.*, XIII, 11, 3.
[4] *M.B.*, III, 168, 13.
[5] *M.B.*, I, 199, 6.
[6] *R.V.*, 7, 14.
[7] *M.B.*, XIII, 82, 3 f.
[8] *M.B.*, V, 125, 5 f.
[9] *M.B.*, XII, 83, 45 ff.
[10] *Dīgha Nikāya*, i, ii.

ing the birth of Mahāvīra. Her description closely follows her inconographic representation. She is described as *paumaddaha-kamala-vāsinim Srim bhagavaim picchai Himavanta-selasihare disāga limdoru-pīyara-karabhi-siccamānim,* "the worshipful Śrī, reposing on a lotus of the lotus lake amidst the height of the Himalaya, anointed by the waters (poured upon her) by the strong, thick trunks of the elephants of the quarters" etc., the text continuing with the long description of her physical charms.

In the mediaeval Hindu literature the epic conception of Śrī-Lakshmī persists. As a goddess of fortune, lotus in hand, she consorted with kings;[1] heroines are compared to her for her beauty[2]. Sometimes she is also abused for her fickleness.

In Vaishṇava theology she is said to be Prakrti in relation to Nārāyaṇa or Purusha, or as in the *Pañcharātra* system she is the Energy of Vishṇu. In relation with Krishṇa she manifests herself as Rādhā, in whom love is perfected and idealised. The southern *Bhāgavatas* lay great stress on the worship of Lakshmī as All-Mother.

After examining all relevant information from literature about the conception of Śrī-Lakshmī, Dr. Coomaraswamy rightly comes to the conclusion[3] that in the developed form of Śrī-Lakshmī the original conception of the Mother Goddess has fused with a Vedic abstraction. In the sphere of devotional theology this conception grows in depth and spirituality, till the goddess of beauty and well-being becomes an Infinite Potentiality inherent in the person of Two in One.

II. Sri-Lakshmi in Actual Iconography

A distinguishing feature of the goddess Śrī-Lakshmī is her close association with lotus—symbolising waters.[4] As pointed out by Dr. Coomaraswamy, in iconography Śrī-Lakshmī is associated with lotus in three ways: (1) *padmahastā,* in which she holds the lotus in right hand; (2) she is supported by an expanded lotus flower serving as the *pīṭha*; and (3) as *padmavāsinī* or *kamalālayā* type she is surrounded by flowering stems and growing leaves; also at times holding the lotus in each hand.[5]

In the types referred to above, No. 1 is least distinctive, while No. 3 is most distinctive occurring in the earliest examples. No. 2 is effectively distinctive before the Kushāṇa period, when lotus seat or pedestal begins coming in general use. At Bharhut it is associated with minor figures decorating the chamfered edges of the railing pillars between the medallions.

Elephant is also associated with Śrī-Lakshmī in her representation as Gaja, or Abhisheka Lakshmī. It is significant that at Bharhut such a frail flower as lotus is associated with an elephant standing over it, because of its associations with waters as the source of all life. The extended lotus in mediaeval period signifying the manifested universe and the lotus as symbol of purity are of secondary development. In the words of Dr. Coomaraswamy, "the fundamental conception as expressed in later Vedic literature and in the early iconography is that of the waters, the support,

[1] *Raghuvaṁśa*, IV, 5.
[2] *Mālvikāgnimitra*, V, 30; *Kad.*, 22.
[3] *Śrī-Lakshmī*, p. 178.
[4] *S.B.* VII, 4, 1, 8.
[5] Coomaraswamy: *Śrī-Lakshmī*, p. 178.

both ultimate and physical, of all life and specifically of the earth, whence there follows naturally the use as *āsana* and *pīṭha*."[1]

In Bharhut sculptures Sirimādevatā is without attributes, though probably she holds in her right raised hand a lotus (Fig. 1). She embodies a conception of physical beauty closely associated with the goddess. "It is impossible not to recognise here, too, an iconographic inheritance from the types of the early terracottas representing a nude mother goddess, whom we cannot positively name, though we may be sure that we have to do with a goddess of fertility, who cannot have been thought of as otherwise than beautiful."[2] A woman standing on a full blown lotus and holding a lotus in her raised right hand from Bharhut (Fig. 2)[3] also closely approximates to Srī-Lakshmī type.

In Stūpa II at Sānchī, datable to the Sunga period, Srī-Lakshmī at one place (Fig.3)[4] is depicted as *kamalālayā*. She holds blossoming lotus flowers in both hands and stands in the growing lotus plants. At another place she holds a lotus in right hand and perhaps a cloth in left hand (Fig. 4).[5] There is another variation of the same motif (Fig. 5). The development of this type is seen on Gupta coins on which Srī-Lakshmī is often represented holding a ribbon or cloth. The goddess is shown seated on full blown lotus at one place (Fig. 6).

The goddess Srī-Lakshmī is also represented on some Sunga terracottas from Basārh, though it must be admitted that their date is not finally settled, some dating them a hundred years later. The fragment of a terracotta No. 550[6] represents a standing female figure with her hands on the hips. Around her lotus plants are growing. Her wings are, however, intriguing; this feature is definitely un-Indian. How the goddess Srī-Lakshmī took wings it is difficult to say. Dr. Bloch attributes it to the Persian affinities of the Lichchavis, but such isolated examples cannot be counted as positive evidence to prove a theory. The possibility is that Iranian influence came to Bihar after the Saka invasion of Northern India, in the I century B.C., and such incidental finds with marked Iranian influences prove that Saka culture had penetrated much further than Mathurā.

Another broken terracotta piece from Basārh[7] depicts the lower half of a tall slender female figure, whose right hand rests on the side, and the left is caught tightly in the girdle across the hips. Perhaps the figure also wore a tight-fitting bodice. The most important part of the terracotta is the lotus pedestal. This is characteristic of Srī-Lakshmī, though in the fragmentary state of the figurine the identification could not be positive.

The most artistic representation of Srī-Lakshmī (Fig. 7 A-B) is, however, from Mathurā. The whole group consists of tall-growing lotus flowers and leaves

[1] *Ibid.*, p. 179.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 181.
[3] *Ibid.*, Fig. 14.
[4] Marshall: *Sanchi*, III, pl. LXXV, 9a.
[5] *Ibid.*, Pl. LXXVI, 12 b, 15 a; LXXVIII, 20 b.
[6] *A.S.R.*, A.R., 1913-14, p. 116, Pl. XLIV.
[7] *A.S.R.*, 1913-14., p. 117, pl. XLIV, c.



Fig. 1. Sirimā Devī, Bharhut



Fig. 3. Srī-Lakshmī, Sanchi



Fig. 4. Srī-Lakshmī, Sanchi

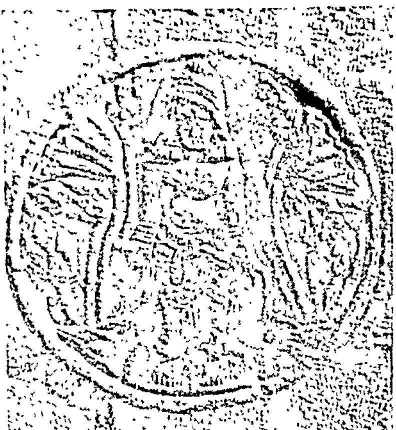


Fig. 5. Srī-Lakshmī, Sanchi



Fig. 2. Goddess as *padmahastā* and *padmāsanā*, Bharhut

MOTICHANDRA : PADMĀŚRĪ



Fig. 7A. Srī-Lakshmī, Mathura (Front)



Fig. 6. Srī-Lakshmī, Sanchi



Fig. 7B. Srī-Lakshmī, Mathura (Back)



Fig. 8. Srī-Lakshmī (Taxila coin)



Fig. 9. City Deity of Pushkalāvatī, Gāndhāra (coin)

MOTICHANDRA : PADMĀŚRI

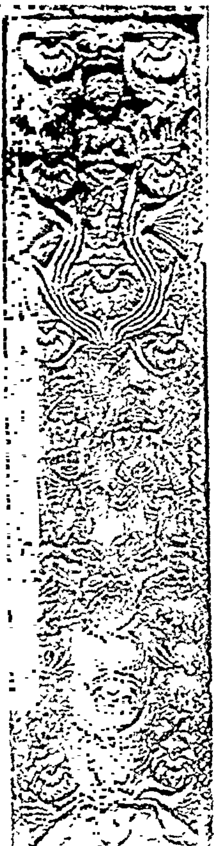


Fig. 12. Gaja-lakshmī, Sanchi



Fig. 10. Srī-Lakshmī, Sanchi



Fig. 11. Goddess on lotus, Sanchi



Fig. 13. Gaja-lakshmī, Sanchi

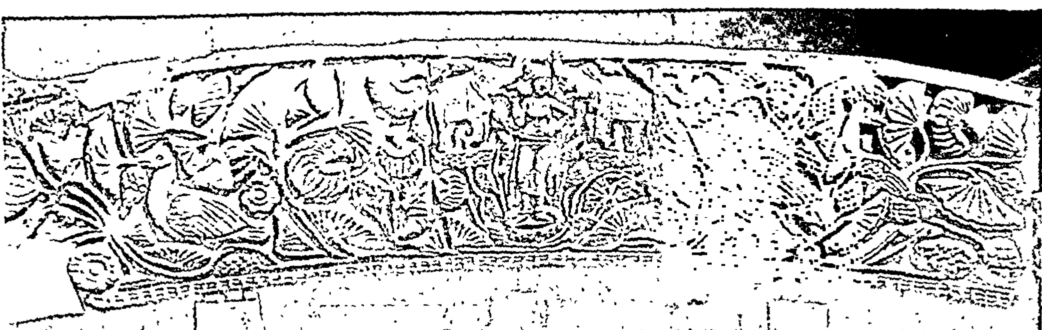


Fig. 14. Gajalakshmī, Sanchi

MOTICHANDRA : PADMĀŚRĪ

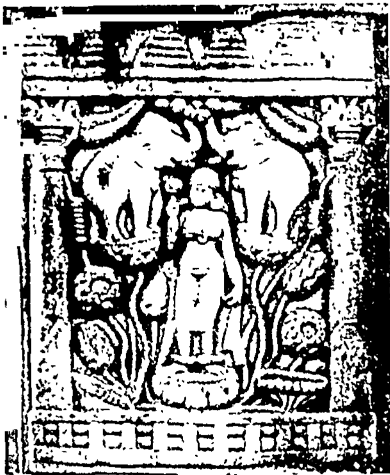


Fig. 15. Gajalakshmī, Sanchi



Fig. 16. Gajalakshmī, Sanchi



Fig. 17. Gajalakshmī, Sanchi



Fig. 18. Gaja-lakshmī (coin of Azilises)



Fig. 19. Lakshmī (Gupta coin)



Fig. 20. Lakshmī (Gupta coin)



Fig. 21. Lakshmī (coin of Kumāra-gupta)



Fig. 22. Lakshmī (Gupta coin)



Fig. 23. Goddess (Gupta coin)

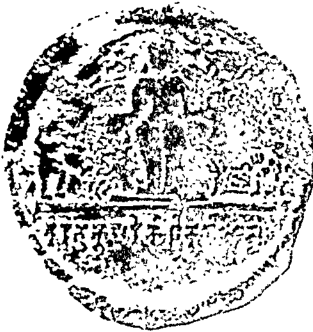


Fig. 24. Lakshmī (Gupta seal)

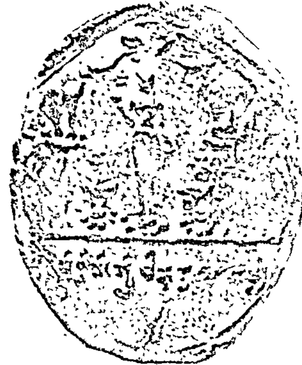


Fig. 25. Lakshmī (Gupta seal)



Fig. 26. Lakshmī, Amarāvatī

rising from a "full vessel"; on the central leaf is a pair of peacocks, while in front, standing with each foot on a flower, is a voluptuous womanly figure, evidently of our Lady of Beauty and Abundance. The gesture of pressing her left breast expresses the old conception of the "lady rich in milk."

All the three types recounted above, Lakshmī seated on full blossomed lotus and standing on a lotus pedestal with a lotus flower in hand and Gaja-Lakshmī, appear on the Ujjainī coins; on the coins of the Hindu kings of Mathurā such as Sūryamitra, Vishṇumitra, Purushadatta, Uttamadatta, Balabhūti, Rāmadatta and Kāmadatta; on the coins of the Kshatrapas of Mathurā like Śivadatta, Hagamasa, Rājuvula and Soḍāsa; on the coins of Rājanya Janapada; and on the coins of Bhadraghosha of Pañchāla.[1] The so-called dancing girl on the coins of the Indo-Greek kings, Pantaleon and Agathokles (Fig. 8), has been rightly recognised by Dr. Coomaraswamy as Śrī-Lakshmī. The patron-goddess of Pushkalāvatī[2] represented on a unique Indo-Scythian coin (Fig. 9) has also been recognised by Dr. Coomaraswamy as Śrī-Lakshmī. The appearance of Śrī-Lakshmī on the coins issued by the kings of different faiths proves that at least the benign and wealth-giving personality of this goddess was accepted by all.

So far we have been dealing with the iconography of Śrī-Lakshmī without attendants, but a railing pillar at Sānchī (Fig. 10)[3] combining all three types of Śrī-Lakshmī is accompanied by two attendants carrying food and drink. M. Foucher, in accordance with his theory about which we will speak later on, recognises in this relief the representation of Māyā, mother of Buddha, and male and female figures accompanying her are identified as attendants.[4] Elsewhere, however, a divinity bearing food and drinks[5] is unmistakably a Yakshī. In such a series, however, it is hard to say just where the Śrī-Lakshmī type should end and that of the Yakshī should begin, but this is only one of the several indications of the connection of our goddess with the Yakshas.

The Abhisheka or Gajalakshmī type of Śrī-Lakshmī is very important, as it occurs constantly on the terracottas and seals, in the early reliefs of Bharhut, Sānchī, Bodhgayā, Manmoḍī and Orissa, but seems to have been unknown at Mathurā and Amarāvatī. Thus, from about 200 B.C., or a little earlier to the present day, the representation of Gajalakshmī has been common mainly in the north. At times the goddess is four-handed, with four elephants pouring water over her. In some elaborate compositions of the mediaeval period she is accompanied by numerous attendants, including Varuṇa. But in spite of all these variations her essential conception of Gajalakshmī remains the same.

In the representation of Gajalakshmī at two places in Bharhut reliefs[6] it is

[1] Banerjea: *loc.cit.*, p. 123.
[2] *B.M.C.*, p. 162.
[3] Marshall: *Sānchi*, III, LXXVIII. 22 a.
[4] *Ibid.*, Pl. 78.
[5] Coomaraswamy: *loc. cit.*, Fig. 28 and B.
[6] Barua: *Bharhut*, III, 79 and 80.

significant that the lotus of the seat or pedestal springs from a *pūrṇaghaṭa*, representing waters, prosperity and abundance. In one case the goddess is squatting with folded hands on a full blown lotus springing from the *pūrṇaghaṭa*; an elephant on either side stands on a full blown lotus, also springing from the *pūrṇaghaṭa*. At another place (Fig. 11) the arrangement is the same, except that the goddess dressed elaborately stands on a full blown lotus springing from the *pūrṇaghaṭa*, pressing her left breast with her right hand, the idea being of the mother rich of in milk. At one place in Stupa II, at Sānchī (Fig. 12)[1] the basic conception of the goddess is the same, except that she is shown standing on a full blown lotus with folded hands; an elephant on either side stands on a lotus springing from the same spray. An interesting point with this relief is her association with a Yaksha *mithunā*, standing between two jars, the man holding a lotus bud in his right hand. At the base is represented the lotus tree of life, with two lions and two deer and the tortoise at the bottom signifying the connection of the motif with the water cosmology. M. Foucher as usual tries to identify the scene with the great miracle of Nativity, but there is little doubt that the motif is closely connected with the cult of the goddess of abundance, and, as the presence of the *Mithunā* shows, of fertility.

The goddess appears at another place in Stupa II, at Sānchī (Fig. 13).[2] This time not only the goddess but also the genii (the woman has gone over to the right) stand on lotus pedestals: the man holding a lotus bud in the left hand, and the woman in the right. It is also remarkable that one of the two *padmas* set above the elephants in No. 49a (Fig. 12) has been replaced by an umbrella, apparently signifying the coronation of the Gajalakshmī. The base of the panel is occupied by two palmates set one above the other.

In the I century B.C. as well the concept of Gajalakshmī continued to be a favourite subject. Her most interesting representation occurs on the front architrave of the southern gateway at Sānchī (Fig. 14).[3] Here Gajalakshmī stands on an open lotus with her left hand on the hip in luxuriant lotus vegetation, and a couple of Indian geese on either side. In the east end of the Northern Gateway[4] she is represented as holding a lotus bud in her right hand and a cloth in the left (Fig. 15). In another sculpture on northern gateway,[5] Gajalakshmī is seated comfortably on a full blown lotus, with an elephant on either side pouring water from a pitcher held in its trunk (Fig. 16). From the artistic point of view the representation of seated Gajalakshmī on the Eastern Gateway[6] deserves our notice (Fig. 17). Here Lakshmī, holding a lotus in her right hand, is seated on an expanded lotus springing from a *pūrṇaghaṭa*, and the two elephants standing on the lotus vessels are giving her the shower bath. The subtle grace of Lakshmī and the perfect balance of composition draw our admiration.

[1] Marshall : *Sanchi*, III, LXXXIII, 49 a.
[2] *Ibid.*, III, LXXXVII, 71 a.
[3] *Ibid.*, II, Pl. XI.
[4] *Ibid.*, II, Pl. XXIV.
[5] *Ibid.*, II, XXV.
[6] *Ibid.*, II, Pl. XLI.

Gajalakshmī is one of the earliest devices occurring on the tribal coins of India. It appears on an uninscribed coin from Kausambi (III century B.C.), coins of Viśākhadeva, Śivadatta and Vayudeva of Ayodhya (I century B.C.), and on uninscribed coins of Ujjaini (II-III centuries B.C.). It was such a popular motif that even the foreign rulers of Northern India such as Azilises (Fig. 18), Rājuvula and Soḍāsa, adopted it on their coins.[1]

From the above descriptions of Gajalakshmī it is evident that stress is laid on the growing lotus sprays, two of which support the feet of two elephants with uplifted trunks in which they hold inverted vessels, from which streams of water fall on the goddess. These elephants, pitchers and water represent symbolically clouds and rain. In the early period these elephants were regarded as those of the four quarters, though they were not represented in sculpture as such. These four elephants would be *Airāvata*, *Añjana*, *Vāmana* and *Mahāpadma*. The inverted vessels are frequently mentioned as the rain cloud symbol. Sometimes they are made to pour out rain by Varuṇa,[2] and sometimes by the Maruts,[3] the latter indicating the source of the howling wind. Thus, the water pouring from the inverted jar indicates life-giving rain.

Śrī-Lakshmī and Gajalakshmī are favourite motifs on Gupta coins and seals excavated from Basārh, Bhītā and Rājghāt. In the Gupta coins she is figured in different ways, one of which being an exact Indian counterpart of Ordoksho. But before we take up the representation of Śri-Lakshmī in Gupta coins and seals, it should be interesting to know what the *Vishṇudharmottara Purāṇa*, a text approximately of the Gupta period, which devotes a section to painting and iconography, has to say about her.

The *Vishṇudharmottara*[4] regards Lakshmī as connected with Indra in the form of Śachi;[5] Gandhārī, or the power of illusion of Vishṇu, is equated with Lakshmī,[6] and she is also regarded as one of the wives of Kāla.[7] She is spoken of as the mother of the whole world and the wife of Vishṇu. In her iconographic form she was made to look beautiful, with two hands in which she carried a lotus. But apparently this form of the goddess appeared on Gupta coins and seals only. In separate images she was expected to have four hands holding the lotus, nectar pot, conch-shell and *bilva* (*Aegle marmelos*). The pedestal was to be shaped in the form of an eight-petalled lotus; a lotus umbrella shaded her, while a pair of elephants behind her back poured out the contents of pitchers held in their trunks. The *Vishṇudharmottara* also emphasises the symbolism of the objects held in her hands: thus the conch shell symbolises good luck and prosperity; the *bilva* fruit, the entire universe; and the lotus, the nectarine essence of water; as an alternative, the lotus and conch-shell are also said to symbolise

1 Banerjea: *loc. cit.*, p. 122.
2 R. *V.*, V, 85, 3-4. (II, 85, 3-4).
3 R. *V.*, V, 53, 6.
4 Tr. by Dr. Stella Kramrisch, Calcutta, 1928.
5 *Ibid.*, p. 74.
6 *Ibid.*, p. 84.
7 *Ibid.*, p. 102.

the sea. The elephants, however, are regarded as the symbol of royalty.[1] In another form of Śrī-Lakshmī the elephants were eliminated, and the goddess carried in her two hands the conch-shell and the lotus. Two flying *Vidyādharas* were represented overhead. She was also attended by four goddesses, Rājaśrī, Svarga-Lakshmī, Brāhmī-Lakshmī and Jaya-Lakshmī.[2] That Śrī-Lakshmī was attended by the goddesses mentioned above is proved by a sculpture from Māmallapuram (VII century A.D.),[3] in which Lakshmī is attended by four goddesses, two of whom hold pitchers.

It is significant to note that the *Vishṇudharmottara* associates the conch-shell with Lakshmī. This conch-shell symbolised prosperity as well as the sea, that is to say, the prosperous sea trade. As we shall see later on, Lakshmī with her conch symbol actually appears on a Gupta seal depicting a ship.

The great stress laid on the worship of Śrī-Lakshmī in the Gupta age is quite appropriate with the spirit of that period. The aim of the Gupta empire was three-fold—victory and consolidation of the empire, acquisition of wealth through greater production and trade, and the worship of beauty which manifests itself not only in literature and arts, but in all walks of life. This three-fold aim of the Gupta age was inherent in our Lady of Beauty and Abundance, and, therefore, she was accepted by the state and trade-guilds alike as a symbol of prosperity. In Gupta coins she is represented in various ways. In the standard and battle-axe type of Samudragupta (335-80), and the standard type of Chandragupta II, she is represented seated on a throne wearing a loose robe and ornaments, her feet resting on a lotus. She holds a fillet in the right hand and cornucopia in the left (Fig. 19).[4] In some coins of Samudragupta[5] and Chandragupta II,[6] she holds a lotus in her uplifted hand (Fig. 20). In some coins of Chandragupta II[7] and Kumaragupta[8], she is shown seated on a lotus, holding fillet in the right hand and lotus in the left (Fig. 21). At times her left hand holding lotus rests on the hip,[9] and the right hand is empty.[10] Sometimes lotus is held in the right hand and the empty left hand rests on the knee.[11] In another type she is represented seated on wicker-stool holding fillet in right hand and cornucopia in left[12] (Fig. 22); often in this type the fillet is in right hand and lotus in the left;[13] in another sub-type the lotus is in the right hand and the left hand rests by her side;[14] in yet another sub-variety she is holding lotus in the left hand and offering fruit to the peacock with the right hand (Fig.23).[15]

[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 106-107.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 107.
[3] Coomaraswamy: *loc. cit.*, Fig., 24.
[4] Allan: *Gupta coins*, pp. 1-7; 12-14, 24-25.
[5] *Ibid.*, pp. 14-15.
[6] *Ibid.*, pp. 26, 37.
[7] *Ibid.*, pp. 26-9.
[8] *Ibid.*, 64, 66.
[9] *Ibid.*, pp. 28, 29-32, 61, 62, 63, 67-68, 114-119, 134-146, 149, 151-2.
[10] *Ibid.*, pp. 62-63.
[11] *Ibid.*, 63, 67.
[12] *Ibid.*, 18-20.
[13] *Ibid.*, 45-9; 70-1. [14] *Ibid.*, p. 69. [15] *Ibid.*, 71-76.

In the standing type she is represented in the following ways:

(1) Lakshmī standing on lotus, grasping stalk of lotus beside her with right hand, and lotus flower in left.[1]

(2) Rising from lotus, holding fillet in right hand and lotus with stalk in the left.[2]

(3) Standing to left, holding lotus in right hand; behind her a lotus plant and at her feet a *haṁsa*.[3]

(4) Standing to left holding lotus in right hand and cornucopia in left arm.[4]

(5) Standing amidst lotus plants, holding lotus in left hand and feeding peacock with fruit with the right hand.[5]

(6) Standing on lotus, holding fillet in right hand and lotus in left.[6]

(7) Standing on pedestal, holding fillet in right hand and lotus in left.[7]

The *Abhisheka* type, however, only occurs on the coins of Śaśāṅka and Jaya.[8] It is, however, very common on the Gupta seals from Basārh, Bhītā and Rajghāt. In one of the seals of *Kumārāmātyādhikaraṇa* from Basārh[9] Lakshmī is shown standing in a group of trees, with elephants pouring water over her, and two dwarfish figures holding objects like money bags. At another place[10] Gajalakshmī, with dwarf attendant, is associated with the seal of *Sresthi Sārthavāha-kulika-nigama*, that is, with the guild of merchants and bankers. Another seal belonging to *Śrī-Yuvarāja-bhaṭṭāraka-pādiya-kumārāmāyādhikaraṇa*[11] also had Gajalakshmī, with a male figure kneeling on either side throwing coins from their bags. Lakshmī also appears on many other official seals[12] (Fig. 24), invariably accompanied by a Yaksha on either side pouring out money from their purses.

At Bhītā seals[13] either the Gajalakshmī is represented separately,[14] or accompanied by a *garuḍa* though in case of No. 32 Dr. Banerjea[15] is of the opinion that it is not *garuḍa* but *chaurī*. Two interesting points about seal No. 42 may be noticed. Firstly, Lakshmī here holds in her right hand the conch-shell and in the left a *garuḍa*, both probably expressing her association with Vishṇu; secondly, there are no Yakshas, but in their place there are two money bags from which coins are pouring. The Yakshas seated on lotus pedestal, however, appear in another magnificent seal (Fig. 25).[16]

[1] *Ibid.*, 88.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 35.
[3] *Ibid.*, 150.
[4] *Ibid.*, 15-17.
[5] *Ibid.*, 81-3.
[6] *Ibid.*, 34.
[7] *Ibid.*, 36.
[8] *Ibid.*, 148, 151.
[9] *A.S.R.*, *M.R.*, 1903-04., p. 107.
[10] *Ibid.*, p. 107, No. 4.
[11] *Ibid.*, No. 6, p. 107.
[12] *Ibid.*, pl. XL, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13.
[13] *A.S.R.*, *A.R.*, 1911-12, XVIII, XIX.
[14] *Ibid.*, Pl. XVIII, 32; XIX, 42.
[15] Banerjea: *loc. cit.*, p. 212.
[16] *A.S.R.*, 1911-12, pl. XIX, 35.

In the famous *Vārāṇasyādhiṣṭhānādhikaraṇa* seal from Rājghāt the goddess stands facing on lotus; to her proper right hand is a radiate disc on an elaborate pedestal, and to her proper left are indistinct objects; from her hands held downwards coins appear trickling down.[1]

An important point made clear from the above seals is the close association of the goddess Lakshmī with the cult of Kubera, god of wealth and Yakshas. As we have seen, even at Sānchī, the goddess is associated with the Yakshas and Yakshiṇīs either bringing food and drinks or simply as *Mithuna* figures. But in the Gupta age it seems Lakshmī's conception of the goddess of wealth topped over her other attributes, with the result that the genii always are represented as pouring coins, the idea being that these custodians dole out riches to those who are specially favoured by this goddess. The contention of Bloch that the combination of Lakshmī and Kubera was unknown is not tenable. Dr. Banerjea, however, quotes a passage from the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa*, which establishes that Lakshmī was the presiding deity of the secret doctrine (*Padminī-vidyā*) of the great *nidhis*, recounted as *padma*, *mahā-padma*, *makara*, *kacchapa*, *mukunda*, *nīla*, *ānanda* and *śaṅkha*.[2]

A unique seal from Basārh[3] represents a goddess, most probably Śrī-Lakshmī (Fig. 27). As the reproduction is very poor we are quoting Spooner's description of the seal. "It is an elaborate sketch, in low relief, so complex as to be difficult of description. First of all, there is a long, heavy, horn-shaped roll following the lower edge of the wide oval, and seemingly depicting the lower part of a large boat or barge. The side of this barge is represented as higher than at the bow or stern in the central portion, where two parallel rows are shown one above the other, which are lighter and shorter than the main one, and remind one quaintly of passenger decks amidships. The barge has evidently its prow to the left. To the right, that is to say, toward the stern is what seems to be a single long oar crossing three rolls (or 'dulls')

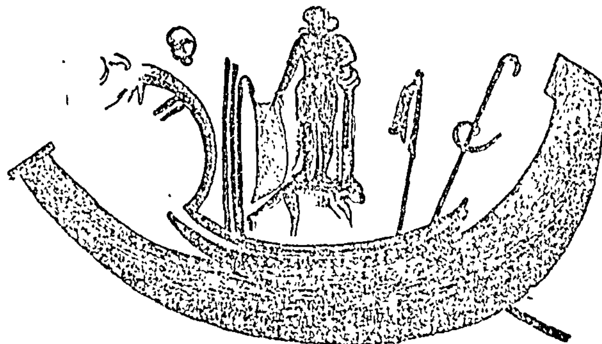


Figure 27

[1] Banerjea: *loc. cit.* p. 213-14.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 116, 210-211.
[3] *A. S. R., Ann. Rep.* 1913-14, pp. 129-130; P. P. XLVI, 93.

obliquely and projecting towards into water, aft. At the front or left hand end of the topmost roll two parallel lines rise curving gradually forwards, towards the bow. Just back of these are three other slender standards, which rise perpendicularly to the greater height than the previous pair and then at the top curve backwards toward the stern, but in such fashion that the one farthest to the left of the spectator is the tallest of the three, and sweeps over the curve of the other two concentrically. Toward the stern of the barge is what seems an upright standard with long dependent streamers. In the space between this and the three curling standards before mentioned, and then in the central part of the barge, or amidships, rises a sort of platform or staging, supported on legs. This is apparently meant to be square as is shown, as it were in perspective. On this, fairly well-raised above the barge, stands a goddess, *nimbate,* facing with (proper) left hand on hip and right arm raised. She appears at first sight to be nude, but minute parallel lines crossing the lower limits horizontally are evidently meant to represent diaphanous draperies. In the exergue above and to the left is a small naturalistic *śaṅkha* and, far still to the left, a small standing animal, to left, whether a winged lion or a humped bull is unfortunately not certain." The presence of *śaṅkha* should leave little doubt that the goddess is Śrī-Lakshmī. It is in the fitness of things that she should be associated with a ship as a symbol of the great maritime trade, which brought untold wealth to this country in ancient days. It also proves the ancient Sanskrit maxim, *Vyāpārevasate Lakshmīḥ,* "Lakshmī dwells in trade and commerce."

After examining carefully the aesthetic, symbolical and religious concepts of Śrī-Lakshmī, attention may be drawn to M. Foucher's theory that at least in early Buddhist sculpture the so-called Abhisheka Lakshmī is nothing but the representation of the Nativity scene from the Buddhist pantheon,[1] and this motif was adopted in the Brahmanical art in Gupta period. Even in his latest work on Sānchī he has refused to recognise Dr. Coomaraswamy's views that Śrī-Lakshmī has nothing to do with the Nativity scene, and adheres to his previous conviction. Sir John Marshall[2] tries to reconcile the varying opinions of M. Foucher and Dr. Coomaraswamy by saying: "some of the Māyā figures on the balustrades and gateways are identical with the familiar type of Śrī-Lakshmī, standing or seated on lotus, which the Buddhist evidently appropriated, along with the so many other formulae and motifs from the current art of the period, since it can be hardly doubted that the Śrī-Lakshmī type goes to a more remote age than Buddhism." It seems, however, possible that the conception of Śrī-Lakshmī in Buddhist iconography was in certain cases transferred to Māyā, the mother of Buddha as well. As noticed by Prof. E. H. Johnston[3] in *Saundarānanada*, ii, 47, the Buddha's mother is said to be *Māyeva divi devatā.* This goddess Māyā, referred to by Aśvaghosha, Prof. Johnston locates in an unexpected source, the OXYRHYNCHUS Papyrus No. 1280, dated to the III century A.D.,

[1] *Images indienne de la fortune, conc* 1, *Asia Orientale*, I, 1913. *Beginnings of Buddhist Art.* Cf. the Buddhist Madonna.

[2] *Sanchi,* Vol. I, p. 96 fn. 1.

[3] *J.I.S.O.A.*, Vol. X (1942), p. 101.

which contains an invocation to Isis, in the course of which she is equated with all the mother goddesses known to the Greek world, Cyeble, Atargatis, Astarte, Nanaia and many others, among whom is included Maia in India. Johnston at once identifies this Maia with the Māyā of the *Saundarānanda,* though it is doubtful whether this Maia is not synonymous with our *Maiyyā*, a generic term for the mother goddess even to-day. Later on the Papyrus, somewhat defective at this point, informs us in what part of India she was worshipped. The translation of lines 221-231 runs: "Thou lady of the land brought the flood of rivers....and in Egypt the Nile, in Tripolis the Eleutherus, in India the Ganges; owing to whom the whole and the....exists through all rain, every spring, all dew and snow, and all things for ever."[1] From this it is clear that Maia was worshipped in the Gangetic valley and was closely associated with waters, and hence vegetation and fertility. In what relation Maia stands to Srī-Lakshmī it is difficult to say, but as both are the goddesses of fertility and rain a close relationship is possible.

Coomaraswamy, while himself agreeing with the pre-Buddhistic character of Srī-Lakshmī, had lingering doubts in the identification of certain figures with that of Srī-Lakshmī. In this connection he draws our attention to the floral garlands on the Amarāvati coping reliefs issuing from the open jaws of a *makara* or a dwarf Yaksha and supported by Yakshas either as gnomes or handsome youths. This motif appears at Bharhut and Sānchi, in the form of lotus rhizome issuing from the open jaws of a *makara*; at Amarāvatī it takes the form of a garland. The motif symbolises the Yakshas active in the production of vegetation from its sources in waters. The Yakshas in all instances are male, but in one example (Fig. 26) the place usually occupied by a male Yaksha is taken by a female. "This fairy florist is seated on the seed vessel of an open lotus, and leans backwards on it to exert considerable force in bringing out the garland from its source; above the *makara* itself are numerous lotus sprays, the whole lotus group clearly designating a watery environment. The composition, both in freedom and in the treatment of these details, is unique; yet it becomes apparent that the fairy can hardly be any other than Srī-Lakshmī, Kamalā herself. If she has become a Yakshī among the Yakshas, this is not altogether surprising; for we have cited already a number of passages from the literature in which she is connected with and related to Yakshas, and, indeed, according to one tradition, she is the daughter of Hārīti."[2] Her connection here with the *makara*, as a symbol of the waters, reminds us of Maia of the Egyptian Papyrus, and also the *makaras* in some Indian seals alongside the nude mother goddess.

After making a detailed study of Srī-Lakshmī both in literature and iconography we reach the following conclusions: (1) The cult of Srī-Lakshmī was closely associated with the cult of the Great Mother Goddess represented in nude female terracotta figurines and stone rings from the Indus Valley site, and from the small rings decorated with the figures of a nude goddess found from Basarh, Takshaśilā, Rājghāt,

[1] *J. I. S. O. A.*, Vol. X (1942), p. 102.
[2] Coomaraswamy: *Śrī-Lakshmī*, p. 188.

etc., often closely associated with the *makara* and other animals and birds. It is, however, not known under what name this Great Mother Goddess was known in India, though the name of Sinīvālī or Umā may be suggested in this connection. (2) Śrī in the *Rigveda* is an abstraction connoting the idea of beauty, welfare and appearance, already inherent in a man. Gradually, however, it acquired the meaning of plentitude and wealth. In later Vedic literature the conception of Śrī as beauty persists, but its dominant meaning becomes splendid position in the world. In the story of Śrī and Prajāpati, however, we see the transference of the abstract idea of beauty to the visual form of a heavenly lady, probably the Great Mother Goddess of pre-Aryan India. (3) In the later Vedic age the conception of Śrī denoting beauty and Lakshmī, the happy disposition, unite. It is, however, notable that there were auspicious and inauspicious *Lakshmīs*, and its latter character never died out completely. It was easy for *Śrī* signifying happiness and *Lakshmī*, disposition to receive it, to merge completely. (4) In the *Śrīsūkta* the full inconographic conception of Śrī-Lakshmī emerges. She is associated with lotus and also elephants pouring water over her—the two types of Śrī-Lakshmī commonly met in sculpture. (5) Śrī does not appear as wife of Vishṇu in Vedic literature, but her function as the goddess of abundance may be seen in the conception of Aditi who is mentioned in some places as the wife of Vishṇu, rich in milk. (6) In the epic and *Puranic* literature, besides being connected with Vishṇu, she is said to be the mother of Kāmadeva and is also associated with Kubera and Indra. Besides, she is the goddess of love. Her association with lotus plants is also emphasised in her various epithets as Kamalā, Padmāśrī, etc. (7) Śrī is treated with scant respect in Buddhist literature, and her fickleness is emphasised. In Jain literature, however, she maintains her auspicious character and form as one of the fourteen auspicious dreams of Triśalā. (8) In early Indian iconography Śrī-Lakshmī is represented as either holding a lotus in right hand, standing on expanded lotus serving as *pīṭha*, or as *padmavāsinī* type standing among the growing lotus plants. In Gajalakshmī type she is attended by elephants pouring water over her. In some Sunga terracottas from Basārh she is provided with wings. All the types mentioned above also appear on coins. (9) At times in sculptures the goddess is accompanied by attendants carrying food and drinks. (10) In the Gupta period Śrī-Lakshmī as the goddess of luck and victory became a common motif and she appears in various forms in the coins and seals. In the Gupta seals from Basārh and Bhītā she is accompanied by Yakshas pouring out coins from bags, which confirms her character as goddess of wealth in this period. As her representation on one of the seals from Basārh shows, she was also the patron goddess of sea-faring merchants. (11) M. Foucher's identification of Śrī-Lakshmī as Māyā, the mother of Buddha, is insufficiently supported by facts, though there is some possibility of the mixing up of the two motifs. (12) Śrī-Lakshmī only appears once in Amarāvatī sculptures, where she is shown dragging from the mouth of a *makara*, symbolising waters, which justifies her association with the Yakshas.

May 9, 1949

INFLUENCES OF BENARES ART

ADRIS BANERJI

"What is meant by influences by you archæologists" is a question that has often been put to me. What do influences mean any way? Be it on art, literature or culture ? What is the influence individually exercised by Bacon, Dr. Johnson, Mathew Arnold on subsequent generations, to take only a few ? Put simply, it means inspiration that we seem to derive from original works and contributions. Just as all true art creates æsthetics, so all mature art when it comes into contact with inferior art leaves an abiding impress. This impression might have been brought about by political superiority, or by cultural contacts. By no stretch of imagination can we expect Khotan and the desert tracts of Central Asia as having formed part of the Greek kingdoms in Asia, but Sir Aurel Stein's explorations have proved their indebtedness to the Hellenistic culture in Asia. It happens sometimes that a particular style, or a particular method of depiction appeals to an artist, be he a painter or a sculptor, and he utilises the same method in his productions. A keener eye, well conversant with the originals, is bound to find out this debt, this copy of the second creation to the original. This I believe is what is implied as influences. But Indian art had an advantage over other arts just like Christian Church art—it was a religious art. Whether the theme be Hindu or Buddhist, whether the motif be in a Hindu temple or a Buddhist vihāra, or a Muhammadan mosque, religious orthodoxy demanded certain conformation to the original; and particularly Hinduism and Buddhism had for their birth this sub-continent of India. Therefore, migration of motifs and icons must have taken place to other lands, where the missionaries had propagated their faith, or bold colonists had taken them to their new homes. In many of these lands, an autochthonous æsthetics already existed, and the imported art gradually underwent transformations—involuntarily perhaps—by those mysterious factors which were ceaselessly at work, and changed the culture, ritual and religious ideas. Where the roots were more secure as in China, we find a happy compromise between the original Mongolian and transplanted Indian conceptions. The second factor in transformations that should always be borne in mind is the change that a particular motif or design underwent, during its course of migration from India to its distant cultural dependencies. In the present contribution, it is our aim to evaluate the influences of the Benares School of Sculpture; first on the various provinces in the homeland—concerning ourselves with three factors, style, depiction and motifs. I say Benares School of Sculpture deliberately, because the influence of Gupta sculpture as a whole has been traced by many, but we appreciate now that in this Gupta period, in spite of the fundamental unity underlying the whole culture and a superficial plastic uniformity, the artistic activity of the country was divided into several schools: Pāṭaliputra, Benares, Muttra, Central

India etc. Our intention is to trace the influences of the Benares School only.

For this it is necessary to recapitulate what we discussed previously, about the peculiarities of the artists of the school. The first of these is the evolution of a definite type of the Buddha image, distinct from all other schools, by a process of simplification and logistic conclusions.[1] The Benares Buddha had:

(*a*) head covered with screw like curls, including the protuberance of the skull, which in typical Kushaṇa specimens had a shaven head with a snail like form;

(*b*) "the marked Mongoloid features of the upper part of the face, especially the long tangental eyebrows;"[2]

(*c*) conventionalised treatment of the ears;

(*d*) full lips, with lower one protruding;

(*e*) large eyes—with a ridge-like eyebrows;

(*f*) schematic lines at the throats to indicate the folds of the skin due to a short neck;

(*g*) the disappearance of the folds from the diaphanous drapery. This is the principal characteristic distinguishing the Benares School from others;

(*h*) the principal figures are never over-ornamented till we come to the later Gupta period;

(*i*) treatment of the coils of the hair with loops in an original manner as in *Eka-mukha-liṅgam* of Khoh;

(*j*) extreme plasticity of their modelling and their love for simplicity; and

(*k*) simplification of details in their relief works and absence of the dramatic element, a feature of the early schools of art;

The labours of R. D. Banerji have smoothed our way, for appreciating the far-reaching influences of the Benares School. As a matter of fact, as far as this School is concerned, he is a pioneer to commence such studies. It was he who first demonstrated, how in its heyday, the Benares School influenced the Mathura School and the transformations underwent by the latter. In the Mathura School, the first image that attracts our attention is M.5 of the Indian Museum, in which the Mongoloid features are noticed for the first time.[3]

The conventional treatment of the folds of the drapery is found on this image, as is found almost on all images at Mathura. Earlier than this is probably 0.71 of the Lucknow Museum. This is a headless image of Buddha standing with the legs a little apart and a figure of Maitreya Bodhisattva between them. The schematic folds of the drapery are also to be found on this, but there is a significant departure. The edges of the *saṅghaṭi* no longer lie flat, in the same plane as that of the image, but it has risen unmistakably in eggshell formation. In other directions the influence

[1] *Dr. B. C. Law Presentation Volume*, Part 1, pp. 504—18.

[2] R. D. Banerji: *The Age of the Imperial Guptas*, Benares 1933, p. 164.

[3] Anderson : *Handbook and Catalogue of the Archaeol. Collection in the Ind. Mus.*, pt. 1, p. 181. Banerji : *The Age of the Imperial Guptas*, p. 115.

of the Benares School is apparent, for example the transformation of the halo etc., the shaven-headed monk's head has disappeared, replaced by screw-like curls. The halo of the M.5 has more ornament than had been met with in typical Kushaṇa images. The other specimens, in which these changes form the tradition of the great Indo-Scythic School of Mathura are noticable, are the Jamalpur Buddha, A. 6, 8, 10 and 13 of the Curzon Museum of Archæology of Muttra. That these changes are found in all images is evident from O.72 of the Lucknow Museum, and the Jain colossus. This image is found in the *kāyotsarga* attitude. The palm and its lines are well executed but the elongated ears show Gupta influences when compared with head no. 464 of the Lucknow Museum.

Therefore, the extant specimens show first that, under Benares influences, the Mathura artists adopted a new style by giving up their traditional methods. These are: curly hair covering the head, Mongoloid eyes with prominent tangental eyebrows; allowing the intermediate space between the head and the edge of the halos to be occupied with beautiful naturalistic designs; raising of the edges of the drapery; the folds of the drapery which used to fade out below the armpits now cover the whole body. Particularly, the adoption of the screw-like curls is an important feature, because hitherto these factors whenever met with in 'Further Indian' specimens have been taken to signify Mathura influences. What has not been appreciated is that the Benares influence on Mathura possibly inspired them. Before concluding our discussion about the fate of the Mathura School, it would be well to decide the upper limits of these influences without which all inferences are likely to lose their values. For this the Mankuwar image serves a great purpose. Its inscription which describes the image as that of 'Buddha', and not that of a 'Bodhisattva,' which was the prevalent condition in the Kushaṇa times, show that Indian Buddhists no longer hesitated to regard these as the representations of the 'fully enlightened' one. But more than that 'it serves as a typical example of the great conservative force in the Mathura school, even in the middle of the V century. The lion throne, the wheel and its base, and even the modelling of the Buddha are typically Kushaṇa, and lack the elegance, the balance of Gupta genius.' The same is the case with the headless Jaina image dedicated in 113 G.E. and now in the Lucknow Museum[1]. The Mankuwar image being dated in 129 G.E. (=448-49 A.D.), we may conclude that at least till the reign of Kumāragupta I the tradition of the Kushaṇa School reigned supreme.[2] It is from this period that there is perceived a decline in the output of the Mathura School, possibly because the real power of the Guptas declined from the reign of this emperor, and the advent of the Huṇas must have made cultural life impossible in the frontier marches of the Gupta empire. Further west, it is impossible to trace the influences of the Gupta school, though Gupta antiquities were found by the late Sir Aurel Stein in the various sites in the Punjab.[3] These were, however,

[1] Banerji: *op. cit. p.* 162, pl .xxv, fig. (b); *EI*, vol. ii, p. 210; no. xxxix.

[2] This is what R. D. Banerji believed, but the present writer feels that new ideas that were working are traceable on Mankuwar image.

[3] *Archæological Reconnaissances.*

the home territories of the great Gandhāra School and the Indo-Afghan School, and it is extremely doubtful whether their influences were ever shaken off? At Ramnagar, in the Bareilly district (ancient Ahichhatrā), considerable amounts of terracotta plaques have been found, but the results of this excavation must await the peace that will follow the present armageddon.[1] Yet, it is not difficult to perceive that, the influence of Gupta Mathura must have been supreme here, as the images I saw in the company of Mr. A. Ghosh at Ramnagar village were all of red sandstone, and were products of the Mathura school, including a small image of Maitreya (*circa.* I century A.D.) now fixed on a wall of the local zamindar's *chāoni* (office and residence). There is, however, one Bronze image from Kangra,[2] the treatment of whose torso and drapery is reminiscent of B (b) 181 of the Sarnath Museum.

"In figure work, the influence of the Benares School is less distinct in Central India. It is present to some extent only in the *Eka-mukha-liṅgam*, discovered by the present writer at Khoh and Bhumra, in the Nagod state of Central India. In the case of the face of the *liṅgam* at Khoh the eyebrows are only slightly elevated. But in that at Bhumra the tangental stroke is more prominent. They are altogether wanting in the rather primitive figure of Vishṇu, in Cave no II at Udayagiri, near Bhilsa, in the dominions of the Maharaja of Scindhia."[3]

In the east, the influence of the Benares School resulted in two types of representation in the metropolitan districts of the Gupta empire, which have been called the Pāṭaliputra School. The first of these is to be found on the series of magnificent bronze images found at Nalanda, Kurkihar etc. They generally contain a slim figure of Buddha, standing or seating, with diaphanous drapery. But the edges of the *saṅghaṭi* are raised like the Benares School and treated in a conventionalised manner (wavy frills). The eyebrows are tangental. There is, however, one difference between this type of Pāṭaliputra School and Benares. The former clung to the hybrid habit of indicating the folds of the drapery, by concentric rythmic circles. Whereas in the Indo-Hellenistic School the folds were in relief, and that was also the case even in Jamalpur Buddha now in the Mathura Museum; this School indicated the folds by incisions. As an example of this may be cited the Bronze image found at Nalanda, and the Sultanganj image now kept in the Birmingham Museum,[4] while the excavations at Maṇiyāra-Maṭha, Nalanda and Gridhakuṭa have acquainted us with a totally different type of representation bearing unmistakable analogy with Benares School of art. One of these is the figure of Padmapāni-Bodhisattva, found in a small shrine beside the Chaitya shrine no. 12, at Nalanda which belongs probably to VI century A. D[5]. In style and design it is almost similar to B (d) 1, of the Sarnath Museum, discussed in the Dr. B. C. Law

[1] These have since been published by Dr. V. S. Agrawala, in *Ancient India.*
[2] A. K. Coomaraswamy: *Hist. of Art in India & Indonesia*, fig. 163.
[3] Banerji: *op. cit* pp. 170-71, Fig. 4.
[4] *A. R., A. S. I.* 1935-36, pl. xxxvii, figs.(b) and (c).
[5] *Ibid*, 1930-34, pl. lxviii, fig.(a).

Volume[1], except for a certain inclination towards heaviness of the form; the arrangement of the *jaṭā*, the ornaments, the pose, even the style of the drapery are all alike, with the exception of superimposed fishtails, which is such a charming feature of the Sarnath specimen. But the type of hanging folds found on this image occurs in B (a) 3 of the Sarnath Museum, belonging to the III century A. D. The second figure is that of Nāginī at Maniyāra-maṭha in Rajgir[2]. This is an instance of happy results that ensued from the fusion of the Benares and Pāṭaliputra Schools. The supple modelling and the charming effect obtained by the diaphanous drapery recall to our mind the best that was in the art of Benares, and not that of Magadha.

Outside Magadha, accidental finds have helped us to appreciate, at least in the barest outline, if not fully, the extent of the influence exerted by the Benares School. The patient zeal of the authorities of the Varendra Research Society at Rajsahi has brought to light an image of Buddha from Biharoil, which is undoubtedly of the Benares type and may be compared with 178 E. of the Sarnath Museum. Significantly, however, the stone is not Chunar sandstone. On the other hand, similarity with the Sarnath Buddhas of the V century is so great, that one is often misled into thinking that it was a product of the Benares School[3]. Further east, Dahparbatiya offer the limit. It is in the Tezpur district of Assam, where a stone door frame of the Gupta period was found, in which the modelling of the forms of the river goddesses Yamunā and Gaṅgā at the bottom of the jamb are reminiscent of the Benares art[4]. In Orissa some of the sculptures noticed by Prof. Haran Chandra Chakladar, in the Bengali magazine *Prabāsī*, in their modelling and style bear striking resemblance to late Gupta specimens of Benares. As, however, these have never been probably discussed nor reproduced and, what is more, their present whereabouts are unknown, no further discussion is possible[5].

In the west the figure of Avalokiteśvara and Tārā, in Cave no. LXVI at Kanheri, the treatment of their hair, as well as the drapery, is a distinct echo of the Benares School. The figures of Buddhas in the sunken niches are also analogous with Benares[6]. The same conclusion was arrived at by T. N. Ramchandran in describing a fragment from the Sarnath Museum, transferred on loan, with flying *vidyādharas*.[7] Further down, the caves at Ajantā bear eloquent testimony to the great influence exerted by the Benares School. The simple type of Buddha they evolved made a greater appeal to the minds of the brethren than has hitherto been apreciated. It is possible that craftsman monks from Sarnath had settled down at Ajanta, who were responsible for these executions. The figures of Buddha in sunken panels

[1] *Gupta Sculpture in Benares—A Study*, (fig. 7).
[2] Coomaraswamy : *His. of Art in India & Indonesia*, fig. 176.
[3] *A Catalogue of Arch. Relics in the Museum of Varendra Research Society*, Rajshahi. 1919. p. 1. no. *A* (*a*) 1. Banerji : *EISMS*, p. 217. pl. XIX (a).
[4] *A. R. A. S. I.*, 1924-25, pp. 98-9, pl. xxxii, figs. (a) and (c).
[5] *Prabbāsi*, vol. xxviii, pt. I, pp. 811-18, particularly the figures of Tārā and Heruka (described as Bhairava, *Devi*, etc.).
[6] Coomaraswmy : fig. 164.
[7] *A. R. A. S. I.* 1935-36, p.119, pl. xxxv, fig. 1.

with their diaphanous drapery without the schematic folds, the screw-like curls covering the head and the protuberance of the skull, with the edges of the *saṅghaṭi* raised in no uncertain manner, on the front of Cave no. XIX, indicate unmistakably the source of inspiration.[1] The figure of the Buddha seated in *bhadrāsana*, in Cave no. XXVI, with its lithe grace and drapery clinging to the body, recalls to our mind similar specimens from Sarnath.[2] The caryatides in the Rāmeśvara Cave, and the female figure on the proper right at Ellora, bear more striking resemblance to the heaviness of forms found in the image of 'Mother and Child' found at Pathari in Gwalior.[3] Paucity of materials at present prevents us from further discussion of other schools, but it is doubtful if it will ever add anything fresh, as the Vengi and other south Indian schools relied on different traditions.

In greater India first comes Burma. With the exception of one single image now in the Boston Museum, whose provenance is doubtful, it is difficult to find any connexion between Burma and Benares. But there are many stone images of Ānanda temple at Pagan which have superficial resemblance to the Benares art. It is conceivable that Burma had three channels of communication, first through Arakan; second through the area now known as the Mogaung Valley, Kachin country; and third by the sea. The question of Siam now known as Thailand is, however, different. Its history was stormy and disunited.[4] To appreciate the forms of its art and its idiosyncrasies, it is necessary to realise its vicissitudes. At the commencement of the Christian era, the whole Menam valley was under the influence of Mon-Khmers, who occupied all the diverse territories from Cambodia to southern Burma. Therefore, Cambodian and Burmese influences are likely to be met with in Siamese art.[5] Later on, the Thais pressed forward and occupied the whole of the delta, Cambodia and the greater part of the Malaya Peninsula. Indian influences have been found, according to Coomaraswamy—(Gupta and Pallava)—at Rajaburi, Prapathon, Chantaburi, Kedah, Takuah-Pah and Ligor.[6] In southern Siam we meet with unmistakable evidence of the Indianesque period of Gupta character. Amongst the most important examples is the Vishṇu from Vien Srah, a Lokeśvara from Jaiya, a pre-Khmer Buddha of the Romlok kind in the museum at Ayuthia, Buddhas from Dvāravatī in the museum at Lopburi, etc.[7] Regarding the Gupta influence in the Siamese art, Salmony observed: "Gupta wave does not betoken reaction but awakening, the stirring of incipient activity, the free creative impulse of the race."[8] But we are not concerned with the whole of Gupta art, but with a particular regional school to establish it in its proper place. The slate torso in Ayuthia has been considered of import. But the lithe body which is covered on both sides; the

[1] Kohn : *Indische Plastic*, tafel. 29.
[2] *Ibid*, tafel. 32. Coomaraswamy : *op. cit.* fig. 189.
[3] Comaraswamy : fig. 178.
[4] *Ibid*, p. 170.
[5] For Burmese influence, see Salmony, pl. 16; for Khmer, see pl. 15 (a).
[6] Coomaraswamy : p. 175.
[7] *Ibid*.
[8] A. Salmony : *Sculpture in Siam*, London, 1925, p. 2.

concentric circular marks on the throat, the modelling, and finally the absence of the folds of drapery, recall to our mind the Benares School of art. But the material being slate it is quite clear that it was not the handiwork of craftsmen whose devotion to one particular material is historically important.[1] The torso of the standing image of Buddha, 'with unusually bold treatment of the drapery which stands out like wings,' is nothing but transplantation of the drapery of the Sarnath type without the schematic folds.[2] The bronze Buddha from Sukothai has, by the treatment of the torsel plain, become akin to the Buddha image dedicated at Sarnath by Abbot Bandhugupta. But it has a distinct south Indian influence, particularly in the arrangement of the drapery in schematic folds on the proper right neck.[3] This is fashioned in a definitely new way, and the treatment of the drapery shows not the revolt of a young vigorous race against the artistic canons of a higher culture, but the inability of the artists of a race to appreciate the plastic and iconographic significance of the arrangement and representation—the result of Benares style planted on a less imaginative people, after its travel through other regions, and slightly transformed.

Modern Cambodia was known as Kambodja, from the dominating race that conquered it at an early date—the Mon-Khmers. Before the Khmer art continues to evolve its plastic peculiarities, there was an Indian period, either brought from Siam or directly from India. In the Chinese annals it is called *Funan*, and they are the chief sources of information. The most important remains of the Indianesque period are the two images of Buddha, a Buddha head and a minor seated figure without head in the Musee Albert Sarraut, Phnom Penh. At least they were there before the new champions of co-prosperity spheres in Asia had overrun these territories. They had all been excavated at Romlok, near Ta-Keo, and are commonly classified as specimens of art commencing from VI century A.D.[4] We will take the Buddha figures first. About these Oswald Siren stated: "This correspondence between the Chinese sculptures from the end of the North Ch'i period and a somewhat earlier Funanese work, however, is not supported by the Museum at Phnom Penh, which are also said to come from Romlok. They seem to represent influences which are not so apparent in the head, and may not be quite contemporary. Particularly a very smaller one, a very subtle and elegant figure impresses us as a more Indian creation; its long oval head is quite unlike the one described above, and he has little connection with the Chinese types. Both figures are represented in undulating *banche*[5] postures, *their garments are thin and smooth* without any indications of folds, more or less of the same kind that we find in the Dvārāvatī statues in the museum of Bangkok. The local school in which they were produced must have had close connexions with the early Siamese art, but

[1] Salmony, pl. 2.
[2] *Ibid*, pl. 9.
[3] *Ibid*, p. 14, pl. 10. *Journal of the Bombay Historical Society*, vol. iii, pp. 173-86, pl.
[4] Groslier : *Les Collections Khmres du Musee Albert Sarraut*, *Ars Asiatica*, vol. xvi.
[5] *ābhaṅga*.



Fig. 1. Standing Buddha, Sarnath Museum.



Fig. 2. Standing Buddha, Benares style, found at Biharoil in Rajshahi Dist., E. Pakistan.

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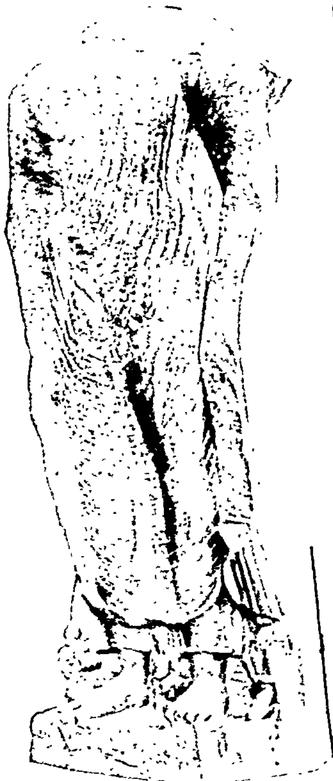


Fig. 3. Headless colossal image of Buddha, with Maitreya between the feet. (Lucknow Museum)



Fig. 4. Krishna holding Govardhana. (*Bharat Kala Bhavana*, Benares)



Fig. 5. *Eka-Mukha Liṅga* from Khoh. (Photo, Late R. D. Banerji)

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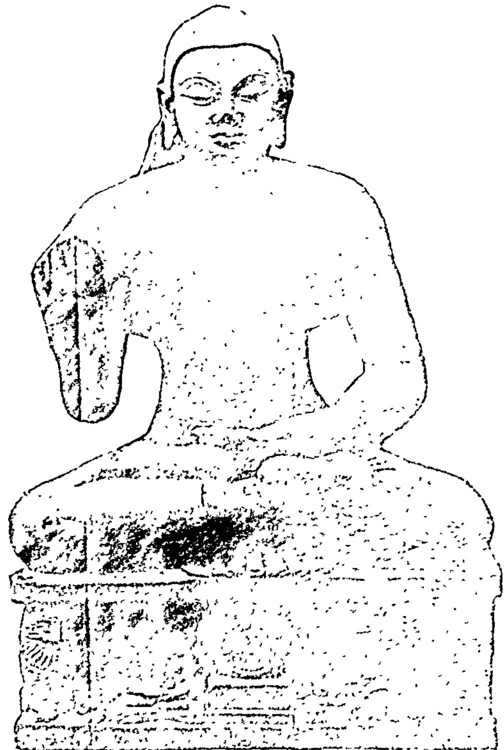


Fig. 6. Image of Buddha from Mankuwar.



Fig. 7. Bodhisattva-*Padmapāṇi*.



Fig 8. Torso of Maitreya Bodhisattva found at Sarnath.

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Fig. 9. Foliage with pendant garlands, Sarnath.



Fig. 10. *Kalā-mukha,* Sarnath.

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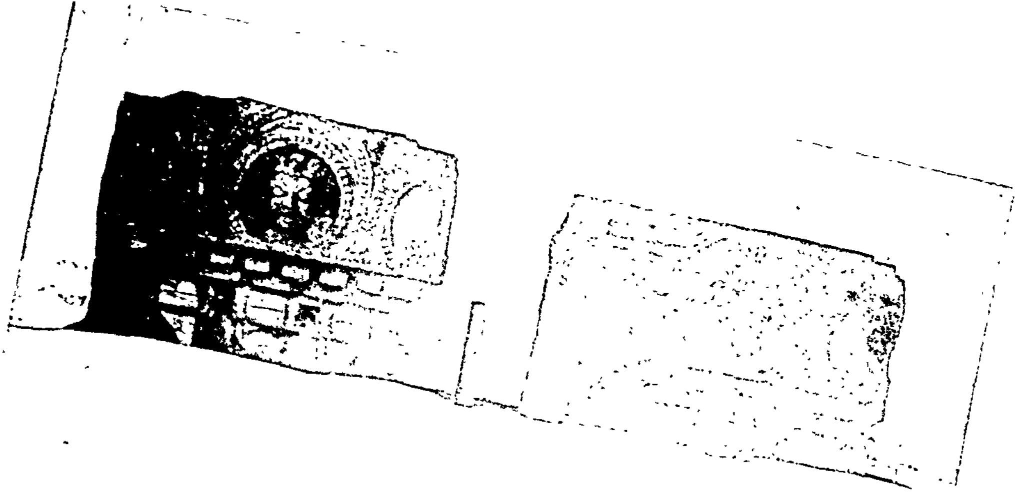


Fig. 11. (Right) ... (Left) ...



Fig. 12. Head of Buddha, Sarnath.

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I am not in a position to define their derivation more definitely."[1] In drawing our attention to these two fine figures with diaphanous robes, without the schematic folds, and the hems of the *saṅghaṭi* standing out on either side of the image, Oswald Siren has confirmed in the first instance my bold suggestion about the indebtedness of Siam to Benares, and secondly he has demonstrated the Benares influences on Cambodian art and, through it, its Chinese connexions. Ananda Coomaraswamy too had already inferred the similarity of these figures with the rock-cut Buddhas of Cave no. XIX at Ajanta, whose cultural heritage has already been evaluated by me in a previous paragraph.[2] It is a matter of great regret to me that Coomaraswamy did not clinch the matter by drawing attention to the connextions between Ajanta and Benares. It is, however, possible that Siam and Java received their inspiration through Ajanta and Ellora, little diluted in the way. A comparison between these two Buddha images and B (b) 9 of the Sarnath Museum is invited.

From the same site has been found a very fine head of Buddha with heavy cheeks, curved lips and half-closed eyes.[3] About this head Oswald Siren writes: "The Buddha head has been characterised by various authorities (Coedes, Groslier, Bachfofer etc.) as a derivation from a type known through the sculptures of the Amarāvatî school, such as the small marble head in the Musée Guimet, but no body will deny that the Indian type has been freely modified in this Kambodjan work of the early VI century. The type has become much fuller and stronger than in the Amarāvatī head, the eyes are more closer, the nose is broader, the lips more arched. By these and other modifications it takes on greater resemblance with the Chinese Buddha heads from the latter half of the VI century.........."[4] The analogy with Amarāvatī is a fallacy, and Coomaraswamy with a more correct perspective has tried to explain it as due to Mathura influences. But if it was Mathura, it was the Mathura period when the old Indo-Scythic traditions had been influenced by Benares School, such as we find in the Buddha at Jamalpur.[5] Let us, however, attempt to find whether such features as the Romlok Buddha head present are found in the Benares school. These are B (b)10, and 151 E., all of which have the characteristics that Siren points out. Discussing 178 E., in the chapter dealing with the art of the early imperial Guptas, I had pointed out that, in the subsequent century, the triangular lips would have a bow-like curve,[6] and 151 E. and 110 E. both share these qualities, as we shall see in the art of the later Guptas.

The old sculptures of the Malaya Peninsula, before Siamese conquests, are few in number, yet amongst these are many of distinction. One of these is a fine sandstone head of Buddha from Vieng Sra.[7] Its portraiture, the oval back slab and diaphanous drapery are almost like B (b)9 of the Sarnath Museum, with the exception

[1] Oswald Siren : *Studies in Chinese Art and Some Indian and Other Influences* etc., p. 34 figs. 49 and 50.

[2] Coomaraswamy, p. 182.

[3] *Ibid*, fig. 100.

[4] *Studies on Chinese Art & Some Indian and Other Influences* pp. 33-34.

[5] Vogel : *La Sculpture de Mathura*, plate.

[6] *Dr. B. C. Law Presentation Volume*, pp. 504 ff., pls. facing pp. 504 and 508.

[7] R. C. Majumdar : *Suvarnadvipa*, vol. ii, pl. lxxiv, fig. i.

of the hair. The Vishṇu image from Vieng-Sra is another important piece. It owes its peculiar head dresses to Khmer influences, but the style betrays Benares Gupta tradition.[1] There were two ways by which Indian influences could reach Malaya. The first was by the overland route through Burma and Siam, which I believe the Vishṇu image indicates; and the other was by the sea. In Borneo, the best so far discovered was the metal image of Buddha found at Kota-Bangun near Muara Kaman, which has unfortunately perished in the disastrous fire which destroyed the Dutch Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition of 1931[2]. The figure stands erect with right leg slightly bent. He wears transparent garments the edges of which are raised. There is no *urṇā* but the whole head including the protuberance of the skull is covered with the screw like curls. The left hand holds a monk's bowl and the right is in *vitarka mudrā*, the fingers being joined by a skin, like those of swans or bats (*jālabaddhāṅguli*), as in typical Gupta images. Dr. Majumdar points out: "The bronze image from Kota Bangun is the only figure in Malayæsia, which shows this characteristic, and we must, therefore, suppose that the artists must have received inspiration from India." But the representation of the head and drapery clearly indicates what school in the country influenced him, a point on which Dr. Majumdar is silent. The drapery lacks the lively folds in low relief of the Indo-Hellenistic School; it is bereft of those schematic folds fading below the armpits as in the Indo-Scythic School of Mathura. It has not the debased circular lines as in the Gupta School of Mathura or the Pāṭaliputra School of Magadha, but simply and faithfully the *saṅghaṭi* envelopes the whole body following the natural contours, which only the Gupta masters of Benares perceived was the most effective and realistic representation, instead of following exotic traditions.

The political and artistic history of Java is divided into that of central and eastern Java. The Indianesque period is to be found in the plastic activity of central Java; while the eastern art, though undoubtedly based on the central experience, leans more and more on native æsthetics. In the sculptures these gradual process of Javanisation is found in the "grosteque, clumsy, and coarse reliefs of the Chandis Jago, Suravana and Panatran."[3] I feel this is too high a condemnation, and we are making the same fallacious assumptions, like those European scholars who considered that Indian art was only capable of creating monsters. Every race has the inalienable right to give free expression to its plastic sense in its own original way. Its art should be subordinate to its environment, philosophy, dogma, and geographical conditions. Like the classical scholars, we may be thrilled at perceiving Indian influences or purely Indian work in these regions, but it is conceivable that the peoples of these regions must be at liberty to evolve from this very Indian experience an original art; their failure and success will have to be judged from their point of view and not from the Indian standpoint, as also their aspirations their æsthetics. Beyond the Indianesque period we have no right to use Indian art ideals, even if the religions be

[1] *Ibid*, pl. lxxiii, fig. 1 and 3.
[2] *Ibid*, pl. lxxi, fig. 3.
[3] Majumdar : *op. cit.* p. 352.

originally Indian, in judging their plastic activities. New canons of consideration and art criticism must be evolved for a proper, rationalistic evaluation of these sculptures and reliefs. We are, however, in this monograph more concerned with the art of central Java for establishing its Benares connexions. These will be studied under three distinct heads: images, basreliefs, and decorative ornaments.

It is in the great images of Buddha, in the world-famous Borobudur, that, in my opinion the greatest connexion with Benares art lies. They generally consist of the figure of the 'master' seated or standing in the *bhūmisparśa*, *dhyāna*, *varadāna* or *abhaya mudrās*. The *Saṅghaṭi* covers the left shoulder and issues beneath the legs in conventionalised manner. The whole head is covered with schematic curls, the face lit up by an evanescent smile, which we first met with in B (b) 181 of the Sarnath Museum. There are three concentric circles on the throat. The drapery is diaphanous, and there are no folds,[1] which the Amarāvatī, Indo-Hellinistic, Indo-Scythic, and Pāṭaliputra Schools would have demanded; without the curve near the armpits it would have been very difficult to define that it had any at all. The formal modelling, the lithe grace and idealised divine majesty, all singly and collectively, point to the hundreds of images of the Benares School as their source of inspiration. In their presence we are reminded of Codrington's words: "Gupta art has been praised for its intellectuality; it would be better to treat it as the natural outcome of ancient Indian art, with its vivid appreciation of form and pattern, and its love of quick beat and rhythm of living things and their poise and balance in repose."[2] I am not the only person to praise Borobudur and Sarnath, and Dr. R.C. Majumdar had the same opinion.[3] The fine images of Chandi Mendut are also very pleasing, and possibly represent the classical phase of the Indianesque period in the art of Java. They remind us not only of Benares, but of the shadowy cave temples in the heart of the Western Ghats. The whole decorative scheme of the throne, as we shall have occasion to discuss later on, is borrowed, nay copied, from Gupta Benares, and for the skin-like drapery without folds, elegance and serene majesty we can only turn again and again to that love of simplicity, which made Benares artists really worthy of notice in their greatest creative period.[4] There is a bronze image in the R.E. Museum, Leiden, which calls for passing notice. In this we find Buddha standing in *abhaya-mudrā* probably (the arms are damaged), wearing diaphanous robe, the *saṅghaṭi* passing over the left shoulder, leaving the right bare and without any attempts at indicating the folds of the drapery. For simplicity of design and slim beauty, it is not only comparable with the Sarnath Buddhas, but also with the Boston Museum Buddha alleged to have been taken away from Burma[5].

[1] Cohn : *Indische Plastic*, tafels, 148-149. Karl With : *Java*. The Hague, 1920, pls. 2, 8-12. N. J. Krom : *Inleiding Tot de Hindoe-Javaanische Kunst*, plaats 28, 32.

[2] Codrington : *Ancient India*, p. 62.

[3] Majumdar : *op. cit.*, p. 235.

[4] Karl With : *Java*, pls. 40 and 41; Cohn : *Indische Plastic*, tafeles, 21, 32; N. J. Krom : *Inlieding Tot de Hindoe-Javaanische Kunst*, pl. 21.

[5] Karl With, plaat, 86; Coomaraswamy, *op.cit.* fig. 159.

Amongst the decorative ornaments—the motifs such as festoon garlands, lotus petals, foliage are common in all schools of Gupta art, and they approximately carry out the ideals of their original in the dignity they display. At Borobudur, the rosette, the geometrical patterns, scrolls, spirals, interspersed with figures of men and birds, generally remind us of the decorative rhythm of the Dhamek Stūpa.[1] The other motifs at Borobudur, Dieng and Chandi Mendut consist of *Kāla-Makara*, the human busts in niches, the *Vyālaka-Makara* throne, *Makara* gargoyle. The human busts within niches in the tower of Chandi Bima have created lively controversy. Fergusson regarded these as the busts of Buddha; and Havell considered them as representations of Bhīma. Dr. J. Ph. Vogel has, however, controverted these ideas. It may, however, be pointed out, as has been admitted by Dr. R.C. Majumdar, that, in spite of its incomplete Indianisation, the sources of inspiration of this type of temple decoration are not rare in India. Regarding the motif we are informed: "Few people would perhaps join in the rapturous admiration of Havell. But nobody would deny that execution of these images shows a high degree of technical skill and artistic conception. The artist excels in powers of expression and his creations are forceful and dignified. He has produced a very large variety of types of what may be regarded as transition between portraiture and ideal divine figures. There is no lack of frank naturalism, and there is at the same time a conscious attempt to idealise and generalise. The type is not purely Indian, but influence of Indian artistic tradition is obvious. The process of Indianisation, either in conception or execution, is not so complete as in the sculptures of Prambanam and Borobudur. But the artist has fully imbibed the best traditions of Indian art and mastered its technique."[2]

It is, however, known to very few persons that, at Sarnath, in Gupta and late Gupta times, had been erected several edifices, whose character and exact design must at present remain controversial, the special feature of whose decorative schemes were heads within niches. These have often been taken to belong to the string courses, but it is quite possible that they were originally utilised in towers of the *Chandi Bima* type, as many of them are of smaller dimensions to fit in a tower of diminishing size. These are D(i) 12, 15, $\frac{130}{14\text{-}16}$, $\frac{152}{14\text{-}16}$, of the Sarnath Museum.[3] Many of them are likely to be taken as the head of the 'Master'; but, it is difficult to appreciate how the Master's head was ever allowed to be misappropriated in such an unorthodox manner by the Buddhist church, as the principal decorative feature in the temples where his worship took place. What is more $\frac{150}{14\text{-}16}$ of the Sarnath Museum for its spirited representation and other features cannot be regarded as the head of the Master.[4] Speaking of the *Kāla Makara* ornament, Dr. J. Ph. Vogel stated: "The most salient feature of these gateways is the magnificent monster head right over the entrance

[1] Majumdar : *op. cit.*, p. 234.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 232.
[3] Sahni : *Catalogue.*
[4] For the Chandi Bima heads, cf. N. J. Krom, pl. 2; Cohn, 162; Karl With, 57-59, Plaats. See figs. 10 and 11 accompanying this paper.

which is regarded as the effigy of the terrible god Kāla........"[1] This is found generally on the gateways to Chandis, such as Pawon, Kalasan, Poentadeva and Borobudur. That the transportation of a purely Indian motif originating from the lion's head was due to Gupta influences has often been suggested but never fixed. I must admit, however, that any such attempt would be foolish, as it was one of the most favourite decorative ornaments with the Gupta artists throughout India—the typical moustached lion heads are found on D (i)21, 52 and 54 of the Sarnath Museum, while D(i) 90 of the same museum supplies us with some fine Kāla heads. Nevertheless, the nearest approach to the Javanese Kāla heads with its long moustache is probably to be found in the pillar depicting Arjuna's penance found at Rajaona in the Monghyr district.[2] Writing about the Chandi Mendut figures, Dr. Vogel observed about the decorative features of the thrones: "These symbols are manifestly derived from Indian art, as is also the case with the decorative details of the throne on which the Buddha is seated: the *vyālaka* (leogryphs) standing on the top of an elephant couchant, which on both sides support the projecting ends of the transom, the latter being embellished with two usual *makara* heads."[3] A comparison with the same decorative ornaments in B(b)181, B(c)2, and hundreds of other images in the Sarnath Museum will probably forge another link between Benares and Javanese art. *Makara* gargoyles in Borobudur is another feature which I believe is shared by it in common with Sarnath, though its profuse use in peninsular India cannot be denied.[4] There is so much in common with the art of Gupta Benares that it is difficult to appreciate why this decorative motif should have been borrowed from early Chola sources. Apart from these two, to which pointed attention has been drawn by others, I have found several other instances, but I will content myself by drawing attention to one such feature. This is the remarkable similarity in the style of carvings between the grotesque half human head of Lara Jongrangg and D (i) 485-91 etc. of the Sarnath Museum.[5]

Lastly we come to China. This country, which was known to ancient Indians as *mahā-chīna*, had several routes by which Indian influences could reach it. Commercial intercourse has been proved to the hilt. About these we are informed by Oswald Siren: "The distance between the homeland of Buddhism and the middle kingdom was long and difficult journey. The travellers had to choose between the southern sea route along the Indo-Chinese coast, and the northern caravan routes across the Gobi desert and Central Asia, and, as Buddhist art had taken root in these countries earlier than in China, it is natural that it sometimes reached China in a form *which was no longer purely Indian*. The fundamental conceptions and iconographic formulæ remained the same, but their artistic interpretation varied considerably in the different countries de-

[1] *The Influences of Indian Art*, London, 1925, p. 60. Karl With, plaat 5.

[2] *A. R., A. S. I*, 1911-12, pl. lxxiii-lxxv, or *The Age of the Imperial Guptas*, pl. xxxiii.

[3] *The Influence of Indian Art*, pp. 65-66.

[4] Compare with D (i) 107-114 of Sahni's *Catalogue*, pp. 260-61 and Karl With, plaat 3.04. Only the snout is over-decorated in the Javanese specimen. Cf. also H. Cousens in *A. R., A. S. I.* 1903-04, pp. 227-31. "The Kāla-Makara ornament though undoubtedly derived from Indian art is the outcome of an indigenous combination and development." (Vogel, p. 62).

[5] N. J. Krom : *op. cit.* pl. 38; Karl With : pl. 61.

pending on the creative faculty and philosophy of the respective people. The Chinese seem, on the whole, to have been less interested in the iconographic meaning of the Buddhist imagery than in its artistic formulation."[1] The principal factors in tracing Indian influences on Chinese art are: (1) the transformations underwent in course of migration, due to varying ethnical and æsthetic qualities of the people, through which it travelled to its distant goal; (2) the contents of the culture of the people and particularly the culture complex in Afghanistan, Central Asia and Pamirs; and (3) the condition of the art already existing and its receptive and modifying qualities. These explain why purely Indian motifs are not seen, and why the greatest influences are traceable to so-called Hellenistic sources. Speaking about these, Langdon Warner pointed out: "One would like—in this short hour—to take up the coming of the gentle Indian religion of Buddhism to China, across Central Asia and to trace, through its sculptural shapes, its stop in Afghanistan and N.W. Provinces. For it was in that region the outward shape of Buddhist images took the slight tint of half-breed Western blood, that was nearly to kill all symbolism, and that was only gradually to be purified out and lived down. The skill and surpassing loveliness of Greek traditions never could be transmitted intact to uncomprehending peoples. If the Romans missed it, how much more the stone carvers of a doubtful ancestry living under satraps left by Alexander's raid and serving Buddhist patrons?......One example in a thousand shows real skill, and almost as few have the power we recognize in a flash to transcend all natural likeness, the power that gives us shapes and beauties born of the formal images in man's brain who has conceived God."[2]

These remarks, I believe, explain our points of view to a great extent, and instead of tedious repetitions of every step to resolve the problem, we may pass on to the discussion of individual points which establish our thesis. Any Chinese sculpture randomly chosen will bear out the greatest influence exercised by the Indo-Hellenistic and Indo-Scythic School of Muttra, as is evident from the admission of the Bamiyan drapery theory by Siren, whose real origin, I feel, has been missed. Speaking about the treatment of the folds of the bronze statues in the Metropolitan Museum, New York,[3] Siren drew our attention to the suggestion made by the late lamented J. Hackin, whose brilliant researches in the hitherto inaccessible Afghanistan have thrown a flood of light on Indo-Hellenistic and proto-Sassanide art.[4] According to this theory the arrangement of the folds of the drapery in circles is to be traced to Bamiyan.[5] So far as the Chinese are concerned I believe Siren is right, because the method was first initiated in Mathura of the Gupta period, and from

[1] O. Siren : "Indian and other Influences on Chinese Sculptures," in *Studies on Chinese art and Some Other Influences*, pp. 22-3.

[2] L. Warner : "An Approach to Chinese Sculpture," in *Studies on Chinese Art and Some Other Influences*, p. 41.

[3] Siren, *op. cit.* fig. 28.

[4] *Eastern Art*, vol. i, no.2. For Hackin's and other publications, consult *Nouvelles Recherches Archaologique a Bamiyan*. Paris. 1933.

[5] Siren, *op. cit.* p. 25.

there it travelled to Bamiyan.[1] Hackin has already shown the influences of Indo-Scythic art of Mathura on ivory pieces found at Begram.

Any discussion of inter-relations and influences of the Mathura School is irrelevant here; and we should devote our attention to the wooden statue from Tumchuk before the war, kept in the Berlin Museum, and figures of Buddha in Cave no. 111 at Tun-Huang, whose plain skin-like mantle has been commented on by Siren.[2] The Tumchuk specimen is a seated image of Buddha, and the hands are placed in the *dhyāna-mudrā*. The drapery is diaphanous, so that even the navel can be seen. But due to transformation in course of migration it covers the legs (just as we would expect in a cold country), so that whether it is seated in *padmāsana* cannot be decided. Another change that has taken place is that the head is shown shaven or as if wearing a cap, as in the Mankuwar image. Both the shoulders are draped and one end covers the other on the proper right side of the image, with the hems indicated by parallel curves as in 178 E., and others of the Sarnath Museum. The lower ends of the *saṅghaṭi*, however, make a rectangle below the palms instead of the fan-shaped design found in Gupta images and their copies.[3] These differences, as we have hinted at before, were due to transformations that the icon underwent.

Another interesting instance of the existance of purely Indian motifs in China, is to be found in the socle decorations at Mien-chou (Sze-chw'an).[4] M. Segalen thought that the contents of these can be derived from the Wei art of Yun-Kung and Lung-men. But William Cohn was the first to point out that the VII century Buddhist art of China bears the greatest stamp of the classic period of Indian antiquity—the Gupta age.[5] H. F. E. Visser, who also discusses all these sources, disagreed with the view M. Segalen.[6] These niches contain at the centre a figure of Buddha, just like the single incident images of Sarnath, on a lotus throne springing from the foliage, and immediately below the lotus is the head of the lion with forepaws. On either side Buddha has attendant Bodhisattvas. The whole composition, particularly the lion with forepaws, is so thoroughly Indian in design and temperament, that it is impossible to disagree with Miss Klees' verdict.[7] The foliage, though very much conventionalised, reminds us of the images dedicated in the reigns of Kumaragupta II and Budhagupta, as well as those of Dhamek. But of greatest interest is the lion with forepaws. No doubt it has a more dragon-like appearance than that of a lion, but I believe that those who read Siren's discourse on the transformation of the Boghaz-Koi lion in Chinese art, with particular reference to the chimeras, will agree that the derivation is from the Benares School of art, which is the only school that depicted the lion with forepaws in circular niches within the *chaitya* windows.

[1] See O.71 of Lucknow Museum and Jamalapur Buddha, in Fig. 3. *Ars Asiatica.*

[2] Siren, *op. cit.* p. 28.

[3] Von le Coq : *Buddhistische Spatanike*, vol. i, pl. 42. Siren, *op. cit.* fig. 32.

[4] *Premier de resultate archaeologique obtenus dans la Chine Occidantale par la mission Gilbert de Voisins*, etc. (1914), p. 391.

[5] W. Cohn : *Indische Plastic*, Berlin, 1922, pp. 31-35.

[6] *The Influences of Indian Art*, p. 105, London, 1925, fig. 4.

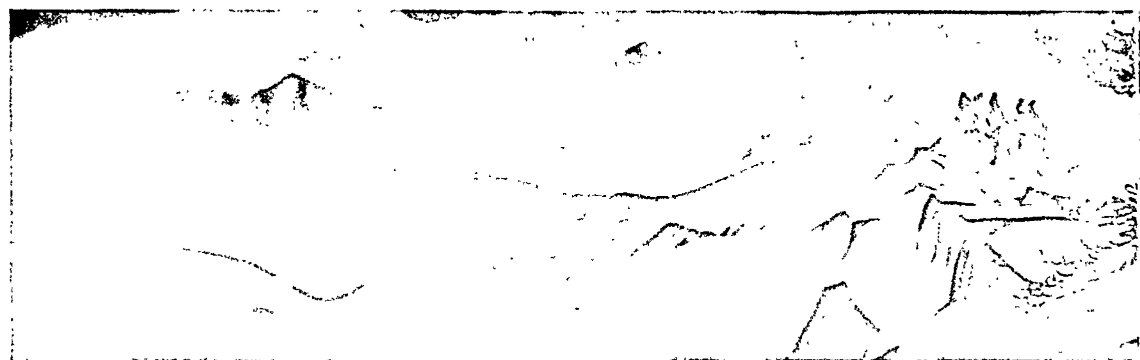
[7] *Ibid*, p. 106.

No other school of the Gupta age used this motif so prolifically.[1] The lion's face was undoubtedly known throughout the length and breadth of India, but the lion with forepaws is a special feature of the Benares School. Mr. T.N. Ramachandran has found this motif amidst the destroyed ruins of Mainămatī in the Tippera district of East Pakistan; and so it is not difficult to presume that the motif probably travelled through Burma and Siam to China. The motif, however, it may be parenthetically noted, has not so far been found in any other part of Bengal. Be it remembered, too, that Cohn's opinion may be regarded as an instance of bad generalisation, but that should not prevent us from appreciating the close connexion between Mien Chou and Benares art.

May 30, 1945

[1] These are: D(i)1, 21, 52, and $\frac{152}{14\text{-}15}$.





BUDDHIST CENTRES IN ANDHRA

Varanasi Ramamurti "Renu"

If the sacred soil of Vaisali is Lord Buddha's main field of action and the centre for the dissemination of the faith, the credit for nourishing Buddhism and glorifying it into a world religion goes to every inch of land in Andhra. Historical evidence available so far demonstrates that the perseverance and zeal of Andhra scholars and missionaries was primarily responsible for perpetuating the Buddhist faith. With the decline of the Mauryan Empire state patronage to Buddhism vanished, and the onrush of Brahamanism dealt a severe blow to Buddhism. The atmosphere of its *Viharas* grew vitiated, corruption being on the increase among the *Bhikkus* and *Bhikkhunis*. Moral depravity crept into the life of the *Sangh* and was eating into its vitals. With this change in times and circumstances, the need for a re-orientation of religion in accordance with the new aspirations of the people, in order to make it capable of giving the right lead to the drifting masses within its generous framework, was being increasingly felt. In the religious sphere two trends were noticeable at the time. One school preferred the beaten track and was wedded to the traditional interpretations of Buddha's discourses. Even a hair's-breadth alteration was intolerable to them. The second school had a wider vision, and was alive to the need of making modifications in the traditional interpretations in accordance with the changed circumstances and the new aspirations of the people. The second school, quite naturally, received the support of the masses. According to the first school, *nirvana* could be achieved only by one who had attained the state of *arhat*, by renouncing everything and mastering the three Buddhist scriptures, *Vinaya*, *Sutta*, and *Abhidhamma*. The code of rules prescribed by this creed was so strict that it was far too difficult for the general public to practice. It did not entertain the possibility of the *Sangh* being reformed or elevated by the devotion of *Sadhaks* at the top. Public devotion for a faith like this naturally dwindled. This group came to be called *Arhatyana*, or *Hinayana*.

The second school believed that *nirvana* was possible with the practice of the Buddhist tenets of truth, non-violence, kindliness, love and humanitarianism even for a householder, without complete renunciation. To this school, called the *Mahayana*, the profound Buddhistic philosophy owes its existence. It gave birth to the *kayatraya* principle. While *Hinayana*, in seeking refuge with *Dharma*, Buddha and *Sangha*, considered *Dharma*, or character, as supreme, *Mahāyana* accepted Buddha as supermost, thus paving the way for the glorification of Bodhisattvas in *Sangha* life. Some other savants too who, like Buddha, had dedicated their lives for the emancipation of the masses and the welfare of humanity, were apotheosised by the people. These *mahatmas* would rise to Buddha-hood in their present or future life. They were called Bodhisattvas, without whose benediction the emancipation of the people was im-

possible. These Bodhisattvas, in captivation of their devotees, helped them achieve *nirvana*. This was the beginning of the adoration of other deities in addition to Buddha. For this reason *Mahayana* was often called as *Bodhisattvayan*. *Avalokiteshwar* and *Manjushri* were considered the chief among the Bodhisattvas.

In the Andhra province the *Mahayana* school culminated in the cult of *Mādhyamikavāda*, which was founded by Acharya Nagarjuna, who is also regarded by some scholars as the founder of *Mahayana*. There are others who believe that Mahadeva *Bhikkhu*, founder of *Chaityakavāda*, who was sent to Andhra after the third Buddhist Conference in the time of Asoka, ushered in this new cult. Whatever the truth, it is universally admitted that Nagarjuna's time was also the period of *Mahayana's* meridian glory. Historians and antiquarians are not yet unanimous about the time and place to which Nagarjuna belonged. Some assign him to the I century B.C., others to the II century A.D. Of these, the latter date seems more plausible. Yet another controversy is that there were not one but two or three Nagarjunas. However, the Nagarjuna who expounded the cult of *Mādhyamikavāda* lived at Srigiri on the bank of the Krishna, as is evidenced by the inscriptions obtained there. The hill fortress, now called Nagarjunakonda, was the Sriparvata then. It is situated on the bank of the Krishna, about fifteen miles from Macharla, in the Guntur district. Satavahana, the then ruler of Andhra, was a keen devotee of this Nagarjuna. According to Huen Tsang, the Chinese pilgrim, this same ruler got the well-known Amaravati *Stupa* repaired, and also had a few *viharas* constructed near Srigiri for Nagarjuna.

Acharya Nagarjuna has been mentioned in several books such as *Mahavamsa*, *Vrihatkatha*, *Kathasaritsagara*, *Siddhavinoda* and *Rajatarangini*. All these have poured praise on him for his versatile genius and spiritual powers. He was the author of *Prajnaparimita*, the famous Buddhistic scripture, and he gave an illuminating account of Buddha's life in a Sanskrit narrative called *Suhrillekha*. The original composition is now not available, but it has been translated into Tibetan and Chinese languages. It is learnt that there is also an English translation of this narrative.

It was observed at the outset that the credit for glorifying Buddhism into a world religion goes to a very large extent to Andhra. The gospel of *Mahayana*, the popular and still surviving branch of Buddhism, was carried by the *Bhikkus* of Andhra to foreign lands like China, Burma, Ceylon, Java etc. Amaravati, Ghantasala, Jaggayyapeta, Nagarjunakonda and Bhattiprolu, among others, were the chief centres of these devoted missionaries. Andhra, alone in the whole of the South, had adopted this religion right from the time of Asoka and contributed indefatigably towards its growth and expansion. Dr. Brown thinks that Buddhism left its abiding impression at no other place in the South except in the regions between the rivers Krishna and Godavari on the eastern sea-coast.[1] We give below brief accounts of the spots which served as powerful centres of Buddhism in Andhra. Those that deserve special mention are Guntuppali, Sankram, Jaggayyapeta, Ghantasala, Bhattiprolu, Amaravati and Nagarjunakonda.

[1] *Indian Architecture*, Chap. VIII, p. 43.

The oldest Buddhist centres in Andhra from the point of view of Archaeology are Guntupalli and Sankram. The only remnants at both the places are the rock-cut monuments. The Guntupalli *Vihara* is twenty-eight miles north of the town of Ellore in the west Godavari District. It is situated on two ranges of hills which are cut into three levels, and has three thousand caves with accommodation for housing twelve thousand persons. Remains of the foundations of huge structures can be seen in the valley between the two ranges. It is surmised that there was a big University here, with its main buildings in the centre, and the residences of teachers and students on the hills around. At Guntupalli there is a stone *Stupa* having a dome-shaped canopy of stone, considered to be an early specimen of *Chaitya-griha*. This is a unique thing. The *Vihara* is supposed to have been constructed in 200 B.C. The "Kanheri" and "Karla" in the western valley are very much similar to Guntupalli and Sankram.

Sankram too, like Guntupalli, is a hilly *Vihara*. It is a mile to the east of Anakapalli, in the Visakhapatnam District of to-day. Sankram is only the corruption of Sangharam. Here, too, caves have been cut out of the hills surrounded by charming natural scenery and watered by clear flowing rivers. The environment is profoundly tranquil. There are numerous stone *Stupas* in the ruins of this place, carved out of complete rocks. The diameter of the biggest *Stupa* is sixty-five feet. Besides, there are traces of several brick structures in the open space in the middle. These *Viharas* are supposed to have been constructed in the I century B.C. This Sangharam was at the pinnacle of its glory about 450 A.D. The chief importance of the *Viharas* of Sankram lies in their antiquity; architecturally they are classed very low.

The history of the early centuries of the Christian era, which witnessed the Buddhist architecture in Andhra at its full glory, needs to be written in golden letters. It was in this age that the famous *Viharas* and *Stupas* were constructed over a radius of seventy-five miles around modern Ellore. Apart from their religious significance, these places are of great importance also from the point of view of architecture. For splendid and imposing architecture this region has very few equals. In no other province of India do we find as many Buddhist monuments as in this comparatively smaller area. They are fifty-two in number. The net-work of *Stupas* and *Viharas* which seems to have covered the whole of Andhra speak of the popularity of Buddhism in this province. We shall give here descriptions of the *Stupas* of Amaravati and Nagarjunakonda only.

Amaravati, then known as Dhanyakataka and considered sacred by Buddhist pilgrims all over the world, claims, with its *Stupa*, an extremely important place in the Buddhist world. The *Stupa* is ranked with the finest works of art in the world, and Western archaeologists have given unstinted praise to it, as they have done to no other. It is believed to have been constructed about the II century B.C., having undergone repairs later, during the period 150-200 A.D. Some scholars believe that it was constructed by the followers of *Hinayana*, and that there were architectural modifications from time to time as *Mahayana* grew stronger. Artistically it was so unique

that it gave birth to a specific style known as the Amaravati style of architecture. It would be worth-while to explain what is meant by the term *Stupa*, before we proceed to discuss the characteristics of its form and architecture.

In Sanskrit the word *Stupa* means a mound. Its Pali form is *Thupo*. With the Buddhist its meaning was conventionalised into a semi-circular *samadhi*-like solid structure. *Stupas* are of two types. Those that enshrine either the mortal remains such as the teeth, hair, bones etc. of Buddha, or of other enlightened *Arhats*, or the things of their everyday use such as the *kamandalu*, the begging bowl, the staff or the sandals, are called *Dhatugarbha Stupas*; while those that are constructed to perpetuate the memory of a great *Arhat*, or Buddha himself, are called memorial *Stupas*. In Ceylon the word *Dagab* (Dagoba) is used for *Stupa*, which is only a corruption of *Dhatugarbha*.[1] *Stupas* were thus symbols *par excellence* of the homage and reverence of Buddha's devotees who applied all their energy and aesthetic sense in constructing and carving them. There is some difference between the *Stupas* of the North and the Andhra Province. Those at Amaravati, Ghantsala, Bhattiprolu, Nagarjunakonda, Jaggayyapeta and other places in Andhra, hitherto known, have common features of shape and form. The one at Amaravati being architecturally the most exquisite is considered the crown of them all.

Renowned the world over, the Amaravati *Stupa* is the most gigantic of all in Andhra. The diameter of this oval-shaped *Stupa* at ground was 162 feet, and round it went a processional path fifteen feet wide. Thus it stood on a circular basement, 192 feet in diameter. The height of the stupa as calculated in proportion to its base should have been 90,100 feet. There is an upper processional path, twenty feet high from the ground, going round the *Stupa* for circumambulation, and having at four places, one each on the four sides, five slim pillars of stone facing the main gates. They were called *Ayaka* or *Aryaka* pillars, and symbolised the five *Dhyani* Buddhas, viz., Vairochana, Ratnasambhava, Amitabha, Amoghasiddhi, and Akshobhya.[2] They also point to the four chief events of Buddha's life—abandonment of home, enlightenment, setting in motion of the wheel of Law or *Dharma*, and emancipation or *nirvana*. On the outer side of the *Ayaka* pillars were carved designs of *Stupas*, *dharma-chakras* and *Bodhi*-trees. This practice of erecting *Ayaka* pillars was unknown in the North, for we do not find them at Sanchi, Sarnath, or any other place. There is again a difference between the North and the South as regards the four principal gates of the *Stupa*. Unlike the *torana* gateways of the North as seen at Sanchi, the Amaravati *Stupa* has, at its fence, four different types of gates strutting out like a portico and supported on four pillars. The four pillars were surmounted by four images of lions, this again being a special feature of the *Stupa* architecture in Andhra. Another deviation from the North was a number of slightly smaller *Stupas* of various shapes scattered in the open space round the Amaravati *Stupa*. Except for the oval crest which was glazed with white mortar, the *Stupa* was covered with beautifully carved marble

[1] *Andhra Charitrika Vyasamulu*, p. 43.
[2] *Indian Architecture*, p. 45.

Fig. 1. The *Stūpa* at Amarāvatī.

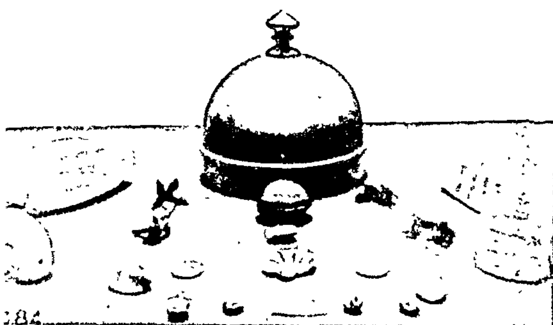


Fig. 2. Buddha's relics with reliquaries, Nāgārjuna Konda.

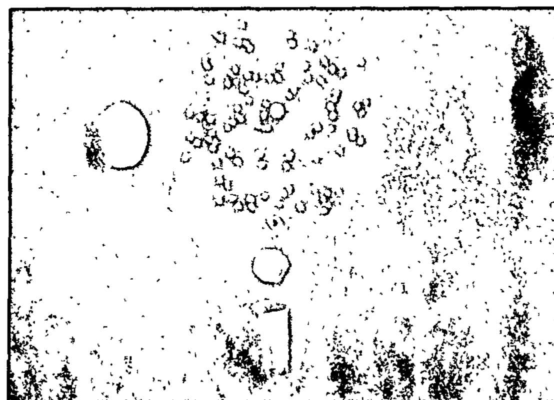


Fig. 3. Gold casket with Bone-ash, Nāgārjuna Konda.

V. RAMAMURTI : BUDDHIST CENTRES IN ANDHRA

slabs. Into these slabs the artists of Andhra poured their very souls. The carvings were so live and expressive that the visitor felt the artist's chisel and hammer were not dead, inanimate tools, but were themselves beings infused with life and emotion. Even stone, it seemed, gave up its stoniness and became soft like wax, allowing itself to be chiselled at the will of the architect. On these slabs were carved the dreams of Mayadevi, the birth of the Enlightened One, his abandonment of home, Cupid's temptation, the setting in motion of the wheel of *Dharma*, the emancipation or *nirvana* of Buddha, and a good many other scenes. Their abundance shows how much these episodes of Buddha's life appealed to his devotees. Besides, there were numerous fascinating Jataka stories depicted on the stones.

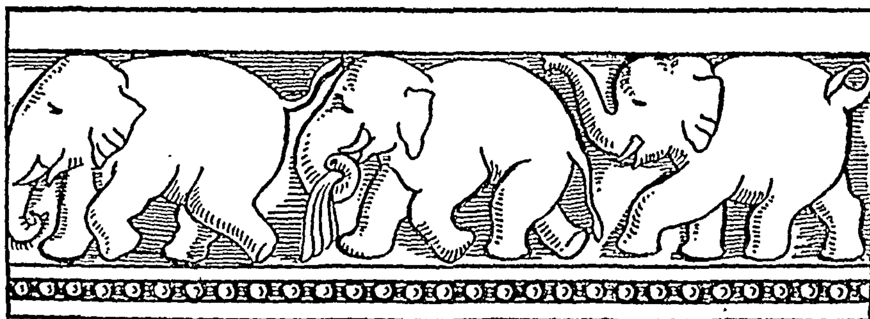
The *Stupa* at Nagarjunakonda, though smaller, is similar to that of Amaravati in every other respect. Its *Mahachaitya*, enshrining a pea-sized piece of Buddha's bone, is an exquisite specimen of Amaravati architecture. The visitor is astounded at the luxuriance of *Bodhi* trees, *chamars*, deserted thrones, Buddha's feet, wheels of law, tridents and other symbols carved there, in addition to episodes from Buddha's life and Jataka stories. In the gaps left between these carvings are depicted enchanting amorous scenes which, though sensuous, have no trace of vulgarity or obscenity. It is learnt from an inscription discovered at Nagarjunakonda that the beautiful *Vihara* constructed at Kshudra Dharmagiri by the Ikshwaku princesses of Andhra was a sacred place of pilgrimage for Buddhists from all over the world. It is said that at this place Acharya Nagarjuna spent the evening of his life. From the same inscription we also learn that Buddhist ascetics from as many as fifteen countries used to assemble there. The monuments discovered by excavations at Nagarjunakonda include nine *Stupas*, one *Mahachaitya* and eight *Viharas*. Several *dinar* coins of Syria found at the place are indicative of trade relations with foreign countries in that period, i.e., the III and IV centuries A.D. At that time the river Krishna was very wide there and boats used to sail very freely, as is evidenced by the big wharf on the river bank at Nagarjunakonda. The Archaeological Department of Madras has done very little so far in this direction.

The Amaravati architecture is notable for several reasons. In the first place, it is a happy blend of Greek and Indian architecture as found at places like Sanchi. The Greek realism and Indian idealism have fused together in the wonderful pattern evolved by the Andhra craftsmen which has astounded the world. Secondly, the architecture of Amaravati is highly suggestive, and there is no slavish conformity in it to tradition or convention. For instance, the numerous images of Buddha found here are in varying postures, and not in a few conventionalised poses only. The dream of Mayadevi alone has been depicted in twenty different manners on the stones of Nagarjunakonda. The artistic originality of the Amaravati style is remarkable. The third feature of Amaravati sculpture is its dynamic quality. Every single image is vibrant with life, almost bubbling with it in all its limbs. The touch of the artist's chisel has transformed every single block of stone into a fine piece of poetry. The stones represent the rich saga of the lives of Buddha and Bodhisattvas. These artists excel in miniature craftsmanship, in depicting subtleties of human emotions on a sur-

face only a few inches wide. Unfortunately, the materials discovered at Ghantsala, Amaravati and other places have found their way into foreign museums. The treasures of Nagarjunakonda are, however, left intact for us fortunately, though the British Government did make a futile attempt to remove them too. It is of prime importance to build a local museum at this place, and to obtain for it, from the museums of London, Calcutta and Madras, all the antiquities found here. There is at present a small museum at Nagarjunakonda, exhibiting only the articles obtained so far. It is not known how many more treasures still lie concealed in that beautiful valley. How many dark and unexplored chapters of Indian history would be brought to light, and how many gaps would be filled up, if only the central Government start excavations on a big scale. On the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, first Prime Minister of free India and keen lover of Archaeology, I send my hearty greetings and request him to give his attention to this matter as well. Let him once undertake a pilgrimage to this notable historical centre in Andhra.

May God spare our Prime Minister for a long time to serve the cause of freedom and humanity.

May 11, 1949 *Jai Hind!* *(Translated from Hindi)*



SILAVAT PAINTING: FOLK PAINTING OF GUJERAT—SAURASHTRA

RAVISHANKAR M. RAVAL

Folk art is related to classical art very much as Prakrit to Sanskrit, or indeed any folk dialect to a classical language. The History of Indian art furnishes ample evidence of the parallel development of these two forms of cultural expression. Kashi, Nalanda, Taxila, Ajanta and other historical seats of learning and culture provided a perfect expression of the cultural genius of the country; but obviously the appreciation and enjoyment of this perfection was not available to rural and other less fortunately placed folk. Their simpler tastes and more primitive desires for expression were fulfilled in various forms of folk-music, folk-dance and folk-art. Folk painting and primitive decorative arts find a special place among these.

This folk art was not so unformed and primitive as the art of the Stone Age or other pre-historic periods. On the contrary, it provided a close but more popular parallel to the classical art of the period, and is an index of the level of artistic taste and appreciation amongst the simpler folks of the countryside and the interior.

All over India trends of thought as well as facts of historical and social experience have found their way into folk forms, which epitomise the experience, love, aspirations and disappointments of the common man. It was in these folk forms that the essential ideals of Indian art and culture were preserved in periods of decay.

The frescoes of Ajanta show how important a place the art of painting occupied in the life of the country. Murals of the Moghul period have all vanished, but paintings of even earlier periods survive. Coomaraswamy and others have discovered influences of Rajasthan painting in western India generally. The earliest forms of this school are found in illustrated Jaina manuscripts of the XIII-XIV centuries, and in the XV century manuscripts of *Vasanta-Vilāsa* and *Bāla Gōpāla Stuti* which were apparently quite popular. Thereafter, pictures of the *Ragas* and *Raginis* or illustrations of themes from the *Bhagavata* abound in the various styles of Marwar and the outlying areas of Gujerat. This tradition continues unbroken to the end of the XVII century, although a gradual admixture of styles and signs of decadence and formalisation begin to appear. In later work bright colours are used, the lines become more angular, figures gradually become more formal, and the narrative interest predominates. While this is regretted by the connoisseur, it cannot be denied that this formalised art finds a ready response amongst less sophisticated folk, and the popular narrative interest of the picture intensifies their appeal.

Tradition lays down that the palace, the temple and the mansion should have pictures at the entrance, in the main living room and in the women's apartments. As late as the XVIII century, before the British influence became dominant, there was a generally prevalent belief that seeing a picture or an artist is auspicious, and it was

customary, therefore, to display mural paintings of scenes from the *puranas* and the epics, or depicting great rulers and saints in prominent buildings in the town or village.

Such paintings can still be found frequently in Gujerat and Saurashtra. Many of these are more than a hundred years' old. In the absence of such skilled craftsmen as those of Delhi and Jaipur, mural decoration was carried out in Gujerat by lesser cousins, whose traditional occupation was the decoration of temples, mostly by stone carving. This led to a peculiar form of mural decoration which consisted of outlines carved out in marble, sometimes with a little relief, and then filled in with colour.

Many of those amateur craftsmen-painters developed great skill in mural painting, and their special type of painting came to be known as *Sylat* or *Silāvat* painting (painting on stone surfaces). The drawing in these murals is simple and straightforward; there is little decoration and no tones; the themes are narrative and generally widely known, so that the appeal of the picture may be immediate.

Sylat painters of Cutch were particularly well-known. One family of such craftsmen worked in Jamnagar for three generations, and examples of their work can still be found in Jamnagar palaces. In the old palace, for example, the audience hall of *Jam Vibhaji* has ceiling and mural decorations presenting a complete panorama of the life of the town. In Shihore, the old capital of Bhavnagar, a mural panel in the Singhpura palace depicts the main characters of the manly battle of Chital, a main engagement of the XVIII century. In Tryambakwada in Baroda can be found other murals which have been published by the Archaeological Department of the State. An old Rajput mansion in Bhavnagar has particularly beautiful specimens depicting episodes from the life of Krishna. The presence of such paintings in the houses of the gentry suggests their wide popularity.

In some village temples in the interior of Saurāshtra murals have been discovered in which donors or patrons are also shown amongst representations of *Pauranic* episodes. Such murals throw considerable light on contemporary modes and manners, and are a valuable source of study, as well as of popular education and enlightenment.

Several younger artists of the present generation, aware of the power and possibilities of this medium, have adopted it, and a new style of contemporary stone painting appears to be in the process of evolution. The young Rajkumar Sri Mangal Singhji of Lathi is an accomplished artist himself and also a patron of the new style. Another artist of Lathi, Sri Brijlal Bhagat, who comes of an old family of goldsmiths, has done some distinguished work, amongst which is a remarkable picture of his father and his village cronies. It is frequently observed that paintings in foreign style, completely incongruous and out of tune with the Indian genius and aspirations, are acquired by museums and official organisations, while folk styles, which are indigenous and have their roots deep in the artistic consciousness of the country, are neglected and even ridiculed. A



Fig. 1. Scene from the *Rāmāyana*. Painting on Stone from the Siva temple at Padarsinga, Near Damnagar.

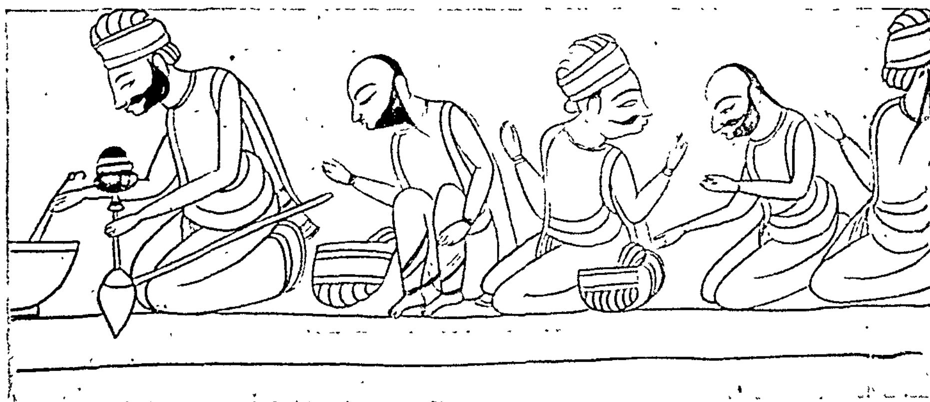


Fig. 2. Detail from Padarsinga Temple.

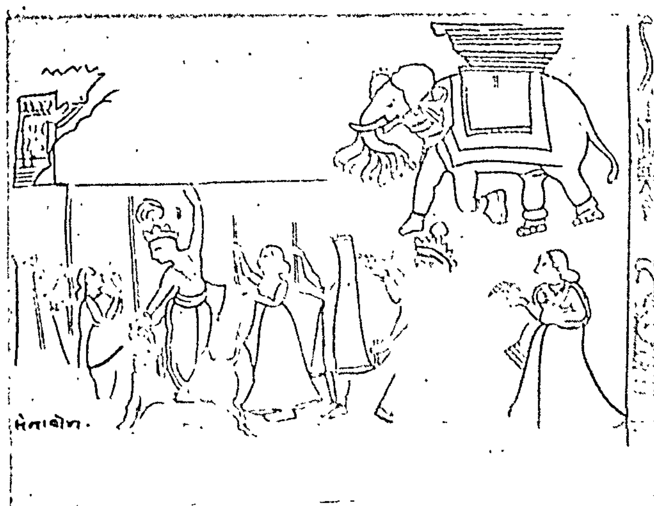


Fig. 3. *Gōvardhana Līla*, from an old house in Bhavnagar.

R. M. RAVAL : SILAVAT PAINTING



Fig. 4 Folk *motifs* and Hanumān, from upper storey of an old house at Sihore, former capital of Bhavnagar.



Fig. 5. Deities, from the "Monastery of Eunuchs" in Lathi. The panel is signed by the artist, Valo the Cobbler.

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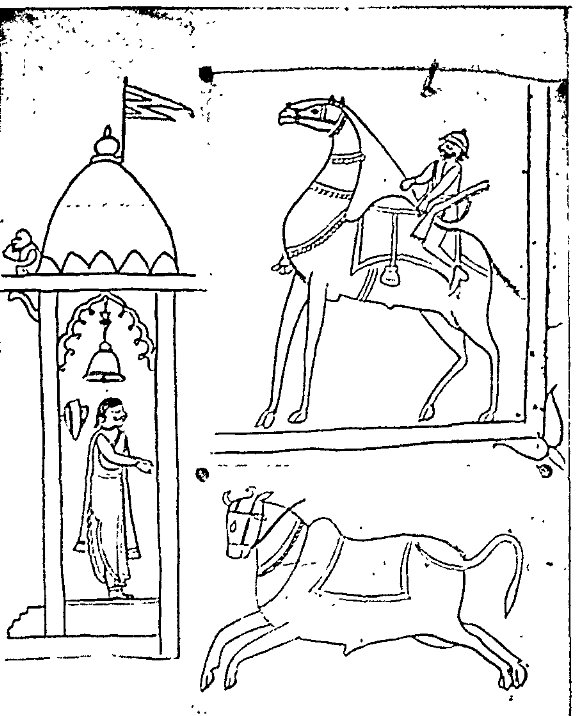


Fig. 6. Detail from Lathi.



Fig. 7. Chanting Devotee, from an old house in Jamnagar.

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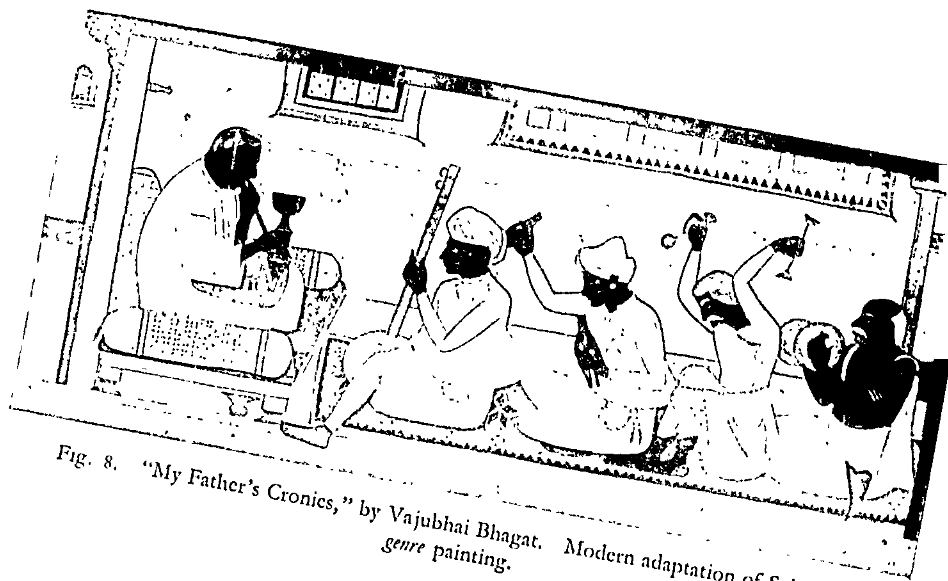


Fig. 8. "My Father's Cronics," by Vajubhai Bhagat. Modern adaptation of Salāt for *genre* painting.

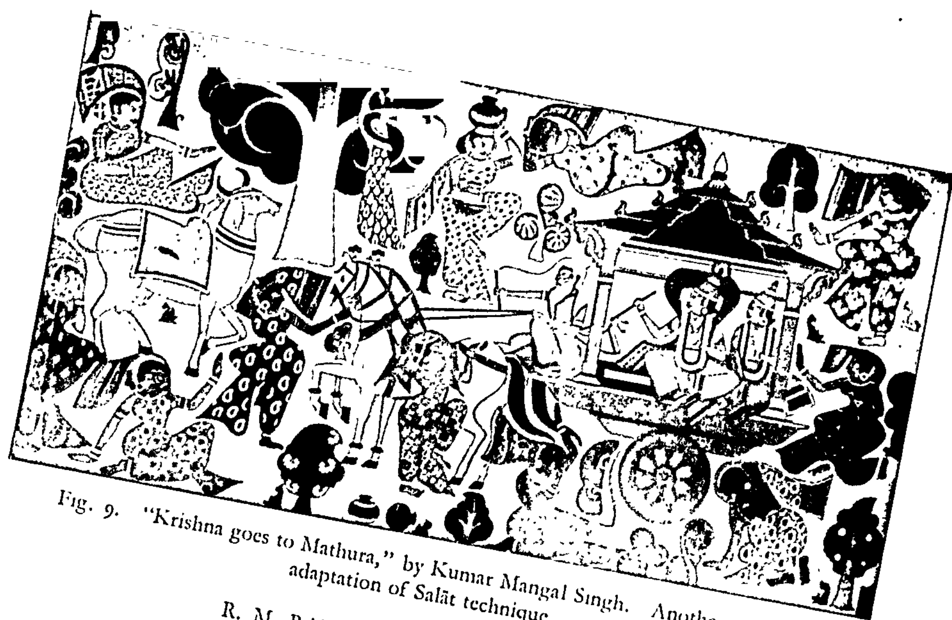


Fig. 9. "Krishna goes to Mathura," by Kumar Mangal Singh. Another modern adaptation of Salāt technique.

R. M. RAVAL : SILAVAT PAINTING

complete re-orientation is necessary for the preservation of these indigenous popular forms and their evolution and growth for the enrichment of the cultural life of the people.

August 9, 1949 (*Translated From Hindi*)



MODERN TRENDS IN TELUGU POETRY

S. GOPALAKRISHNAMURTY

Modernism in Telugu Poetry was ushered in by the poems of the late Gurazada Apparao Pantulu in the *Andhra Bharati* of Machilipatnam. Frail and sickly though he was, this versatile scholar lived and died a rebel against convention in literature, language, society and religion alike. His choice of a chiselled form of the spoken language instead of the archaic and obsolete form of the bookish one, his selection of an indigenous rhythmic meter as against the complicated *Vritta* meter of the Sanskrit verse, his preference of socialised themes to the conventional stories of love, and, above all, his original way of presentation of the beauty of human nature reveal him to-day as the morning star of renaissance in Telugu poetry.

Gurazada was one of the few intellectuals of his time, and had much to give his contemporaries by way of exhortation. His compositions are, therefore, replete with the sincerity and candour of a prophet, but on this account do not lack the sweet touch of the persuasive anxiety of the beloved. His masterpiece, *King Lavana's Dream*, combines a powerful insight into reality with a homely but scintillating narrative of worthy experience. None of his readers can forget the "full moon waiting in the palmyra glen to listen to the winged song of the maiden," nor the maiden herself listening to the confession of the King's affection "with eye-lids now raising and eye-lids now dropping." Damon of the old greek story comes out a polished humanitarian through Apparao's magic pen, and the puranic *Kanyaka* appears with flesh and blood to exhort the weakling souls to heroic reaction. Small though the bulk of Apparao's poetry and faltering though his command of the poetic language, his achievements in poetry are as praiseworthy as his oft-quoted message: "Listen my dear comrade, Motherland is not the soil; it is the souls that live on it."

Gurazada's poetry does not appear, however, to be the cause of the renaissance that continued after him. The impact of English poetry, the *Vande Mataram* and the Andhra movements, the rise of Tagore, and the Home Rule agitation exerted each its partial influence on the awakening that followed. Prof. Rayaprolu, Ramireddy, the Pingali-Katoori poets and Abburi Ramakrishnarao formed the four wheels to the chariot of Telugu poetry from 1913 to 1921. Prof. Rayaprolu's diction is sonorous, his themes mystic, his style classical and sweet. That is why perhaps he appears taller than his compositions, though these are many. His one achievement was to lure the contemporary poets towards the run-on traditional meters and Sanskritic diction by his inimitably sweet and jingling verses. The Pingali-Katoori poets are, however, more known for their neatly-trimmed, Mogul-garden-like verses than for what they attempted in their *Tholakari* (Summer Rains), a beauteous presentation of Telugu rural life. Their *Kavita Samagri* (Poetic Cargo) is an oft-quoted poem, as it symbolises the

revolt of the spirit of wonder in the poet against the spirit of acquiesence. Ramireddy, the self-contended, silent, yet prolific, writer of poetry has departed from our midst without hearing of our admiration for him. His *Vanakumari* and *Jaladangana* brought in a strong and pleasing pastoral touch into Telugu poetry, and his *Nakshatra-mala* is fragrant with lyricism and love of liberty. His masterpiece, however, happens to be *Pana-Sala* (The Tavern), a free and fine rendering of Omar Khayyam's Persian original. Abboori's diction has the purity and delicacy of the Indian painter's line, while his composition has the control and power of the Westerner's brush stroke. These four poets served to announce a new era in Telugu poetry, wherein the traditional ornaments of *Alankara* are discarded, and the natural virtues of *Rasa* imbibed into an elegant diction.

Kavikondala Venkatarao and Adivi Bapiraju, the offspring of Prof. Couldrey's encouragement, stood aloof as rebels against the ways of this quartet, both in manner and material. The former chose the meandering river, the work-woman reaching for the city, the jumping red-lily, the snake-charmer's *nagaswara*, and the dancing Siva, for five of his immortal poems. A host of other pleasing and attractive poems he composed on the life of the toiling masses. His style is jubilant and rebellious, employing the colloquial and the grammatical without distinction or discrimination. He accepts with love the varied meters of folk-songs, and hence his compositions appear to spring more from nature than through artifice. Bapiraju is a painter known for the mystic run of his line, but in poetry he is no longer a mystic. He is a realistic photographer, nay, a colour photographer, and a sound recorder too. His ballads lift up the mirror to nature, while his drones capture the attention of the reader like Shakespeare's first scenes. They embody the quintessence of the whole poem, and but for them the songs would appear as collections, not as compositions. It is these two poets who are responsible for the presence of the murmur of the mountain rill and the veiled beauty of the village lake in Telugu poetry.

The freedom movement started by Mahatmaji prompted many of the Telugu poets to love freedom, not so much of the country, but of love. Viswanatha Satyanarayana was the single solitary poet going about singing and stirring up youth, though not to immediate action, yet to shed tears at the sepulchre of bygone glory. The songs of Garimella Satyanarayana, which spread like wild fire over the length and breadth of Andhra and gaoled him for two years, lay dormant till recently, and there is no one so poor to do them reverence in spite of their stirring appeal and alliteration. The *Sahiti Samiti* poets and writers, drawn together by the magnetic influence of Sivasankara Sastry, monopolised the literary field and sowed the seeds of free love and individual revolt. Krishna Sastry was the most eloquent champion of individual liberty and free love. He hails from a family of scholarly poets, and while yet very young came under the influence of the *Brahmo Samaj*. He passed through the vexing and cruel experiences of life, and the association with the above batch of young adventurers afforded him the opportunity of bursting out with impunity.

Laugh you may and
Scoff you may but
I am not ashamed
My will shall lead
And wings are freed
To fly, to dip, or dive.

In this excitement he promises us a good lot.

Night the creeper shall blossom in Stars
Stones shall rise and stride like Mars
The Human heart shall swim in joys
As my ballad thrives and pains annoys.

The Blessed souls who shed their lives
Fighting through ages the Lord's own Fights
Shall dance with joy, my ballad thrives
And floods the world with freedom's flights.

We quickly realise on proceeding deeper into his *Krishna Pakshan* (Dark Nights) that these outbursts are more symbolic than sincere. Krishna Sastry was actually too full of grief for the demise of his beloved, and hatred for hostile society to indulge in exhortation. These two sentiments show themselves clearly throughout his *Krishna Pakshan.* He would not have any one pity him; he loves his grief; would weep aloud if left alone. On the other hand, he would tickle this flower and sing to another, whisper to one and confess to another, taste the honey from flower to flower, leaving the folk to scoff and laugh. As he senses the scorn of men, he shouts in *Pravasam* (The Exile):

Is *Pralaya* come on the world today
To rob the shelter my song would seek?

In his sober moments, however, he recollects,

Neither the Dawn nor New Year's day
Nothing at all but November's tears.
Never does peep a hopeful ray
My time is dark, my grief ne'er clears.

With the passage of years, we find him soliloquising,

For pity's grasp this beggar's hand
Forever I stretched not minding Death
Like lifeless tree on barren strand
The lifted hand gave up its breath.

As if in utter despondency he murmurs to himself,

I am dying, I am dying
There is not an eye to shed a tear
Nor solace me by staying near
....
I made my pyre and lit the fire
No tear will quench; 'tis an end of all.

It is after this mood that he discovers Oorvashi and escapes into her loveliness.

Krishna Sastry the poet is more noteworthy than Krishna Sastry the rebel. He can whip up an emotion by a stroke of his pen and create a hurricane by a breath of his ken. The lyricism introduced into Telugu Poetry by Gurazada reached its zenith in Mr. Sastry's hands. The *Gita* meter, which served till then (mostly) as packing material to the poetry of the *Vrittas*, shows vigour and gait in his use. And to add to all these is his keen sense for beauty. He marks with pleasure a blush in the bend of a full-blown flower, the dark breath of the clouds exhaled by the *tamala* grove, the infatuation of the flower that floats in the song of the bee, and the song that flies caught in the throat of the departing cuckoo. His one-act plays are replete with poetic honey, and his public speeches captivating and powerful.

Vedula Satyanarayana Sastry, Krishna Sastry's comrade and admirer, does not imitate his reckless disregard of society. He does not wish to

Get up the trees and get up the hills
Climb to the skies and change to the blues

as Krishna Sastry would! Instead, he would enjoy the tiny waves that come creeping over the ripe corn-field, the green *sari* presented by summer rains to good Earth, the wet breeze preceding a rain and carrying the sweet scent of flowers, the wave that sings its run to the shore its doom, the dark shades of the nimbus cloud, the silent peep of the bashful Lunar Bride from the east, the struggling rill in the viscera of the hill, and the loud outburst of laughter of the full moon, in spite of the dark curtains of hell that haunted him day in and day out. His poems are complete, never fragmentary. He neat-lines them carefully and sharpens them admirably. If one were to think of an anthology, every one of his poems fits into it nicely.

Of the several poets that joined the literary revelry which followed the political awakening, Nayani Subbarao and Nandury Subbarao deserve special mention. The former brought into Telugu poetry the pristine purity of Mother-love, and the latter the affectionate self-abandon of Pastoral-love. With Nandury's *Yenki Patalu* (Songs about Yenki) the revolt of modern youth against the obsolete, archaic, bookish clothing of literary language was complete. In sublimity of sentiment Nandury reaches the heights of Jayadeva, and sometimes goes farther. Just a couplet to illustrate:

In the mirror my lord so tall and high
How could my pearl your good stature hold?

With myriads of shades of love composed
How could my love, you live in this heart?

A more sublime and suggestive presentation of *sambhoga-sringara* I have not yet read.

Srirangam Srinivasarao, the wonder poet of modern Andhra, was responsible for the import and development of contemporary European tendencies into Telugu poetry. He began like every other Telugu poet, with conventionalised modes of meter and expression, but developed gradually into an ultra-modern by importing, imitating, and imbibing the Western tendencies. When in his *Suptha Asthikalu* (Bones Asleep) he says in the end,

Sensing their voiceless welcome
Mine eyes in tears dissolve
My heart 'tis all aflutter
My bones they shake and shiver,

we find him diving deeper and deeper into experience and describing it with surprising potency. In his *Bells*, *Anandam* etc., we find him importing the sonorous and pleasing gaits of English poetry and endowing them with a new breath. In the *Bhikshuvarsheeyasi* (The Aged Beggar Woman) he tells us,

Under the wayside tree
Rests the age-old woman.
Her groan is faint and feeble,
Her apron full of flies.
The erratic wind questions:
"If she were to die
Who shall be the sinner?"
The dog in silence bit a bone
Chameleon 'scaped with a new-caught fly
Darkness spread its limbs and shades
Dusty pathways sent up sighs.
Flying that way with a smear of honey
The big leaf said "'tis not my sin,"

suggesting deliberately with power and vigour. His *Maro Prapancham* (Another World), symbolic of the bubbling enthusiasm of the hero for a better society, has taken the youth of the country by surprise.

A song on the lips
And
A step in the legs,
A roar in the heart
And
A hymn in the throat
Harom, Harom, Hara,

Hara, Hara, Hara, Hara,
Push on, you push on,
Rush on, you rush on,
There the glare of the fiery diadem
There the call of the warlike drum
She calls, She calls
Push on, you rush on.

Mr. Srinivasarao has no longer any respect for the conventionalised form of poetic expression. Many of his poems are declamatory, and some are unadorned narrative.

Whichever history we read
Where is the cause for pride?
The story of mankind is
A story of exploitation
The story of mankind is
A tale of woe and suppression
....
Chingiz Khan and Tamarlane
Nadir Shah or Alexander
Each one is a big marauder.

The poem embodies suppressed emotion clothed in a tone of natural pathos. Crowning Mr. Sri Sri's* poems of exhortation and appeal is the *Car-wheels of Jagannath*, conventionally known to crush every thing in their way.

Ye the forsaken
Ye the down-trodden
Ye that are the victims of the
Cobra fangs of Hunger
Look, Look, they are there
The wheels, the wheels
They are there
They are coming
They are coming
The car wheels of Jagannath
Of Jagannath, of Jagannath
The whirling wheels of Jagannath....etc.

"Pattabhi," "Arudra" and "Ajanta" are some among the ultra moderns of the present age. "Pattabhi" takes pleasure in creating a cent percent urban imagery and bringing in Bengali-end rhymes into Telugu. "Ajanta" weaves his thoughts into a sort of psychic automatism and scores the sympathy of the reader towards the down-trod-

* Mr. Srinivasarao's pen-name. (*Eds.*)

den. "Arudra" employs a peculiar but a highly suggestive symbolism, and composes hundreds of lines in the terminology of the toiler at the desk or the running train. He uses English, Hindustani and Sanskrit words, and mixed combinations of these with great power and felicity, and seeks to create a compound impression on the educated Andhra. The trend for the Telugu Poetry of the future seems to be mostly declamatory exhortation of the worker on the one hand, and unassuming suggestion in slow but powerful tempo on the other. The verse is dying a natural death.

June 6, 1949 *(Translated from Telugu)*



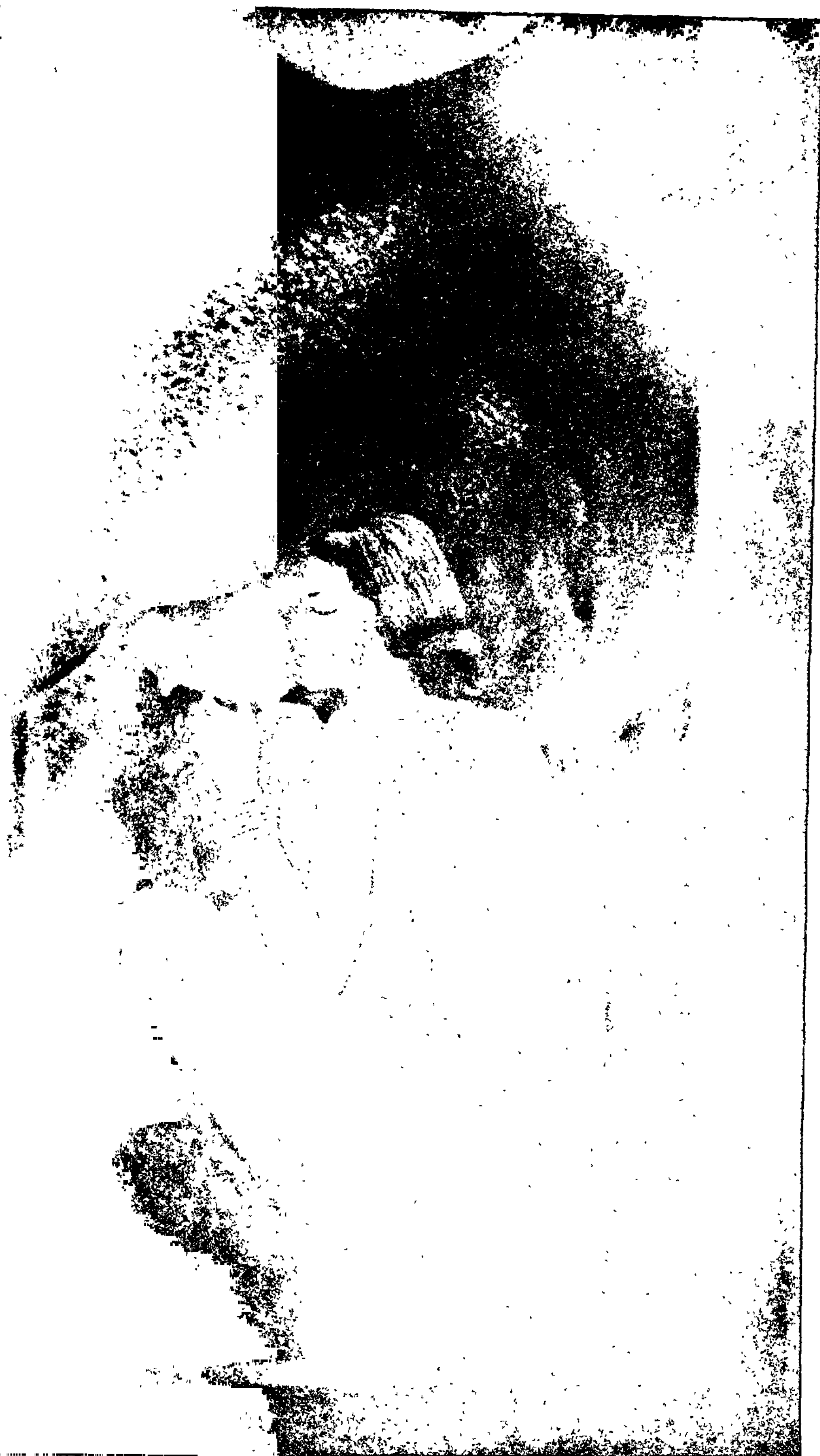


PLATE XXXVIII

GAURI SHIKHAR, OR UMA SHIKHAR

CHANDRAVADAN C. MEHTA

But for an accident in the middle of the XIX century, as we all know, Mount Everest, named after Sir George Everest, who then happened to be the Chairman of the Survey Department of India, would have continued to have its original Tibetan name *Chomolungma*—meaning "The Goddess Mother of the World." Exactly a hundred years ago, to be correct in the year 1849, a regular survey of the Himalayas was undertaken for the first time, and in the series of observations this one was marked as peak No. 15 of that particular range. It took three years to conclude those laborious calculations, and in the year 1852 a thrill passed through the Calcutta Secretariat of the East India Company when the Bengali chief clerk of Sir Andrew Waugh suddenly rushed into his master's chambers, excitedly announcing: "Sir, I have discovered the highest mountain of the World." It was then calculated to be of 29,002 feet, which was later on corrected to 29,145 feet. How paradoxical it is that the highest point of the earth is dubbed with the name of a person who neither saw this peak, nor even happened to be anywhere in the vicinity of this gigantic range. It is interesting that the Himalayas is considered to be the youngest mountain system of the world, and yet possesses the highest summit untrodden by any human being.

It is said that some of the ranges have not yet assembled. Some believe that they have not yet reached their complete growth, and, therefore, the height of Mount Everest has not yet been finally determined. Some find difficulties to arrive at a final conclusion, because of the variations in the atmospherics and the snow sheets which eternally keep on covering the peak. During the last war a press agency flashed the news that a certain American pilot had spotted a peak somewhere in North Tibet, which was considered to be its rival and threatened to dethrone the mighty Everest from its enviable position. This was quite sensational news, and tremors passed through the entire Himalaya-loving world. But luckily the stunt soon lost its value, and no progress was heard of in this direction. Be it as it may, Mount Everest till this day has braved all the sensational and phenomenal storms, and stands unique and yet unconquered.

Our querry in this brief survey is to find out whether it is opportune to rename this mighty peak and pay our proper respects which are already overdue. It is a pity that such an important mountain peak has been wrongly named in our Indian languages, mostly by our school and college students and even some of our learned professors. It is usually known as Gauri Shankar, though it should have been Gauri Shikhar. This must have been due to the ignorance of some of the foreigners, excepting Howard Bury, who noticed in 1921 the distinction between the two words "Shankar" and "Shikhar." Sometime back our atlases were printed outside India, and hence the con-

fusion became worse. However, it is interesting to note that there is a peak named Gauri Shanker in the Himalayan ranges, of a lower height compared to Gauri Sikhar and situated somewhere between the Holy Kailas and Mount Everest, nearer to Indian soil. To be correct, it is 23,440 feet high, lower than the Mount Everest by about 5,500 feet.

Now, how was Mount Everest known before the XIX century? Was it ever known by the Indians that there exists a mountain peak of the highest altitude in the Himalayas? At least the Tibetans knew ages ago, just as the name suggests; otherwise they would not have named it *Chomolungma*— the Goddess Mother of the World.

We know that the ancients were aware of the Saptasindhus and the Vedic river Saraswati, celebrated in the *Puranas* as the lost river. They certainly knew almost everything about the mighty ranges of the Himalayas and of the Mana Sarovar, of majestic peaks like Nilkanta and Nara Narayan, and the most beautiful of all peaks, Nanda Devi, and the sacred twins of Badrinath and Kedarnath, and certainly of the Holy Kailas.

It is needless to pursue the various references and the cross-references about these places mentioned in a number of books. But we must certainly turn to Kalidas, particularly to his *Kumara Sambhava*, for the purpose of our inquiry. Therein is contained an abundance of evidence distributed in the writings of this master to show that his knowledge about mountains, *vanas*, *upavanas* and resounding rivers and fragrant bowers, and particularly about the mighty Himalayas, was not only far-reaching, but at times quite precise in details. Scholars may argue about the exact time during which Kalidas lived, but it is sufficient for our purpose to assert that people of his times had some knowledge about the Himalayan peaks, and the *Kavi Kulaguru* certainly knew about the highest peak of the Himalayas. In that masterly work *Kumara Sambhava*, the poet pays the highest tributes to the *Nagādhiraja*, and gives vivid pictures of all its majestic ranges. At times some of the lovely similia and colourful descriptions allude to certain exact spots of unique beauty, which can be identified even today. But we are not concerned with them at present. However, we must devote our attention to Canto V, Verse 7, wherein he mentions that Gauri, having become disappointed, decided to perform penance to please or appease Shiva, and hence retired to Gauri Shikhar, which looked like a peacock. Kalidas describes this peak and correctly mentions it as Gauri Shikhar. Had he seen it himself, an ardent traveller as he was? We do not know. But we do know that he did know about it with its correct name Gauri Shikhar—Gauri who is supposed to be the Goddess-Mother, the exact meaning conveyed by the Tibetan word *Chomolungma*. Kalidas like many of our learned scholars did not make a mistake confounding the name into Gauri Shankar, definitely a lower peak where Shiva and Parvati lived and danced. That is undoubtedly Gauri Shankar. But when God Shiva resorted to anger and burned Madan—Cupid—alive, Gauri deciding to accumulate more strength of penance, and thereby appease Shiva, incidentally thought of exploiting a quieter place for performing *tapas*, and eventually climbed upto Gauri Shikhar the highest summit where she could meditate in peace, and where she alone could live.

The above analysis would guide us to finally rename Mount Everest as Gauri Shikhar. But as there is likely to be a confusion between Gauri Shikhar and Gauri Shankar, may we humbly suggest to name it as Uma Shikhar, which means the Goddess-Mother of the Earth?

I have also another suggestion to offer, and perhaps I may not be the first to venture it. Himalayas are sacred not only to the people of India but to many a nation of the world. May we now, since we are free, name that peak Gandhi Shikhar, and pay our homage and tribute to that great man, the Father of the Nation? I am told there is an international convention now in operation that no newly discovered peak is to be named after the name of its discoverer and bear the name of any mortal. Gauri Shikhar is not a newly discovered peak, and I am sure that the international tribunal will not grudge it if this unconquered mountain is re-named after the name of Gandhiji, whom we all now recognise as much more than a mortal.

June 1, 1949



INDIAN FOLK SONGS

Devendra Satyarthi

Rich in colour and image, Indian folk songs are a deposit left by the river of time. Traditions of countless races and creeds are beautifully interwoven in the festivals and beliefs of the people. Growing imperceptibly in each generation, the heritage of song and dance symbolizes the spirit of the people, their character, their cultural values, their national ideals.

In view of the greatly striking unity of culture as seen in such an amount of folk songs, none would dare to say that India is just a geographical unit. Indeed, there is no material difference in the spirit that moves the heart of a Kashmiri woman and that of a mother in Malabar; the same heart pulsates everywhere.

Looking back into my childhood days, I can think of my village in the East Punjab, not far from the Sutlej, where I had the first impressions of folk poetry. Time moves rather slowly in the Punjab countryside, and like the notes of a mystic song shades of colour would inspire any lover of poetry. You will meet husbands who beat their wives, and lovers ever adoring their favourite girls. Everybody's sweetheart puts on anklets, and here every lover sings:

> My sweetheart, who puts on anklets, is displeased with me,
> I feel my God is displeased with me.

Love and God are interwoven in Punjabi songs. Like the art of story-telling amidst Ignazio Silone's Fentamara peasants, here folk music resembles the ancient art of weaving, the ancient art of putting one thread after another, one colour after another, neatly, tidily, perseveringly, plainly for all to see. If someone's sweetheart is angry, he feels his God is angry. And if she laughs, God laughs:

> My sweetheart, who puts on anklets, laughed,
> I felt God laughed.

Is it her face that tells the lover of the Divine Artist? This frank, proud, self-assured lover would tell you that it is her voice that is all divine. And one at once remembers an excellent account of the Indian lute, immortalized in the Arabian Nights; when its strings were touched it sang of the waters that gave it drink and the earth whence it sprang, of the carpenters who cut it and the polishers who polished it, the merchants who made it their merchandise and the ships that shipped it. She is incomparable, the singer says, as he takes to another song, put in her own mouth:

> Last night my lover embraced me,
> I caught a glimpse of God.

Love songs immeasurably add to the joy of life. Love alone assures the people

that they will not die before death. The "Song of the Graves" is a rare fragment of Punjabi folk poetry:

The graves await us,
As mothers await their sons.

Life without love is sad. Death is much more sad. The art of love, described realistically, is a constant theme.

With the edge of her veil,
She fanned out the flame of the earthen lamp,
With the twinkle of her eye she talked to me.

The fresh, raw milk is much liked by boys and girls. The *drinker of raw milk* is a significant term for one's sweetheart; innocent love is like raw milk:

To a son like a lump of firm curd, you'll give birth,
O drinker of raw milk.

Jaikur gets milk from the goatherds:

The goatherds are calling,
Jaikur, drink milk and go.

The goatherds leave her one day:

The goatherds broke their love and went away,
Jaikur, who will give you milk to drink?

Life is sad without a Jaikur, the shepherd would tell, but you must have a true Jaikur, not merely a drinker of milk. True love brings you face to face with God. You really need a true Jaikur.

The village in the East Punjab expresses its every mood in song. Whenever the long-drawn song of some peasant reaches your ears, you feel it is the good earth itself that sings. The general tone of such a chant is rather sad. You follow the singing voice and reach the field that is being ploughed with songs of love and hope:

i

My love's chest is of golden hue,
My own body is all velvet.

ii

Carry my spinning-wheel there,
O where your ploughs are tilling.

iii

In my dreams I embraced him,
I opened my eyes and I didn't find him.

iv

O you *Sawan* cloud!
Bend and pour down at once.

V

O *Koonj* of the mountains,
Sometimes visit your motherland.

Koonj, or the she-crane, is an ancient image. The girl goes away to her husband after the marriage. But she must not forget her birth-place altogether. The village-birth place awaits the *Koonj*.

The sad girl talks to the spinning-wheel in another Punjabi folk song:

Ghoon, Ghoon, O spinning-wheel,
Should I spin the red roll of carded cotton or not?

Spin, girl, spin,
O, spin, girl, spin.

Far-off is my father-in-law's place,
Should I live there or not?

Live, girl, live,
O, live, girl, live.

Long, long is my woe,
Should I relate or not?

Relate, girl, relate,
O, relate, girl, relate.

My husband is a minor,
Should I live with him or not?

Live, girl, live,
O, live, girl, live.

The girl must learn to bear with everything as she learns to spin even the rough cotton into fine thread. The advice of the spinning-wheel echoes and re-echoes, as even ancestral memory persists to echo the tales of animals who talk—tales of wonderful creatures, half man and half beast. The spinning-wheel really symbolizes an elderly person who is the well-wisher of all girls.

Hundreds of such songs, all lucid and human, will enrich any anthology of folk poetry. The songs of the *Giddha*, the ancient ring-dance of the Punjab, have the greatest currency. The girls and boys in their separate dances always invite the *Giddha* itself poignantly:

Enter our village too, O *Giddha* dance,
O, do not pass away by the outer path.

This is the theme of great friendship with the spirit of the *Giddha* dance.

The colours in the *Giddha* songs are naturally the colours of the village life, thinned and brightened by the sunlight.

Going from one language to another, one can approach the people through some sincere interpreter, and, as one listens to them singing their immemorial songs, it is not difficult to take down the notes and pick up the minute shades of meaning. This is how you will follow the urgency of a song with special reference to its use to the singing community.

I remember how I listened to a Kashmiri peasant woman's song, when I first visited the saffron fields near Srinagar:

My lover went towards Pampur
The saffron flowers embraced him;
He is there, I am here,
O God, do listen to my cries.

The saffron flower is a common symbol for a beautiful girl. So, the most evident significance of the entire image is that the Kashmiri woman, whose lover left for Pampur and never returned, imagines that he must have been snatched away from her by some other girl.

In a well-known Kashmiri lullaby the ear-ring is the symbol of the child. Again, a Kashmiri girl compares herself to the branch of a tree that burns with the fire of love.

"Images," as Stephen Spender has emphasised, "are not still-lifes to be hung on walls. They are visions of the history of the race and of life and death." Obviously, images add to the urgency of songs.

Sometimes an image symbolizes the entire community, as we find in a Gond folk song:

In the fisherman's house is born a son,
Carrying on his head a fishing-net,
The *Singni* fish weeps, *dhar, dhar,*
My life-long enemy is born,
Ah me, my life-long enemy is born to-day.

Here the *Singni* fish is the symbol of the Gonds, and the fisherman represents the landlord class.

"Lament of the Wounded Doe," a folk-song from Bengal, may be taken as a rare piece of emotional poetry:

Lo! there grazes the doe and the archer seeks for game,
Suddenly he hits her with his sharp arrow,
Thus breaks forth the poor innocent doe:
What a deep wound, brother archer,
Your arrow has given me.

I am but a forest doe and owe to none,
But my delicious flesh and blood
Turn the whole world against me:
What a deep wound, brother archer,
Your arrow has given me.

Never have I trespassed into your meadows,
Nor have I ever drunk the sweet water of your pool,
For no fault of mine am I stricken:
What a deep wound, brother archer,
Your arrow has given me.

My child remains unfed by my milk,
Nor will his moonlike face be seen any more by me,
No words of endearment from me shall soothe him:
What a deep wound, brother archer,
Your arrow has given me.

For my own death I am not at all sorry,
But what answer, brother archer,
Will you render to the gods above?
What a deep wound, brother archer,
Your arrow has given me.

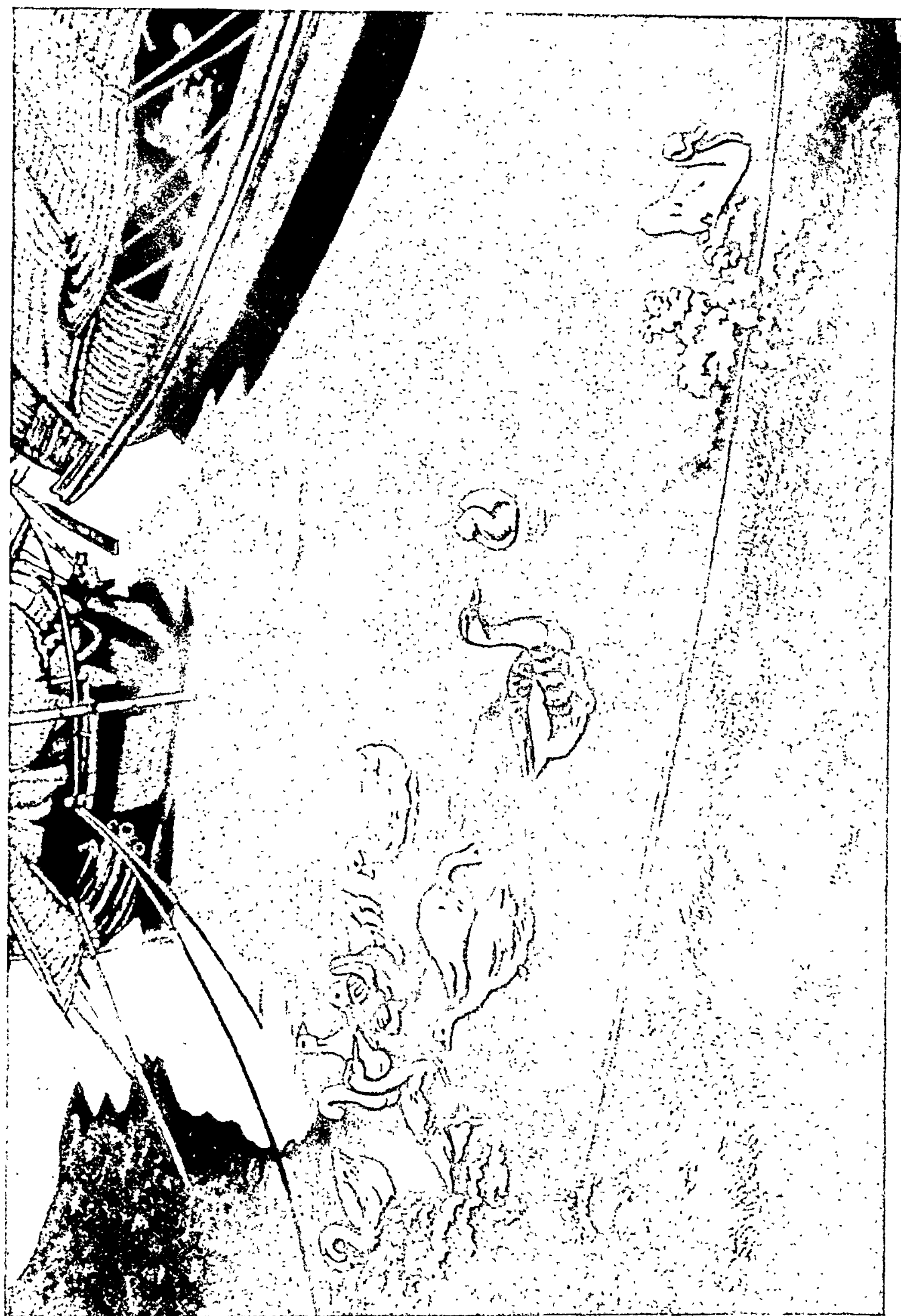
Whenever my child pressed by hunger,
Will cry calling, O mother, mother dear,
That cry will surely strike at the heart of gods:
What a deep wound, brother archer,
Your arrow has given me.

O ye my comrades, my brothers,
Tell my mate, my love,
To nurse my suckling child with love and care:
What a deep wound, brother archer,
Your arrow has given me.

To meet and talk in this life,
Tell him, it won't be possible any more,
The archer's shaft ends all my hopes and dreams:
What a deep wound, brother archer,
Your arrow has given me.

O, who is that smith
Who made this deadly arrow that kills me?
Extinct from the world his whole family be:
What a deep wound, brother archer,
Your arrow has given me.

The image of the doe in this song, coming from Tripura, has the same purpose as that of the *Singni* fish in the Gond song. A similar image shines like the pure gold of poetry in an Awadhi folk song in the United Provinces: it is a *Sohar*, or birth song, sung to celebrate the birth of a son:



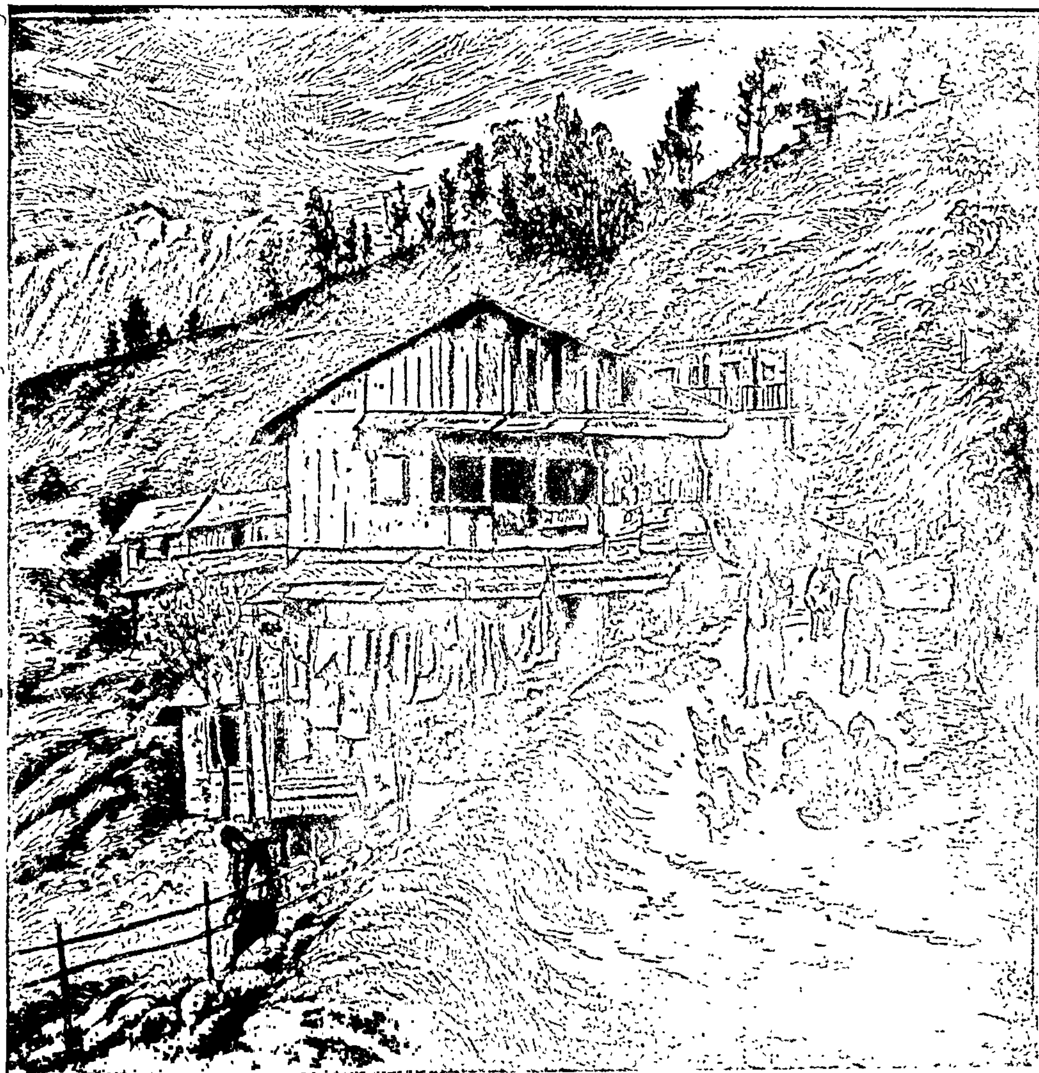


PLATE XL

The *dhak* tree looks so young and green
With leaves so thick and sleek:
Beneath it stands a doe, O Ram,
Her mind is gloomy.

Grazing not so far away
The deer asks the doe,
Is it that the meadow is no more green, O doe,
Or your face looks pale for lack of water?

My meadow is no less green
Nor for lack of water am I sad:
Today, darling, is the sixth day of the prince's birth,
Oh! your life they will take away.

On her *machia*[1] sits Queen Kaushalya,
The doe thus asks a boon:
The flesh of the deer they are roasting in your kitchen,
His skin I wish you will give me.

I shall hang it on the *dhak* tree,
My heart somehow I'll soothe,
Circling around I'll watch, Queen mother,
The deer, I'll think, is still alive.

Go to your home, O doe, you go,
Never shall I part with the skin,
I shall get a *khanjri*[2] made with it, O doe,
For Rama, my son, to play.

Whenever sounds the *khanjri* high or low,
In silence hears the doe,
Standing beneath the *dhak* tree,
Sighing and sobbing for the deer.

It looks really strange to sing such a song with a tragic note while celebrating the birth of a child. The reference to the sixth day of the prince Rama's birth, and Queen Kaushalya's refusal to part with the skin of the deer does not diminish the sorrow that seems to engulf the entire scene.

As a piece of dramatic poetry, this Awadhi folk song, originally collected by Shri Ram Naresh Tripathi, won a great appreciation of persons like the late Pandit Madan Mohan Malviya. Malviyaji actually shed tears, it is said, when the original words were chanted to him. It may be mentioned here that Ram Naresh Tripathi will always be known in the Hindi literary world for his collection of folk songs of the

[1] A kind of tiny cot.
[2] A musical instrument.

United Provinces and Bihar, just as Jhaver Chand Meghani is remembered for his unique collection of Gujarati folk songs.

The fisherboy in an Andhra folk song stands in bold relief, and he indeed speaks for all oppressed classes:

Me, a fisherboy, O babu,
Beat me not, abuse me not, O babu,
A small fishing-boat I row, O babu,
A net to be hurled I throw, O babu.

At Polipilli Punta was I born,
In the fair of Peddapur was I brought up,
My father's name is Jalla Konku,
My mother's name is Mattagirsa,

My sister's name is Cheduppariga,
My brother's name is Royyapeechu,
My wife's name is Yisukadondu,
My own name is Bommirayi.

The fisherboy mentions different kinds of fish while telling the names of his father, mother, sister, brother, wife, and even his own name. The *Jalla Konku* is an important fish. The *Mattagirsa* has a flat back and is very pleasant to taste. The *Royyapeechu* is a long and thin fish with moustaches. The *Yisukadondu* and *Bommirayi* are two other members of the vast fish family. Obviously, the *babu* symbolizes the upper classes. As Sri Adivi Bapiraju, a well-known Andhra poet and artist, assured me, this is the most striking of all the Andhra folk songs, and if someone had to select a single song for a world anthology of folk songs, the *Song of the Fisherboy* will really represent the Andhra folk-mind.

The *Song of the Ak-kati Bird*, coming from Tamilnad, has again a note of tragedy. It is striking as a piece of bird-lore:

Ak-kati bird, O *Ak-kati* bird,
O where did you lay
Your eggs?

Raising the small stone
On the rock in the dense forest
I laid my eggs.

I hatched and got only three little ones
Searching the grain for the first little one
I crossed three *kadam*[1] distance.

[1] An old Tamil word depicting a distance of about three miles.

Searching the grain
For the middle one
I crossed four *kadam* distance.

Searching the grain
For the third one
I crossed greater distance.

The cruel washerboy
Sat there seeking game
He spread his net.

My feet were caught in the snare
Fluttering my wings I lamented
Tears of sorrow flowed back the four *kadam* distance.

The image of the she-snake is typical of the Malayalam folk songs. She is worshipped in awe and wonder:

Whence do you come,
O dark she-snake?

My eggs I laid
I am going away.

Innumerable eggs you have laid
Now hundreds and thousands of serpent-kins will come out.

When so many of them will appear, father,
Where will there be shelter for the son of man?

Many songs draw images from family life. Mother and daughter appear again and again in the folk poetry of Karnatak:

i

Talk between mother and daughter is the rhythm of a song.
Like a pair of one-stringed instruments played together,
Like the sound of temple bells at Halsangi[1] while sun rises.

ii

It is cool under the *neem* tree in summer,
The Bheemarati river too is cool, mother,
You are cool at my birthplace.

iii

Born of a poor mother I never saw the *arati* lamp
Nor could I put on a *sari* woven with gold thread, mother,
Yet how much I owe you for the milk I suckled.

[1] Name of a village.

A song is important as a document of the community's feelings. It really adds to the mysterious force of tribal poetry. It may be the driving away of the bees with smoke and the cutting of the comb with the golden sword, as seen in a Vedda folk song from Ceylon; or it may be a squirrel, contemplating that, now when she is with her beloved, dawn should linger long below the hills, as depicted in an Ao Naga song from Assam; it always gives us a glimpse of the tribal life. It may be a Muria young man in Bastar State telling his sweetheart that he will play with her as a shuttle flashes through the warp of a loom; or it may be an Angami Naga youth in Assam expressing his desire that the girl of his dreams should remain his friend and be ready to walk with him on his favourite moonlit path in the village, for after death they can tread it no longer; or it may again be a Juang boy, as marked in a folk song from Orissa, telling the *Koel* of spring, that he can quite understand what she is saying about the forest where burns a fire, and that with water from the hollow bamboo she should quench the blazing fire; we always see the emotional overtones of tribal poetry.

A woman in a Marathi song says that she does not tell her secrets to her neighbours, but that she tells them to stars and birds. In another song she says that she pulls her grindstone like a running deer, for her mother's milk plays in her wrists. In a Garba song from Gujarat we hear: "We wake up the sleeping god: we are temple bells." In an Uraon song from Chota Nagpur a girl tells her mother that the *Karam* festival is coming, asking for the oil and scarlet; and again in another song she tells her mother that the *Karam* is going, and that she must give it oil and scarlet and even some money, for it demands its toll. Thus we find a great humanizing influence that lends a new colour to folk poetry. Here, even birds and stars can understand the secrets of a woman; the grindstone, somehow, knows whose milk plays in the wrists of the corn-grinder, the temple bells speak in the language of the people, and the tribal festival itself comes and goes with its demands.

Images of great poetic importance project themselves in folk songs everywhere: in every language in the north and south, east and west, the singing voice of the Indian people takes delight in them. The style and rhythm seem to extend great ties of friendship and common feeling. It may be a Gujarati girl telling the boy: "Go slow my love, go slow: follow in my wake;" or it may be a Khond girl in Orissa telling her lover: "On the hill top stands a *jaru* tree, flowers blossom on the *jaru* tree: one flower for you darling, one for me;" the image, coming through generations always attracts the people as it were an altogether fresh image. It may be a peasant in Bundelkhand, singing: "Mother Earth, lamp-black you have put in your eyes: you have put vermilion too in the parting of your hair;" or it may be a Savara peasant in Orissa, singing: "I salute your hands, O plough, I salute your feet;" or it may be a Gujarati woman, singing: "The son of the cow was yoked to the plough, the son of the mare carried us to the distant lands: the day for happy greetings came." These images somehow point towards cultural ties between languages and provinces in India.

It would have looked really strange if the folk songs in various Indian languages and dialects did not touch the political *motifs*, for folk songs are a living force every-

where. The year 1857, when the first battle of Indian Independence was fought, rightly touched the fringe of folk songs in Bundelkhand, when some peasant poet sang *extempore*:

We heard of that brave woman,
That Queen of Jhansi;
Milk and *batasha* she gave to her soldiers,
Herself she took simple water.

These were the lines indeed that inspired the late Subhadra Kumari, the well-known Hindi poetess, to compose her famous poem about Rani Lakshmi Bai of Jhansi, whose name has been immortalised with India's first battle of Independence.

The railway train reached the forests, and the Ahir sang his first reactions in his *Birha* song:

Since the railway train shot out,
Forests and hills are cut down;
Money I had I gave to my legs,
To my stomach I gave the bones of my back.

The Ahir wanted to say that his money was spent on the railway ticket to save the legs from exertion, and as he could save nothing for food, his stomach, shrinking and shrinking, touched his backbone.

Later on, the Ahir sang of Mahatma Gandhi in his *Birha* song:

In Gandhi's fight you won't succeed, O *Firangi*
Whatever measures you may take;
Good, good luxuries you had in this land,
Now your bungalows will be sold.

Obviously, the Ahir sang this *Birha* song long before Gandhiji started the "Quit India" movement.

In the Punjab, the peasant sang poignantly to the rhythm of his ancient *Giddha* dance:

God is dead, the gods have all fled away;
It is the *Raj* of the *Firangis*.

The *Raj* of the *Firangis* was the British Government in India. The peasant wanted to say that even God cannot raise his finger against the *Firangi's Raj*.

Immediately after 1921, when Gandhiji visited Assam, some Assamese peasant poet sang *extempore:*

Tarun[1] weeps, Nabin[2] weeps,
The Ali Brothers[3] too shed tears,
In Gujarat weeps Gandhi,
For he cannot get *Swaraj*.

[1] One of the Assamese leaders.
[2] Another Assamese leader.
[3] The late Shaukat Ali and Mohammad Ali.

But the Gond in the Central Provinces struck a note of great hope in his *Karma* dance:

The clouds are roaring,
The landlords are roaring;
In the *Firangi's Raj* the policemen are roaring,
But Gandhi's *Raj* is seen coming,
Hai re hai, Gandhi's *Raj* is coming.

In his *Dadaria* songs the Gond sang of Gandhiji and Jawaharlal Nehru:

i

Gori's sari is dragging in the dust,
Gandhi Baba's flag flies in the world.

ii

Inside the house a new pillar is fixed,
At Nehru Baba's order the world moves.

Gori is the term for a fair complexioned girl. So far as the jump from Gandhi Baba to Nehru Baba is concerned it was not difficult, for the Gonds, like any other people in India, always think of their leaders as living symbols of age and wisdom.

The Uraons in Chota Nagpur need not sing now to the rhythm of the *Karam* dance the favourite song that they had composed about the British rule:

The captive birds, the animals, the creatures
Write with their lips
The British rule
The court's judicial order
Write as they wish.[1]

Yes, indeed, nowhere in this vast country should anybody sing in this strain. India is independent now. Immediately after she attained freedom, she had to pass through an ordeal. Gandhiji was shot dead while he was going to address a prayer meeting at Delhi. But Gandhiji's name will ever be sung in Indian folk songs, as a refugee woman from the West Punjab would sing even today:

You never visited our village,
I take your oath;
You got independence for this country,
I take your oath.

In another newly composed Punjabi folk-song images of great vitality and hope project themselves:

[1] W. G. Archer, *The Blue Grove*: The Poetry of the Uraons, p. 48.

In our yard has risen the sun, the sun,
To look at the sun, come,
O, Gandhi, come, O, Gandhi,
You too are a sun, a sun,
To look at the sun,
Come, O Gandhi, come, O Gandhi.

How should I come, O simple-hearted woman?
I have a thousand jobs to do, a thousand jobs;
On my spinning-wheel came out
To-day this long, long, thread, this thread.
The Englishman says: I am going, am going;
Gandhi says: friend, go soon, go soon.

The Englishman says: a thorn has pricked me, pricked me,
Gandhi says: friend, where has the thorn pricked, O where?

Gandhi has pulled out the thorn, the thorn,
The Englishman has followed his long, long path;
The bad persons are fighting, what fault of the Englishman, what fault?
Sit quietly, you silly ones, behave sensibly, sensibly.

The sun shines with its rays all round,
Today the earth too shines, shines;
Gandhi bowed down in respect.
To-day the earth looks happy, happy.

Commenting on Baiga folk-songs, W.G. Archer rightly remarked: "We do not study man merely to dissect him. We examine in order that we may learn. Behind twentieth century art in Europe lies Negro sculpture. The importance of Baiga poems is that they suggest a new starting point for contemporary poetry both in England and in India."[1] This could be said more emphatically about the entire range of Indian folk songs.

Luckily, indeed, we have Verrier Elwin and W. G. Archer who have done great service to the exploration of Gond and Uraon folk songs respectivey, and rightly put the precious gems of Indian folk poetry on the song-map of the world, but it is for Indian scholars now to take up this great work as a part of national renaissance.

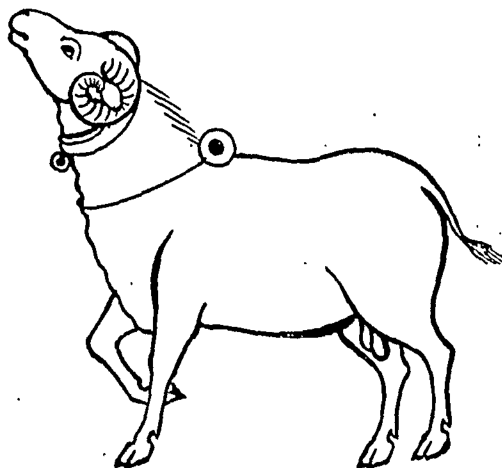
Why cannot we take the help of recording machines to record the most popular folk songs of various languages? That can be the only way to preserve and develop folk music in this country. The All-India Radio has been doing some service in this direction. But that is not enough. We must have a separate organisation now,

[1] W. G. Archer: *Baiga Poetry. Man In India,* Folk Song Number, March 1943, p. 60.

when India is an independent country, so that we may do the needful on the most scientific and cultural lines worthy of a great nation.

We must look forward now for the musical value of folk songs, for they are not mere poems.

August 16, 1949



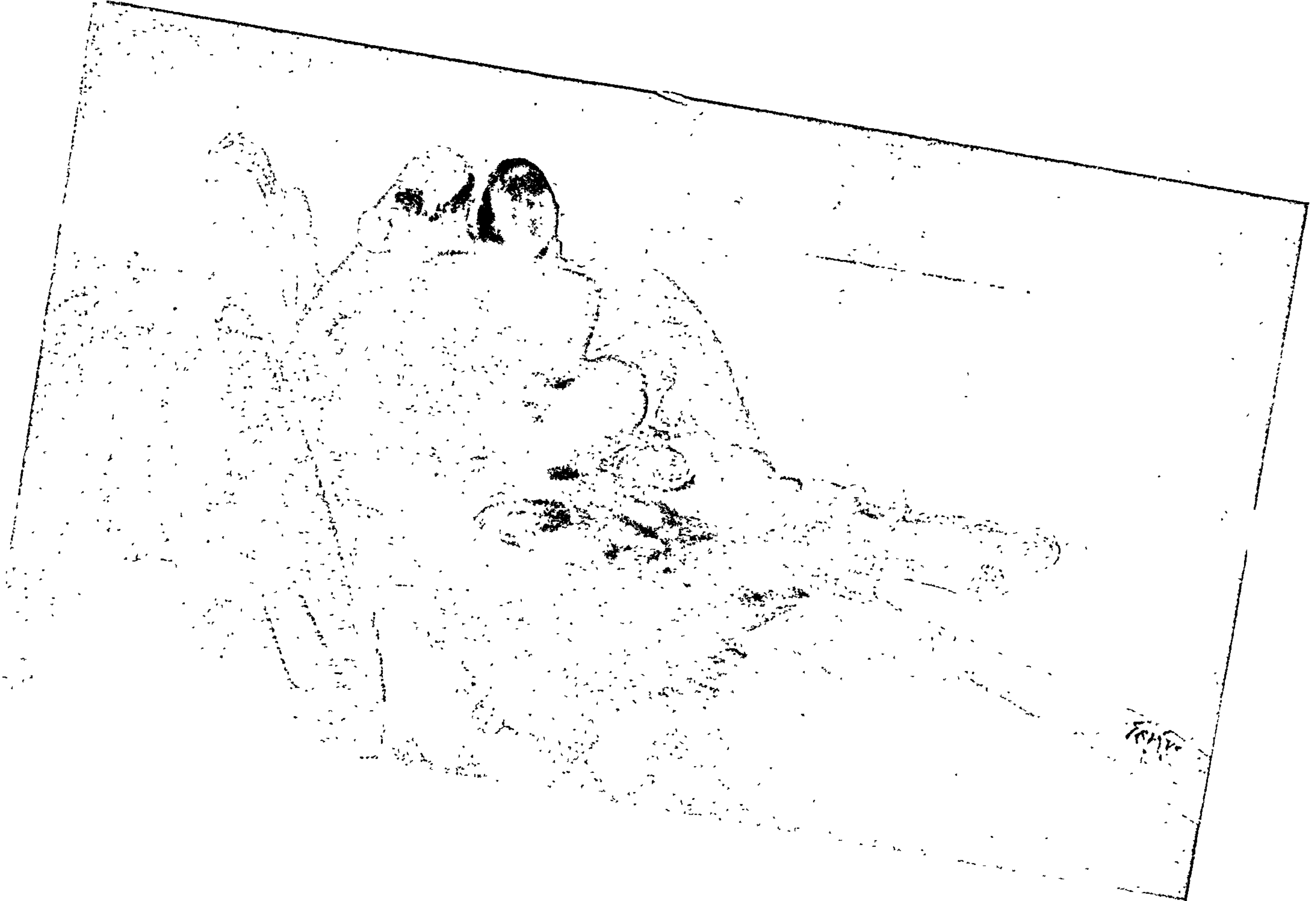


PLATE XLI

Boastful instances of the kind could be multiplied at will. But, in spite of all these elements of self-glorification, the people of Kerala were yet, in fact, one with the rest of India in social degeneracy; perhaps worse. So cruel was the evil of unapproachability until the other day that Swami Vivekananda was exasperated into saying that Kerala was almost a land of lunatics. Even after the enactment of Temple-entry legislation this demon has found many a loophole of escape. Labour continues to be looked upon with disdain. The tiller of the soil is, in the eyes of the rest, an object of contempt, a mere earthworm, a total slave. In town or village, factory or cottage, the labourer and the artisan are dust and refuse, fit only to be committed to the bottom of the bin. Dissipated as our energies still are, in petty religious squabbles and communal quarrels, the mind needs yet to awake and vision to enlarge to the realisation of a more abundant life of common brotherhood. Man, the highest evidence of divine reality, is trampled upon, while in the name of god reverent worship is offered to all sorts of inanimate objects—stone, wood and the like!

Such, in brief, is a fair description of our land. Malayalam, the language of our speech and writing, belongs to the Dravidian family; yet, such is the degree of its identification with Sanskrit that a superficial observer might adjudge it a mere offshoot of the latter. From the earliest times the hospitality of our shores has attracted many a foreigner, notably the Arab, the Hebrew and the Persian. Many are the words which, from the respective foreign tongues, infiltrated into and absorbed by the Malayalam language.

The earliest wealth of our literature consisted in lyrics and songs offered in the worship of family heroes and tutelary deities of the Hindus—*Kali*, the serpent and so forth. An appreciable volume is covered by imitations of the *Ramayana* and the *puranas*, besides many ballads, village songs and folk-lore. This literature has come down to us with all the innocent brilliance of infant beauty. Most of them do not go beyond a thousand years back. It was just about this time that Sanskrit began its influence, which soon developed into a full fledged matrimonial relationship. Languages falling [illegible] fail to bear the stamp of latent weaknesses, and Malayalam is no exception. It did not take long for the mastery of the language to pass into the hands of the upper class, the well-to-do Nambudiri Brahmins hailing from the north. Combining the dignity of Sanskrit with the simplicity of Malayalam in a haphazard fashion, they created a sort of literary amalgam, defined and distinguished from other branches of literature by the term *Manipravala*. Even the laws of versification and metre slavishly followed those of Sanskrit. In their hands the peculiar native smell of the language was lost in the voluptuousness of a rich and leisurely life, bearing no relationship with the hard realities and natural contours of the land they inhabited. An indefinable realm of *Devas* and *Gandharvas*, spun by the great Sanskrit men of letters, out of verbal jugglery and poetic imagery, became their literary theme. Surely, this coalescence had all the softness of a velvet cushion, and their imagery the passing brightness of a humourist's stroke. They had, however, no insight either into the

RENAISSANCE IN MALAYALAM LITERATURE

KUTTI KRISHNA MARAR

Kerala is a narrow strip of land stretching from south to north, with the Arabian Sea on the west and the Western Ghats on the east. Without breaking the bonds of common traditions with the rest of India, it has developed a distinctive individuality of its own. Within its well-defined limits, seasonal conditions are peculiar. The soil is rich, the monsoon exuberant. Yet man has failed in his capacity to exploit these in full and turn them to maximum advantage.

Oanam, the national festival falling in the month of *Sravana*, is celebrated with great rejoicings. It is significant not only of garnering and the salubrity of this season of the windless skies and the moon-lit nights, but also reminiscent of a bygone age full of peace and plenty. Mahabali, the symbol of this golden era, is reverently remembered, the village-folk singing with glee the popular ballad that enshrines the fatherly virtues of this good and noble monarch in these lines:

Maveli nadu vaneedum kalam
Manusharellarumonnupole.
When Mahabali ruled the land
All men were an equal band.

An indigenous type of gymnasium too had flourished in the land, where a system of drill and physical training and swordsmanship were gracefully combined and imparted to the youth. Years of British rule, sapping as it did the vitality of the people and robbed them of the natural splendour of their valour, could hardly succeed in effacing this wonderful specimen of native art altogether; alas, it survives to-day more as an object of public exhibition exciting the curiosity of a wonder-struck audience! Attuned to its bodily culture and forming almost its complement is the *Kathakali*, or the dance recital as it is styled. A harmonious blending of the various forms of art—dance and drama, music and poetry, make-up and *natya*—it stands out as the perfect embodiment of the peculiar genius of Kerala. Whosoever has seen this rare specimen of fine art has sensed the soul of Kerala. In recent years it has attracted a good deal of attention from lovers of art all over India and elsewhere. One in quest of Indian art and Indian culture will not on entering Kerala feel as a repetition our dress and demean, temples and architecture, sculpture and painting, for everywhere and in every thing a refreshing originality can be seen clearly displayed. Why, for that matter, was not the veritable Sankara, who was acknowledged with folded hands by a long line of celebrated thinkers, ancient and modern, as the greatest giant of philosophic thought, born and bred in this land of Kerala?

was, Malayalam in his hands became truly the property of the masses. Now, humour was not quite unknown in Kerala. From very early times, a peculiar school of dramatic artists known as the *Chakyars* had developed the art of enacting Sanskrit dramas inside Hindu temples, in which they exposed social vulgarities. The method was not very commendable, in that the individuals in the audience were made the targets of their attacks. Nambiar generalised its scope and imparted to it full artistic form. The naked and direct criticism which he unleashed in a tireless torrent of rhetoric, tickled, no doubt, a thick-skinned audience.

While language thus came down to popular levels, its cultural content depreciated considerably. During the last generation the Namboodiries recaptured the language and restored it to its former state of lustful ease. A single instance would suffice to show how far our men of letters had deviated from the true literary canons. It was not more than forty years ago that the two opposing schools of poetry ranged against each other and fought a fierce battle for deciding on a particular mode of rhyming, i.e. repeating the second letter in all the four lines of a metre, as though that were an indispensable component of poetic expression!

II

Socially, too, we were being drawn into the narrowness of our own ken. True, foreigners were welcomed and tolerance practised; yet they were regarded as little better than out-castes. Even one's own society was divided into numerous castes and sub-castes, the differential criteria being, after all, certain unessential details of ceremonial. People simply fed on the glories of birth and state, having no other ambition to capture their imagination than the complacence and contentment of a life based on traditional values. This process of degeneracy was finally and securely sealed by the thraldom of British rule. Small wonder, that under such circumstances the Malayalam literature was pulled down to the utmost limits of narrowness!

While the orthodox school of literary men were thus groping for the poetic essence in the field of rhyme and technical devices, there appeared a guiding light in one of the down-trodden communities. The Thiyyas, or Ezhavas as they are otherwise known, belong to one of the important communities of Kerala, having borne an appreciable share in its history. It could count within its fold many wealthy and cultured families; yet they were treated as untouchables. Providence gave them a Teacher, and it is to one of his renowned disciples, poet Kumaran Asan, that the renaissance of Malayalam literature owes its origin and inspiration.

Characteristic of his community, Asan grew up in an environment of two-fold disabilities—social and economic. Supported by private generosity, he travelled widely and acquired considerable authority in both ancient and modern wisdom. The reactions of his wider contact and experience revolutionised the literary forms and standards of the day, and galvanised them into newer channels of outlook. He forced open the eyes to unpleasant sights, the ears to unwelcome truths, the mind to unwanted thoughts. The magnitude of the reaction might well be imagined. His method was criticised, language was criticised, meaning and import were criticised.

hard realities of an objective world or the profound depths of a subjective mind. To acquire that capacity was, indeed, beyond the scope of the sophisticated love of splendour shown in conventional Sanskrit. After all, Malayalam was hand in glove with this rich and luxurious language.

In contributing to the present-day Sanskrit-Malayalam fusion, the process of integration inaugurated at this period achieved considerable success. The ballads and folk songs, which also developed simultaneously and side by side, arrested little by little the process of Sanskrit percolation. Many were the *Manipravala* compositions of this epoch particularly designed for use on occasions of art displays. The *Chamboo* branch of literature, a prose-poetry blend of *puranic* stories for recital inside the temple precincts, dance songs for women, Christian and Muslim lyrics of similar structure, special compositions for *Kathakali*, and so forth, ranked foremost among them. To the last-named category belongs the priceless gem of our ancient literary wealth, the *Nalacharitra*, the story of king Nala, depicted in the form of a dance-play. Unnayi Variar, the author of this reputed play, was born in a community belonging to the temple order under the tutelage of the feudal lords and princes of the day. The play, perfect in the technique of dramatic art, is, in the opinion of a critic, the *Sakunthalam* of Kerala. It would appear that barring the *Ramayana*, the breeding ground of all literary endeavours, the story of Nala appearing in the *Mahabharata* was the most favourite theme of nearly every literary genius in India. In Malayalam, at least, it is so. Yet, it is to the genius of Unnayi alone that the credit of gripping the core of the idea embedded in that great epic belongs. To create characters throbbing with life, and thereby develop full expressiveness in them, is one of the chief functions of a poet. Unnayi was the first to have discovered and applied this truth in poetry. He attempted to delineate in minimum words the characters of his play in such a way as to imprint living portraits of them; he succeeded remarkably. Although the complexity of the literary medium and the perfection of technique he employed carry the play far beyond the range of common comprehension, nevertheless the harmonious blend of its music and the general popularity of *Kathakali* have made the work widely appreciated.

Mention must be made of another master of literature, much earlier than Unnayi Variar, whose influence was probably the greatest in Hindu society. He is the poet Thunchathezhuthachan, acclaimed the father of modern Malayalam. He it was who redeemed the language from its Sanskrit verbiage and brought it to popular levels. The theme that he delighted to make the centre of his poetry was *bhakthi*, divine adoration, to which man has ever longed to return for peaceful repose. These two characteristics of his poetry helped to acquire for it in every Hindu home the undisputed authority of consecrated literature. He may be regarded as the Malayalam equivalent of Kambar in Tamiland and Tulasidas in the North. His *Adhyathma Ramayana* is to this day recited in every home during the month of *Kartika* (August-September) with worshipful reverence. While yet owing allegiance to Sanskrit, Malayalam could in this way develop an individuality of its own.

Ezhuthachan was followed by Kunchan Nambiar. Great humourist that he

was, Malayalam in his hands became truly the property of the masses. Now, humour was not quite unknown in Kerala. From very early times, a peculiar school of dramatic artists known as the *Chakyars* had developed the art of enacting Sanskrit dramas inside Hindu temples, in which they exposed social vulgarities. The method was not very commendable, in that the individuals in the audience were made the targets of their attacks. Nambiar generalised its scope and imparted to it full artistic form. The naked and direct criticism which he unleashed in a tireless torrent of rhetoric, tickled, no doubt, a thick-skinned audience.

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The violence of this opposition was sought to be explained, as is done to this day, in terms of caste and communal prejudice. This is merely avoiding the truth. It must be construed, on the other hand, as the stupor of suddenly awakening from the depths of slumber. To be short, Asan illustrated that poetry did not consist in mere artistic or technical features, but in the conception of a life fashioned after an ideal of reality, whose foundation must be laid in ultimate metaphysical truths.

Profound as this truth is, its influence must, of course, be slow to feel; for its very depth limits the circle of connoisseurs who might be affected thereby either favourably or adversely. Therefore, what I wish to imply by the renaissance of Malayalam literature is the country-wide national awakening inspired by Mahatma Gandhi which very nearly synchronized with this period. Under the challenge of his leadership Kerala was, in tune with the rest of the country, roused into action. In this Asan's share is but little. As the Thiyya community owed much of its progress to the British Government, one need not cavil at Asan's comparative indifference to the national movement.

When Mahatma Gandhi and his prominent lieutenants, such as Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Madan Mohan Malaviya and the Ali brothers, who, in essence, are but individual exemplifications of Mahatmaji's many-sided personality, thus whirled into action, the political tempest, the withered leaves of decayed age-long traditions, were blown away from the bosom of the society, letting the seeds of humanity sprout. The vision of men broadened; so much so, that for the first time an ardent love for the land of one's birth substituted holy places and pilgrimages to Kasi, Prayag, Rishikesh, etc. With growing faith in the true character of Indian culture, there arose in them an urge to question the validity of old beliefs too. To the extent an abhorrence for the sort of slavishness they hitherto nursed and nurtured grew up in them, to the same extent a sense of repentance and sympathy for those that laboured under their foot also developed. A strong determination to mould life anew, and an irresistible desire to contribute as much as possible to the creation of this new life took deep roots in them.

This social awakening did not fail to get reflected in literature as well. In so far as this affects the field of literature, it was poet Vallathol, whom the Madras Government have rightly appointed Poet Laureate, who symbolised and canalised the new movement. Again, it was in Vallathol that the language which, in an earlier age, Ezhuthachan had polished and vitalised, reached the full expression of its native lustre and beauty. Naturally enough, he became the greatest of contemporary poets. Gandhiji was proclaimed by him as his Guru, and he composed many a piece of great artistic excellence, depicting Gandhiji's philosophy of life. In the hectic days of national struggle in every place and on every occasion—be it the hoisting of the national flag or the picketing of a liquor shop, or again the bonfires of foreign cloth or at the sanctified opening of spinning classes—Vallathol's sweet patriotic lyrics came to be freely sung.

Nor was this all. The merry ripples of his poetry washed over the ups and downs of our social life. To him belongs the unique privilege of perfecting the lyric

type of poetry. Few have risen, indeed few could rise, to his eminence in the perfection of poetic art, beauty of form, dramatic expression, lucidity and forcefulness of style.

It may be observed, in passing, that it was this self-same devotee of art that once again brought to the fore the art of *Kathakali* which, by the march of time, had been thrust behind.

Thus, Malayalam literature, which was being tossed about in the realm of phantasy, has at last begun to recognise the grim realities of life. And the last vestige of the gilded nationalism of insurgent India is today dismantled, and the way opened for a universal perspective. It is the fond hope of the youth that progress could be achieved by a mere application of this universality to facts of everyday life. They believe that to depict the obvious and the less obvious experiences of everyday life, namely, the abject poverty of the peasant, strikes and lock-outs in factories, the moral depravity of men and women etc., etc. would constitute literature. They are yet to realise their error. For the photostatic reproduction of whatever comes in our way properly belongs to a press reporter, not to a poet. Behind all this turmoil and woeful tales of naked atrocities often lurk subtle factors of ultimate truth. And to interpret the world of phenomena in terms of the hidden reality should be deemed as the true function of a poet. To cite an instance: the effect produced by watching the strangulated body of a maiden, or reading a faithful report of it, is radically different from reading a poem like Browning's *Porferia's Lover*, though between the two incidents there is an amazing degree of similitude. Need it be emphasised that, in the hands of genuine artists, such commonplaces should serve at best only as a medium to imprint the stamp of eternal verities in the minds of the votaries. Is it not in the concept of an adequate pattern of life and its approximate practical realisation that the content of all true culture consists? In order to achieve this, a poet needs develop as much power of introspection and a certain degree of philosophic bias as also capacity to observe the external world. Such a one could safely retire to any length from the world of actualities. This explains the secret of the hold Kalidasa's *Meghasandesa* has on every connoisseur, as the sweetest expression at once of unbridled sexual urge and the idealised form of love, despite the fact that the theme is highly ethereal and far removed from realities.

In contrast, many of the progressive-minded writers point to the pages of Karl Marx and his dialectical materialism as the last word on factors transcending the world of experiences, should an artist require any such. After all, is life on this planet so simple and handy a volume which unfortunately it is not, but highly complex, as to invest full intelligibility in a single commentator?

Of course, there is no cause for disappointment. The lead given by Asan has been taken up by Sri Nalapat Narayana Menon. Unlike others, he has not been a voluminous writer. He stands firmly to the centre of his personal experiences, and uses words and expressions with such consummate skill that they would dart piercingly through everything to the horizon around.

This appears to be his method. Hence, he eschews the gross and the ordinary;

only on rare occasions, when the minutest subtleties of truth containing the universal are apprehended, does he take his pen at all. A recent lyric of his begins:

"From out a crevice in a granite wall
A hardy weed pushed out and peeped
At me, Creation's Lord, whom Duty's call
Finds ever shrinking, terror-steeped."

and ends:

"From out a crevice in a granite wall
A weed did struggle to the light:
That lowly thing's regard proclaimed the truth
That weakness is the only sin,—
To do the things that daunt the soul in sooth
Saves thoughts of right and wrong within."

As must be apparent to the reader, poetry has reached a high level of excellence through the benignity of many celebrities noticed here and of lesser lights left unnoticed. To the same level prose has not attained. Only with the advance of English education and the development of the language press did prose begin to take shape. Some highly readable novels certainly appeared at the very dawn of the age. Quite a few good compositions of which we could legitimately be proud flowed from the pens of masters like the late O. Chandu Menon and C. V. Raman Pillai. The compositions of the latter, though smacking of the now much detested loyalty to feudal overlordship, still contain commendable factors of personality. True, we could boast of many more branches of developing prose, but it must be admitted that translations from foreign tongues, such as English and Bengali, rank the best among them. *Les Miserables* of Victor Hugo, translated about two decades and a half ago, stands out amongst this group. Besides crystallising the universality of our new outlook, it revealed in fullness the expressive capacity of our language. Naturally that rare specimen of translation became at once a target of attack by the orthodox and an object of adoration by the romantic youth.

With all the above, we must confess our insufficiency to hold up before the world any work of prose worth the name. Still, short stories, mono-act plays, essays and satirical writings are daily growing in volume.

To sum up: more than half of our writers prefer poetry to prose. The general impression that in the realm of literature poetry is heir to far more respectability than prose has not entirely faded out. People are yet to learn that the scope of poetry is much limited; that of all our experiences few only would lend themselves to poetic expression, consequently the poetic talent is of a specialised variety; and that a surfeit of poets does hardly reflect the health of any language. Gradually this truth is dawning upon our minds. The future can be looked to with confidence, for many who had taken earlier to poetry have begun to turn round to the venue of prose.

April 20, 1949 *(Translated by E. P. Sumithran from Malayalam)*

SCENTED GOLD

Syed Mujtaba Ali

As our system of education was not centralised in big cities, it could not be demolished by the Moghuls and the Pathans. The educational institutions at Banaras, which preserved the cultural life of India, were left undisturbed by the Moghuls and the Pathans.

But officials were required to run the administration. The court language was Persian. Hence, arrangements on a universal scale were made to teach Persian and Arabic. As Islam penetrated the interiors of the country, *Maktabs* and *Madrassahs* were established in villages. But it should be remembered that our *Tols* and *Pathshalas* were in no way suppressed. Their *Brahmottar* and *Devottar* lands were not confiscated.

A vast multitude learnt Arabic and Persian but, as neither of these two was the mother tongue of the Moghuls or the Pathans, no high class literature could grow in these languages. So much so, even history written in Persian and Arabic lacks literary originality very much, and to cover up this deficiency the Persian literature of this country is overburdened with metaphors and similia.

These things are somewhat irrelevant. The real point is that persons devoted to Indian culture and education in Sanskrit *Tols* and *Pathashalas* hardly felt the necessity of going to these *Maktabs* and *Madrassahs.* On the whole it can be supposed that the Brahmins never joined the Muslim educational institutions, because their rent-free lands were not confiscated, and to earn their livelihood they did not find it necessary to solicit the favour of the *Maktabs* and the *Madrassahs.*

But those other than Brahmins, epecially the Kayasthas in this country, has been for a long time earning their livelihood as government employees. As they never had rent-free lands to manage their family affairs and education, they had to be pushed about for that. They were proficient in the art of administration and could not, therefore, be checked by the Moghuls and the Pathans. They entered the *Maktabs* and the *Madrassahs* in large numbers and learnt Arabic and Persian excellently well. We see in the XVIII century that many Kayasthas and other Hindus wrote excellent histories in the Persian language.

We all know how, on account of the intermingling of the Hindus and the Muslims, the Tajmahal, the *Khayal* song, Moghul *tasvir*, Urdu literature, *choga-chapkan*, *kofta-kabab* are possible now. Many treatises and books have been written on this subject of union between the Hindus and the Muslims. And, as such, there is no need of speaking much about it here.

But the question is, why this union could not be possible in the field of religion? In answer the wise will remark: "Who says that it has not taken place? Nanak, Kabir and Dadu, all of them attempted to bring about a fusion of these two faiths, and though they were unsuccessful, yet there is no denying of the fact that they were able to inspire the spirit of tolerance and brotherhood among the masses of the Hindus

PLATE XLII

and the Muslims. The message which they have left behind is an invaluable asset to world culture.

Kabir and Dadu awakened the illiterate and half-literate masses to the true religion, but why did not the learned *Pandits* and the *Maulvis* try to bring together the two faiths? It is difficult to believe that they were all narrow-minded and fanatical. My question is why there could not be produced several *Dvisindhumilan* of Dara Shikoh, uniting the philosophy of the Upanishads and the Sufis?

This is not all. India is marked with six systems of thought. Indians might not have achieved anything, but they never gave up their philosophical speculations even during the gloomiest period of their national crisis. On the contrary, the Muslims also brought into this country the thought of the Greeks, and their own *Sinah* and *Gozzali* with them. But the strange fact is that no connection was established between these two currents of thought. It is a great pity that the descendants of the *Maulvis* and *Maulanas* on the one hand, and those of Varahamihira on the other, though residing in the same village, did not attempt to create a new philosophy uniting the two; although the latter advised the people to learn astronomy from the uncultured Muslims and the Greeks and the Arabs in Baghdad, and translated *Charaka, Susruta* and *Panchatantra* into their own language.

It is not possible to know, even after a thorough investigation of the whole Sanskrit literature, that in this country of Sanskrit literature the discussions were made on the philosophy of *Gozzali* by the *Bhattacharya Shastris* in their own villages, the history of *Khaldun* was discussed in Ibou the stories of the thousand and one nights was told, and the touchstone was searched.

In the same way, it cannot be denied that the Indian culture enshrined in the Persian literature is practically nil. In the later period, in which the Urdu literature came into existence, there were many Hindu authors no doubt, but because they knew Sanskrit they could not decorate the Urdu literature with the richest jewels of the Indian treasury.

So, it must be accepted that there had never been any intermingling of the Hindus and the Muslims in the field of knowledge and learning, any exchange of thoughts amongst them.

But from the middle of the XIX century everything was changed. On that very day when Persian lost its place as a court language, a third institution grew up. The *Chatuspathi* and the *Madrassah* were already there; now the English school came into existence.

In the beginning the Bhattacharya of *Chatuspathi* and the *Maulvi* of the *Madrassah* saved their families from this new system of education; as for their maintenance they had rent-free lands and *waqaf* property in plenty even then. But for the others, specially for the Kayasthas, there was no such arrangement. So, as once they used to take education from the *Maktabs* and *Madrassahs* just to get a government job, in the same way they left Persian and began to learn English as soon as English schools were established. (That the Calcutta High Court is mostly under the influence of the Kayasthas is in no way unreasonable or accidental.)

What followed next never happened to be before in the annals of Indian history. The Englishmen introduced just a sucking policy which resulted in the extreme poverty of our villages. It was not possible to run the *Chatuspathi* and the *Madrassahs* depending on *Brahmottar* and *Ankaff* lands. On the other side, the small amount of money which was superfluous was being stored up in the *Sadar Mahakumas* and big cities. To have a share of that money English must be learnt.

On the one hand to live in a village meant sure starvation, and on the other there was the attraction of earning money in the town. Despite that, how the *Shastris* and the *Maulvis* remained sticking to their *Chatuspathi* and *Maktab* upto their last breath in such a strange manner, is a matter of surprise. Even today when I see in the little village the *Shastri* and the *Maulvi*, poor, starved and afraid of the future, is bent upon Shankaracharya and Imam Abu Hanifa on the old *chattanas* of temples and the ruins of mosques, I cannot but bow down my head before this love of culture and tradition.

But the *Pandits* and the *Maulvis* of the whole country had to accept defeat. Their sons, even their daughters also, gradually entered the schools and colleges. The mission of Raja Rammohan Roy and Sir Syed Ahmed was fulfilled.

But the still greater thing and unprecedented happening in the history of India, so to say, is this, that descendants of the Hindu-Muslim pioneers of the education of India of those days began to study, sitting on the same seat, in the same school. In the Moghul days the Hindus who stepped into the *Madrassahs* used to become Moghul in all other respects except religion. But that thing did not happen this time, because in the meantime a unique thing named Nationalism has come to this place and, as a result of that, among the students, both Hindus and Muslims, new reactions have been created.

The sons of the *Shastri* and the *Maulvi* have begun to study sitting on the same bench—for this miracle English policy is to be thanked even against our will, but at the same time our heads are to be bent down in shame that we cannot unite these two. We have made arrangements for the study of Sanskrit and Arabic (and Persian too) in the same school, no doubt, but we are not able to find out a golden mean by which the same boy can learn both the things, can unite both the communities with a sane cord like Dara Shikoh's. That the English rule did not like to do it or allow it to be done is not the final answer—how can we deny that we cannot unite?

The English are no longer present here. We have full authority and right to spread education in India as well as in Pakistan. Even now we cannot lead our cosmopolitan educational efforts towards a great oneness. Though our freedom may be successful in the fields of politics and economics, yet we must confess our impotence in the field of culture and learning.

The state-language of which Panditji dreams is the vehicle of this national effort; so that language must not be Sanskritized or Persianised; so that Panditji may see his dreams materialise in his life time. I should say: "Live to be a hundred, live to be a thousand."

March 1949 (*Translated from Bengali*)

TAMIL: A RICH AND ANCIENT LITERATURE

S. R. S. Raghavan

In the ancient world cultures and civilisations grew and flourished mainly on river banks. The same was true of India too. The Indo-Gangetic valley in the North and the valleys of Cauvery and Vaigai in the South saw the early growth and development of two distinct types of culture, *viz.* the Aryan and the Dravidian, which later intermingled in the course of history and constituted the two main currents of the composite stream of Indian culture. In the literary field, the former was typified by Sanskrit literature and the latter by Tamil.

That Tamil was—and is—an independent language and that its literature had an independent basis and structure and individuality of its own, are now generally accepted propositions. Tamil phonetics have retained their individuality even to this day. While the sister Dravidian languages like Telugu and Kannada have bodily adapted Sanskrit sounds, Tamil has retained those which it has had from the earliest times, including one or two peculiar to itself.

Sanskrit Influence on a Distinct Language

Speaking of the distinct character of the Tamil language, as compared with Sanskrit, P.T. Srinivasiengar observes that "Sanskrit is a typical inflectional language with an elaborate accidence, but Tamil is an agglutinative language with a simple accidence. Tamil has a rigid syntax, whereas in a Sanskrit sentence any word can occupy any position."

The period at which the influence of Sanskrit commenced and the extent of this influence are, however, points on which controversy has raged. P.T. Srinivasiengar maintains that the influence started even with the earliest extant literature of Tamil, *viz. Tholkappiam*, the basic grammatical work of the Tamil language which is generally attributed by scholars to the I century A.D. He is of the opinion that Agattianar (the *guru* of the author of *Tholkappiam*) was responsible for introducing into Tamil from Sanskrit both the seven cases and the passive voice. Continuing, he says:

> "These are some of the first intrusions of Sanskrit culture into Tamil. The next was the introduction of words, concepts, poetic imagery, tales, mythological and otherwise, superstitious and scientific, moral and religious teaching, prosody, forms of poetry, and so on. As time passed, the invasion of Sanskrit culture gathered so much volume that Tamil literature became entirely dominated by that of Northerners, so much so that, to the man used only to later Tamil literature, the older seems, on account of its language, devoid of Sanskrit terms and of its natural (instead of the later artificial) imagery, as strange as if it were an alien one."

Antiquity of Tamil

What is the age of Tamil literature? When were its first works produced? Who were its first writers? To answer these questions, we have to dive in the first instance into the dim distant past of tradition and pre-historic antiquity. *Tamilakam*, as the land of the Tamils or the Dravidians is called in literature, is stated to have existed for at least a few thousand years before the second millennium B.C. Tradition places it beyond 10,000 B.C., during which period the three *Sangams*—as the Literary Academies of Tamil of those days were called—flourished at the capital of the Pandyan Kingdom. The land is supposed to have extended originally from sea to sea, projecting far into the southern waters. Two successive deluges are supposed to have effected the contraction of the land as we know of in the historical period.

Tradition apart, the question will have to be considered from the historical point of view. I have to make it clear and definite, in this connection, that the dates, epochs and periods mentioned in this article are the rough surmises of scholars in general. There is nothing definite, determinate or final about them, as controversy regarding them is still proceeding. The particulars which I give should, therefore, be understood strictly in the light of this limitation. From the historical point of view, scholars place *Tholkappiam* at about the I century A.D. This is a very well developed work on grammar and deals exhaustively with orthography, etymology and, most important and significant, with the subject-matter of literature. The last mentioned part deals with prosody, rhetoric, subjective emotions and objective *motifs*. Such a method of treatment naturally pre-supposes the existence of a fairly well developed literature, which must have been in existence for at least a period of 500 years before its literary method and matter could crystallise themselves into grammatical forms, conventions and usages. Another 500 years should be given for the literature to develop to that stage from simple rudiments. On these assumptions, it is safe to assume that the beginnings of Tamil literature date from at least the I millennium B.C.

Large Literary Output

Tamil literature is traditionally divided into three broad divisions, *viz. Iyal* (poetry), *Isai* (music) and *Natakam* (drama). Literature belonging to the latter two categories is non-existent, although the names of a few writings relating to these are mentioned in extant works. The first division is sub-divided into two parts called *Ilakkanam* and *Ilakkiam* (grammar and literary works proper). Barring the thousands of books which have been produced from the latter half of the last century, which we may conveniently call as the modern period, the classical literature—i.e. works produced from the beginning up to the middle of the XIX century—comprises of a few hundred books on a large variety of topics. Listing together the chief literary works and poets, M.S. Poornalingam Pillai has given a list of more than 500 works and 200 poets.

Sangam Literature and its Characteristics

The earliest extant works belong to what is known as the *Sangam* period, which can be historically placed between the V century B. C. and IV century A. D.

There had been three *Sangams*, and the second one can be taken to have ended by about the II century A.D. The only extant work of the first two *Sangams* is the *Tholkappiam*. The third *Sangam*—roughly between the II and IV centuries A.D.—was prolific in literary output. The *Sangams* were a peculiar institution of the ancient Tamil land. They can be roughly characterised as being the counterparts of modern literary academies in several countries; but they played a more vital rôle in the development of literature than the latter are playing at present. All poets of recognised distinction were members of the *Sangam*. What was of greater significance was not this membership, but the fact that no written work could be circulated as literature among the public until and unless it received the imprimatur of the *Sangam*. Thus was ensured in ancient *Tamilakam* that only good, wholesome and first class literature was circulated among the public.

The literary men who flourished during the first two *Sangams* and their works, with one outstanding exception, are mere names to us as, apart from scanty tradition, we know next to nothing either as regards the writers or their works. The leading figure of the first *Sangam* was Agattianar. He is said to have written the first grammatical work of the Tamil language. The Second *Sangam* was dominated by the personality of Tholkappianar the grammarian, a disciple of Agattianar, who wrote the great work *Tholkappiam*. This work is not only a great book on grammar, but is a piece of high literature in itself, as its third part, *Porul*, deals with the subject-matter of literature. It has many commentaries, the most important of them being the one by Nachinarkiniyar. The names and works of many poets of the third *Sangam* are known to us. The chief of the poets was Nakkirar, who wrote the *Thiru Muruga Atruppadai*. Other great and distinguished poets of the period were Thiruvalluvar, Auvai (two Auvais are mentioned), Kapilar, Thirumular, Idaikadar, Iraiyanar and Perum Thevanar. The works of these and other writers are classified under the heads *Patthu Pattu* (Ten Idylls), *Ettuthokai* (Eight Anthologies), and *Pathinen Keel Kanakku* (Eighteen Minor Didactics).

The main characteristic of the *Sangam* literature is that they are generally divided into two types, *viz.*, *Aham*, and *Puram*, which denote the nature of the subject-matter dealt with. The first refers to subjective emotions and the second to objective *motifs*. The former is generally love in its various forms and manifestations, and the latter generally war in its different aspects. Most of the works deal either with the one or the other. The *Tholkappiam*, in its third part called *Porul* (subject-matter), deals with both. Among the Eight Anthologies, *Aha Nanuru* is typical of the former and *Pura Nanuru* of the latter.

Another chief characteristic is the five-fold treatment of the land, which is physiographically divided into five parts called *Kurinchi* (mountain), *Palai* (desert), *Mullai* (jungle), *Naithal* (sea-shore) and *Maruthan* (fields). These five types have characteristics of their own, and out of them arise peculiarities in subjective emotions or objective incidents. Thus, *Aham* and *Puram*, mainly love and war, assume different manifestations when associated with these different types of land. Love is considered to assume five distinctive characteristics like *Punarthal* (union), *Pirithal* (separation),

Iruthal (patience in separation), *Irangal* (wailing over separation) and *Oodal* (sulking when before the object of love). Similarly, war is also dealt with under five distinctive heads called *Vetchi* (cattle raid), *Vahai* (victory), *Vanchi* (invasion), *Thumbai* (actual warfare) and *Uzhijnai* (siege).

Some *Sangam* Works

We shall now notice a few outstanding *Sangam* works. The first group of them relates to *Patthupattu*, or the Ten Idylls. Each idyll is a richly wrought descriptive poem in the most finished style. It is a portrait of nature in some of her pleasant or striking moods. It is sober in thought and accurate in representation. It is free from the fantasies and conceits which characterise some of the modern poems. The most important of these idylls is the *Thiru Muruga Atruppadai* by Nakkirar, dedicated to God *Muruga*, the patron diety of ancient *Tamilakam*.

Of the *Ettuthokai*, or Eight Anthologies, the best known are *Kalittokai* by Nallanthuvanar, containing 150 love songs under the five heads already mentioned; *Ahananuru* by Rudra Sanmanar, consisting of 400 lyrics on love, and *Purananuru*, by various writers, of the same size but dealing with war. The last mentioned work is of considerable historical value, as it refers to the kings of the three Tamil kingdoms and gives an insight into the political and social conditions of the Tamil land about 2,000 years ago. The treatment of love in the first two works is simply charmings. The style is easy flowing, the sentiments and expressions are quite natural and direct, in contrast to the pedantry and conventionalities of the later age. The love and hatred, the joys and sorrows, the passions and prejudices of a simple folk who speak what they mean and mean what they speak, are dealt with in a style which is at once simple, rhythmic, forceful and pleasing.

The Maxims of Thiruvalluvar

The last category of *Sangam* literature, called *Pathinen Keel Kanakku*, consists of 18 collections and deals with worldly virtues. The style is terse, and expression forceful. The highest watermark of this kind of style is reached in the immortal *Thirukkural* (*The Maxims of Thiruvalluvar*) by Thiruvalluvar.

The greatest work of this class, one of the most outstanding productions of Tamil literature and a great work of international reputation, this book contains 133 chapters of ten couplets each, each chapter being devoted to the elucidation of a particular moral maxim. It consists of three parts, dealing respectively with the first three of the four great *Purusharthas* or "Aims of Life," *viz.* *Aram* (Duty), *Porul* (Wealth) and *Kamam* (Love), leaving out the fourth and final Aim, *viz.* *Veedu* or "Liberation of the Soul," for self-realisation. It is in the *Sutra* or aphoristic style, and contains a series of maxims on wisdom and right conduct, and on the need to avoid unwise or evil acts. It embodies a series of "dos" and "don'ts" for right living, and these have been expressed in a poetic language which is brevity itself, but pregnant with the utmost significance to the happy, prosperous and well ordered existence of humanity. The *Kural* should be considered a masterpiece of the Tamil literature

and a gem of world literary production. It has been very widely translated into Indian and foreign languages. There are numerous standard commentaries on it, the best known being that by Parimelazhagar.

THE FIVE *Kavyas* : *Silappadhikaram*

After the *Sangam* literature, we have the five major *Kavyas* or epic poems (also five minor ones) called *Manimekalai* by Sathanar, *Silappadhikaram* by Ilankovadigal, *Jivaka Chintamani* by Thiruthakka Thevar, and two others which are known only by their names. These are considered post-*Sangam* productions, belonging to what is known as the *Kavya* period by some scholars, who place them round about the V century A.D., while others include them among the *Sangam* literature and place them near the II century. The literature of this class shows the profound influence of Buddhism and Jainism on Tamil literature. The author of *Manimekalai* was a Buddhist, while the writer of *Silappadhikaram* was a Jain monk of the *Nirgrantha* sect. The author of *Jivaka Chintamani* was also a Jain. While these epics possess literary excellence of the highest order, they are intended by their writers to exalt their respective faiths over others prevailing at that time in the Tamil country.

Manimekalai, or "The Jewel Belt," deals with the life of a dancing girl by birth, who, through the influence of a Buddhist monk, casts off her evil profession and devotes her life to a pure service of humanity. After various vicissitudes and adventures, including the story of a prince falling in love with her, she settles down as a Buddhist nun, doing penance for *Nirvana* (final extinction from the cycle of births and deaths). The style is elegant, and descriptions of natural scenery are extremely imaginative and interesting. *Silappadhikaram*, or the "Lay of the Anklet," is the pathetic tale of the heroine Kannaki who is deserted by her husband, Kovalan, a merchant-prince, in favour of a dancing girl. Later, he becomes a pauper and returns to Kannaki, to turn over a new leaf. Kannaki spares him her pair of anklets, to be sold at Mathurai. In that town, while trying to dispose of one of the anklets, Kovalan is caught as a thief and killed in the presence of the Pandyan king. Kannaki bewails the loss of her husband and becomes terrifically enraged. She proves that Kovalan is innocent, and her righteous anger kills the king and consumes the whole of Mathurai in flames. The plot, after opening revelry and merriment, is one of deep pathos from beginning to end. The tempo is excellently worked up till the last act of the tragic drama. Evil triumphs for a while; but enraged virtue is able to destroy all wickedness at one stroke. This is poetic justice of a spiritual character. The plot of the *Silappadhikaram* can be characterised as one of the greatest moving tragedies which any poet has conceived in any part of the world.

Jivaka Chintamani portrays the love story and adventures of a prince called Jivaka, into which the tenets of the Jain philosophy have been cleverly woven. Its plot is extremely interesting and its poetry sublime.

Bhakti PERIOD : *Thevaram* AND *Thiruvaimozhi*

After the epic age, we have the *Bhakti* period, which roughly extends from the V to the X century A. D. Saivite and Vaishnavite *Bhaktas*, or "Devotees of God", rose one after another, poured out their inspiring songs of devotion to Shiva and Vishnu respectively, and thus contributed in a large measure to the disappearance of Buddhism and Jainism. The best known Saiva saints or *Nayanmars* are Sambhandhar, Appar and Sundarar, whose works are collectively known as *Thevaram*. Another well-known saint was Manikkavasagar, who wrote *Thiruvasagam*. The Vaishnavaite saints are known as *Alvars*. They are twelve in number, the chief of them being Nammalwar, Thurumangai, Kulasekharar, Perial war and Andal (the last, a female devotee). Their works are collectively known as *Thiruvaimozhi* or *Divyaprabhandham*, containing 4,000 verses in the aggregate. These three works are intensely devotional, deeply emotional and highly spiritual. They are very simple in language, although their words and stanzas are intended to convey high and complicated philosophic concepts. As poetical pieces they are excellent in diction, moving and forceful in their appeal, full of poetic imagination and sublime in the extreme. They are not mere poetry in the ordinary sense of the term, but the inspired outpourings of a highly emotional heart trying to beat in unison with the spiritual rhythm of the universe and its Maker.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF TAMIL LITERATURE: *Ramayana*

From the XI to the XIV century can be termed the Golden Age of Tamil Literature. It was during this period that the poet Kamban lived and wrote his immortal *Ramayana*. Other great poets thrived. In quantity and quality the output was very large. Poetry reached the highest water-mark of perfection—in style, imagery, variety, manner and method and subject matter. Whatever prose literature there is to the credit of Tamil was produced during the period. The age also saw the production of many standard commentaries on older works. The great grammatical work *Nannool* belongs to this period.

Kamban is known as *Kavichakravarthi*—"Emperor among Poets." He is to Tamil literature what Kalidasa is to Sanskrit, Shakespeare to English, Tulsidas to Hindi, Potana to Telugu and Lakshmisa to Kannada. Although he borrowed his main plot—and also the several details—from the Sanskrit *Ramayana* by Valmiki, the beautiful way in which he has portrayed his characters and given life to dry incidents, make him an artist of the highest order. Each of his characters is a titanic personality who embodies a noble virtue or a demoniac vice. In the art of humanising characters he is unrivalled. It is the considered opinion of many critics that wherever he shows departure from his source, his change is an improvement for the better from the point of view of art and characterisation.

The other great poets of the age were Ottakuthan, Kamban's rival, who wrote the *Uttarakhanda* (the last chapter) of the latter's *Ramayana*; Pugalenthi who wrote *Nalavenba*, in the *Venba* metre in which he is considered to be unrivalled; Jayam

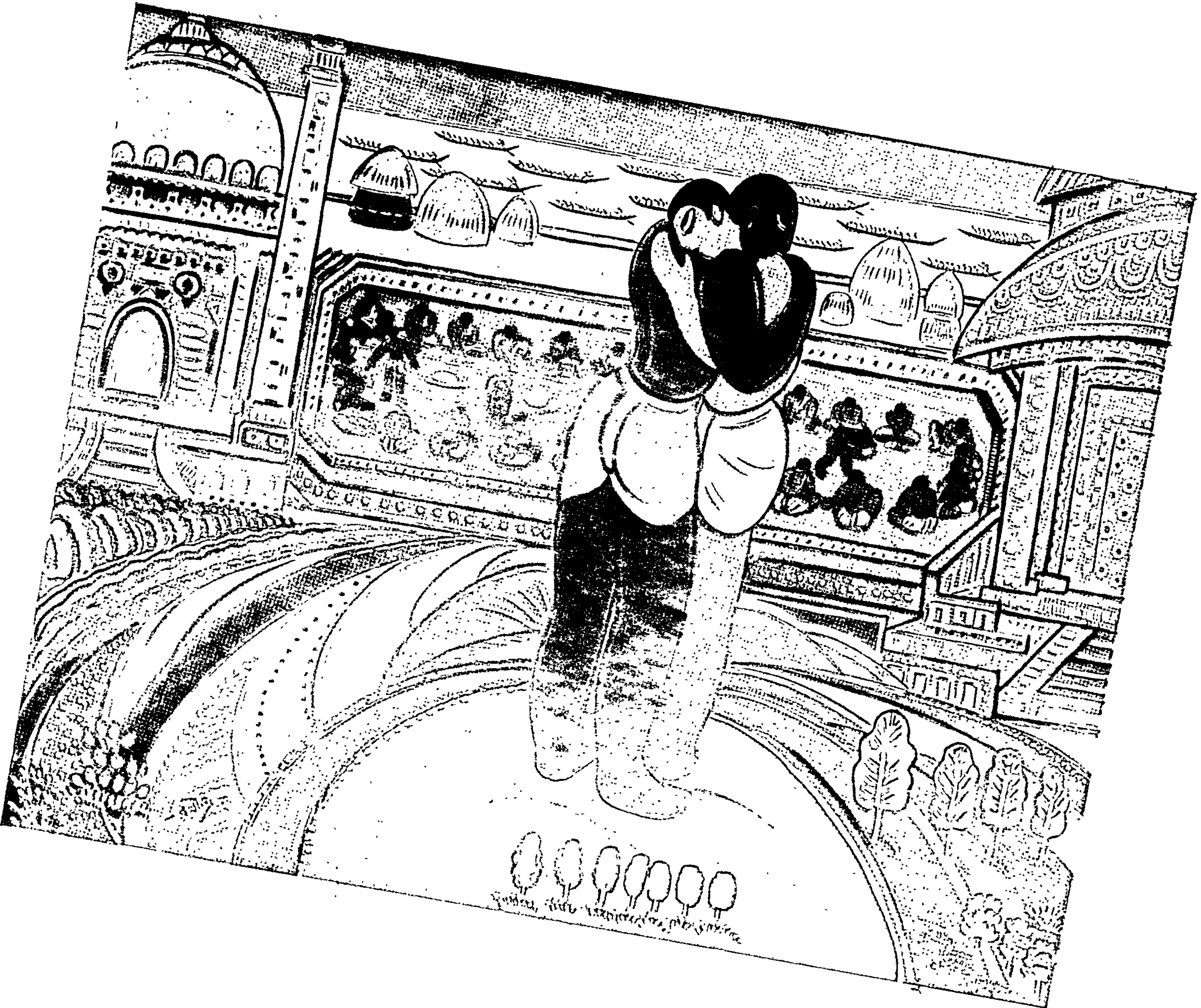


PLATE XLIII

Kondar, author of *Kalingathuparani* (a historical work), and various other writers too numerous to mention.

After 1400 A.D., there was a decline in the quantity and quality of literature produced. There were numerous works, but, with a few exceptions (like Villiputhurar's *Bharatam*, Athiveerarama Pandian's *Naidadam*, Arunagiri Nathar's *Thiruppugal*, etc.), they were of a miscellaneous character and not of the most outstanding type. Some foreign missionaries also contributed to the development of Tamil literature. A work on the life and teachings of the holy Prophet Muhammad was also produced.

Modern Period

The modern period, commencing from the middle of the XIX century, started a renaissance in Tamil literature. Tamil came for the first time under the influence of Western literature, particularly English. Indian literatures like Bengali, Hindi and Marathi also exerted their influence. As a result of all these and other factors, there has been an increasingly intense activity during the present century. Tamil literature has been exploring fresh fields and pastures new. Prose, drama, novel, short story, literary criticism, essay and various other forms of literature, not produced or insufficiently produced so far, have been and are being developed. Tamil journalism and platform-speaking Tamil have also developed wonderfully.

Tamil is at present in an age of dynamic literary revival. The main spring of this dynamism was the late Subramanya Bharati, whose soul-stirring national songs have swept the country with intense patriotism and nationalism for the last 50 years. Tamil language has always shown that it is full of creative vitality. It has always played a noble part in the synthesis of Indian culture. Great as was its contribution for this purpose in the past, greater still will it be in the future. The grand past and the vigorously living present fully justify this Great Expectation.

November 3, 1949



Indian Letters



PLATE XLIV

CONFLUENCE OF PAST AND PRESENT

Adivi Bapiraju

Our double bullock cart with the white oxen, like two small snow-laden Himalayan peaks, was lumbering forward like moonlight spreading over hill and dale. The moon was sailing high in the blue skies on a pearly-lighted chariot drawn by white swans. The fields on either side of the road were silent in the magic of moonlight.

Man travels night or day in moonlight or starry-light; in burning sun or under the cloud-laden skies. He travels in his life either to sorrow or to joy. Our double bullock cart was going to the famous place of art and history, the valley of Nagarjuna's Hill, to the ruins of Vijayapura, once the capital of the famous Andhra Ikshvakus. Till recently this place had not been identified as the *Apara Saila Sangharama*. That was left to the archaeologist who dug out the mounds—the ruins of many Buddhist *Stupas*—revealing the exquisite sculpture of ancient Andhra.

The present travels to the past, and the past travels forward to the present. Nagarjuna was a famous Andhra saint of the I century of the Christian era. He was revered as an *avatar* of the Buddha. He was the father of the famous *Mahayana* school.

As we were travelling, the road was slowly climbing up to the pass that leads to the deep valley of Vijayapura. I heard a deep emotion-burdened song, sung in the fields by a dreaming farmer youth.

"To what distances we travel, O Maiden!
Along this narrow path, O Maiden !
To what trysting place of love, O Maiden!
We travel along this path of stone and thorn, O Maiden!"

In tune with that distant song small birds were chirping now and then, whenever they woke up and when a moonbeam lighted on them. I slept to this lullaby sung by the farmer and the feathery musicians.

II

I woke up when the Dawn-maiden's rosy smiles were on the eastern peak, to find ourselves in the pass. The old bastions of the Ikshvakus were on either side of our pass on two peaks, and before me, four or five hundred feet below, lay the smiling valley of Vijayapura. The road from the pass to the valley was very steep and a hamlet or two were peeping up in the distance in that rambling valley. The river Krishna flowing rapidly in that narrow gorge of the Nallamalas was on three sides of this beautiful valley. The river which has been flowing endlessly from the distant dim past to this vivid present, is the confluence of the past and

the present, of cultures new and old, and of the waters of the Western Hills and the Eastern Bay of Bengal.

We got down. Our path turned and twisted, and we were at the gate of the Museum that houses the sculptures and carvings excavated from the Buddhist *Stupas*. Except these *Stupas*, there were no remnants of the ancient town of Vijayapura. The *Vihara* of Nagarjuna was on the hillock at one end of the valley, and perhaps for that reason it is called Nagarjuna Hill.

I went into the Museum, and a beautiful world of the ancient Andhras unfolded itself before me and, as though by the power of a magic wand, I was transported to those far-off centuries. From one sculptured stone to another I slowly wended my way. I saw there revealed a life of beauty and struggle very similar to that of the present. If only we can look into the present with a higher vision, we see in it, and beyond it, at first the shadow and then the reality of the far distant ages.

There were kings and queens, princes and princesses, monks and *rishis*, warriors and villagers, court damsels and village maids. There were the gardens of the king and the fields of the villager. There were palaces and huts. There were beasts and birds. There were bullock carts and chariots drawn by horses. It was a world at once beautiful and mystic.

The dresses and ornaments of people have not changed much, nor their features and contours. Like the faces of modern men and women their faces shone with joy, or were dark with pain. The gait and the poise, the posture and the expressions were the glorification of the life of the present.

III

I have to come out of the Museum to prepare my meal and the meal of the cart-man. While I was cooking under the shadow of the *neem* tree by the side of a well nearby, I observed men and women working happily in the fields. I overheard the conversation between a maiden and her swain.

He : I hope this year our field will yield a good return of *cholam*.

She : Why not also of marigold flowers?

He : Perhaps to adorn your raven locks.

She : No! to decorate your broad chest and give joy to your crooked heart.

He : Not as crooked as your looks.

She : But crookeder than the running serpent.

He : Not as crooked as your walk.

She : Who wants to walk with you?

He : Who wants to talk with you?

She : And so I will go away to the end of the field. I will talk to myself. I will talk to the birds and to the silent Hill of Nagarjuna.

He : Nagarjuna will come to look at your beauty, stepping down from his Hill.

The maiden walked away in anger. I recognised in that scene a small panel in which a man and a woman were sculptured as angry lovers. Their faces were turned

away from each other, and on the man's face chagrin and regret were portrayed with a masterly hand; and on the woman's face shame, anger and sorrow were delineated with an exquisite touch.

IV

After my siesta, I began again carefully to observe the power of the Andhra artist of yore; the grace and charm of his touch; and the bliss-laden concentration of the master sculptor. As I contemplated the Buddha either seated in his *padmasana* pose, or as walking amongst men and women with a begger's bowl, his right hand in *chinmudra* pose, preaching his gospel of Love and *ahimsa*, those sculptures of the Buddha melted away, and there arose before me a vision of the Father of our Nation doing the same divine work twenty-four hundred years after this "Light of Asia" preaching the same sacred Truth. Those kings and ministers of yore are, perhaps, our leaders today; and I thought I saw in our nation's Prime Minister the fulfilment of the mission of Nagarjuna, the alchemist of love and adventure, of dreams and achievement, of work and vision.

Often I came across the swain that worked in the field nearby, and I did not know how he and the maiden were related. The three days that I remained in the valley of the Nagarjuna Hill, the maiden and her sweetheart were not in a loving mood towards each other. I was curious and enquired about them, and I was told that they were newly married and the maid had come to her "Lord" only a few months before.

The fourth day happened to be the *Vinayaka Chaturthi*, the first festival of the year. Early in the morning I went to the river Krishna for a bath. The river was in spate. Brown muddy waters were rapidly flowing past, in whirlpools and in rapids. The level of the river was high along the gorge, from mountain to mountain. The multi-templed village of Eleswaram on the other side—the border of the Hyderabad State—was looking down, contemplating this mighty, beautiful river flowing from eternity to eternity.

Those Kakatiya temples erected by Ganapati Deva and his daughter Rudrama Devi, perhaps wondered at their birth and thought that the river herself gave birth to them. The queenly river Krishna, ancient maiden of the South, daughter of the Western Mountain and sister of the monsoon-wind, had seen the birth of the nations, rejoiced in their growth and sorrowed over their fallen glories. *Rishis*, kings and armies crossed her waters many a time, and lovers sailed over them through fragrant nights, singing songs of joy and love. This beloved river is now rejoicing over the birth of a new giant nation of the free people of India, children of the great ancient tradition of *rishis* and law-givers, scholars and tillers of the soil, fashioning a new nation with hope, faith and vigour, never again to be slaves till the end of time.

V

That morning while I was cooking my special festival food, the couple in the field nearby timidly approached me with a basket. I was wonderstuck.

"Have you made up your quarrel with your young wife?," I queried the shy youth.

With a thrill playing in his honest eyes he replied: "It was really not a quarrel, Sir. How could I ever quarrel with a beautiful girl like this?," he laughed; "ask her if you like," and he looked at her. With shyness lighting up her face, she bent her head and said: "Master, it was really not a quarrel but the joy in our hearts. Here is our humble offering to you."

I saw in that basket fresh vegetables, three or four oranges, and wood-apples and flowers. My eyes became moist with tears and I thought: Oh! Eternal India! my Mother and Teacher, Mother of the nations of the world! Thou hast always been full of love and Thy simple children following the path of Truth and *Dharma* are rising once more to be the guides of this warring world, to the land of peace and harmony.

Nagarjuna, these ancient works of art, and the couple before me, with the surging river Krishna in the background, have all become the tunes of one great eternal Harmony of Love and Beauty.

June 10, 1949 (*Translated from Telugu*)





PLATE XLV

ONE OR TWO ROSES

Buddhadeva Bose

He took off his coat, his necktie and shirt, and, with a quick movement of hands and feet, draped himself in *dhoti* as his trousers sagged to his feet. The *dhoti*, as he knew to his cost, was a wily garment; it played tricks on him just when he was in a hurry; —now the pleat would come up too short, and then the tail would go too tight— and so on every time till he broke into a sweat. He was afraid this would happen to him now, in this stuffy bathroom where he was really a trespasser, and had almost set his teeth for the struggle, but for once he got the better of the *dhoti* and hit it off in the first round. Good! Pleased, but without slackening speed—for he was keeping Kartik waiting—Pratap moved to the basin, sprinkled his face and hair with water, and, after wiping his hands in a handkerchief which he took out from a pocket of his discarded coat, slipped on the silk *punjabi* he allowed himself to wear on only very special occasions. It was a precious relic of the pre-atom era, unmistakably frayed by now, but silk, real Indian silk. Feeling its unaccustomed softness round his neck, he had a moment's sense of luxury as he transferred the contents of his coat pockets to the two pockets of the *punjabi*: his purse, cigarettes and matches, his pocket-comb, and a clean fresh handkerchief he had carried but not once used in the course of the day. Well, he was ready, and it wasn't so bad either; there wasn't anything he had forgotten. Smiling to himself, he stretched his feet towards the pair of smart black sandals he had bought earlier in the month, but stopped short, puzzled, for the feet wouldn't go...Ah, those socks.

Pratap stooped to remove this last vestige of his wage-earning clothes, straightened himself, and, comb in hand, stood before the mirror. But here, again, he had to stoop, or rather bend his knees and hunch his shoulders, for the mirror was adjusted to suit the wretched height of the boss, Mr. Ghose, and it was only by assuming that unusual posture that he could manage to meet his own eyes in the mirror. It was a painful posture, but he was rather long in it, seriously, severely examining the face which represented him to the eyes of the world. For the thousandth time he tried to say to himself: "Well, it's passable, after all!," and for the thousandth time he simply could not bring out the words, not even in the complete privacy of a bathroom. No, nothing had changed, nothing. The remarkable fact that this was his Maya-*bowdi's* birthday, and the still more remarkable fact that he had been asked to the birthday party, had changed nothing at all. Though the mirror was bad and the light dim, it was incontestably clear that he carried exactly the same lineaments. Pratap, fascinated by his own ugliness, scrutinized every feature. The forehead, with its huge protruding bone, was like a ridge that prevented the eyes from being properly seen; the nose was flat; the cheeks were sunken and disfigured with pimples; and the hair, dis-

tributed with a cruel, uniform sparseness over the skull, was dull and lifeless. Pratap shook his head gravely as easily, far too easily, the comb glided through the hair. He thought of those days when his hair had first begun to fall—he was only twenty-two then—of his dismay, his alarm, his hopes—his foolish hopes—and all those months of fooling with chemists and quacks. It was a relief to be convinced that there was nothing for it now but to get bald—it saved trouble and money, anyway—and not only a relief, but positively, as time passed, something to look forward to. For, baldness, Pratap had carefully calculated, had its advantages as well. Now, at twenty-seven, he would like nothing better than to get properly and decently bald; it would give him the look of a gentleman, quite a respectable gentleman, so that those impudent fellows selling things in shops would not keep him waiting till everybody else was served, and someday in a crowded tram some decent college boy might give up his seat to the elderly gentleman, and even, if the rumour be true and Ghose *saheb* is loaned to the Railways, the new boss, struck by the bald, grave head, might recommend him for the post of the Chief Assistant to the Accountant, for which he had had three successive applications rejected. All this was neatly arranged in Pratap's mind, and he had been waiting and hoping, but nothing had happened as yet. He was not respectably bald, nor was his skull properly covered; he had only awful wisps of scraggy hair. Yes, it was awful, and those sunken cheeks were awful, and the pimples were awful, too, and it wouldn't make things the least bit better—or worse—if he got as bald as an advertisement photograph.

With a groan he gave up the crooked posture, which he only then realised to have been like that of a frog in a child's picture book. It was ridiculous, of course, but not more so than the long, lean, hollow figure which the mirror reflected as he straightened himself. "But aren't you taking a risk? And in dirty Calcutta, too!" How many times had he heard this said, and how well he knew what it meant. That was the only feeling he excited in people, one of pity, and fear—fear, not that something should happen to *him*, but lest he should infect *them*. And he couldn't blame them for it, for, with his hollow, lank, leanness, he did look a consumptive. Their words, those affectedly casual words, were bitter but true, and the thought of death was dreadful. Sometimes, waking up in the middle of the night, he would feel he was having tuberculosis just then, had had it already, and was already half-dead; he would lie huddled in terror for the rest of the night and rush to a doctor the first thing next morning....Ah, the precious money he had wasted on doctors and drugs and special diet! Nothing had done him any good! That long, lean, ugly, haggard body was his inseparable companion for life—yes, for life, and it may be a long life, too, for the doctors had not even declared him a consumptive, and, listening to their talk, full of long and strange words, he had realized that the disease was far too distinguished for him.

Pratap moved away from the mirror and packed up in the little suitcase his working clothes, casting a rather tender glance at the two-year old dark-grey suit of excellent *Karnatic* cloth which people took for woollen stuff till they came close. Anxious to hide as much of his body as possible, he had firmly resisted the war-born

fashions, and, in spite of the blitz of the bush-shirt and the second front of open necks and half-sleeves, had kept up the old style, down to socks and shoes, though the price of this last item had of late gone up really terribly. These shoes he wrapped up in the same sheet of *Bangla Bazar* as had sheltered his sandals all day, but unlike the sandals they now got into the way of the suitcase lid, which rather threatened to come off under the smallest strain. Pratap, therefore, changed his plan, and emerged from the bathroom with two pieces of package, a shaky suitcase dangling from one hand, and under the other arm a shapeless bundle displaying the word *Bazar*. Thus encumbered, he took short, quick steps down the dim passage, mentally preparing himself for a second encounter with Kartik.

Kartik, Mr. Ghose's bearer, had agreed to Pratap's using the *saheb's* bathroom only after Pratap had tipped him eight annas, and on condition that he should wait till every body had left office. Pratap had paid what he thought was a fair price for the privilege of changing in the office, and yet, as he approached Kartik, he felt timid and small.

Astraddle on his stool, Kartik was humming a film tune and beating time on his knees. He did not rise as Pratap came up to him, nor did he change his position, but at least he stopped humming.

"Here," said Pratap, as he deposited his things on the floor. "Put them away somewhere—in some safe place—won't you?"

"Oh, they'll be all right," Kartik blandly answered, without looking either at the things or their owner.

But Pratap was far from assured. What if Kartik should leave them lying as they were, to be picked up by the sweeper the first thing next morning? Ah, his sturdy good Kanpur shoes! Thirty rupees he had bled for the pair! Unnerved, he flicked out his purse.

"Now, mind—"

This second half-rupee went very well, for Kartik not only rose to his feet, but threw in a perfunctory *salam*. "Right in the *saheb's* room I'll keep them," he whispered, though there wasn't a soul within earshot. "But tomorrow you must—"

But Pratap did not wait to hear the rest. A sudden wind filled out his sails and thrust him forward. Smoothly he glided across the large, deep hall, now strangely empty; airily he passed the little table where every day from nine to five he sat, bent-back, working out sums; lightly, with long legs, he tripped down the stairs. Tall, after all, he was, remarkably tall for a Bengali, lacking a narrow inch to six feet. That fat, red, round Mr. Ghose, with his salary of sixteen hundred rupees, was barely upto his chest. And that knave of a Kartik, who tried his cheek on the Accountant himself—well, he had put the fellow in his place at last.

Ah!

In the street he drew a deep breath and cast his eyes about. Evening, already—night. How short these winter days! In front of him the West End House; big

round clock glowing. Twenty to six. Appointment at six-thirty—good word, appointment. Twenty minutes to get to Elgin Road. Plenty of time. Better a little late, just a little late. Correct form, they say. Where now? Anywhere. Free.

Pratap cast a cold look at the man-packed trams as he turned jauntily away from the tram-stop where habit had led him. With the air of a man used to taxis, but taking a stroll for pleasure, he walked down Old Court House Street in long, slow strides, holding his long frame up, high up, and wondering what present to buy for the birthday. Fifteen rupees was his limit, and that would leave him with a bare fiver for the ten dry days between tomorrow and next pay day. But did that matter? Nothing mattered; nothing could darken the happiness he was going to have—was already having. To be in that rich bright drawing room, to listen to Sami-*da's* soft fine talk, to watch Maya-*bowdi's* fine rich movements—all these were a joy at any time, and how much more of a joy—would they be—on this great festive day! The thought spread over his mind like a sunset cloud, taking on colour after colour, all beautiful..... But colours vanished, leaving the blank of dusk, and suddenly, like the first star, appeared what was most beautiful of all. It was *she*. With his mind's eye he saw her, her face and hair and eyes, and so vividly that his heart beat faster and his feet stopped....Chhaya was her name. What a beautiful name!

Standing at the corner of the American Express Building, Pratap looked across Curzon Park at Chowringhee, glittering again after the blacked-out years. The blue and green and golden lights twinkled at him and called: "Come, Come. Come here." He felt a great rush of life, of the joy of living and the hunger to live, and with bold quick steps made straight for the brightest spot in that brightness—the arcade of the Metro Cinema. The matinee was just over; the crowd was thick. Pratap saw faces and fashions, and lovely women stooping to get into cars. But this was life. But pleasure was life. What did men live for, but pleasure? A thousand cars were chasing pleasure, a thousand lights were showing the way, and pleasure was on display in a thousand shops. Come. Come here. Here. They were all calling, they were all claiming—him. Yes; he, too, belonged; he, too, had a part to play.

Ah!

Pratap threaded his way through the brilliant crowd, sniffing the heavy air. It was the breath of pleasure, scented and warm. Must this suffice him, this breath, glimpse, wink? Must he only breathe the odour that others give out? No! Stretch your hand, he said to himself, and seize the whole of it, the flesh, the substance, life itself. But how to get about it? Where to begin?

The exact answer to this question came from the vapoury odour issuing from a row of little restaurants he was then passing. His great, vague hunger for living was instantly defined, and hunger for food whipped his inside.

Get into one? Why not? That better, really; better not be there with his awful after-office appetite. Gobble-gobble, ogre-fashion, *there*? Shuddering at the thought, Pratap mounted the two steps of the Café de Romeo and ordered a prawn cutlet and a cup of tea.

The cutlet seemed a meagre bite, but he refrained from ordering a second, lest it should prevent him from partaking of the coming repast. And a beautiful, exquisite repast it certainly would be. "But you aren't eating anything!" Maya-*bowdi* would complain. "Won't you try that *sandesh*?" He would hear a gentle murmur behind him, and turning round he would meet the eyes of...Chhaya.

This was the first time Pratap could utter that name in his thoughts without a thump in the heart. Struck by this own boldness, he leaned back in the chair in the restaurant, lit a cigarette and gave himself over to his dearest and most secret thoughts. Of course in the seven months of their—well, acquaintance, she had not spoken seven words to him, and did not generally seem particularly aware of his existence. But who knows but everything might suddenly change one day...today...tonight? If one miracle could have happened in his life, why not another? For what but a miracle it was that he of all persons should have come to know the famous film-director, Samiran Sanyal, and been not only admitted to the Sanyal's drawing room, but actually invited to Mrs. Sanyal's birthday party? In his heart he knew that the invitation had been the merest trick of luck, but there *is* such a thing as luck, isn't there? Certainly he was on the brink of some great event; why, else, should he chance to have been there last Sunday morning just as Amar Mitter was taking his leave? "Don't forget about Tuesday." "Forget Maya's birthday!" Sami-*da's* reminder and Mitter's reply were both uttered in his presence. And before he had been seated, Sami-*da* had brought out those casual, momentous words which, Pratap had felt, would have never been uttered if he had come in half a minute later. "Now, Pratap, if you are free on Tuesday evening..." What courtesy!

Such courtesy, such refinement of manners, Pratap had never known before. At home, Baba shouted as if he'd pull down the roof of the house, and Ma didn't trouble to put a chemise on her back all through the hot months. The brothers hollered round *pan*-shops in the lane, and smoked one cigarette between the three of them, passing it round from mouth to mouth. Agony to live with them, agony to come home after an hour at the Sanyal's. And yet the great thing was that, between the grinding office and the horrid home, he had found another world, a world of light, his own private paradise. And it had come about so easily!

Distinctly, as he sipped his tea, Pratap remembered that Saturday afternoon when Subodh Bagchi, the only friend he had ever had in the office, had taken him down to Tollygunge to see the inside of a film studio. A special day it seemed it was, for there were other visitors, ruddy gentlemen and flashy ladies, who, as soon as the hour-long shooting of a half-minute scene was over, started talking all together, as if to make up for the period of involuntary silence. Pratap, whom the shooting had disappointed, was beginning to feel lost, when Subodh tapped him on the back and whispered: "Come!" And the next moment he found himself face-to-face with two, as it seemed to him, incarnations of dream, two young slim forms of radiance, but one slimmer, younger, more radiant. "Maya-*bowdi*, meet my friend..." But Pratap scarcely heard Subodh's voice, and could utter no more than vague

sounds when Mrs. Sanyal, although pressed on by others, spoke to him a few words apart. He had an idea that they were trite, enchanting phrases, and the younger beauty, though she said nothing and was looking away, had on her face the most enchanting expression.

"The other one is her sister?" he couldn't keep himself from asking as the two friends were on their way back.

"Who? Chhaya? Of course! The two are much alike, aren't they?"

Pratap pondered. It was quite obvious that Mrs. Sanyal was somewhat like her younger sister, but *she* like anybody else? Impossible. Simply herself she was.

"And is Mrs. Sanyal very fond of her sister?" was his next question.

"Of course! She's brought her down to stay with her in Calcutta. Good of her, and good for Chhaya, one must say."

Pratap felt offended by the careless manner in which Subodh uttered that name. "How so?" he gravely asked.

"Calcutta completes one's education, you know."

"But she is perfect! What education can she need?" Pratap thought, though he did not say so.

"And, to be sure, Maya-*bowdi* will find her a goodly husband while she's about it."

Pratap turned his face away from this horrible, profane creature as Subodh seemed to him then, and suppressed a sigh that rose in his breast. Ah, that he should never see her—them—again!

"If you wish," Subodh continued in the same careless tone, "I'll take you down to their place one day." And then Pratap distinctly saw that Subodh's face was like an angel's.

Oh yes, Subodh was an angel. Not only was he some sort of a cousin of the Sanyals, but, as Pratap felt on the first visit to the flat, liked by them for his own sake. Pratap, nestling closer under wings, got a second visit out of him, but before the time came for a third, the angel, all of a sudden, flew away to far-away Bombay on the wings of a better job. It was terrible—terrible to keep away from that abode of bliss. Pratap tried it for days and, finally, conquering all qualms, ventured on his own. Nobody seemed to mind his presence. He went a step further and, on Subodh's analogy, called Mr. Sanyal Sami-*da* and Mrs. Sanyal Maya-*bowdi*. Nobody seemed to mind his claim to kinship. Sami-*da* was a good, kind man, and Maya-*bowdi*, manifestly the nicest person on earth, so much knew how to put one at one's ease that a moment alone with them gave one an after-bath feeling. The great pity, of course, was that they were seldom alone, and their visitors were all very superior persons. But Pratap persisted in his visits, and months passed, and—well, here he was today, asked to the birthday party.

But won't he be late! And that present to buy!

He paid the bill and stepped hurriedly out, turning left to Corporation Street, and right, again, towards the Hogg Market. To buy—what? Lovely gifts those people would be sure to bring. Distinguished they all were. Writers, artists, actors.

In that rich bright circle, he? Why not? He, too, belonged. He was alive, and that was enough. The warmth of the crowd pressed on him; lights in shops called to him. Calling. Coming. Must buy. What? See and decide.

Christmas was near, and the Market was a simmering cauldron. White and brown, sari and gown, khaki and navy-blue, Parsis, Chinese—Negroes, too. Right through the throng he wedged, puffing out his narrow chest and trying to look as if he knew what he wanted, and was heading straight to a shop for it. Rows of Christmas cards flashed past him, women's garments, woollen clothes, tent-shaped pink and mauve brassieres. At the central foyer he paused, looked at the fat, smiling Chinese taking his weight on the weighing machine, and, just because he had to take a turn, turned right. Silk and silver, amber and ivory, pearls, furs, lovely lacquer tables of vermilion. Temptation of eye Pratap held back. But...? Think of something. Must. A sandalwood box? Scent with a strange name? Or dare that tiny, black Buddha? No. Ahead. Stop.

He stopped at the Lindsay Street end of the Market. Now? Back the same way, or try another alley of luxury? As he shuffled on his feet, his eyes, at last, were trapped. There was a glow on his left, different, unexpected, as of something living and not to be found in shops....Flowers. Yes. He turned to the first flower-stall, besieged by a squad of *firingi*[1] girls, ca-cawing like macaws. He waited with an indifferent air, in the full glory of his five-feet-eleven....Roses, red roses. Colour of blood that rushes when you cut your finger, and also like, later, when it turns blackish. As large apiece as an electric bulb, light in every fold of petal, proud, red glow, with a shy, green wick. This Market with a thousand lights the roses had lit up, and lit up Calcutta on this winter's night.

They were discussing flowers one day, Pratap remembered. Sami-*da* voted for the champak. "The champak's too fleshy for my taste," remarked Ananga Nag, the painter. "It's like a fruit that has changed its mind half-way." "Quite!" chimed in Amar Mitter, the literary man. "The flower of flowers is the jasmine, and it's Bengal all over". "But," Maya-*boudi* differed, "isn't the *bakul* better? You just touch jasmines and they die, while a handful of *bakuls* will keep its scent for a month." "Ah, you prefer the lasting in flowers, too!," laughed the writer, and the others laughed as well, and when the laughter ceased, Chhaya, rosily, brought in the rose. "But roses are best," she had said.....Best. Yes. Roses. A bunch—ten—twenty—as many as fifteen rupees will buy.

Those *firingi* girls bought nothing, and when they turned round, Pratap saw from their faces that they were far from young. Both these circumstances somehow emboldened him, and he didn't lose a moment.

"How much—those large ones?" he asked, pointing to a blazing bunch.

"Twenty-five rupees."

"Twenty-five rupees for a bunch?" Pratap raised his scanty eyebrows, much like a man about town who knew better.

[1] Eurasian.

"Twenty-five rupees each," fell the answer.

"*Each!*" Pratap screeched.

"Each," the flower-man impassively repeated.

For a moment Pratap felt as if the skies had toppled down on his head. Fantastic prices one had heard of in the war years. Forty-eight rupees for an *addi punjabi;* twelve rupees for a Gold Flake tin, two hundred and fifty rupees for a tea-set. But this! *Twenty-five rupees* for a flower! A *flower!* *One!* A puppy he had once seen skipping and prancing in the street, and a car came down on it, and how it whimpered while people went about their business!.... But *he*, a human being, had not even the right to whimper.

A couple came up alongside Pratap, a woman in dark-blue slacks and a tight yellow jumper, hanging on the arm of a beefy-faced man. They looked more European than Indian, but perhaps they were Bengalis, after all? One never knew in these days. Ten roses the woman picked up without any ado, and the man without flicking an eyelid pulled out two hundred-rupee notes, and without once looking at each other they walked away. Pratap waited a moment, passed a hand over his face, and leaning on the counter, with his arms folded on the cool glass, tried to compose himself. "Ten for two hundred," he slowly brought out, carefully avoiding the flower-man's eyes. "That makes twenty rupees apiece."

"Twenty-five rupees for *one*!" the frigid flower-man insisted.

"Not twenty?"

"No."

"But—please!" Pratap leaned forward with a sudden, sad urgency. "You see, I've just twenty rupees—and I want it so much—and—" he broke off, catching the flower-man's cruel eyes which, just then, seemed slightly to relent. Pratap seized the moment, drawing out his purse with a trembling hand. "Here," he begged. "Please. That one—yes—please."

As he rushed out into Lindsay Street, the tower-clock struck quarter to seven. Heavens! He was late; he would be terribly late! The party in swing by the time he—. All those people. Talk, smoke, laughter, ladies. Satin gleam and glimmer of gold. Cold. Cold Himalayan blasts from the north. Shiver. Shawl at home. Better have brought? No. Holes. In that gold-bright company, he. An ugly long body of a man. Too late by half. Stumble. Tread on toes. Spill the tea. Stared at. Not noticed. Cold.

But hurry. Tram. Better bus. Quicker.

Into a burdened bus he scrambled, holding to his heart the treasure. Closer now, lest the crowd should crush. Stand still. Jolt of bus and pressure of bodies. Care. Closer. Head down. Ceiling too low. He, too tall. Stupid joke, this tallness. *Dhoti* too short. Calves bare. Foolish, enormous feet. Foolish he.

The nearer his destination came, the more clearly he realized that he had simply made a fool of himself. What a fuss over going to a party where he had not even been really invited. He should have politely declined, of course, or just stayed away.

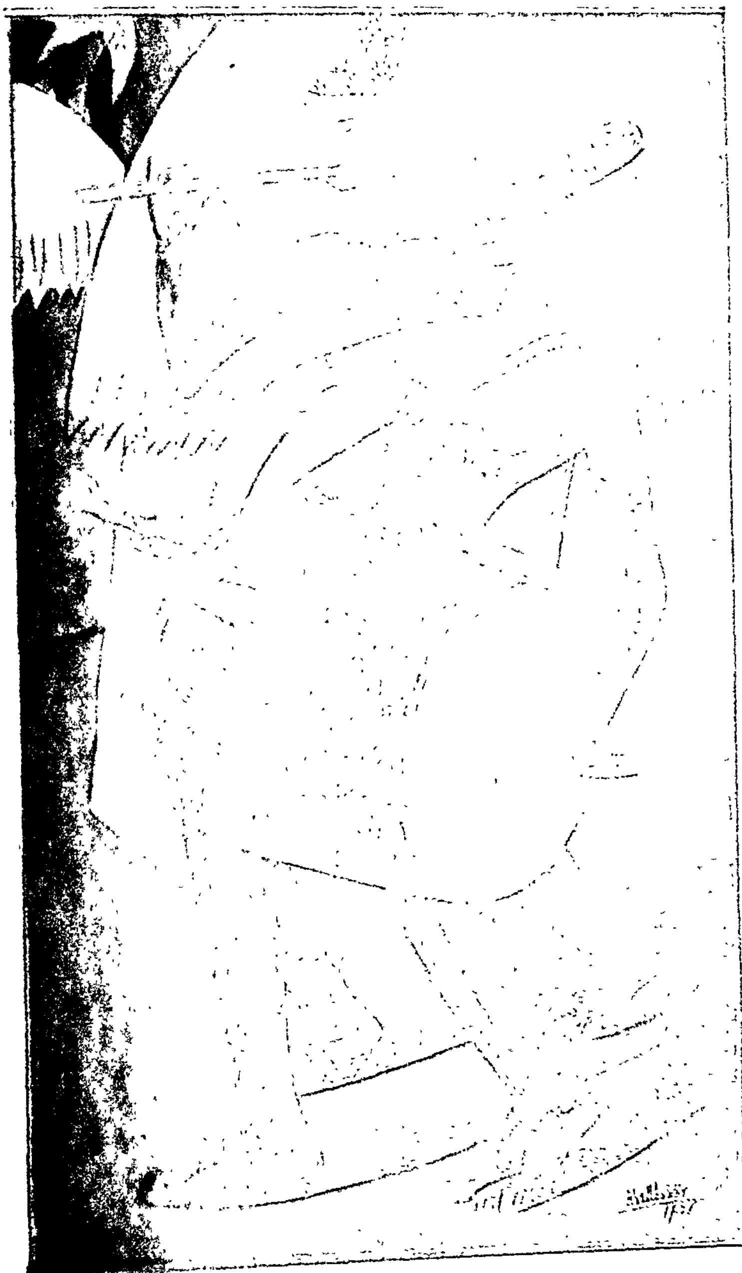


PLATE XLVI

Instead, foolishly, as if the whole thing hung on him, he had carried those clothes down to the office so as to be punctual, and ended in being foolishly late. And the money! Tipped Kartik a whole rupee, thrown away good twelve annas at the Café de Romeo, and the last and the greatest piece of folly, this rose, all tenderly, he was holding to his heart. More than a folly it was: a crime, an outrage. All that was left with him, now, was not, as he had planned, a fiver, but only some small change, and tomorrow he must fish for a loan he didn't know where. How for a moment could he forget what he was: a wretch of a clerk, with a monthly salary, counting the dearness allowance, of one hundred and ten rupees, of which no more than forty was his own, for Baba grabbed seventy for his beggarly keep. And how for a moment could he dream that in that gathering of leopards and peacocks he was anything but a jackal with its tail between its legs!

Fool! A priceless fool!

The bus stopped. Where? Through a chink in the wall of heads and shoulders, he glimpsed Theatre Road. Theatre Road, Lower Circular Road, Elgin Road. In about five minutes he will have to face the ordeal of getting off from a bus, more terrible than that of getting into one. Better begin now. Through the phalanx of flesh he cunningly wriggled, at the frowning faces he winningly smiled. Ah, the doorway. Now, anyhow, he was assured against being over-carried. But why not be? Why not give up this fool's game and go straight home? As he thought this, he had a sudden sweet sense of release, as if a day-long fever had just left him. Yes, there was still a way out. He was still free *not* to go there. No one waiting. No one miss him. Why, then? As yet, at any rate, none knew of his folly but himself. Why commit the final folly of announcing it to a roomful of people?... But the rose, the rose he held to his heart?

With sorrowful eyes he gazed at the flower, holding it, first, a little away, as if to measure his folly by the degree of redness showing through the tissue-paper, and then lowering his face on it, so as to be punished by the blast of fragrance. As he lifted his eyes, he noticed others, grouped at the doorway, glancing at it and sniffing the air. It was lovely, then, worth admiring? He imagined himself entering the flat with this handful of red, and, immediately, such a wave of shame and terror passed over him that he clutched the flower tight for fear he should throw it away. How would they turn up their noses at it, those dressy dazzlers, and how would they smile out of the corners of their eyes!

"Elgin Road!" the hoarse conductor cried.

—"I say, are you getting down here?"

—"Get down, mister, or make way!"

And before Pratap could decide whether to get down or not, he was fairly jostled down to the street. How churlish Calcuttans have grown! And what a crushy Calcutta this was! A rough sea, the city seemed to him, as he step-stepped along the pavement, a rough, dark, dangerous sea with one little island of light shining in Elgin Road. His footsteps echoed his heart-beats as he walked; and his heart rose to

his throat as he panted up the stairs to the second floor. Go? No. Yes. No. Time yet. Yes. Go? No. Yes.

Slightly ajar, the large brown door let out a sharp ray of light. He paused, gulped, breathing heavily. Murmur of voices. Wafts of laughter. A rich golden island. A gold-bright world. Another world. His courage failed. He dropped the flower. He pushed the door.

* * * * *

It all went off as, in his deepest heart, he had all along known it would go. "Ah, Pratap," said Maya-*bowdi*, handing him a plate, with the usual kinds of eatables arranged on it. The seat that fell to his lot was a corner of the divan, beside, or behind, a very fat, jovial gentleman whom he had never seen before—an uncle, he gathered later from the conversation, of Mrs. Sanyal's, and a rather big somebody in the Delhi Secretariat. The gentleman laughed heartily and often, throwing back his shoulders, and every time he did so he pressed on Pratap's hip-bones, and an end of his neatly folded shawl tickled his nose. It was Sureshwar Banerji, the actor, who was causing all this merriment by mimicking the old actors. There were some irresistible bits, but Pratap, hiding behind Big Uncle, strangled his laughter with grimaces, lest his openly sharing a joke with the others should be noted as an impertinence. "When all is said," the host put in a word for the have-beens, after Banerji had finished battering them, "we haven't yet heard anything on the stage like Sisir Bhaduri's *Seeta* cry." "We would have," Ananga Nag declared, "if poor Tapankiran had lived." "That's true!" chirped Anuradha Devi (Devi was the correct form to address a lady in this circle). "And he died so young!" "Twenty-six," said somebody. "No, twenty-nine!" Amar Mitter contradicted with some vehemence. A wrangle followed, and after listening to it for a while, "He was just about twenty-eight," drawled Naren Chanda, the cameraman. "Sure?" "That's what his brother told me." "You met his brother?" the writer quickly asked, as if disputing the fact. "Only last Sunday at the Rosha Road crossing," the cameraman quietly reported. "Amazing likeness, really," he added, looking round from face to face. "If it hadn't been Calcutta, you know, and broad daylight, I'd certainly have taken him for the dead man's ghost." "So you think," Big Uncle challenged, "that you can't see ghosts by daylight?" "Well, if you ask *me*, I once—" "Oh, Naren Babu!" Sunanda Devi, throwing up her arms, coquettishly squeaked. "No ghost stories, please!" This encouraged Naren Chanda to begin what promised to be a capital ghost story, but finding the end fizzling out, he adroitly turned the story to a discussion. And a long and animated discussion it was, engaging everybody's attention, and involving several problems of importance. Were all she-ghosts either fish-eaters or vampires, or was there any other variety? Who stood higher in rank: the demon-lord perched on the banyan tree, or the ghoul-king haunting the burning grounds? And did animals become ghosts, too, after they died? "Now have any of you heard of that strange event?" Big Uncle interrupted somebody in the middle of a sentence. "In nineteen-twenty-six Aurora won the Viceroy's Cup." "What's strange in that?"

asked two or three voices. "The horse had died earlier the same day." Big uncle answered, bouncing on the divan, and pushing Pratap still further back. "You never know about the races!" cried Amar Mitter, with a knowing smile. "The winner had died *before* the event," Big Uncle tried to make Mitter see the point. But the writer excitedly asserted that the horse must have been poisoned, and turned the conversation round to the races. It was a difficult and technical discussion, in which Latika Devi and Sunanda Devi volubly joined, specially the latter, who was the writer's wife....Nine o'clock, Pratap saw by the oblong wrist-watch of Big Uncle, who, by then had fairly crushed him against the wall; nine-thirty; quarter to ten. The conversation flagged, rallied, and then a silence fell. "What about going home?" somebody suggested at last, and everybody instantly stirred. Saris rustled, bangles tinkled.....And then Pratap saw that everybody was rising. All stiff and aching, he slowly uncoiled his twisted limbs and tottered up to his feet. Delicious to be able to straighten oneself again!

Pratap had spent the time in a daze. He hadn't noticed what he had eaten, and once, lifting the tea-cup to his lips, had found that the tea had turned blackish, with a film of scum on the top. As for the conversation, he had not only not contributed a word, but failed to follow it properly and, in the last stages, given up even trying. From time to time his eyes had wandered, touching on that spot where, between Latika Devi and Anuradha Devi, Maya-*bowdi* was luminously seated, and lightly—oh, ever so lightly and briefly—on a glimmer of green in a far corner. Apart, in a small chair, placed at an angle where two walls met, all by herself Chhaya had been glimmering in green, listening, talking, too, but seemingly far away, and looking away from the company at the Jamini Roy on the wall, or the sky through the window, perhaps? Pratap, dreading those eyes, dreading even to think that she, by mere chance, should once look at him, had glanced, in those scattered pearls of moments when he glanced at all, at no more than the leaf-green sari with the twining dark-green border. But he had happened to catch the moment when she had risen along with the others, and a young tree swaying in the wind she was.

Bursting into a fresh spurt of talk, the party lingered at the doorway, Pratap bringing up the rear of the train. Sunanda Devi was the first to step out of the door, and just as she did so, she uttered a little cry. "Now, mind—" Ananga Nag, just behind her, deftly caught her by the wrist.

"I'd slipped on something," Sunanda Devi complained, looking down at her high-heeled black-and-gold shoes. "What is it?" The host, coming forward, stooped to look. "Ah, a flower! A rose! And wrapped up too!" He picked it up, held it in one hand, and, with the other, removed the flimsy paper. A full-blown, blood-red rose revealed its face, full and firm, large as the fist that held it. Full and frank it gazed, smiling, sprinkling fragrance, and then, as if quailing under so many pairs of eyes, all but shivered. One, two, three petals drooped and dropped, heel-trod, wounded, blood-red. And the rose looked richer for the loss.

"You rose-treader!" the writer ragged his wife.

"But how could I know—" the lady was annoyed, abashed.

"Never mind!" the painter gallantly interposed. "The rose doesn't seem to have minded it at all. And why should it? In those good old days the *ashok* wouldn't bloom till trod on by beautiful ladies, and one little tread is good for our modern rose."

This produced a ripple of laughter. Then Maya Sanyal, coming closer to the flower, observed, "How beautiful!"

"And the scent! A—h!" Latika Devi lowered her face and took a long, deep draught of fragrance.

"And a pretty costly bargain!" Banerji, the actor, standing a little behind in the group, cast a sidelong glance at the flower. "Goes for twenty-five rupees."

"What!" Chanda, the cameraman, cried in amazement.

"Really? Not really?" two of the ladies cheeped in chorus.

"Twenty-five rupees if apiece," the actor repeated in a connoisseur's tone. "You think you can go for a rose this season? Just try!"

This considerably enhanced the value of the rose, and everybody started looking at it with a heightened and different interest. Now, how was it this poor, precious thing was lying here? Did somebody drop it in passing? But how could a sane person be so careless? Should we ask the people in the other flats? But it was *just* by this door, as if somebody had placed it there by design. Now, own it up, it wasn't any of you? Ah, Maya Devi, how could you say *that*? Who of us would forego the pleasure of handing you a rose like this on this very happy day?

"Maya, you didn't forget any of your admirers?" Big Uncle offered a clue. "It must be that—the furtive offering of a broken heart."

"Or was it for our dear Chhaya it was meant?" the painter purred, giving Chhaya a bright little wink.

"Well then, it's mine!" And as soon as she had said this, Chhaya plucked the rose from her brother-in-law's hand, and put it on her hair. Red it glowed on the back, redder on black.

Standing behind all the others, towering above everybody else, Pratap had watched the whole scene. Now Chhaya moved back a step, and again a young tree swayed, a young, green tree with leaves, flowering this moment into red, lighting up the dark with a rose. Red on black it flowered, light on dark, and all the dark of the day was lit up, and all the dark of life was light, and all his life was lit up in a moment.

. . . . Out in the street, a discussion started as to how the party could best distribute itself into the three available cars. But Pratap had slipped away already, without having said good-night, neither noticed nor noticing, tall, tremulous, alone. With proud bold steps he was walking down the quiet pavement of the winter night, urged by an inner tremor—not rude December's hand, but the finger that swayed the tree, the green young tree of the rose, that redder rose, the other rose of his heart.

1948

(Adapted and translated by the author from his Bengali)

LIGHT AND SHADE

A SHORT STORY

V. N. Bhushan

It was night—not much advanced; yet...the whole town; like a child that cries for long and at last goes to sleep with very exhaustion, was sunk in silence....

He—the short-story writer—was alone in his room—before his writing-table—playing the intellectual midwife to a story just struggling to birth....

* * * *

"......Silence........

Soft and slow......without causing the least sound......without even allowing the folds of her silk sari——to rustle freely......she went inside——and switched on the light........

Silent and serene......mute and motionless......behind the quiet filmy mosquito-curtain......sunk in the soft luxury of velvet cushions———he was sleeping, rather pretending to be sleeping......naughtily!

With a smile, whose brightness added radiance to the electric light, she jingled her anklet bells! But that did not disturb him.

Nearing, she gently drew aside the curtain, leaned over him impulsively, hesitated, and satisfied herself with tickling his cheek with her dainty fingers. But even that was of no avail! He did not wake up, not move even!

She stepped back a little, set in motion the table-fan on the teapoy nearby so as to concentrate all the breeze on his face, and settled down on the sofa......in an artistically pretended sleep!

"Oo......what......Oo......Why? I'm sleepy......Oo......"........he muttered with half-opened eyes.

It was her turn now......and she did it! She was sleeping!

He rose, wrapped himself hastily in the dressing gown, lit a cigarette———the first thing he did every morning after rising up from bed———reached slowly the couch whereon she was lying———and began tickling her. That's the one thing she could never resist......withstand......especially tickling on the neck, chest and sides. And he knew it! Her efforts to control herself and be calm proving futile, smiles first and laughter next———burst forth from her in waves on waves. The servants downstairs thought———they were the koel's *morning raptures!*

"When did you come......why didn't you wake me up?"......he breathed the questions directly on her face———having turned it to his side. She could pretend no longer! Still under the spell of laughter———she could not bring her lips together for a reply, but her answer twinkled in her merry eyes.

"Co......ff......ee..........Won't you........give me?........I........want......"———he muttered haltingly, lovingly.

"Look......it's there on the table......I have just brought it."

"No...you...give..."

"I can't get up......tired......last night......"......she blushed.

"If you......don't......give, I won't have it......"

"Very well......don't have it!......who asked you to have it......"

"Gosh!......do you think......I'll ever give up coffee......unless, of course,......I have something better and sweeter......than that?"

"God......stop......I'll give you coffee......please......leave....me.."

He rose. She lay there still......limp like a piece of crumpled cloth.

Of a sudden...the startling sound of a jump...bang...the clanging noises of porcelain going to pieces.

The short-story writer...busy painting in the ivory palace of his imagination a love story of exquisite colours—busy threading a lovely necklace of word-pearls—found his pen come to a sudden dead stop! It escaped his hold—missed its line—and tumbled aside. The old rickety chair, its physical constitution worse than a decrepit octogenarian, creaked from side to side—as its occupant shrank back in amazement. He looked around for the reason of that sudden noise as of a high explosive—which had made his dream-world collapse. It was his own pet cat! She was the sole companion in his lonely room—thro' his solitary hours. As a rule, he didn't like cats—because he always equated them with women—for whom he had no love lost! If he had the powers of a dictator—he thought to himself many times—the first thing he would do would be the extirpation of the race of cats! But, somehow, he liked this one cat which has been his pet—his only pal—for one year now. She came to him as a stray kitten—mewing for mercy—purring for pity! It was the innate tenderness of the artist in him that made him patronise the orphan creature. And she was grateful! Under his fostering care, she forgot all the attributes of a common cat. She used to be always near him—except when he was out. She used to wait for him whenever he was out—with the eagerness of a housewife. She would rub herself against him—as if to imbibe some of his feelings and instincts! When he was busy writing—she would sit opposite him—watching, and sometimes inspiring him! When he sat late into the night, writing page after page, she would be near him only...winking her eye...wagging her tail! Oh, she was a marvel of a cat! The honey-coloured patches round her back and breast—ringed with light-black outlines—like the markings on a map, gave her an appearance unusual to ordinary cats. And her movements! She walked royally...sat regally! And you should see her—stretching her joints softly as the white saucer of milk descended—like the round moon from the clouds—to greet her! It was her master's belief that she had almost human emotions! Many a time, at the height of his *ennui* with the world, he thanked God for vouchsafing him the consolatory companionship of a cat!

She is mild, and never does any mischief such as upsetting things or pilfering milk. This night—what happened, God knows!—she jumped from the bookshelf and caused the flask of tea which he had kept for his midnight solace, and the cup and saucer near it, to tumble and break into pieces!

He was excited, annoyed. He was not angry with the cat, however. He was irritated—because he was badly disturbed. Moreover, he was thinking of having that tea just after a few minutes—in order to renew his inspiration! He rose with a jerk—and in doing so his grip missed the chair's handle and made him topple. But for the timely support of the table—he would have kissed Mother Earth! Standing erect, and forcing himself into a philosophic mood which flashed across his mind the old belief that whatever happens—happens for the best, he sat down. For a minute his Thought-Exchequer was blank, but soon he caught his lost mood, and took his pen once again.

Wet!........sticky!

When, in his toppling over, he took the aid of the table, the impact upset the ink pot and gave full freedom to the long-captive liquid contents to flow as they liked. The table was a delta of inky canals!

He would not weep! He had been more than accustomed to such pin-pricks of the invisible God, and had learnt to laugh in such situations! And so, laughing, he took his last cigarette—his very last cigarette—and finding that he had finished his match-box and that he had forgotten to bring a new one—lit his inspiration at the very fount of light, the oil-lamp on his table! With the very first puff—it appeared as tho' his lost strain of thought returned—and he continued the story he was writing—

* * * *

"Lying there......she adjusted her dishevelled hair———as a lotus flower re-settles its petals after the ravages done to them by the bees. She sat up in a reclining posture, looked slyly at him, caught his mischief-meaning glances, fell a prey to shyness, and, to hide it, leaned over to him———was caught and tickled by him once again! She rolled from side to side———echoing shrill cries of joy———emitting brief sounds of pleasure, till finally, in an uncontrollable fit of tickled ecstasy, rolled from the couch to the carpet below! He thought she might have been hurt by the fall. But no, with the springy jump of a young fawn at play, she leapt to her feet......ran.... and switched off the light......and......"

* * * *

—He was waiting—dipping his pen in the ink clotted on the table—for there was none left in the ink pot. He was absolutely concentrated. Such was his concentration, that he did not even notice the last gasps of his oil-lamp. That humble light-giver, deprived of the company of its inmost friend—the oil—pined in sorrow for a minute or two, and then died in agony, till finally its light fled from it into the surrounding darkness.

Darkness! He laid aside his pen, opened the front door of his room, and stood on the threshold—peering into the enveloping blackness of the night!

Come to me......my Love, come quickly, Love———
This is just the time to come, my Love———
Delay not, my Love, delay not, my Love———

Hearing the song, he looked up in the direction from which it came. It was the music of the gramophone record from the upper-storey of the opposite building. As he looked up—he saw the embracing silhouettes of a man and a woman—etched on the glass windowpanes! He turned away his attention, found his cigarette burnt out, and dashed the stump to the ground.

He stepped into the portico. Inadvertently, he put his hand into his shirt pocket to take out the cigarette packet—and found that there was none! He could forego anything—food, water, pictures, clothing—but not cigarettes and tea. These were his two real sustainers, inspirers! His throat pleaded for tea....his lips longed for cigarettes! As he looked towards the right, he saw in the distance the dim outline of a half-closed stall. He walked straight to the place, observed that both tea and cigarettes were available, put his hand in his pocket to see how much cash he had, and found the repository empty! It had been empty for a long time now, but in his absent-minded-

ness he forgot the fact every now and then! The stall-man was unknown to him, and it was impossible to get what he wanted on credit! And so, right about turn—he paced homewards....

"What do you want, sir"—the shopkeeper inquired invitingly of the retreating figure.

He could not resist answering. It was not proper to walk away silently. What will the fellow think? And so, the reply went forth as a question: "Any chocolates available?" He was sure they wouldn't be available there, and so asked the question with the tone of one who was ready to buy. "Yes, sir, why not?"—shot back the unexpected answer.

He was caught in his own trap! But he will not be outwitted. After all, is not he gifted with an enviable creative fecundity? "Please, come in, sir,"—the shopkeeper was unusually solicitous. "What varieties have you, show. Oh, not this, not this either, no; haven't you got Cadbury's chocolates?"—he asked without hesitation. "No, sir, such high-class stuff doesn't sell here! I shall get for you tomorrow from the city—if you can tell me in which shop they are sold! By the way, have you seen this new brand of cigarette? It has just come into the market,...gold-tipped... looks nice...just try one..."—the good-hearted old fellow offered one.

He took it with a pretence of patronage—asked for a matchbox in the bargain—lighted the cigarette—and after a few eager puffs—muttered that they were neither good nor bad—but that one can't make out the quality of new cigarettes unless one smoked atleast a packet! "Really, really, only *sahebs* like you know such things. You please take this packet, sir, and, if you find it good, you can take to this brand from tomorrow. Don't worry about payment, sir, I'll keep an account. Why should I be afraid of my money with people like you....?"—he held out a cigarette packet.

Accepting it with an obvious show of reluctance, but with an inward feeling of tremendous jubilation, he walked home forgetting the inner rage for tea—in the very ecstasy of having secured a full packet of cigarettes. Verily, life is not without its unexpected minor consolations—he mused!

As he was climbing up the steps of his room, he heard the hushed whispers and subdued laughs of the couple from the opposite house!

* * * *

Another blue day dawned—without the short-story writer having a wink of sleep even. The opulent sunlight solving the problem of the oil-less lamp—he once more held his pen—with an inner-urging enthusiasm to complete the unfinished story of the previous night. Part of the spilt ink on the table, out of sheer pity, so it seemed, had not yet clotted!

He read hurriedly what he had written, recollected in a trice the course he had planned for the story, and settled down to proceed.

"Sir....sir,....sir...."—louder and louder came the call.
"Who...?"
"It's I, sir."



PLATE XLVII

"I ...who...?"
"Myself...sir..."
"Come in...Hello....It's you Ranganath! you have come so early..?"
"The manager has sent me...sir.."
"I see; I haven't got the M.O. yet..!—tell him I'll settle the account in a day or two."
"You have always been saying like this, sir!—the manager insists."
"But, don't you hear me?—I can't pay you anything just now..."
"But he will find fault with me, sir, if I go empty-handed."
"Tell him I'll meet him in person..."
"But, sir, he...."
"When I come there in about half-an-hour for my coffee I'll talk to him...you go now..."
"I'll go, sir, but don't come to the restaurant, sir, if you are not prepared to make part payment at least. It doesn't become a gentleman like you, sir, to get nasty treatment from a hotel manager..."
"I'll look to it, you go, Ranganath..."

Really so!—why should he court a refusal from the hotel chap! What if he has no coffee or tea...or even food...for that matter? Will not the days roll on... without them? Is not his inventive genius...his creative faculty...enough to make him forget thirst and hunger and the passage of time? Was it Bernard Shaw who said that a pure artist is he who does his work—unmindful of starvation and degradation? Forgetting all, he set his pen stirring....once again!

March 17, 1949



THE RIVER

(MUSINGS ON A DARK NIGHT ON THE GANGES)

MULK RAJ ANAND

The river flows sullenly through the night, filling the universe with a terrible sense of its dark potencies, spreading into the jungles and hills and inhabited plains a vast sense of doom. It is the main stream of Hindustan. It gathers unto itself many tributaries, even as it floods the land, when it is pregnant with the meltings of the snows on the Himalayas, and flows into many little rivulets, marshes and canals. It is Ganga, flowing, they say, out of the head of Siva, the Creator, Preserver and Destroyer of the Universe. In it are the drops of nectar which pilgrims carry away in copper jars to drink for immortality, and in it are the specks of dust with which the incinerated ashes of the departed mingle before they are carried to the ocean. Source of life, then, and the grave of the dead, healer, reviver, as well as the carrier of the germs of ten plagues and the hundred different fevers, purifier, sustainer, killer, worshipped by millions as the Mother, the mysterious container of all the hopes, aspirations and dreams, dark, unconscious, of the people of Hindustan, it is a great symbol, if you like, or only a great river, which has flowed down through the ages and still flows....

I have come out to its bank in the pitch black night from the nearby village and sit gazing at it from the terrace of my host's summer house, full of "divine discontent," but also full of a strange sense of foreboding, a deep fear. For only a hundred yards away the two dead men of the village are burning on their funeral pyres, and I have never been able to get over my terror of the jinns and *bhuts* and *howbattas* and hobgoblins with which my mother's talk and the gossip of the women in our gully impressed me right on from my early childhood.

And yet I ought not to be afraid. For am I not a modern? Have not I been half way round the world and dabbled in a hundred different arguments? Have I not seen the great factories, the Sukkur barrage which has harnessed the Indus, giant electrical works which have caught nature by the tuft knot and swung it as a juggler swings his monkey? Do I not know something about the great struggles which are raging round the world, and even in the village behind me there? And how events are changing men's mind, revealing before their disillusioned gaze another fate, and another destiny? Why am I afraid then? And of what? Or is it merely the healthy doubt which affects my mind so?.

Of course, for moments, for long moments, I am not afraid. For the sheer fascination of the elements overwhelms me. The arrogant sound of the water is redolent of the fury with which it has carved its way down the Himalayas through gorges and glaciers. The cool snow breeze which comes wafted over it is like the balm of new life to one tormented by the heat which oozes from the sun-baked earth. The

vistas of the enormous land on both sides of the river, with the groves silhouetted across it in the conic cypress trees which rise and talk to the sky, the expanses of the black forests which spangle the countryside up to the ends of the horizon, are curiously soothing. And the teeming life of snoring or praying humanity, the whirring insects, the jackals which howl now and then, the dogs which bark back, and the donkeys which occasionally bray their ridiculous bray, are all reassuring....And yet, I must confess, I am afraid. It is no use affecting a strength and a heroism, when one is the slightest bit craven. It would be hypocrisy to think that everything is solid when I know that all around me the world is crumbling, when I know that there are vast vacuums of nothingness about me, crying out to be filled up. It would be a lie to pretend that there is not going on in me the most momentous conflict, not as big quantitatively as the struggles which engulf humanity, but a miniature tussle reflecting the same contradictions between the old and the new, the past and the future, between all the "fates" which have accrued to me and the present destiny. It is not that I have no faith in myself and my friends, that I do not believe in our lives, but the thing is to rescue the soul from the rocks of dogma in which it is rooted, to resurrect it from the swamps, the lowlands and the marshes which the Monsoons of an aeon have created around it, to take it out of this heavy dark night and to renew it...When I see it in rare moments lit like the coloured electric lamps within me, then I am not afraid of the glow of those dead bodies and of the gigantic elements, but it would need the flame of a volcano inside me to consume the dreads of the past.

The river flows sullenly through the night, filling the universe with a terrible sense of its dark potencies, spreading into the jungles and hills and inhabited plains a vast sense of doom...........

Let me take it into confidence. Let me ask it a few questions. Who are the dead which it commemorates with its curious intonation, its sound and fury, signifying nothing, and something?........Are they the cause of my anguish?

Perhaps that is so, perhaps it is because I want to know, to feel the essence of my own life in contrast to the dead who weigh so heavily on me........

The deadest and the heaviest weight is that of the forest there, the jungle, compact and thick like the mass of a mountain in one of Nicholas Roerich's pictures. Old, old, very old, as ancient as the Himalayas, with its hoary, bearded banyans and oaks and *kikars* and *neems*, dense, dark and sombre, spreading like a vast mysterious sea of vegetation, at the bottom of which are tangled undergrowths of thorny bushes and weeds and the crawling insect-life, the ferocious wild kingdom and the buried nights of history.

Those were long nights. And the jungle then was omnipresent, omniscient, dwarfing everything. And the small dark people, the neolithics, lived there, shaded from the sun which burns the tree-tops, breathing the fungus odours, drinking the pungent waters of the drying pools rather than the nectar of the nearby Ganges, exorcising their demons and propitiating the forest spirits—*Yakshas*, *Nagas*, fauns and nereids........The forest was all around, it enveloped everything......But who knows what dreams stirred the dark breath of those nights. For, with all my

fears, I am a self-conscious man, heir to myriads of generations, son of two parents, grandson of four grandparents, great-grandson of eight great-grandparents, great-great-grandson of sixteen great-great-grandparents, and so on *ad infinitum*. And I have accepted each stone carved by those ancestors, and all the writing on the wall, the paint on the pots and the shapes on the copper and bronze and silver and gold, not as an antique dealer accepts the old, but because I can perceive the qualities of this heritage. But how shall I project myself back into the intricate processes of that time and ascertain the depths plumbed by these men in the pools, the heights reached by them above the tall stems of the calamus and bamboo groves?

Perhaps I can venture a guess! The dæmons and the good spirits they evoked evidence to a special effort on their part. And they show that they struggled, as each generation struggles, to build, to be free. Else, why those shrines in the caves, to build, to be free? Else, why those shrines in the caves, the little temples dug deep in the mounds of earth among the groves of mango and teak and *kadamba* trees, the clearings under the magnolias, the tamarisks and the palms?..........

Only, they were baulked by the spirits of the forest, by their own fears, as it were, by the gigantic expanses of greenery, the provinces of dæmons and witches, choked by the airless confines, overwhelmed by the oppression of containment in endless brooding nights, hidden under the thick curtain of endless torrid days......

But they left behind prodigal works, monoliths, images of their gods, of the earth earthy, from which it seems that they were here only yesterday, so sharp, so tense is the outline of their sculpture, though I know they were long ago.

Before their beauty I am not really afraid. I can understand it. I can listen to the distant voices of its creators.

And yet the river flows sullenly through the night, filling the universe with a terrible sense of its dark potencies, spreading into the jungles, the hills and the inhabited plains, a vast sense of doom..........

But has it always been the same? And will it remain so?

Life changes. Everything changes. A form is born to fade away. But what was the nature of the change that happened between the dim dawn and the first invasion of India? Was it only an outer change? Or did the substance change too, the inner life? And did the *Rig-Vedic* shepherd sing the final song, the song of all songs? And have two thousand years passed in vain..........

If the mind of man is like a rich tapestry to which the donations of each previous generation make a background, on which are superimposed the colours distilled by an individual's experience of the senses, refined by the play of the intellect, and imbued, above all, by the strange tone of the will and open to sudden illuminations from the subconscious in its creative moments, then it is possible for man to grow, to extend himself from the provinces to the "metropolis," to merge his ego in a super-individual effort, to be a new man, to glow with all the neon lights in himself, so that he can see his way in the dark and show others the way........

Certainly, the nomadic herdsmen who wandered down from Central Asia (or was it Norway?) began to think about the structure of their being, questioned being

itself and sang the hymn of creation, surely the greatest early poem of the world! How subtle, how exalted is the conception of the universe as born of desire in the mind of God, how satisfying the notion of the return through desire, the reciprocal urge! Anticipation of the voluptuous ecstasy! Of One and the Many! Also a transcendentalism so vertical that it is still with us......The earth-man of the forests has travelled far and deep. And, as the formation of an idea, and its transformation in song, involves the fusion of so many many impulses and acts, of so much experience, and the vital flame, one wonders what magic was in the senses of these men. And what daring! What courage!

But, all the same, why am I not content to sing their songs? Why do I find it a little unsatisfying even to rest with them? Am I greedy for more? Why do I crave greater ecstasies of fulfilment? Is it the primitive faculty in me, classifying the various sense impressions and according to them a place in the sequence without a thought of essences?

No. It is not that. But I have the feeling that it is difficult to adopt an honest attitude towards the billions of souls who make up the past. Some of our moderns are inclined to borrow things from the ancients and recommend us to adopt them. I prefer to see the development as it happened. It seems to me that the earth was still slumbering in the spell of deep, dark nights and the angry glare of red-eyed days when the Aryans filtered down to the delta of the Ganges. And fear was abroad, the fear of the elements, the Sun, the Moon, the mountains, the rivers, the rains, the drought, the stormy winds and the stars. The challenge of this outside world could not be denied, nor could the dread course of this natural phenomena be directly altered, stopped or modified. And as man gazed upon the fruitful fields he tilled on the clearings, he could not but feel a superstitious awe of these outside forces. And the only way that he could establish his sway on his own stricken soul was by placating the dread elements with hymns and songs and prayers, half importunate appeal, half currying favour with the Gods to help him out. The beasts of the jungle kingdom, too, were a menace. Hence the veneration of animal gods. Birds of prey abounded and swooped down on pet animals. They also became gods, good spirits or evil spirits according to the use they had for man, symbols of earth or fertility, tokens, charms and *tavizes*.

The network of the fungus still grows. And presumably the inherited fears and the wisdoms wrung out of defeat and despair, or speculations born of brave flights of fancy, have added themselves as accretions to our later thought. Hence, our own fears.

What, then, is the sum of those vast conglomerations of sentiments, sayings aphorisms, monologues, dialogues and compositions which form the *Upanishads*, the forest books which record the thoughts of the hermits and the sages who contemplated in and around the villages? Merely the dramatization of the primeval processes or a series of creative myths, showing man's search for the meaning of life, for the symbol, the sign, the sound?

The sheer dark wall of Nature which is so eloquent in the night can alone an-

swer these questions. Seemingly unchanging and unchangeable, this tropical world suggests a polar conception of thought in which the Omnipotent is supreme, like a fixed umbrella casting the shadow of its protection over all, governing the processes of birth and rebirth in a space which is also time. And the whole pageant is enacted in the eyes of this great God, beyond history and beyond the development of techniques. And this remains so for nearly three thousand years, making for one of the longest cosmic traditions in the world.

Was there, then, no striving on the part of man in these many centuries?

Undoubtedly, the very foundation of this vertical *Vedantic* idea was the result of a conflict between the fair Aryans who began to invade India about 2000 B. C. and the Dravidians, the dark resisters. The result of this *struggle*, which lasted till 1000 B. C., was the domination of the indigenous "coloured" peoples by the white intruders, and then the ultimate conquest of the conqueror by the deeper and more intricate culture of the conquered. Amid the vortex of the warring factions I can see the skulls that broke and the blood that flowed down this river, and I can hear the groans of the helpless sufferers. But the contradiction between truth and falsehood is destroyed by the *force majeure* of Nature's dread energies. Also, the mixture of life with life, the fraternisation, inevitable after every war, is the compeller of synthesis.

It is true that the possessors of the tallest ambitions succeeded in India, for the old Brahmins imposed their will on all and sundry. But already in 600 B. C. the grasp was slipping from under their feet, for the scions of the Aryan warrior caste, the Kshatriyas, were leading the revolt against the priestcraft. The humanism of the Buddha is the quintessence of all the resentments of a thousand years of needless pain, the protest of that young world against the concentration of spiritual and temporal power into the hands of a few, even as it is an attempt to inform the moral code with the sanction of an ultimate tenderness. "What ought to be done is neglected," says a Buddhist scripture. "What ought not to be done is done;" "the desires of unruly, thoughtless peoples are always increasing."

Who knows what other determinations remained still-born in those authoritarian kingdoms, where only a Gautama, a king's son, could dare to protest? And what were the thoughts of men at the publication of the oracular code of the Brahmin law-giver Manu? Did anyone protest against the principles of Kautilya's political tract, the *Artha Shastra*?

I see the bubbling of many hearts with secret hopes. I see much coming and going among the retreats of the sages in the mountains. I hear the lashing of tongues in argument.

But against the Omnipotent God, Brahma, the Supreme symbol who is the chief incarnation of all other gods, Vishnu, Indra, Siva, all protest is futile. And against the omnipresent caste system, with the Brahmins, the officiators at all ceremonies and the holders of the conscience of God, there is no avail except submission. So that, only a few years after his death, the One God idea is fastened upon the doctrines of the Buddha, who never asserted such a metaphysical belief. And the

earning of a higher life through good deeds, the road to *moksha*, release, which Gautama emphasised, is soon used to show that the lower castes deserve their fate in this world because of the evils they have committed in the past.

Sponge-like and enervating, Hinduism absorbed all the highest speculations of the human spirit, as well as its lowest superstitions. And, with a profound grasp of the psychology of the human mind, it conceded a place to the weakest of the weak, so that it has worn the air of an extraordinary tolerance for generations. And by the time that the Muhammadan invasions began in 1000 A. D. it had penetrated into the nooks and crevices of the Indian plateau, so deeply that it is not yet shaken except on the fringes, and persists. "Abhor those who join gods to God!" cried the sons of the Prophet, and they struck with fire and sword against the *Kafirs*. But the cosmic conception which saw the essence of all things in the changeless principle which assumed the shapes desired by each worshipper has survived until to-day!

The river flows, the mainstream, gathering unto itself all the rivulets, all the currents, dominating the imaginations of men, stifling their hearts, and then releasing them through a new sweep of its sustaining spirit, a concession to the human heart....

Sometimes I cannot believe that the spell of the Omnipotent could have lasted so long. The segments of many mouths repeating the old hymns!..........Was there no discontent?

The secret of this continued acceptance lies probably in the satisfaction of needs. In this gigantic village of India, composed of hundreds and thousands of villages and hamlets, no one owned anything and yet everyone owned everything, for everyone, both Raja and Ryot, had only rights to the enjoyment of the fruits of the land, but no one owned property. The Raja supplied protection for revenue in kind, and saw to it that the tracks were kept passable, canals dug, and public works initiated. The Ryot tilled the field allotted to his family. The land was freshly re-divided, after each conquest, by the five elders of the village. The place of every new-born infant in the community was assigned, fixed. The chief enemies were still the drought, the winds, the rains and the thunderstorms. The fate of Man seemed to be governed by the gigantic forces of Nature, which had to be appeased. And the psychology of Hindu ritualistic worship ensured the blessings of Almighty by the use of the most sonorous chants, the most lovely hymns and lovely idols. Self-hypnosis was the highest ideal, the merging of man with the highest self, the conquest of fear, the tearing of the sheaths of illusion created by earthly desire, with a view to the attainment of fusion with the ultimate reality.

The course of this aristocratic democracy knew no alteration except that of the day and night until our time. Kings came and Emperors went, but the slow routine of this secret life went on, on the sides of the mainstream, among the stony ridges as well as in the festering backwaters, among the forests as well as the marshes, uninterrupted. And the accepted values of this culture built up by these peasant communities are the values of a well-disciplined people, the fruit of the accumulated labour of generations, the product of a long and conscious choice between

the attempt at form and the desire for renewal resulting in a high degree of self-restraint. It is a great tradition, simple, austere, self-sufficient and sensitive in the deepest sense, poised.

It is not surprising that it absorbed all the invaders except the last, the Westerners. In its own peculiar way it was a generous culture, like the land in which it sprang up, accepting everything and making room for divergences of view.

Certainly, the only great challenge for fifteen hundred years, the sword of Islam ended here by becoming only the crescent moon, a mere symbol of truth, only another of the many symbols; for its belief in a personal God, the Brahmins argued, was already contained in the several monotheistic strains of Hinduism. As for the laws and customs of Islam, so humane, so enlightened in the sanction they drew from the brotherhood of man, and in the recognition of the rights of women,—even these were tinged in the long run by the Hindu code because of the taboos which the closely-knit, indigenous society imposed against the invading faith. So much so that before the passage of a few centuries the idea of caste had been carried like a bacillus into Islam by the millions of converts whom the fear of poll-tax or other disabilities had taken over to the new religion under the Pathans and the Moghuls...And though the priestcraft of both faiths drew the asterisks of doubt over this jumbling of Hinduism and Islam, the polychromatic images resolved the doubts, bridged the fears, and led to miracles of art which are the joint product of Hindu and Muhammadan sensibility.

But if we want to see how not a mere idea but the actual force of an historical urge alone can create the real impact, let us look for a moment and see how the star which rose in Bethlehem remained merely the smallest speck among the constellations on the horizon of Hindustan, until the fear of the imperialist sword baptised a few heathen according to the rites of Christian civilisation.

The gospel of goodwill to men and peace on earth was first proclaimed by the angels to the shepherds. And these simple men went about spreading the glad tidings of the incarnation of Lord Jesus Christ. And soon the influence of this gospel was felt throughout the greater part of the world then known to the Roman conquerors of before the end of the I century. It is even asserted that the apostle Thomas was put to death by the Brahmins of Mylapore while he was labouring for the new faith near Madras. By about the IV century a number of Syrian Christians are said to have settled along the coast of Malabar, south-west of India. They earned great favours from the Hindu kings of Malabar and freely travelled about in the country. Soon they increased in numbers and wealth, so much so that they had their own princes to rule over them for centuries to come. But though it was the duty of every individual Christian who had embraced the ennobling religion of Jesus to endeavour to spread the knowledge of the Lord, Christianity never really gained a foothold on this continent, even though so many bodies among the outcasts sorrowed for Eucharist. No, it was left to the buccaneering Dutch, Portuguese, Spanish, French and English seamen and merchant adventurers to bring the everlasting knowledge of God as taught by the son of God to the tropical firmament. And, apart from the influence exerted by the Jesuits at the court of the Great Moghuls, it was the establishment of the English



PLATE XLVIII

factories on the coast of Coromandel, on the south coast and in Bengal that made the modern Padre-Sahib a familiar phenomenon, the only good man in the camp of the bad. To the extent to which the missionary could dispel the fear of the White man created in the minds of the natives by his sword-brandishing compatriots, he was able to put over the meaning of the Cross. But, as the more honest missionaries will admit, the result of two centuries of proselytising has not been worthy of the great ideal which they sought to preach, because of the taint of imperialism which attached to the words of one of the tenderest of men. Meanwhile, they sound rather ridiculous because they cannot make the choice which C. F. Andrews made, to stand aside from falsehood and the white Sahib's ballyhoo. And they chant despairingly:

"But the end is not—Look onward,
Much must yet be done;
Millions, yet still unbelieving,
Must be sought and won.

Disappointment will be waiting,
Satan does his best,
Yet all obstacles must vanish
At our God's behest."

The great river flows........

And so long as the European Christian missionaries speak of fighting against the heathen, and think of their work as a civilising mission like the Crusaders, they will not cut much ice in this land. It is unfair, of course, to judge the Crusaders too harshly. They knew no better. But when will the contemporary Western Christians realise that Christianity incorporates beliefs and rules of conduct which were held thousands of years before Christ was born, and that he is not the only son of God, nor the religion he preached the only religion?

"As one can ascend to the top of a house by means of a ladder or a bamboo or a staircase or a rope, so diverse are the ways and means of approaching God, and every religion in the world shows one of these ways. Different creeds are but different paths to reach the Almighty." So said Ramakrishnan, the modern Hindu sage. And it is obvious that the wider view of the neo-Hindus seems more gracious to most people than the fanatical zeal of the hypocritical white-collar representative of the master race, often the living negation of the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, the servants of tyrannical states based on the superiority of the white man above all. What a mockery the words of gentle Jesus sound in their beefy mouths: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"........

But the Utopias which glow in the night will not come about, neither Christian nor Hindu, nor the theocracy of Islam. The engineers further up have been diverting the water of this river in a thousand canals. And several railway bridges span this great water-way, defying all the spirits which, it was said, would smite the evil scions of the Iron age!..And we are in such a perilous position that if we merely stand aside

and look on from the back-waters at our glorious past, even as we see ourselves in dull consent along the new roads, we are doomed to suffer the fate reserved for the tired and the unwilling, the sulking and the eternally frightened despairers of history.

I am calm when I say this, though I do not deny that I feel a certain heat in my body, the combustion of a silent anger at the frustration that is inevitable to slaves. But I have roamed round the highways of the world, thought deeply, and listened to the voices of others. And in making up my mind I find that I am aware of all the complexities of the crisis of our modern world, that I have a good view of the great river, as well as of the swamps and back-waters. So let not my friends accuse me of rashness and dogmatism!

India was far ahead of Europe in many ways because it had a longer history, but equally it has been for a long time in putrescent decay. The powerful Imperial dynastics of Asia, with their immense frontiers and poor communications, with their vast populations perennially in need of irrigation works and their treasuries half empty through splendrous living of their kings, were fissiparous, while the comparatively smaller European states, though much more ephemeral, developed more closely knit economies and more dynamic cultures.

Feudalism in India, therefore, created its own nemesis through the unlimited lusts for power of the great princes and noblemen and the continual frustrations of the peasantry. And as the tiny top layer squeezed the villages dry of ever larger stocks of grain either in the form of rent or plunder, there began that extraordinary separation in the culture of the Indian peoples, the division of the fine, exalted, court art and literature, and the rich, human, intense, primitive folk art of the village, essentially an art of revolt, though not untinged by pessimism in view of the harsh experiences of the peasantry through famine, drought, disease and war.

The two strains of court art and popular art remain distinct, except when the top layer, in danger of losing its soul, seeks to re-establish contact with the perennial source of all culture in the songs, dances and other rhythmical expressions of the people. For folk art is always sincere and spontaneous, in so far as it is the collective art of a whole people, the quintessence of the philosophy of a race, the expression of its most intimate joys and sorrows, employing the imagery, the archaisms, the virile dialect words, the tonality and the rhythms born of the living contact of men and women with spinning wheels and swords, with ploughs and handlooms, with gods and evil spirits.

Over both these patterns of culture the orthodox idea of the one God reigns supreme, the all-enveloping, authoritarian principle in the name of which the priestly oligarchy is able to dominate the landscape. The abstract conception of the Supreme Being is, of course, watered down into concrete shapes, and concessions are made to those who can only see through images of wood and stone, and a very intricate and subtle ritual of conch-shells and gaudy clothes and brass bells is evolved. And, through an insistence on *moksha*, release, through working one's passage home through the various incarnations, the roots of a fundamental pessimism are planted among the

oppressed. So much so that, on the face of it, here in India the very idea of change in the Western sense, that is to say enrichment through development, seems never to have occurred at all. For as soon as the hold of the priestcraft tends to slacken through the wearisomeness of their repetitive codes, they seem to strengthen their hold by the return to the starting point, by an integral revivalism. But the superficial view, which judges India's heritage by merely looking at the domination of orthodox culture, ignores the restless undercurrents, the fluid streams of impulses and ideas which flowed away from the mainstream, the great river. The very enrichment of the Hindu pantheon with the myriad symbols of the heterodox cults, the snake gods, the tree gods, the river deities, the tree spirits and the various forms of the mother cult, and the very concentration on new philosophies, shows that among the byways men were evolving new faiths to express new needs and new energies...Certainly, most of the great mediaeval movements, Vaishnavism, Saivism, Saktism, Sikhism, and the various mystic religions were the expressions of popular revolts, new conceptions of new communities intent on improving and recasting the caste society, even though under the banner of a new way to salvation.

But what revolutions have there been? And what violent upheavals of the down-driven peoples against the Brahmin overlords? And how did the Elders succeed in deceiving themselves and others, so that they handed down to succeeding generations an apparent stability of belief? Did the white beards in their crafty wisdom always accept the worship of gods whom they had, at first, barely tolerated? All these questions remain unanswered, except in the sudden ejaculatory rhythms of folk songs and fighting ballads. Only the survival of many gods points to the presence of other egos than merely the Brahmin Ego. And the multifarious art movements below the surface show the continuous efflorescence of new vital sensibilities proclaiming a new way of life. And the legendary denigration of the Indian tradition as closed, static and moribund becomes a falsity. For how, without the processes of revolt and change and continuous struggle has Indian civilisation survived at all when, in the words of the poet Iqbal, "Greece and Rome and Babylon lie dead?"

The river flows sullenly through the night, filling the universe with a terrible sense of its dark potencies, spreading into jungles and hills and inhabited plains a vast sense of doom...And it seems to triumph over everything else.

But as the black night becomes less black, the triumph of the river does not seem very impressive. For I can begin to see the byways now and hear the swish of the tributary streams. And in my imagination the myths born in the forests, the impulses of men seeking to live in spite of absolutism, the remnants of life struggling against conventions, the people with their affiliations with fear and allegiances to sorrow, and their determination to fight in spite of continual defeats—they begin to loom large before my eyes, with their feet dug in the earth, like monoliths struggling to beat back the onslaughts from the top.

And it is this struggle of the vast expanses, against the great river, that becomes of consequence to me today, the conflict of the intricate, chaotic, restless life in the

tributaries against the main-stream, an eternal struggle if you like, but one which recurs in our time in an entirely new shape.

The next conquerors are not emperors, nor kings, nor even the foolish old wise men. They are the bulls and bears on the Stock Exchange, they are bankers, big-businessmen, they are a number of robbers turned princes, they are landlords, industrialists, rulers, statesmen, of varying colours and shades of opinion. And they have spanned the river with a number of bridges in order to ensure complete mastery of the main-stream at its most critical bends. And what is more, they own the motive power necessary to secure their suzerainty, over it, to collect the loot, to assimilate the produce of the forests, plains and hills, as well as the man-power of the villages around it.

And there has been not triumphant conquest like this in the whole, long, four thousand years' life of this country, no such mastery of all the multifarious strains of thought and feeling and belief by a completely new Omniscient, Omnipresent, Omnipotent God, Money or the cash-nexus. This Absolute spirit which has undermined the whole basis of human existence today, which has corroded the whole basis of the group-life which survived floods, droughts, famines and local wars, because no one owned anything, now threatens to divest the citizen of all honour and dignity, by isolating each individual, by buying off some to exalt the others, and by squeezing out the very corpuscles of red blood by selling death to the vast masses by advertising it as life, with the help of the most ingenious devices of propaganda and publicity. The high priests of this new religion, the Directors of Monopolies and Cartels, the controllers and the contractors, the black marketeers, have inventories far more intricate than the Brahmins ever kept, account books in which each soul is made to show a long series of items on the debit side and preferably nothing on the credit side. The tyranny and the fear of fear they inspire in the multitude has within a few generations destroyed the self-sufficiency of the village communities, and reduced men to the status of dead souls.

And, in the face of this triumph, the debacle of man, puny man, always concerned with the here and the now, is almost final, unless he takes charge, captures this six thousand years' old civilisation and gives it a new shape and a new meaning.

If the terrors of the landscape continue to dominate men's minds in this land, if the Bania, the Raja and the Stock Exchange continue to rule the roost, then it is likely that the aeons will continue to mirror celestial laws in a cosmos full of empty houses but no men. There has never been a time when the cynics have had more justification to pronounce the imminent doom of our civilisation. For the towers have been falling before our disillusioned eyes, the lights have been going out, and we are threatened with more blackouts through bigger holocausts. But may it all not have been just a curtain-raiser to the drama of a new renaissance?........

Certainly, the introduction of a new technique alters everything. And even the undertakers of civilisation have not been able to prevent the rise of great new populations from the nomads and serfs of bygone days, from among the small groups of the earth-scratchers who eked a bare living out of the soil. And, though the

triumphant Egos have spat poison and death often enough, it is strange how they have ended in the dust, and how always out of their death a new life has started.

I learnt this truth in the catacombs of Europe, where the "Fates" of the early Greeks, Zenophanes and Anexagoras, not unlike the dread deities of the Aryan-Dravidian civilisation, gave place, through the abundant harvests of villages and the city states, to the Sophist belief in Man as the Measure of the Universe; when, in spite of the emphasis placed now on the impersonal, Absolute Cosmic view and then on the human, the godliness of reason and the beauty of the vital flame was asserted. But in the prison of the new "Fate", in the darkness of the sewers through which we are groping towards the as yet unknown vacuums of the future, hardly able to keep our heads above the blood, the mud and the water, it is difficult for men to grasp the revolutions by which men achieved more in six thousand years than in the previous six hundred thousand. And even they who have inherited the light of the Renaissance and the Reformation, in their eyes are weary and blinded...

Perhaps the dialectic of change is very subtle. Things seem to vary ever so little on the surface, and the inner change is almost incomprehensible. Specially in our day, the complex gamut of reality has shown such dramatic changes in the outer world that we ask if our inner selves have changed at all. It was easy for Heraclitus to see the water pass under the bridges and to proclaim that nothing was ever the same. Also, he could feel the glow of the fire as barbarism and savagery had vanished almost before his eyes, and a new civilization had begun to burgeon. But with us there is the polarity of idea and idea, the contradictions which we have inherited from the different "Fates" of mankind—from bygone empires, dead churches, freebooters, traders, missionaries, old revolutionaries, superstitious tribes, powerful nations, intriguing politicians, armament kings, federations of industries, chairmen of committees, Kaisers, Maharajas, Lenin, Stalin, Gandhi, Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, not to forget Hitler and Mussolini! And though we can see the facts, which transform the life of men, more dramatically, the casualty of ideas is unrevealed, except to Shaw's Methuselah.

In fact, however, the range of processes is only too obvious. The whole of history is like Tennyson's "flower in the crannied wall, if I could know thee, I could know all."...And so we have to speak in riddles which foam upwards. But, all the same, we know that large volumes of water have flowed down the Ganges, and that there is change, though the inner change is more integral. And we can dismiss those who still say that human nature is unchangeable as idiots or morons, whose business in life is to remain self-involved to prevent words or to bluff the voters.

The essence of man's struggle today, therefore, lies in his self-consciousness, in his awareness of his dignity, and in his will to struggle.

The river flows....................

But I have still indelibly printed on my mind the first words of that song, uttered in the years of my childhood by that Punjabi firebrand, Ajit Singh:

"Steady, steady, O keep hold of the turban on your head,
O peasant!"

I have always considered those words the simple testament of the whole of our people's struggle. The turban, the three yards of homespun, which is the symbol of dignity, has been coming undone on the peasant's head for a long time. And it is about time he restored its folds so that it is set like a crown on his brow!......It is time that the half-dead Ryot, kicked about by the Rajah and spat upon by the Bania, began to hit back. For, if the truth be told, he has really been half dead these many years, in spite of his brave gestures. So feeble had he become through the corruption of power imposed on him that when he was stricken with famine he just lay down and let the vultures come and gnaw at his bones. True, the beasts of prey abound in our land. But I think we have too often let the Lords lord it over us without a protest, hoping for the revenge which nature has always taken on the great in ultimately making them fall. We must realise also that we have too often listened to evil counsels. And, since our foreign rulers broke the basis of our common life, we have not found the cohesion necessary for the struggle. For we cannot fight separately—that way lies disintegration and death: to give the big heave, to push the weight off our shoulder so that we can clear the ground, demands unity. We cannot remain sunk in the apathy of animals.

For, whatever our ancestors have proved or not proved, they showed that though they shared with animals the life of nature, man grew to be the great diviner, the magician, the poet, the husbandman who could control the wind and the rain, the fire and the water, with tools and machines, while the animals, who live on the bounty of nature, could not. And beyond the plough and the wooden wheel with which he secured food and water, man saw that he could control the heredity and environment of which he was a subject. Else, why all those collations of moods and sentiments, of ideas and emotions which make for change? Why all those mirrors of gesture and the elaborate languages, hymns and spells and poems of the sheerest ecstasy glorifying the struggle.

The river flows sullenly through the night....But out of the darkness of the night the light must be born........

And though I feel humble in the face of the great effort that is needed to seize the unborn moment, I have a deep feeling that it will not be Shankara or Patanjali whom we must invoke today, for they are part of us, but address ourselves to the flux itself, here and now, if the fight is in us still and the flame burning. For, not only must we hold our consciences our views of virtue and vice, but the great truth must dawn on us of which the engineers, who have opened the canal further up the river, seem to have some inkling, that the elements, fire, water, steam and air, can be harnessed to produce wheat and rice, that tractors give life, that our smallest rivers are the reservoirs of some of the greatest powers on earth, as our oceans of story are the source of our deepest and most human wisdom if we can control our heart and minds.

Is this too great a break from the thinking habits of our past? Am I being impatient? Is there an egoism in me which is but the counterpart of the Egos I have set my heart to destroy? Do I deny too much and accept a nebulous future?

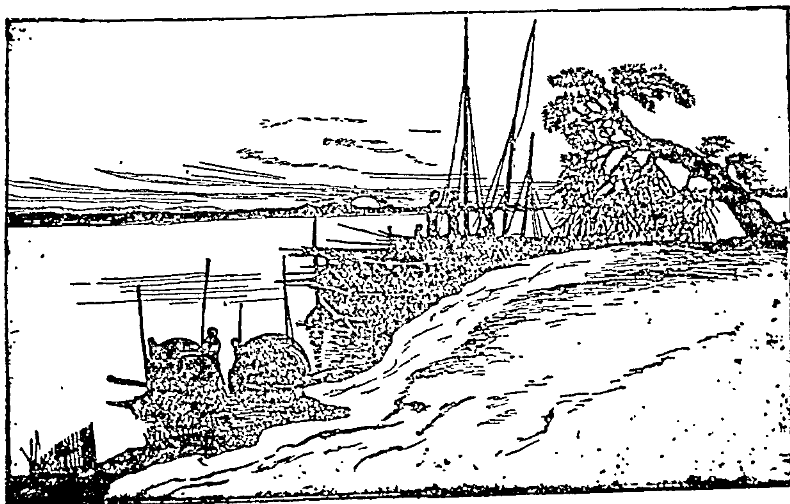
I am not baulked by all these questions, because I do not propound a

programme for a million years. Nor have I many illusions in this universe of the dead and alive. The dreams of my troubled nights only suggest the struggles of tomorrow. Sprung from the soil, a little away from the mainstream, I am inured to taking long breaths. And I know that in the village there, even under the shadow of the palace and beyond the *dak* bungalow, there is the organised might of the *Kisan Sabha*, defeated in many battles, but tempered in the struggle and with its banners held aloft, demanding bread and justice, the chief aspirations of the human soul.

The river flows........

I see more and more of my brethren come out of that village with prayers and songs on their lips, more and more men coming to the surface of life, singing eternally, singing songs of their struggle....

1944



ALL IN ONE

"BONOPHUL"

I

Ancient India awakens a strange feeling in me, a sort of curiosity not unmixed with awe. Whenever I look back I seem to see vast graveyards and crematoriums, dwindling tombs and epitaphs, stupendous relics and records, but a translucent mist covers them all. I try to peer into the haze, but cannot see any thing. I long to feel the life that pulsated, to get a glimpse of the streams that flowed, the trees that grew, the flowers that blossomed; I desire to share in the triumphs and tragedies of those who peopled the plains, dales and mountains of this ancient land of ours, but I fail. The mystic mist baffles me. Ancient lores and lyrics, epics and ethics, conjure up visions too artistic to be ignored, yet too fantastic to be real. One is constrained to feel that the fossils do not represent the real things; the throb is missing. The mist, the impenetrable mystery, changes colour, but remains. And one wonders....

II

Modern India is equally incomprehensible. I cannot judge her because she is so near me. Being a busy soldier myself in the struggle for existence, the bustle of which keeps me physically engaged, spiritually stricken, and intellectually self-centred, I have neither the time nor the calmness to judge what I happen to see around me. I am a part of the picture, and this robs me of the perspective so necessary for a correct estimation of the panorama which makes up the whole. I dimly feel that I am marching in an amazing procession of seething millions towards our destiny, with laughters and groans, huzzas and hootings, with energy, sometimes waning, sometimes plethoric. I vaguely hope that it is not a disorderly crowd but a disciplined pageant, motley but magnificent.

Whatever it is, I try to adapt and tolerate and thirst for the ideal.

III

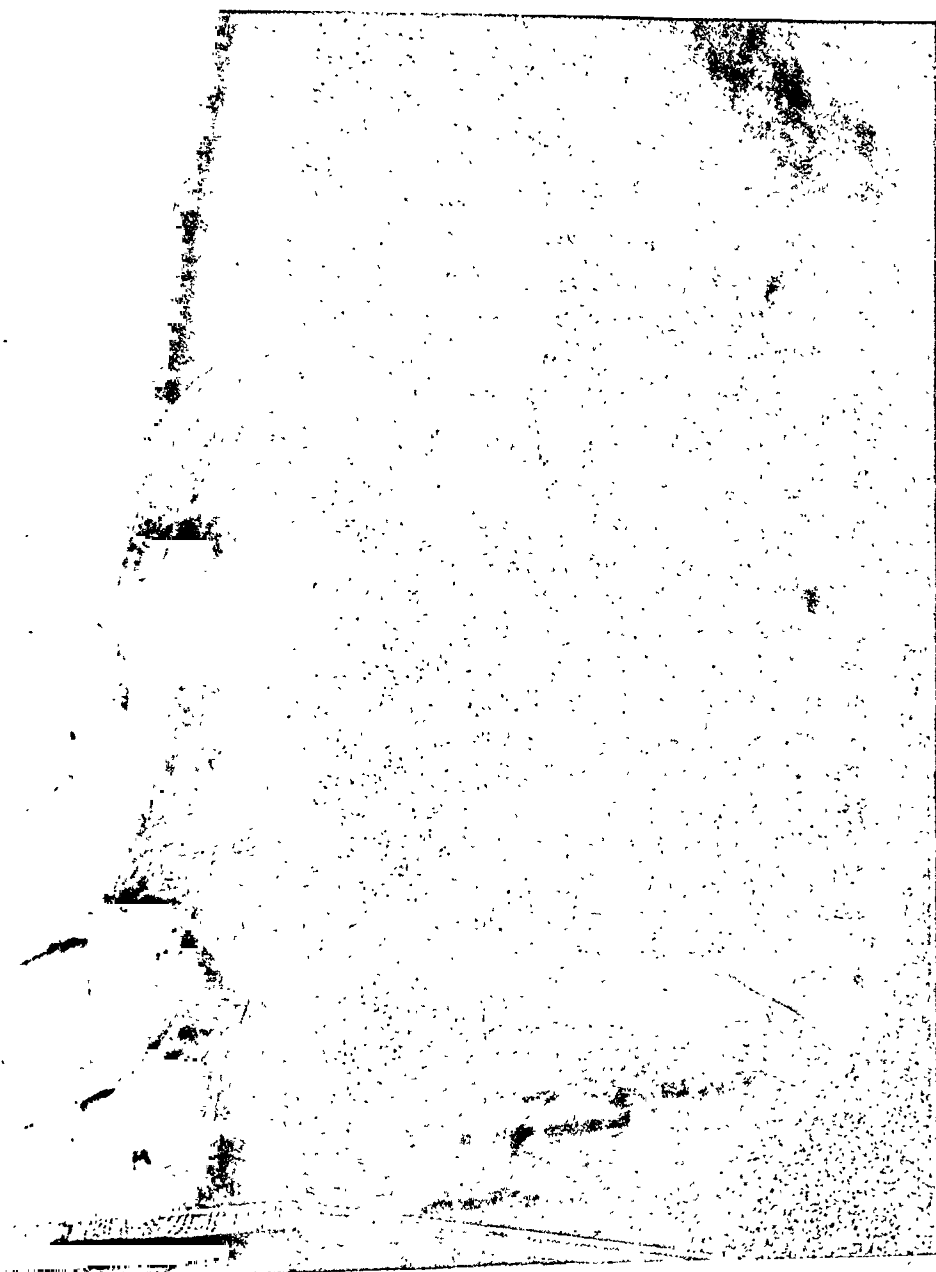
The India not yet born, the India of my dreams, is the unrealised ideal of a poet. I do not imagine her to be a repetition of the past or a continuation of the present. I want her to be unique. Her glory will be immanent in her goodness, in her being a consummate artist, in her abil ity to further human progress, material and spiritual. Unostentatious in her greatness, original in her quest she will be a newness unknown hitherto. She will be a dream fulfilled.

IV

Great Indians are shaping the India of my dreams. Our beloved Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the first Prime Minister of Free India, is one of them, and one of the few in whom the past, the present and the future have blended in a splendid harmony. He is a conservative, a liberal and a dreamer, all in one.

May 1, 1949





WHERE ANGELS SELL EGGS

N. S. Phadke

"Here we are," the Colonel who was driving the Jeep said, turning to me. "You want to get down at Baramullah. Don't you?"

"Yes," I said, looking at my own tiny reflection in the Colonel's glare-glasses. "I intend to spend sometime here and then proceed to Uri." I prepared to get down as the Jeep came to a halt, and one of the Army men on the rear seats took out my suit-case.

"You enjoyed the ride, I hope." The Colonel asked.

"Oh, very much, thank you." I smiled. "We left Srinagar at half-past five and it's only a quarter-past six now. Forty-two miles in three quarters! That's pretty good going."

"Thanks to the nice road! Have a cigarette before you drop down." The Colonel smiled and held out his gold-plated cigarette case under my chin. I was about to light a cigarette when I heard a small voice asking: "Won't you like to buy a few boiled eggs, *Huzur*?" I turned round. A boy stood on the road near the Jeep, holding a small bag of boiled eggs and smiling at me with his blue eyes.

"Ah, my friend, you've come with your eggs!" The Colonel laughed at the boy, and turning to me he said: "Do you know who this little fellow is! You had better make his acquaintance since you are going to stop in Baramullah. He belongs to this town, I guess. Because, every time I pass I see him and his brother selling eggs."

I murmured something and looked at the boy. He was a reedy fellow, tall for his age—he must be about fourteen—with unassimilated knees and elbows, a shock of red hair and solemn questioning eyes. I kept looking at him, trying to locate where exactly his charm lay. Was it in his eyes? Or was it simply in the graceful, confident way in which he stood on his legs?....

"We don't see your brother today?" I heard the Colonel asking the boy.

"He's busy at home, *Huzur*," the boy told him, "building a shed which will be our shop."

"Your shop? Aha! So, you propose to go into business?" The boy seemed to blush. "Well, how many eggs did you sell today?" the Colonel asked.

"I have had a bad time today, *Huzur*." A look of anguish came into the young blue eyes. "We sell quite a lot when convoys come and go. The Army men are very nice to us, and they seem to like our eggs. To-day there were no convoys, and, look, my bag is still almost full." He stretched his fair, bony arms and held the bag in front of the Colonel.

"All right, son," the Colonel took the bag. "I'll buy your whole stock. Here you are." He drew out and held a five rupee note before him.

The boy looked at the note and shook his head. "No, I cannot take so much, *Huzur*," he said, his face becoming very serious. "There are only twenty-two eggs in the bag."

"Well, how much is twenty-two eggs?"

"It's three annas per egg, *Huzur*. So I can take only sixty-six annas, not a penny more. I'm not a beggar." He seemed to put all his pride in the words.

"All right. You can keep this note and put it to my account." The Colonel laughed. "You can give me more eggs when I pass next time." And he thrust the note in the boy's hands.

"Here's salt and pepper, *Huzur*." The boy produced a handful of tiny packets.

"How much do I pay for these packets?" the Colonel asked, blinking an eye at me.

"Nothing," the boy smiled. "They go free with the eggs, you know that, *Huzur*."

"Yes, I think I know." The Colonel collected the packets, and turning to me said: "Each packet contains powdered salt and pepper. That is supposed to make the eggs more tasty. Isn't the boy a clever salesman?"

"I should say he is," I replied.

The Colonel gave a few eggs to the men on the rear seats and asked me to help myself with a few. I drew two and got down.

"*Achha*, bye-bye!" The Colonel waved to me and started the Jeep. The next moment I was left alone with the boy on the road.

I was about to pick up my suit-case, but the boy stepped forward and lifted it up. "I'll carry it for you, *Huzur*, if you don't mind," he said. "Where will you be stopping, *Huzur*?".

"At the *Dak* Bungalow." I told him. "They have instructions to expect me. They were to send a man to meet me here at four o'clock. But we left Srinagar very late ..."

I looked at the distant sky where the setting sun sprinkled gold and red and burning yellow on bunches of clouds, screened by the mountain tops covered with lustrous snow, and by trees ablaze with light. What a gorgeous land, I thought. And, then, as my eyes swung to the house roofs and *minars* of the city on the right across the road, I remembered all that I had heard about the ravages that Baramullah had suffered at the hands of the raiders only six months ago. I sighed. "That's Baramullah?" I asked, pointing my finger.

"Yes *Huzur*." The boy said as he walked in front of me. "Has *Huzur* come to see Baramullah? Is *Huzur* a visitor?"

I told him I was, looking at his beautiful neck and his broad shoulders under a rough dirty shirt, and at the pink of his bare ankles covered by dust.

"Does *Huzur* come from far away?"

"Yes, sort of," I said, munching an egg. "I must tell you, your eggs are very nice."

"Yes *Huzur*, they're fresh. It's my mother who brings them from the poultry man every morning."

"So, you've a mother? Is she old?"

"No, *Huzur*. She is very clever. She can tell a fresh egg although she's blind."

"Oh!" I said, and, not wanting to touch the spot of his grief, I asked: "May I know your name?"

"They call me Shabana, *Huzur*." He told me and then, as he noticed a servant on the steps of the *Dak* bungalow, he shouted: "Hey, Ahadu, *Huzur* has come. See?"

The man took a leap and ran towards us.

"*Huzur* must forgive me." He apologized, taking the suit-case from Shabana. "But I waited at the halt for an hour. We thought *Huzur* was not coming to-night. *Huzur* must forgive us—"

"That's all right," I said, wanting to stem the flood of his profuse apologies.

As we came near the steps, Shabana saluted me. "May I go now, *Huzur*?" he asked.

"Yes, Shabana," I said. "And, I must thank you very much for—" He gave me another salute, grinned and turned. After a few steps he started to run. I liked the way he trotted. It reminded me of a young gazelle.

I got up early next morning. I wanted to go into the city and roam through its streets and lanes, and see for myself the ugly marks of loot and arson to which charming Baramullah had been subjected by the raiders who, six months ago, had rushed into Kashmir from its north-west border, hoping to capture the capital city of Srinagar. I finished my breakfast and stood in the verandah, enjoying my cigarette. I was wondering if I should ask Ahadu to go along with me. Just then I noticed two boys walking briskly towards the *Dak* Bungalow. I could easily recognize Shabana. They came near the steps and saluted me.

"Well, Shabana, Good morning."

"This is my brother, *Huzur*," Shabana introduced his companion to me.

"Have you come with the eggs again?" I asked, wanting to tease him.

He laughed, understanding my joke.

"We sell eggs only to travellers who pass the road, *Huzur*."

"Then what is it that you want to sell now?"

"Oh, nothing *Huzur*." He said. "But we thought you might like your boots to be polished and, besides, *Bhai* wanted to have a look at you."

"Oh, this is the first time in my life anybody has come to have a look at me," I laughed. Then I called Ahadu and asked him to bring all the pairs of my boots and to give them to the two boys.

They squatted in the yard, and started their work vigorously.

"May I know your brother's name, Shabana?" I wanted to make some conversation.

"I call him *Bhai*, *Huzur*," Shabana told me, not looking at me.

"I don't suppose you're cobblers?"

"Not at all, *Huzur*, not at all." There was emphasis in his disavowal. "I am a fruit-grower's son. We polish boots because it brings us some precious money, and my mother says anything is good if it's honest labour."

"Oh, I see!" I said, watching these two little fellows who knew the philosophy of honest labour.

When they finished and put the shining boots in a row in the verandah, I took a note and held it before Shabana.

"Doesn't *Huzur* have change?" Shabana asked.

"Why do you talk of change? I want you to take the note."

"But how can I?" he asked. "We can't take money for which we haven't worked. We want money badly—how badly I can't tell you. But we can't accept money as a gift. We want to earn it."

I looked at the two boys standing shoulder to shoulder in the sun-light, one with red hair and blue eyes, and the other with pale hair and dark eyes, their faces young and tender, shadowed with a strange seriousness.

"All right," I said. "Will you take this note if I let you earn it?"

"Of course, *Huzur*. Give us any work and we will gladly do it."

"Come with me to the city then, and be my guides. Would you like to go with me?"

"Sure, *Huzur*, we'll like nothing better."

"That's fine." I turned in, put on my clothes and coming out I said: "Come on, my little guides. Let us go."

I had no idea that they would make such perfect guides. They seemed to know every inch of the city, and the history of every scar left by the raiders' outrages. Here was a mosque a part of which had been gutted. Here was a Hindu temple which had been looted and demolished. Here were the remains of the house of the richest Muslim landlord, who had been hacked to death, and whose wives and daughters had drowned themselves in the Jhelum to avoid dishonour. Here was the public square where young Maqbul Sherwani, who had tried to mobilize men and offer resistance to the raiders, had been put on a cross and nailed to death. The Bazar street had been completely destroyed by the raiders, and also the school and the hospital. Women had been dragged out into the street. Fire had been set to granaries and huge stacks of grass, and cows and sheep and cart-horses had been caught in the fire......But Shabana and his brother also showed me the bright side of the picture. They described to me how the raiders had reached the gates of Srinagar, but the Indian army had arrived in time and swept them back in a relentless drive until they ran beyond the mountain ranges of Uri, and Kashmir was safe again. Then the citizens of Baramullah had started to restore their houses and shops and temples and mosques, each man assisting his neighbour in a spirit of comradeship. The people had been looted by the raiders, but they had acquired a new wealth—the spirit of unity. Their houses had been burnt, but those who indulged in arson had kindled in their hearts a new flame of

hope and self-reliance. "You ought to come again after a year, *Huzur*," Shabana and his brother said repeatedly. "And when you come again, you will hardly believe that our city had ever been raided. We hope to make it as good and beautiful as it was......" ....I learnt from these two boys much more than what I would have learned from a book on Kashmir. I would have given Shabana an additional note, but I knew that if I offered it I would only hurt his pride and I did not want to do that. So I contented myself with only thanking him and his brother when we returned to the *Dak* Bungalow.

"How did *Huzur* like his guides?" Ahadu asked me as he served my lunch.

"I never saw such a grand pair of brothers," I said. "Are they twins, Ahadu? I guess they are."

"No, *Huzur*. They are not twins. They are not even brothers, although they tell everybody they are, and although Shabana calls the other boy *Bhai*."

This was astounding. I shook my head.

"*Huzur* should believe me," Ahadu said. "I have known the boys since they were little kids. The boy whom Shabana calls *Bhai* is a Hindu. His name is Kashinath. His father was a Forest Officer. He was killed by the raiders and his house was burnt. So, when Kashinath became an orphan, Shabana's mother took him into her family. She knew what it was like to face ruin and starvation. The raiders had burnt her house too and her shop. But she is a brave woman. She let her elder son join the Home Guards. He is at the Uri front now. And these two little kids work and keep the home fires burning. They have even saved some money and built a small shed where they talk of setting up a shop."

"I wish them all luck with it," I said. "But I wonder why Shabana never talked of his own disaster!"

"He is a proud boy, *Huzur*, who doesn't like to discuss his own sorrow."

"But he didn't tell me about Kashinath's father either," I said.

"He wants the world to believe that Kashinath is really his brother. Do you know what his mother tells people? She says she has three sons, not two."

After this, Ahadu talked about other things, but my mind was full of thoughts about Shabana and his blind mother. And as I rested in my bed after my lunch, I felt a little regret that in a few hours I would be leaving Baramullah and would not get to see the two little boys again.

I was, therefore, mildly surprised and delighted to find both of them standing on the steps of the *Dak* Bungalow when I came out on the verandah ready to go, when Ahadu would bring me word that the Military car by which I was to proceed to Uri had arrived at the halt.

"Well, Shabana," I smiled at him. "As you see, I am going to Uri now."

"Yes, *Huzur*," Shabana said. "We know that. You told us so in the morning. That's why we came."

"Aha! So you have come to say good-bye?"

"Yes, *Huzur*," Shabana said. And then with some hesitation he added, "Will *Huzur* mind taking some trouble for us?—or rather for our mother?"

"With pleasure, Shabana. What can I do for your mother?"

"She has prepared some refreshments for our brother Usman who is at Uri," he told me, lifting up a little tin-box which he held in his hands. "Will *Huzur* kindly hand this over to our dear brother? He is in the Home Guards there."

I took the box from his hands. "Is there anything you want me to tell your brother?"

"Nothing special, *Huzur*." Shabana said. "I mean to go and see him next week-end if I can get a bicycle. But *Huzur* can tell him we are all keeping fine and mother is quite all right, and our little shed is complete, and we shall start our shop as soon as we get sufficient money to buy a stock of apples and provisions." But he hastened to correct himself. "Or, rather, *Huzur* should not tell Usman this last thing. We don't want him to know that we need money. We don't want him to worry about us. We will manage about it ourselves. We will have to wait, but that doesn't matter. *Huzur* should simply tell Usman that we are all right and happy, and that the shed is ready."

"How much do you need to set up a shop, Shabana?" I asked.

"At least thirty-rupees, *Huzur*," Shabana said. "It'll take some time for us to save so much, but we shall do that."

"I'm sure you will, Shabana." I bent down and patted the two boys' backs, and noticing Ahadu running towards the bungalow, I said: "Well boys, I think the car has come and I must make a move. Good-bye! and good luck to you."

They smiled at me and saluted. They picked up my things and ran away ahead of me. When I got into the car and waved at them, Shabana came very close to me and whispered: "*Huzur*, don't tell Usman about the money." The next moment the car moved.

On the second day of my stay at Uri I met the Special Emergency Officer of Uri. I asked him if there was a young man Usman in the Home Guards working at the front. "Can I get to see him?"

The Officer's face became clouded, and he remained silent. This puzzled me a little. "Can I see this boy Usman?" I asked again.

He shook his head and bit his lip. "I very much regret, Sir," he murmured. "But you can't see him."

"Why? Is it against the rules, or what?"

"It's not against the rules, Sir. In fact, you're going to meet all the Home Guards so that you can see for yourself what sort of boys they are and how they are assisting the Indian Army."

"Then why do you say I can't see Usman?"

"Because—" his lips quivered and he seemed to falter for words. "Because—he is no more with us. He is reported to have died last evening.—"

"Died?" I exclaimed in utter disbelief. "What do you mean?"

"It's shocking and incredible, but true, Sir," the Officer said, and then he told me how Usman had met his tragic death. He was trying to carry supplies and food

to the patrol on a difficult point on a mountain range, and all of a sudden a bullet had come whizzing from an ambush and hit him in the heart...

This was too terrible. I became so silent that I could hear the throbbing of the veins in my head which I pressed with my hand....

"He was a grand fellow—this Usman," the Officer said. "Did you know him Sir?"

I don't remember if I made any answer.

I left Uri in the evening. I simply shuddered at the thought that the Jeep would halt at Baramullah and Shabana and his brother would be there. They would come running to me and ask me about Usman. What was I going to tell them? I suggested to the Colonel that he should not halt at Baramullah, but he told me that every passing car was checked by the Guard and the utmost that he could do was to make the halt as short as possible. I prayed to God that something might keep the two boys away when we reached Baramullah. ...... But no. God was not so merciful. From a distance I could see the figures of the two boys standing on the road in the evening light. They trotted up as soon as the Jeep halted, and as they noticed me they cried with delight. "Are you going to stop again for a day?" Shabana asked me.

"No Shabana, I am afraid I cannot stop, although I would like to. I must reach Srinagar to-night."

"Did *Huzur* give the box to Usman?"

I simply nodded and smiled.

"Did *Huzur* tell him mother was happy?"

I nodded again. It was difficult to keep the smile.

"Is Usman all right, *Huzur*?"

"I suppose he is all right, Shabana." The faces of the two boys glowed with happiness.

The Colonel took off the brakes and started the Jeep.

"Shabana, come here," I cried. When he came very close to me, I put three ten rupee notes in his hands. "Usman has sent this money." I touched his cheek and caressed his locks. "But, *Huzur*, I had asked you not to tell Usman—" Shabana's protesting voice came. But our Jeep had dashed forward.

I spent a week in Srinagar, and there came a day when I had to pay another visit to Uri. I was certain that in the meanwhile Shabana and his mother must have learnt about Usman's death. I did not want to meet Shabana now. I did not want to look at the beautiful faces of the two boys, darkened with the grief which was too terrible to bear....And yet, in some deeper part of myself, I longed to see their faces—the faces of these two little angels who were the symbols of the spirit of Kashmir, the symbols of the unity of the people, and of the courage with which ravaged cities were being repaired, and homes, destroyed by the enemy, were being rebuilt....

When I think of Kashmir now, I do not so much remember what I saw of the great work that was being done by the Indian Army at the various fronts, or

the monster meetings addressed by Sheikh Abdullah and other leaders. There comes before my eyes the vision of Shabana and his brother selling boiled eggs and helping their blind mother and building a shed for their new shop. I see them squatting in the sun in the yard of the *Dak* Bunglow, polishing my boots. I hear their words, "Come again to Baramullah, *Huzur*". And when the vision of these two boys floats before my eyes, I tell myself a new Kashmir is born, and no power on earth can rob her of her freedom or of her glory....

April 8, 1949

(*Translated from Marathi*)



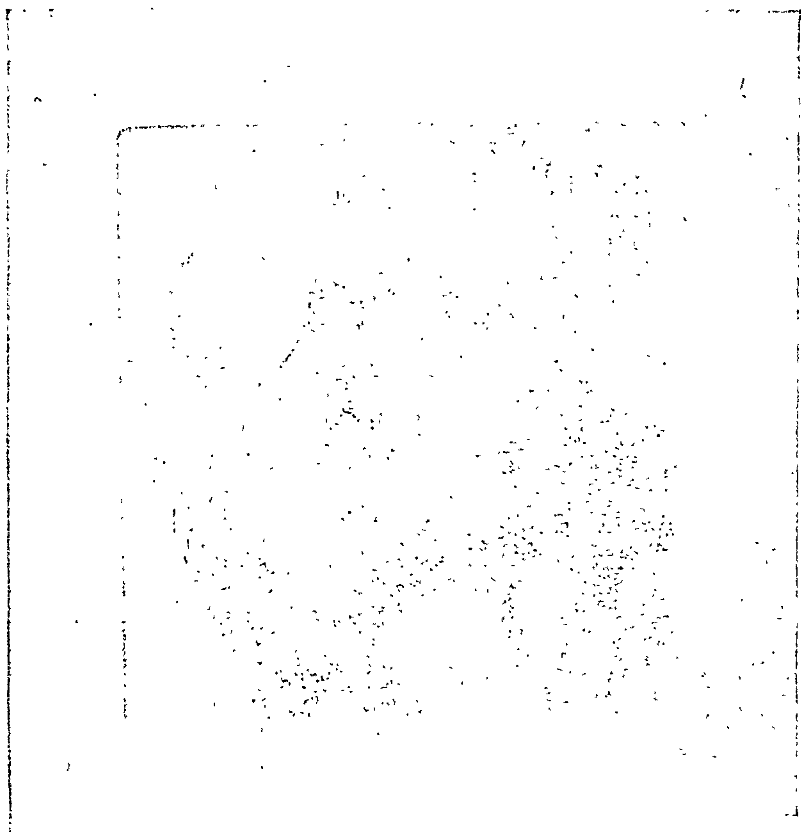
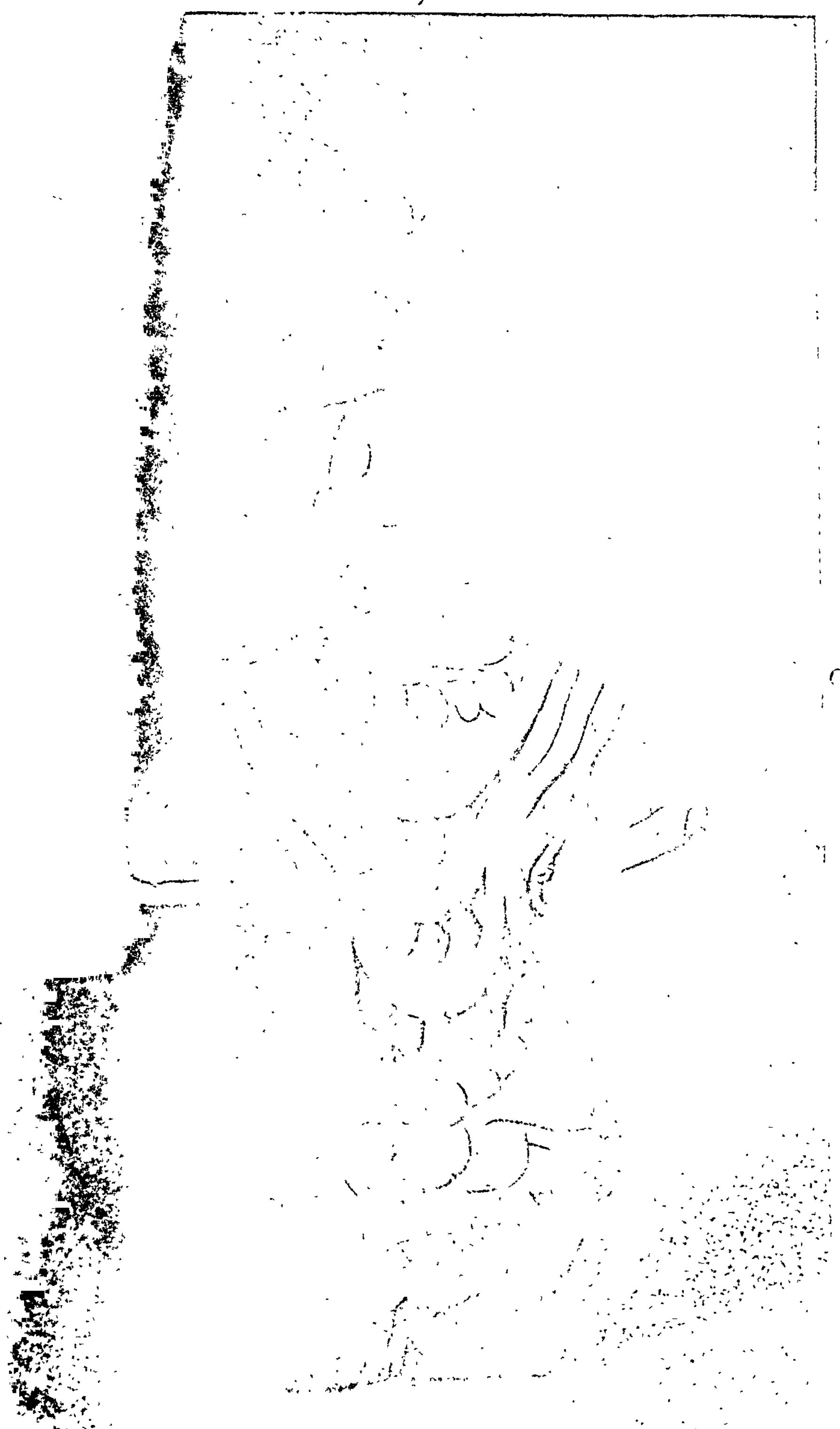


PLATE LI



THEY THREE DREAM

K. S. Karanth

August 14, 1972—A quarter of a century has elapsed since the dawn of India's independence, almost unnoticed, and tomorrow comes off the twenty-sixth annual day. Nothing whatsoever remains of those dark days of bondage or its bitter memories. It is but proper that Sri Damodar, as president of the All-Karnataka Navoditha Samaj, the largest and the strongest of all the political parties of the province, should have decided to celebrate it. Is it not a glorious Silver Jubilee? He is no Governor of the province, or a Minister. He hopes not to be one either. But a wink of his eye-lid can make a Governor or a Prime Minister humbly to bow down. To-day Damodar is Karnataka, and Karnataka is Damodar.

He has convinced himself that he is the most devout follower of Gandhiji, and is of the belief that no other political party, either in the past or present, has ever understood or acted on Gandhian lines, as his own party has done under his able guidance. Hence, he has decided to pay a fitting tribute at the altar of India's freedom. The plan first drafted as long ago as in 1962 has been completed.

In the capital of Karnataka, at the summit of the hill overlooking the city, beautiful roads have already been laid, and a park has sprung up. Tomorrow he himself will unveil the marble statue of Gandhi, which has been housed in a lovely *mandap*, built in the centre of that park. This very idea of a statue for Gandhi was his own dream, and it was not to be an ordinary one also. It is an ikon, posed like Buddha, with its one hand blessing and the other holding out a promise. He had set a sculptor to carve such a statue in pearl white marble, and the same has been erected on a high pedestal, housed in lovely pavilion. He would never have liked a realistic statue of Him, whom he had always dreamed to have been the Divine in human form, an *avatar*.

Just this evening he had run upto that hill with his wife and child, to supervise the eleventh-hour preparations. With elation they have viewed it from different angles and returned home for rest. Now the *mandap* is closed and a heavy satin curtain shields the statue from the gaze of ordinary citizens, and it will be his joyous duty to show it the light of day, tomorrow.

This happy function, with its festive appearance, is joyous enough, but to Damodar it has been nerve-racking also. For he had to dictate every bit of its detail and see things move to proper shape. Mrs. Damodar was to receive the ladies that would assemble tomorrow. Their five-year old son Pramath also had been busy, running along with his parents and, as such, they all needed rest badly. But it was past twelve when they could go to bed and dream of the sweet morrow.

A person of Damodar's type can never have peaceful slumber, and that too on such a night as this. He had to recapitulate every bit of detail of the next day, and this he could only do in his dreams. So many things appeared in his dreams, his dress, the unveiling speech, the message he would deliver to the ailing mankind, whose devoted servant he said he was, the manner in which each dignitary would have to come forth and garland the statue—all these pleasant visions rolled past his mind one by one. He felt that the hands of the statue set in *Abhaya* and *Varada mudras* would ever bless whatever work he would or did undertake in his life.

The dream unreeled itself in vivid colours. Before the dawn the populace had gathered like ants up and down the hill, thronged the highways and byways, when exactly at seven in the morning he drove past the admiring crowd. His car was like a bedecked chariot, and it was followed in a steady stream by those of the Governor, the Ministers and other personalities according to strict socio-political status in which the owner was placed in life. The very appearance of Damodar's car brought from the city's mob tumultuous applause. He more than deserved it, for was he not the unrivalled leader of the people?

Now he is on the hill top before the pavilion. As he ascended the rostrum another loud applause was heard from all quarters. Before the golden beams of the morning sun had turned white he had begun his address. People seemed to be thirsting for his sweet message which he gave with great self-confidence, in a very dignified tone befitting that great day and occasion. He promised every one in the country peace and plenty in the years to come. It was peace and plenty to every class, poor and rich, high and low, *cooly* and capitalist, and to friend and foe. Such was his noble manner! To crown it all, he promised the country the opening of a textile mill solely run by Harijan power. He had of course to apologise to the people, on behalf of his party, for the poor progress that they could show so far in the matter of housing the poor. Even that was not without its silver lining, for he said: "Did not our great seers live under the open skies and drink from the rivers the purest water? Simple living is always conducive to noble thinking." Turning to the occasion, he said that they should all enshrine Gandhi in their heart of hearts, in the very manner this pavilion had enshrined his noble statue. He then ran up to the *mandap* and pulled a golden cord that all of a sudden brought down the satin curtain, a thing that startled him a bit but indirectly added to the dramatic scene.

Now sunlight beamed on the statue making its thinner sections glow with pinkish hue. This made the face of the statue look like one in flesh and blood. All this had a startling appearance on Damodar's mind, whom the din of applause had unnerved further. He forgot even to garland it, and stood dazed. To him the ikon looked entirely different from the one he had caused to be erected there. It seemed to frown at him, and the broad smile of the previous evening was missing. Why could he not see even the *mudras*? Instead, the right hand of Gandhi raised its forefinger in censure, and his other almost stopped him from garlanding his neck. A shiver passed through Damodar's body, and he was perspiring awfully. Luckily, just then the dream melted and he woke up. But all attempts after that to sleep peace-

fully could never succeed. He could not even forget those terrible things he experienced earlier.

Mrs. Damodar had a dreamful night. Her dreams also were of Gandhi, as her mind too had been preoccupied with the next day's events. Unlike her husband's, her dream was more pleasant. She saw a golden statue of Gandhi instead of the marble one. Its hands were raised in salute to some one she could not guess. Its eyes were not so cheerful as those seen in the evening. But what caused slight discomfort to her was the sudden appearance of the non-entity of a woman who stood along with her group of high placed society ladies. To add to the insult, the stranger slowly wormed her way up to a position beside her, when a press photographer was about to take their photo. This she could never brook. So, with a wink of the eyes, she caused a nearby policeman to come and hustle her away to a place which she really deserved. After this Mrs. Damodar woke up and walked to her son's bed to wake him up, as it was pretty late to dress and get ready to go.

To her great surprise she found her little Pramath had also been dreaming of Gandhi; for the very first thing that he told her was: "Mother, I beheld a beautiful idol of Gandhi in my dream. It was made of copper or bronze, which exactly I can't say. But it was lovely beyond description. It was different from the one we saw yesterday. Its hands were at work on a tiny wheel. It was smiling with half-dreamy eyes. There were a number of ill-clad, dark-looking persons seated round about him."

"What, you saw a statue of copper you say? I dreamt of a golden statue. It would be more fitting if our statue had also been of gold. But it means so much money. But to say it was of copper!"

"What of that? It was still very beautiful".

Just then Damodar passed that way and he heard them a little. He remarked: "What, you too had dream of Him." Saying that much he rushed away to get ready, asking them also do the same.

Now the great day dawned. Every one in the city had woke up early at dawn and gone to the statue hill. People from far and near had come crowding all the highways and byways.

To the great joy of all, that morning's function was a grand success. Everything ran according to schedule. The speech, the unveiling, the grand statue, the closing etc. That afternoon people again assembled at the *maidan* to witness other functions and festivities. A military parade was to take place, and after it so many speeches, and fire-works, etc. No doubt that Damodar as the foremost leader of the country had to be the central figure.

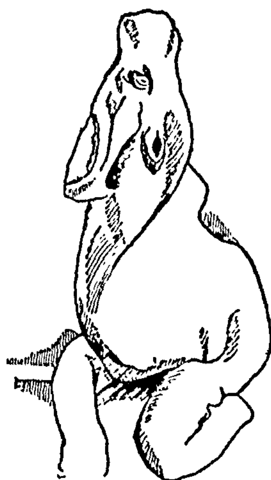
He was seated with wife and child on carved chairs, surrounded by other dignitaries. The parade was about to begin. Little Pramath, who was there all the time, was most uncomfortable. His mind was reluctant to witness all this but was keen on going to the statue hill, for after that dream he had nothing other than that lovely statue in his mind. So he was teasing his mother asking her to take him there. She no longer could bear this and so asked a servant to take him over there in their car.

The sun was about to set when Pramatha reached the statue grounds, and the golden rays of the setting sun were playing upon the statue and the pavilion housing it. A few dark, ill-clad people were sitting and standing round about the same. This caused no little surprise in the mind of the child. The statue was of white marble, unlike the one he had seen in his dream. It was differently posed, and he was feeling all the while that it would have been more beautiful if this was also like the one he saw. He did not like the hands set in the *Abhaya* and *Varada* pose either. To add to all this, those ill-clad people he had dreamt of were here in life and blood. That made him remark: "Who are those people? I saw them all in my dream yesterday. This morning they were not here. But must not they come with better clothes when they come to see this idol of Gandhi?"

His attendant could not make head or tail out of his words, which he took to be childish patter, or mere nonsense. Pramath, caring not whether he was understood or not, began to imitate the statue's pose as he had dreamed. Those dark people were eagerly looking at all this with wonder, for they could see in his sparkling eyes an image of his dreaming mind.

July 10, 1949

(*Translated from Kannada*)



THE ISLE OF ENCHANTMENT

"KALKI"

I met an old friend of mine the other day. Just before the last great war broke out he had left for Burma in search of livelihood, and had returned some two years later more than satisfied that he had been able to return alive.

"Ah! but you have been fortunate," I told him. "You have actually been in one of the important theatres of war. You have seen Japanese war planes in action and have heard Japanese guns screaming and Japanese bombs bursting. What luck!"

"Yes. But I do not know whether you would consider me lucky if you had been with me."

"I do not know," I replied. "Still you must admit you have had an exciting time. How I wish I had had your experiences! They would have been invaluable to one like me, a weaver of stories."

My friend pondered for a while. "If that is how you put it," said he, "here is an interesting experience. You can make what you like of it. But it happened not in Burma, but on my way back to India. If you are interested............."

"I am interested," I broke in and added; "I dare say you travelled by ship."

"Yes," replied my friend. "I was lucky to get a berth in a ship that was leaving Rangoon to the boom of Japanese guns. Yes, I was lucky."

And with that, my friend began his story.

* * *

I was fortunate indeed, as I was saying, in getting a berth in that ship, but I wouldn't call travelling in it a piece of good fortune. On the contrary, if there is any place called Hell it must be pretty much like what that ship was. It was an old cargo steamer. But it carried now as part of its cargo some thousand human souls. The dirt and the noise in that ship were appalling. Even now, at this distance of time, the din comes back to me—the clamour of the men, the shrill complaints of the women, and the endless clatter and wailing of the children—and I feel my gorge rise. Two hours after this wonderful ship reached the open sea, scent of danger assailed us. The ship's wireless received a message from somewhere that a Japanese cruiser was scouring the seas nearby, and within a short time the news had spread to every part of the ship with all the celerity that only bad news can achieve. Fear settled on us, a gripping nameless fear, and the clamour became unendurable.

The ship now changed its course to avoid the cruiser and turned south. After one day and one night we found ourselves within sight of land. It was an island with emerald hills, dark woods, and a peak or two rising up from among them to the sky. As we neared it, we found that it had something like a natural harbour

formed out of an inlet of the sea. As the ship moved into it the hills seemed to close in all around us, cutting us off from the open sea.

When the vessel cast anchor, I went up to the captain with some friends and made enquiries about the island. The captain couldn't tell us much. But the little that he could excited our curiosity. He said that among sailors it was known as "The Isle of Enchantment." It was of course uninhabited. But we were told that there were a number of old ruins in the interior, indicating that at some distant past the island had been the seat of a highly civilized race of men. Attempts to settle on the island had failed so far, though no one knew why. Seeing our eagerness, the captain arranged for a boat to take a few of us to see the island.

It was evening, some half an hour before sunset, when we set out. The captain accompanied us. On landing, we walked along the beach enjoying the rich verdure with which the land was clothed. And then we climbed the hill nearest to us. It was not much of a climb, some four hundred feet or so, and we were soon at the top. As we turned our eyes from the top of the hill at the interior of the island, a wonderful sight met us. *Mantapams*, temple spires, cupolas and domes, broad walls and temples cut in the living rock spread below us as far as the eye could reach, in row upon row of superb architecture. It was evident that the structures were centuries old and were in a state of decay. The salt winds from the sea were obviously eating into them day by day. Some of us wanted to go to the ruins and examine them at close quarters. But the captain would not permit us to do so. He was anxious to return to the ship before dark, lest the other passengers should get rattled at his absence. We turned our steps to where our boat lay. A desire to know more of the island made me, however, hang back. I lagged behind unobserved and, finally, when the party boarded the boat and the boat took off, I was not with them. They must have noticed my absence; for, the boat turned back towards land after having gone a little way. My friends shouted my name loudly, calling to me wildly. The captain fired a few shots in the air. All the while, standing behind a giant tree, I kept quiet. My presence was unnoticed and the boat turned towards the ship again.

I came out as soon as I was sure I would not be disturbed. And then, I set out briskly towards the tallest part of the brow of the hill. The sun had set and a full moon had shot up in the eastern sky. In the white, magic light of the moon the old ruins were transformed. Their outlines were now soft and all traces of age and neglect had vanished. Suddenly there were sounds of bells about me (were the ruins alive, I wondered), the fragrance of burning incense rose above the intoxicating sweetness of *Champak* and jasmine. I asked myself whether I was dreaming and whether the bells and the incense were real. And then another surprise was sprung upon me. From out of the ruins of that desolate island two persons were advancing towards the hill top on which I was standing. As they neared me, I could see one of them was a man and the other a woman. Both of them were young and had amazing good looks. Their dress was curious and reminded one of the clothes in which Kandyan dancers rig themselves.

I was, to put it mildly, bewildered. I had been told that the island was unin-

habited. And yet, here were two human beings (strangely attired, it is true, but what of that) approaching me. Who were they? Where did they come from? Were they, like me, strangers to the island? If they were, when and how did they come? These and a number of other questions leapt into my mind. Before I could attempt to resolve them, the persons had neared me. The man addressed me in a pleasant cultured voice: "Greetings, Stranger! You are welcome."

The Tamil words—yes, he spoke in Tamil—stirred me deeply. So, these are also from Tamil Nad, I thought. But how did they come here? Surely, not in my ship.

The man spoke to me again: "You seem to be a Tamilian. Am I right.?"

I felt I ought to say something in reply.

"Yes, sir, " I said. "I belong to Tamil Nad. And it appears you too are a Tamilian."

"Yes, we are Tamils," he said.

"When did you arrive here?" I asked.

"A good while ago. Perhaps, you arrived only to-day. That ship there, is that the ship that brought you?"

"Yes."

"Where does it come from, that ship? And whither is it bound?"

"It is on its way from Burma to India. The war is nearing Burma as you know. And so we Tamils are going back home."

"So Tamil Nad has changed," said the man sadly. "It is very strange that the Tamils are frightened by news of war. The Tamils whom I knew............."

The woman, who was till then silent, now spoke in a sweet voice which gave a thrill of pleasure. She said: "I should think the Tamils have grown wiser. What is the good in killing others and in dying in a war? Where is the sense and where the glory?"

"Ah, there you are, with your pet theory!" said the man with a laugh.

Their words had whetted my curiosity. I asked them bluntly: "But may I know who and what you are, and why you came here."

"That is a long story," said the man shaking his head.

"Oh, but I can listen to the longest of stories. The whole night is before me."

"In that case," said the woman, "we had better sit down."

We sat down, all three of us. In the east, the full moon whirled up the sky like a golden disc. The hills and boulders and the tall trees around us cast monstrous shadows across the land. A light breeze rose from somewhere and circled round, and its touch was like a caress. The deep moaned round with many voices and the noise came to us like the low, stifled roar of a lion.

The young man began his story:

"Six hundred years ago"......he said and, noticing my start, he added with a smile: "Yes, we have to go back six hundred years. But you need not start. I shall give you nothing but what really happened.

"Six hundred years ago, the three Tamil Kingdoms of the Cheras, the Cholas

and the Pandyas had lost their strength and glory. In Tanjore, one Uttama Chola was ruling over a small strip of land, into which the mighty empire of Raja Raja Chola had shrunk. But for all the smallness of his Kingdom, Uttama never forgot the greatness of the dynasty to which he belonged, and had set his heart against anything that might bring discredit to the fair name of the Cholas. He had two sons, Sukumara and Aditya. Sukumara was the elder and the crown prince.

"About this time, the ancient Pandyan dynasty had died out in Mathurai. A chieftain from further south had seized the throne and had called himself Parakrama Pandya. He had an only daughter, Bhuvana Mohini, and Parakrama thought that he could strengthen himself by marrying her to the Chola Prince Sukumara, who was reputed to be a greater scholar and a greater warrior. The Pandya broached this idea to Uttama Chola. But the proud Chola replied: 'No, it is unthinkable that a prince of the ancient Chola line should marry into a house that came into being only yesterday. If your daughter is anxious to enter the Chola palace, she may do so as a waiting maid.' The Chola had spoken half in jest, half in earnest. But Parakrama was inflamed by the words. He lost no time in gathering his forces and invading the Chola Kingdom. The small force of the Cholas was swept aside, and Uttama Chola was captured prisoner. His sons, however, escaped into the forests on the 'Kolli Hills'."

At this stage in the story, the woman intervened and said: "Rendered sore by the escape of the Chola princes, Parakrama Pandya wreaked terrible vengeance on the Chola king. As he entered Mathurai in triumph, the Pandya had Uttama Chola tied to his Chariot wheels and dragged the old king along the dusty streets of the city. Bhuvana Mohini, who was witnessing the triumphal procession from the top floor of the palace, could not bear to see the cruel treatment that had been meted out to the Chola. When she spoke of this to her father, the Pandya's reply was rough: 'Oh, but he wanted to make you a servant in his palace. How else can I crush his pride?' But Bhuvana Mohini was troubled in her heart."

The woman paused—I had now a feeling that the two were husband and wife—and the man took up the story: "In the forest, the Chola princes and their friends cast about as to how to rescue the Chola king from the Pandya's prison, and how to pay back the upstart Pandya in his own coin. Every one in the assembly volunteered to go disguised to Mathurai and to attempt to free the Chola from prison. It was, however, resolved that he who threw his spear farthest was to be assigned this difficult task. Sukumara got chosen and left for Mathurai in the disguise of a student of sculpture. At Mathurai he became the disciple of Devendra Silpi, the most famous of the sculptors of the time. Soon, however, Devendra realised that his disciple knew more of sculpture than himself and treated him with great affection and respect. The disciple busied himself with filling the master's studio with his new creations. He had obtained a separate portion of the studio for himself."

The woman continued the story again: "The Pandya princess had a passion for sculpture. She used to visit the studio of Devendra Silpi often. The pieces executed by the Silpi's new disciple excited her wonder. She desired to meet him and to express to him in person her appreciation. But Devendra Silpi would not

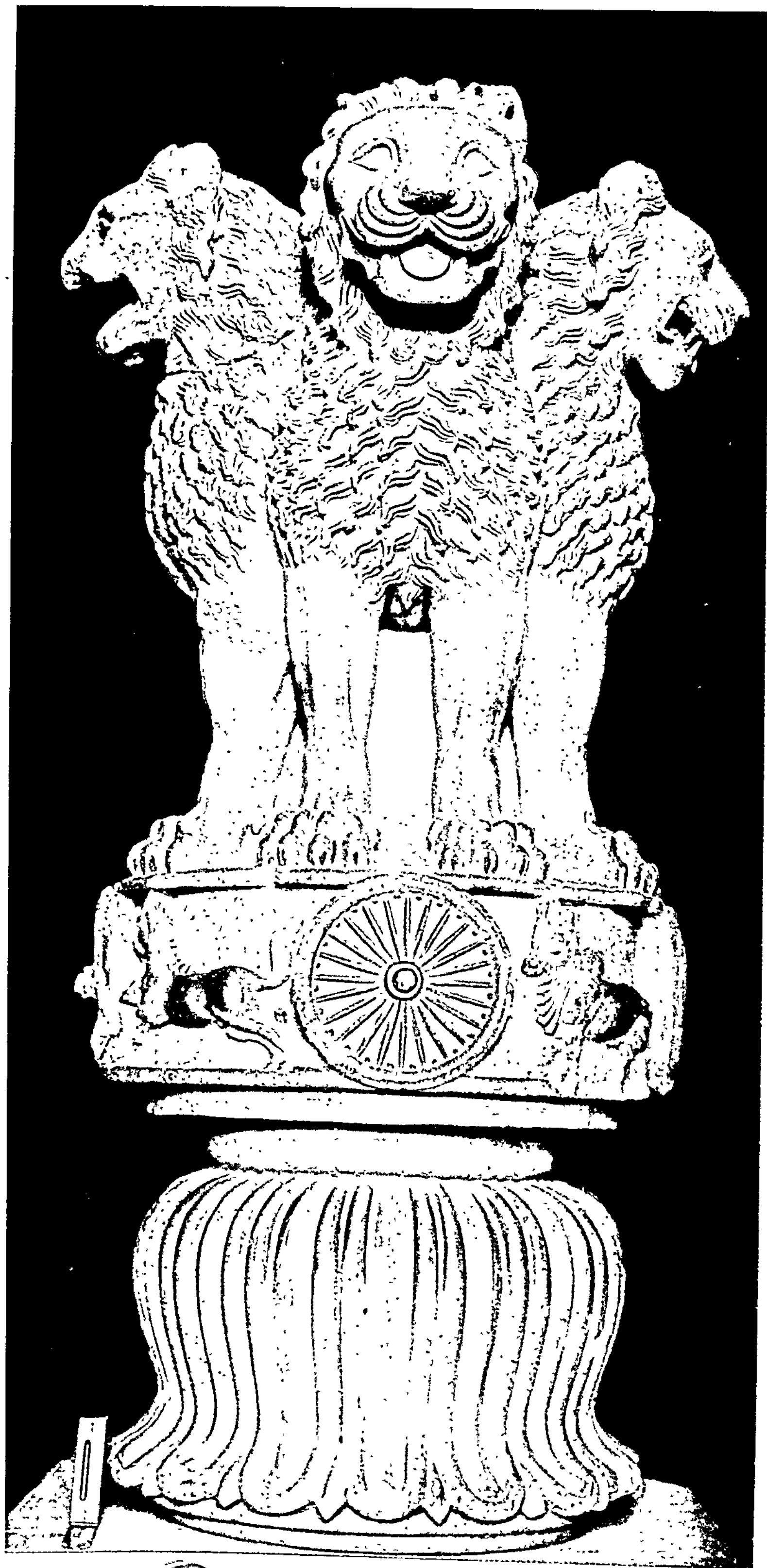


PLATE LIII

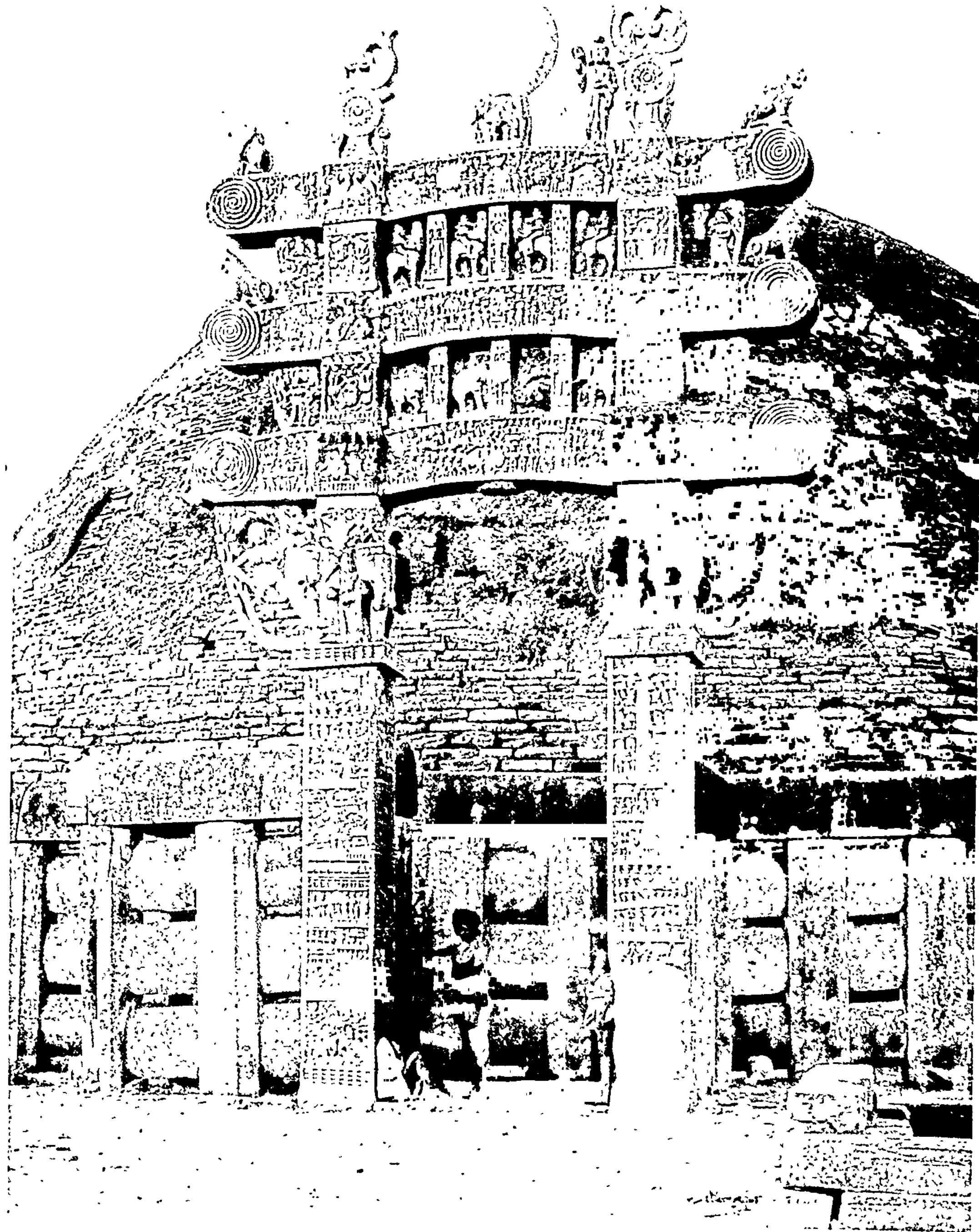


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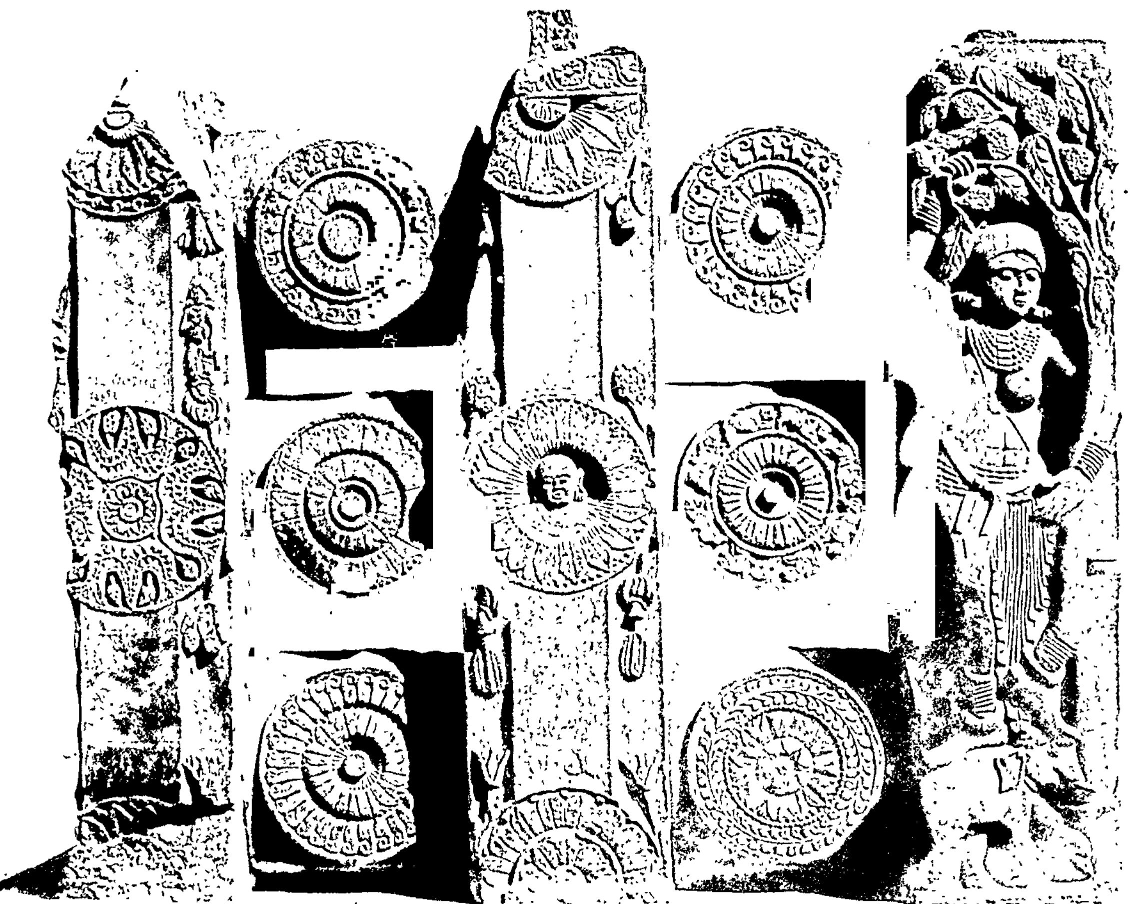


PLATE LV

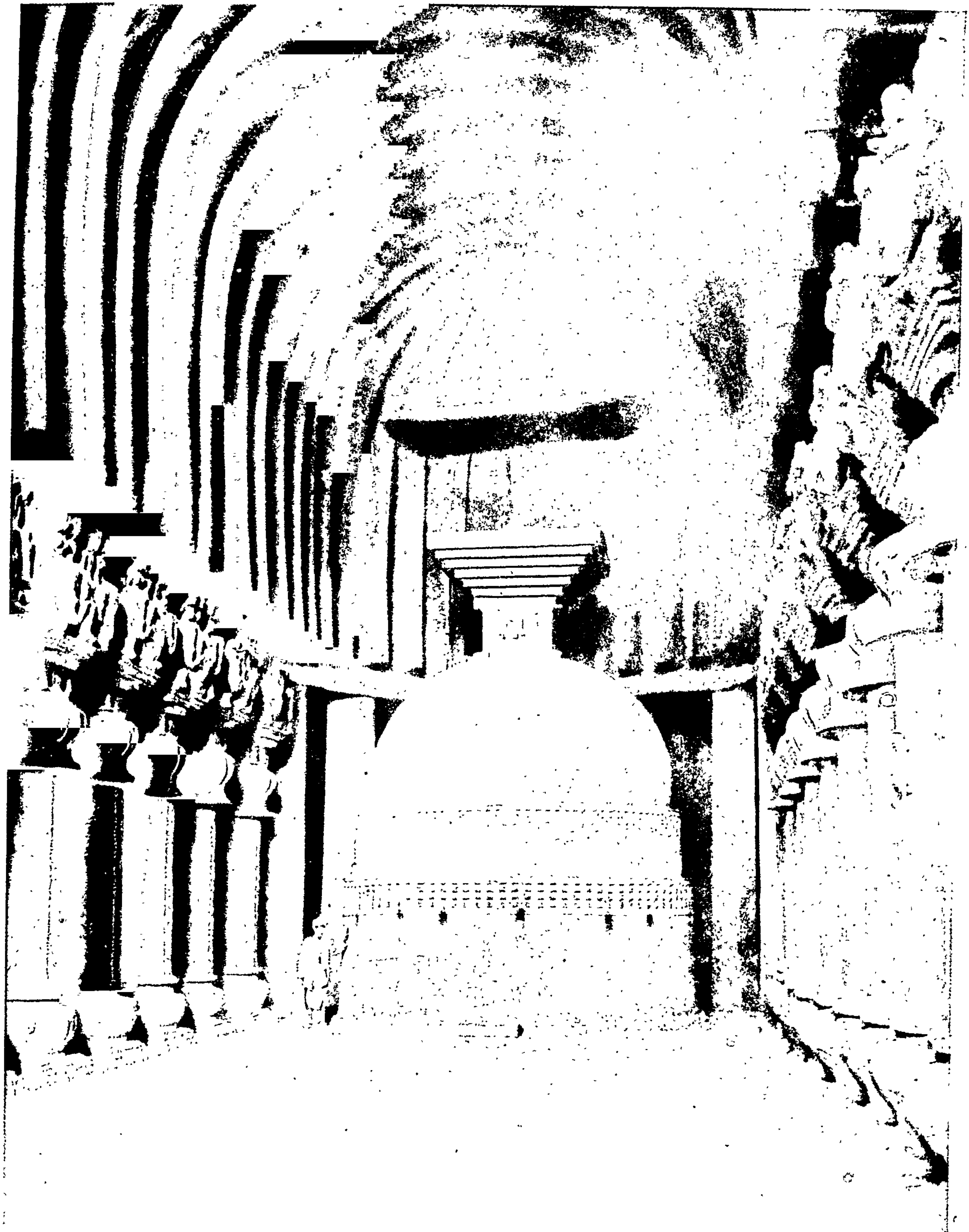


PLATE LVI

permit it. 'My new disciple,' said he, 'has taken a vow not to meet women. He believes in a mysterious curse to the effect that if he meets women great harm would befall him and his art.' The princess did not believe these words. All this talk of a curse was to her moonshine. Desirous of meeting the young sculptor somehow, she disguised herself as a man and presented herself one day at the *silpi's* studio as a traveller from Kashi (Benares). Sukumaran made friends with her, thinking that she was a man. The two young people met often and spent a great deal of time together."

The man now took up the tale: "Sukumaran had a suspicion that there was some mystery surrounding his new friend. One day while Parakrama Pandya went round the streets in ceremonial procession, the mystery was cleared. By the side of Parakrama Pandya was seated his beloved daughter. When the procession passed by the *Silpa Mantapa*, the princess glanced at the young sculptor. That single glance revealed the truth to Sukumaran. He was put out by the thought that the princess had deceived him. But he kept his feelings to himself, and when Bhuvana Mohini came to him again dressed as a man he received her as before in a friendly manner. Within himself, however, he planned to use her as an instrument for his own ends."

The woman spoke now: "One day, when, Bhuvana Mohini arrived at the *Silpa Mantapa* she found the young sculptor in great grief. The sculptor showed her a bronze statue that lay shattered before him. 'The secret of casting,' said he sadly, 'is not known to me. What is the good of living when you are unable to achieve what you want?' Under the obstinate questioning to which the princess submitted him, he said as though unwillingly: 'There is only one person in Tamil Nad who knows the secret, but he is in your father's prison. If I could meet the Chola King one night in the prison, I would return with the knowledge that I now seek. But I am dreaming of the impossible.'

"'I shall arrange it for you,' said the princess. She was anxious to put the young sculptor under obligation to her. When she came the next day, she brought her signet ring with her. She told him if he showed it to the jailors they would allow him in, and he could meet the Chola and learn from him the secret of bronzes. She also revealed her identity now to the sculptor. Sukumaran spoke effusively of his gratitude and happiness to Bhuvana Mohini, and the poor princess believed in him."

The man broke in now: "The Chola prince was really sincere. Even before this, he had fallen in love with Bhuvana Mohini. Only, the thought of his father's plight restrained him. Hardening himself, he went to the prison with the signet ring. Parakrama Pandya was fortunately absent at the time, on one of his wars with the Chera king. With the help of the signet ring, Sukumaran found it easy to over-reach the jailors. At dead of night, he brought his father out of the prison. Horses were ready—Sukumaran had seen to that—and the two Cholas, father and son, fled to the Kolli Hills."

The woman continued the narrative: "When Bhuvana Mohini learnt what had happened, she was heart-broken. Her ire was roused at the thought that the Chola prince had deceived her in disguise of a *silpi*. She ordered her cavalry to go

in pursuit, but it was of no avail. News of the escape of the Chola reached Parakrama Pandya on the battle-field and unsettled him. The war with the Chera had already gone against him. He himself had been wounded on the battlefield. The Pandya returned with a heavy heart, gathering the remnants of the broken army. From the day of his return, the Pandya kept to his bed. He was thoroughly spent. The princess blamed herself as the cause for all this mishap. Her bitterness was inflamed when she learnt that the Chola army was moving towards Mathurai in its campaign of revenge. She consoled her bedridden father, saying that she would take the field herself at the head of the Pandyan army. On the battle-field when the two armies met, the princess, being ignorant of war, found herself in a position that scattered her poor woman's wits."

The man now intervened: "It is true that the princess was new to war; but her matchless courage and extraordinary firmness shattered the Chola army. Her presence inspired the Pandyan soldiers. On the other hand, whenever the Chola soldiers saw the princess, they threw away bow and arrow and spear, and were content to gaze at the beautiful vision of this warrior princess. To rouse his soldiers to fight was something beyond even Sukumaran. He was troubled at heart by the thought that he had to fight against the woman he loved. He was wondering whether he should not speak to his father and stop the fighting, when, suddenly, the Pandyan army gave back unexpectedly."

The woman broke in: "The reason for this sudden weakness was the message that the Pandya king was dying. The princess hastened to her father's death bed. She confessed to him that she had been responsible for the Chola's escape from prison. The Pandya forgave her, and advised her to come to terms and stop the war. When Bhuvana Mohini returned to the battlefield, the Pandyan army was in full flight. She tried manfully to rally her fleeing soldiers. It was at this stage that Sukumaran, by a supreme heroic effort, was able to capture the princess as his prisoner."

There was mockery in the woman's voice. The man smiled at her and said to me: "The Chola prince was anxious to capture the Pandyan princess lest she should come to any harm on the battlefield. So, he personally led those soldiers who took the princess captive. The Pandyan army capitulated. That night, the prince sent a maid to where Bhuvana Mohini lay imprisoned. He sent through the servant the signet ring that the princess had given him, and also sent word that if she showed the signet ring to the jailors they would set her free."

The woman said: "The princess returned the signet ring with a message that the Pandyas never broke their parole and never descended to the Chola guile and treachery."

The man said: "Sukumaran went to his father, and confessed to him how deeply he loved the Pandya princess. He also told him that it was through her help that he had been able to free his father from prison. Uttama Chola was displeased. 'If this is how it is going to end,' he said, 'we might have avoided all this war and confusion and loss of life.' In the end, with great reluctance, he

permitted Sukumaran to marry Bhuvana Mohini. Sukumaran went to the prison in great joy, but disappointment awaited him there."

The woman said: "Yes, it was a disappointment to the Pandya princess too; but a great change had come over her because of her direct contact with politics and war. She refused to marry the Chola Prince. She added she had fallen in love not with the Chola crown prince but with the poor student of sculpture. She expressed her resolve to become a *Bhikkuni*!"

The woman stopped here and her husband was silent. I was however eager to know the end.

"And then what happened? Why have you suddenly fallen silent?" I asked.

The man hesitated a little and then said: "Yielding to her obstinate demands, I gave up the Chola kingdom which had come down to me through a long line of illustrious ancestors. I made my brother Aditya king. And then, with a ship carrying a large number of sculptors, we crossed the seas and reached this island."

What the man said was so strange that I thought that, perhaps, he was wandering. I looked at the woman. I do not know whether she guessed what passed in my mind. She said: "Please decide for yourself whether he lost any thing by giving up that moth-eaten little kingdom of his. Look at this new kingdom, the one he established in this beautiful island, and decide whether there was any real loss for the Chola prince."

Saying this, the woman spread out her hands in an expressive gesture, and waved them in the direction of the ruins on the island.

Yes, there they lay, palaces and towers, *mantapas* and *vihars*, all of them glistening in the white light of the moon as though made of ivory and white marble. The strange beauty of those structures took my breath away. I turned to the couple and stammered out: "So you are the Chola crown prince Sukumaran! May I know who is this lady?"

The man laughed: "Your perception is very keen indeed! I am reminded of the wise man who after hearing the *Ramayana* through desired to know how Sita was related to Rama."

The proverb intrigued me. I remembered what a scholar had said about how the Tamil language had not changed much through the centuries, and how today we speak almost the same Tamil that was current two thousand years ago in the Tamil land.

Seeing that I was silent, Bhuvana Mohini asked me with a smile: "Don't I seem to you to be a princess?"

I replied; "Oh, looking at you, I can well believe that you are the Empress of all the World."

Bhuvana Mohini turned to Sukumaran with a smile. "I am afraid," she said, "the Tamils have not progressed much in the art of flattery. I remember how you said the same thing about me in the old days."

Sukumaran laughed. Both of them now stood up and then I noted something strange. All round me the shadows of the rocks and the trees fell black and distinct

in the white moonlight. Even my shadow lay before me on the rock, but I could see no shadows behind the two strange figures that stood facing me. I looked about me bewildered, and as I turned to look at them again they were gone!

I did not remember anything more. I must have fainted. When I woke up the morning sunlight was streaming on my face. I gazed at the sea. Fortunately, my ship was still there, in the lagoon. With a great shout I ran down the hill and reached the beach. The Captain must have seen me. He was good enough to send a boat for me and ....well, that is the end.

* * *

My friend rose up to depart. I said: "I desire to see for myself your isle of enchantment. Can you take me there some time?"

"Do you believe in my story?" asked my friend. "Many don't".

"Leave them alone. For my part I believe every word of what you told me."

And why should I not? Why should we think that only the events that actually happen on this earth are the truth? Why should we deem as untrue the fairy land of imagination that springs up in a poet's mind?

June 7, 1949

(*Translated by A. S. Raghavan from Tamil*)



SONG-OFFERINGS FROM KANNADA

V. K. Gokak

I: THE MASTERS

These the saviours, these the masters
That shield the world both night and day,
Riding on clouds and storms and moving
With constellations on their way:
These the Great whose love illumines
Paths that very few have trod;
These the Wise whose mercy beckons
Every son of earth to God.

These the shining ones, celestial,
Living in the worlds' deep core;
These the Fullness over-brimming,
Pouring life through every pore;
Theirs the quiet and the splendour
That all tribes and worlds sustain;
Theirs the one Primeval will
That sets astir the wind and main.

These the wisdom of the ages,
The high lights of the universe;
These are, of three worlds, the masters
And kings of light; the rhythm that stirs
All that is and yet to be,—
Creation, evolution, doom;
Incarnations of infinite
Splendour in a little room.

Where the tongue that, not descanting
Their names, can still be eloquent?
Where the eyes that, not beholding
Them, deciphered Heaven's intent?
Where the arms that, not encircling
Them, have loveliness embraced?
Where the mind that, uninspired
By them, has been with beauty graced?

These the ancient, the eternal
In life's temple; those who know
The secret springs of life; the makers
Of revolutions as they go
Beaming from age to age; the Presence
That the world aspires to view;
These the changing and unchanging
Souls for ever old and new.

In the winds they blow for ever;
The seven seas with foam they wreathe;
Ever burning in the fire,
In the seraphim they breathe.
Beneath the dreaming, milk-white ocean
They make the python-bed unseen
For Life who leads us on to splendour,
Of our Maker being the queen.

It is they who furl the flower
And unfurl the timorous bud.
'Tis their word,—dries up the oceans
Or swells the rivers in their flood.
It is they who cast forth *maya's*
Nets and catch us, even like fish.
They can lead us gently, kindly
Out of error, if they wish.

May my life be as the lotus
Dedicated to Life's pleasure,
With the gentle benediction
Of the Masters as my treasure,
Blossoming near the holy shrine;
For pilgrims, at the Ancients' will,
May my song be as the honey,
Bee-wise for them to drink their fill.

May the earth, at the Ancients' bidding,
Be as the caravanserai
On the way to peaks empyrean
Or else, beneath a boundless sky,
The seminary of supermen
Who, bent on their eternal quest,
Will make this world a paradise
And men divine before they rest.

II. THE NECKLACE OF SOULS

I heard your song once, O Musician!
And glimpsed your palace, King of Light!
When, to keep her assignation,
Nature, decked in all her bright
And saffron splendour, bent her footsteps
To Your mansion, crowned with gold:
Her jewelled effulgence revealing
Souls in all their heavenly mould.

The ether-paths of Heaven were blazing
With the jewels that she wore.
Fate, the cunning jeweller, fashioned
And pointed with his jewel-lore
Rubies, beryls, amethysts
And strung the necklace that she wore:
These were souls that keen affliction
Kindled forth for ever more.

See the great Enchantress sweeping
The heart-strings of the Universe!
Chanting to immortal music
Her love in sacramental verse!
She is moving to Your mansion
Singing sweetly as she goes:
She, the Animating Spirit,
The Moon, the Nightingale, the Rose!

And I who saw her jewelled glory
Sang for I was borne along
By universal harmony:
If yet again I hear that song,
Those heavenly strains, O Great Musician!
To my Muse will open lie
The wide world and its mystery
And the vast spaces of the sky.

May 5, 1949

(*Translated from Kannada*)

WITH THE SAINTS

PREMA KANTAK

I was on tour in the Ahmadnagar district in the last week of June. A programme was fixed at Nevāse. I was filled with immense gladness. The name of the village is closely related to the name of Saint Dnyaneshwar. When I was in my teens I had read somewhere that Muktabai, the saint's only sister, was living a life of agony after her brother's passing away; that while in Nevāse a flash of the lightning from the blue finished her for ever! Dnyaneshwar! The Homer of Maharashtra! His was a life of eternal romance! He appeared to have come from some dreamland—poetic, wonderful, radiant! His loving and only sister was never separated from her brothers since she came to life. Three brothers and their only sister lived in a life-long group, and so when one of the brothers passed away she felt that the team was broken and all grace from life was lost. Later on I learnt that Muktabai passed away at Edalabad and not at Nevāse. There stands her *Samádhi*. Our place Saswad glories in her brother Sopāndeva's *samādhi;* Dnyaneshwar's *samādhi* is at Ālandi, while the eldest brother, Shree Nivrittinath, breathed his last at Tryambakesvar, that has become a place of pilgrimage because of his *samadhi* erected there. I have visited all these three holy places but not yet seen the remains of Muktabai.

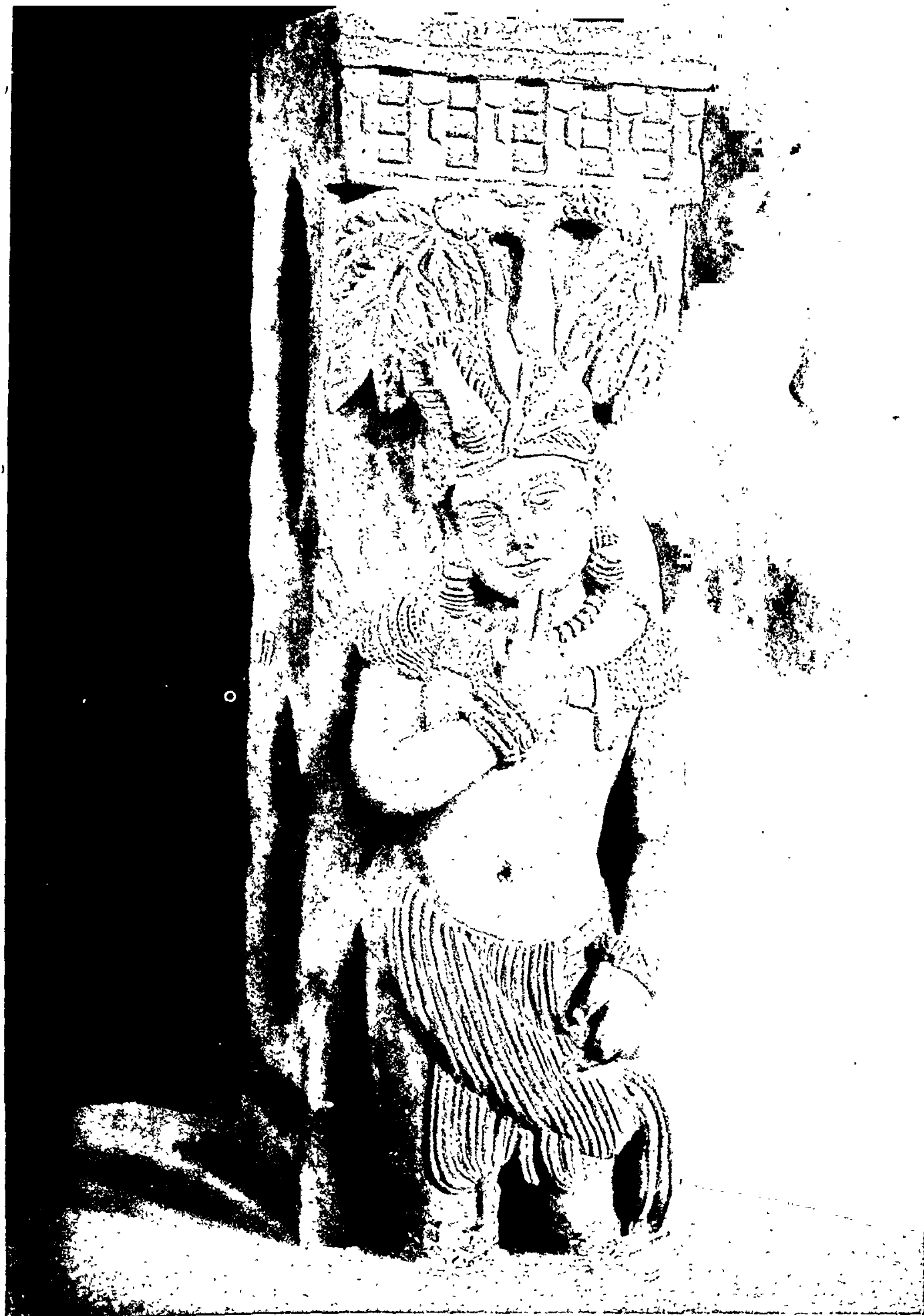
Saint Dnyaneshwar wrote his unique work *Bhavarth-Deepika,* commonly known as *Dnyaneshwari* at Navāse. The stony pillar to which he reclined and poured out his words of wisdom in rhymes to the writer Sachchidanand Bāvā still stands there. When I heard about it, my curiosity was a roused. "I must see the place when I go to Nevāse," I thought.

River Pravara flows right through Nevāse. The basin is wide enough. Both the banks are uneven and covered with dense shrubs. The village is situated on both sides of the river. We had to cross the river by a ferry-boat. The water flowed slowly, peacefully, over which the boat glided on merrily, like a swift dream of childhood. The cool shade of the woods on the banks gave quick response to the insistent calls of the gently-blowing wind. The sky was cloudy. The village folk were up early and working, but everywhere there was calm. Small hills were putting up their little peaks near the horizon. We were too near the village to have the sight of fields. Everywhere we saw profuse mud caused by heavy rains. We had to wade our way through the dark, soft mud bearing on its body the charming prints of cattle's hoofs and goat's feet. We reached our destination at last, and there finished our morning duties and ablutions.

No doubt, I was eager to see the object of my tour fully carried out, but I was equally eager to have a look at the penance-grove, where the four little saints lived and served. Our programme was fixed at 4 P. M. We started at 2 P.M, for a visit



PLATE LVII



to the historic place. Three sisters accompanied me.

The place is quite near to the village. While our steps turned in its direction, my mind flew seven centuries back, and slowly I found my heart in the folds of universal devotion! We were traversing a lonely road, on both sides of which patches of fields spread far and wide. Two rows of big *neem* trees marked out the road. The Ahmadnagar district owes much of its beauty to these *neem* trees decked with dense foliage. I am very fond of the *neem* tree. It is so tall, straight, and its foliage looks like a net-work! The white, tiny, lovely jostling crowds of its flowers appear like white lotuses in a green pond, and the drooping bunches of its golden yellow fruit enhance its beauty with sweet perfume. Nevāse is richly gifted with *neem* trees. Under the vast blue canopy they nodded their huge heads like hooded cobras under the spell of charm.

We walked with silent steps on the rich green grass that had grown everywhere. The holy place commands a lovely landscape, on which my eyes kept gazing. Drunk deep with the nectar of the beautiful world around, my mouth refused to utter a single word. We were moving far away from the noisy din of the world we lived in.

An old *masjid* appeared on the right-hand side. It was in ruins. Once it might have been in a glorious condition. In medieval times the district was under the sway of Muslim rulers for a long time. There is a substantial Muslim population also. Likewise, many tokens and remains of Islamic culture are found everywhere. Almost every town and a big village has a *masjid*.

We approached the place. At the turning we saw a black cow quietly chewing the cud on the green grass. It was the only quadruped that came to our view besides birds on the solitary tract. The supreme peace on her countenance and the light in her eyes reminded me of Mahatma Gandhi's famous expression, "the cow is a poem of pity." We were being drawn into the whirl of poetry. Mother Cow was its fulfilment!

We saw wide space in front of us. Two big trees appearing almost like twins, stood erect in the centre. Of the two the *neem* looked like a giant! The *neem* and the *pipal* stood close together, their trunks encircled by a raised mud platform and formed the centre of the wide, open courtyard. I have seen huge *pipal* trees, but this one was a slender one, dwarfed, before the giant *neem*, whose height and wide foliage left me astonished. Like a huge banyan tree its cool expanse had spread all over the courtyard like a big umbrella! The *pipal* was completely concealed under its shade! Might be that the tree must have imitated the large-hearted saint, who had blessed the place with his holy company for years.

We advanced full of admiration for the tree. There lay the temple, a humble cottage sort of a thing, old walls and a tiled roof. It is situated on a higher level; we had to ascend some high steps to reach the temple. We crossed a stony pavement and entered the temple, the front part of which is built of stone. The building appears inadequate. In the hall there were old pictures fastened to the walls. There were idols in the inner precinct of the temple, but I did not take much notice of them. The object of my attraction was the famous historic pillar that stood erect in the centre

of the temple. Its top was shorn away but the trunk was securely standing on a firm foundation. The lower part formed a square, each side wider than the human back. Some old composition was seen engraved in *Devanagari* Script on all the four square sides of the pillar. I had not my spectacles with me, so I could not read it. One of my companions remarked: "It is said that the whole Dnyaneshwari is engraved on the pillar." "Impossible,"! I retorted. The work is a big volume containing hundreds of rhymes! The pillar afforded little room for it.

I cast my greedy eyes in all directions at one and the same time! Naturally, I could not definitely distinguish any thing. The inner precinct was rather dark. It is the guiding impulse of humanity to pierce through the dark obscurity and discover the light. All wish to know the source of light that peeps through the darkness, but few are ready to offer their lives in the quest.

However, I was keen to learn the history of the place. After much quest, my companions found out a young man and introduced him to me as an original inhabitant of Poona. He had chosen to live in the solitary place with the sole object, the study of *Dnyaneshwari*. Perhaps he wished to be a dedicated votary, or else why should he leave city-life and choose to dwell there?

The young man narrated: "The composition on the pillar has nothing to do with the *Dnyaneshwari*. The Great Saint used to sit here when he dictated his Book. He used to sit leaning on the pillar, while the writer Sachchidanand Bāvā used to sit in front of him—just here. The saint spoke out, the writer wrote down. The book was completed in this manner. The saint used to sit here in deep meditation and practise yoga. Once while he was coming to consciousness from his *samadhi*, a woman, on the way to offer herself as a *suttee*, saw and saluted him. The saint only perceived that a woman with auspicious marks was bowing down to him. Naturally he blessed her: "Enjoy felicity in thy husband's long company—be a proud mother of eight sons." The woman smiled and asked: "Master, is this boon meant for the next life?" The Great Teacher was startled and made inquiries. On learning that her husband's dead body was being carried to the cemetery, and the faithful wife in the bridal garb was following it to the funeral pyre, the saint stopped the procession, instilled spirit into the dead body and brought it back to life. The dead brought back to life became known as Sachchidanand Bāvā, the 'writer' of *Dnyaneshwari*. The blessing came to be true."

The long-known story came to my ears once again. Its tastefulness and benevolent grace stirred my heart with happy emotions, and it spoke in the language of gentle throbs. The curtain was lifted up and the bygone times woke up from sleep as it were! The concluding rhymes of the *Dnyaneshwari* came to life and began to dance in a whirl of rapture before my eyes:

In this Age of *Kali*
In the Province of Maharashtra
On the bank of the glorious Godavari
In the Deccan,

The sanctity of which is (known to be) proverbial throughout the three worlds
The ancient holy place of five *kôs* area
Where the moving spirit of the world
The glorious Mahalaya (Mohiniraj) dwells.
There the glory of the race of the Yadūs
Well-versed in all arts
The righteous King reigns
The glorious Ramachandra!
There belonging to the leneology of God Shiva
The disciple of the Great Nivrittinath (Ādinath)
Dyanadev translated the *Geeta*
In the native language (Marathi)
. . . .
. . . .
In twelve hundred and twelve of *Shalivahan-shaka*
Dnyaneshwara made the commentary,
Sachchidanand Bāvā respectfully
Wrote it down.

One after another pictures passed before my eyes—the Maharashtra seven centuries ago, the historic Marathi dialect, the King Ramadevarao Yadava, his four-fold strong army, his gorgeous wealth, the proud land of Maharashtra—till then not trampled under the feet of foreign invaders, the Godavari—the Ganga of Maharashtra, the narrow-minded, sordid, lethargic Brahmans, who persecuted the innocent, guileless children, and so on and so forth....! How long can a society hold on—the society that persecutes innocent persons? The sound of the trampling hoofs of the invading army of the Sultan of Delhi had not yet fallen on the ears of the people of Maharashtra. They were still under the spell of languid drowsiness. The princes, the princesses, their chariots, servants, and maids, horses, officers—all those drowned in the stream of oblivion—cities and kingdoms, and the great devotees and *yogis* who, flinging away the goods and chattels of this world, sought and chose some lonely nook in solitude that might help them on the path of Divine Union, also the slow-witted villagers who harassed them—all these characters passed before my mental eye in quick succession. Had I lived during that period, I might not have felt so much attraction that I felt then— a formidable, romantic attraction only in an illusive imagination in a different period. The surrounding nature hummed and twittered in my ears: "Thou art of today! We belong to the remote past, the limitless blue space above, the flow of the river beneath, the encircling hills, the light that thou seest and the supreme peace reigning everywhere—all these are unbreakable and imperishable. They have seen all, known all! There exists nothing that is known to history only and unknown to them. On the contrary, history is our child. We are more ancient than history. We know what history does not."

I stood and watched the ruined temple in an absent manner. I saw, and did not

see at all. I could not find what I sought. Like a child dissatisfied, my heart cried: "Not this! Not this!" There, the pillar, sanctified with the saint's divine touch, stood like a trunk without the head. The story of seven hundred years ago was nowhere to be seen. But the powerful thoughts revolving in the head that once reclined on the pillar, had spread thousands of miles, far away through all the seven centuries! What a glorious and intensive spiritual achievement! While the surrounding world cries the supreme lesson, "All this is transitory," those letters on the pillar prove the immortality of thought! Lord Buddha sat in meditation under the Bodhi-Tree and conquered *mara*. Who knows, a great war might not have gone forward once more against *mara* near the pillar!—a terrible and weary fight of a Truth-seeker might not have taken place there! Once again a great Devotee must have mastered *mara* thoroughly, and then only must have founded there the immortal University of Divine Lores! In that sacred, peaceful and beautiful atmosphere, there arose a visionary apparition before my imagination reanimating memories of bygone years! There are stony images in the right side corner of the temple. It is said that they represent the glorious Dnyaneshwar and his brothers. How can the lifeless stony figures throb with the life and reality of the Actual? My eyes were looking round for the Actual, but how could the spirit be revealed to the mortal eyes?

My heart longed again and again for one thing—that the departed saint should come to form and sit in his usual position reclining against the pillar, and quote his rhymes with his own mouth to his writer, and that I should listen with a thirsty heart, with mind and eyes being one. How could that longing be fulfilled?

We came out of the temple. The devotee asked: "Would you like to have some water to drink?" I was not thirsty, but wished to taste the blessed water of that place, and so I assented. He went away to fetch it. I sat on a stone-slab that was at the upper end of the steps in front of the temple. I looked around. The temple was sixty or eighty years old. God knows what must have existed there before the temple was built. I saw a white stone slab that was newly set in on the right-hand side of the temple door. Quite a fresh declaration was engraved on it. It stated that the slab was set in at the hands of Prof. Dandekar, who had collected Rs. 10,000 for renovating the temple. After some inquiry I learnt that the object was there for years together and the money too lay collected, but the work was not commenced till then. A few days ago there were some celebrations held, and again the intention was declared publicly and the slab was set in at the hands of Prof. Dandekar on the same occasion. The work was soon to commence and facilities for the lodging and studies for the students of the Saints' works would be made. I was pleased.

The man returned with a bright brass *lota* full of crystal-like water. I drank it and soothed my mind. There was nothing extraordinary in it, but sentiment weaves the idea. We followed the guide to the backside of the temple. We saw a desolate-looking building. The structure was of black stone, with three walls, and a verandah in the front and a stony roof—all in a ruined condition. The front wall did not exist at all. The floor was covered with grass. The four children used to live there. Our guide narrated: "After their parents had committed suicide,

the children could not find shelter anywhere. Fellow-inhabitants stamped them as 'ascetic's children', and excommunicated them. They had no place to lay their tiny tired limbs in the village; so all four of them left the village and came to this place, which was then used as a cemetery. Later on, when the children proved their exceptional and supernatural personality, this place came to importance. The cemetery was removed to some other place. The original appearance of this place changed, and it became a place of pilgrimage."

Those godly children, who left their home in agony, revolutionised the whole surrounding by their supreme penance and brought peace to where they dwelt. Again my mind mused and pondered. Those four orphans, with not a pie in their pockets, were forced to beg from door to door in the village to maintain themselves. For they were not old enough to work for their livelihood. Muktabai, the fond and only sister of three brothers! She was the youngest and the most innocent of them all! All the three watched and looked after her. I recollected the famous "rhymes of the door" composed by the fond Muktabai, perfect in her detachment. Once village folks harassed Dnyaneshwar very much, slandered and insulted him. Dnyaneshwar, pricked to the quick by the mockery and reproach, returned to his abode with a mind full of deep anguish, to conceal which he entered into a room, fastened its door from inside and sat there pondering. Affectionate sister Muktabai came to know what had happened, and came running to console her brother, but the door was closed. She entreated her brother to open the door, but received no response. The wise sister began to cajole her brother by means of rhymes composed then and there. Those rhymes are famous in Marathi saint-literature by the title of *Tāteeche Abhang* (the rhymes of the door).

Have mercy on me, O, Dnyaneshwar,
Please open the door.
He, who is a saint
Must suffer calumny.
Truly he is a saint,
Who is free from vain-glory.
Where saintliness exists
There universal love must persist.
Whom should one scold
When one has identified oneself with the whole universe?
Let thy eye be single,
Open the door, O, Dnyaneshwar.
The Pure-hearted *Yogi*
Bears with people's faults.
When the whole world is on fire,
The saint should shower words of peace.
When words like darts pierce the heart,
The saints should think them to be words of the wise.
The universe is the cloth, Brahma is the thread (yarn)

Please open the door, O Dnyaneshwar!
Fond Muktabai (Says)
God (pervades) like the Eternal Seed everywhere.
Save yourself and then the whole world.
Open the door, O Dnyaneshwar.

The divine stream of the loving sister's music produced the desirable result. The brother's heart relented and the door was opened.

"Even if the whole world is on fire, the saint should shower words of peace."

The charming, unsophisticated girl delivering the message, her extraordinary brother with mind pacified, and two pairs of smiling eyes looking at the whole scene —the whole picture rose up before my mind. Even at that very moment the air kept vibrating with the illuminating melody. The dense cool shade of the *neem* trees nearby, the flow of the distant Godavari, the surrounding lovely woodlands—all seemed to sing sweetly:

When the whole world is set on fire,
The saint should shower words of peace!

The great message of the soul-conscious Muktabai, the 'words of peace', is resounding through the calm and serene atmosphere of Nevāse even to this day, seeking to bring about in affectionate communion the various antagonistic opinions and quarelling sects and systems of this country. Leaves rustle with its murmur, the water ripples with its laughter! The cuckoo sings sweetly and cools down the world, hot and panting owing to the strong sun, without anyone becoming conscious of the miracle. Even so, fond Muktabai skilfully wrought out the same miracle by her sweet life-breathing song. The lips gave utterance to the Divine Song:

And with the sole object of the happiness of the world
Body, speech and mind (be utilised)
In life—that is non-violence
In actual form.

—*Dnyaneshwari.*

One does not find sufficient words to glorify these great souls, who draw the cool veil of peace internally while the heat of the summer sun rages fiercely outside.

The ocean of Life swells and ebbs while we witness the sport of time. Great souls come to life only to prepare the way for greater ones, who follow them. The message they render to the world is received by them lying in the arms of mother Nature, in the corner of virgin Solitude that offers them the bliss of renunciation. Those who wish to bring forth peace in the world must first be at peace within themselves, must be self-controlled.

I was unwilling to part from the fascinating place. The hospitable woodlands too were attractive enough. The penance performed at one end of the world reaches

the other end as well, I thought. I was lost in reverie—gazing at the place steadily, reverently, humbly, without a wink. Suddenly our District Organiser, who had accompanied me, roused me from my stupor with a notice of warning: "It is time for the meeting; we must go."

I heaved a deep sigh, got up and bade good-bye to the place with the Saints' blessings with me.

July 13, 1949

(*Translated from Marathi*)



CHORUSES FROM PROMETHEUS RE-BOUND

B. S. MARDHEKAR

CHORUS OF STARS

We are aware of nothing,
Not listening, not feeling;
The weight of the world's gigantic soul
Is as a snow-flake
In a universe that expands and expands.
There are bubbles that burst,
And bubbles that stay:
Ours is a trouble
Of the long long day;

SEMI-CHORUS: I

Though some would call it night,
Not meaning, not perceiving:
We have learnt to die unvying
In lucent space with lambent flame.

SEMI-CHORUS: II

Myriads are not born in vain.
A wheel must turn on axle:
So much is workshop sense;
Unless you live in willing suspense:

CHORUS

As all do,
Not listening, not feeling;
Seldom meaning or perceiving.
There is a danger we should live,
And *only* live.
There is risk in dying,
If we die *only*.

*   *   *   *

CHORUS

All felicities ripen into bleeding scars;
And memory forsakes her fruit
To destiny,

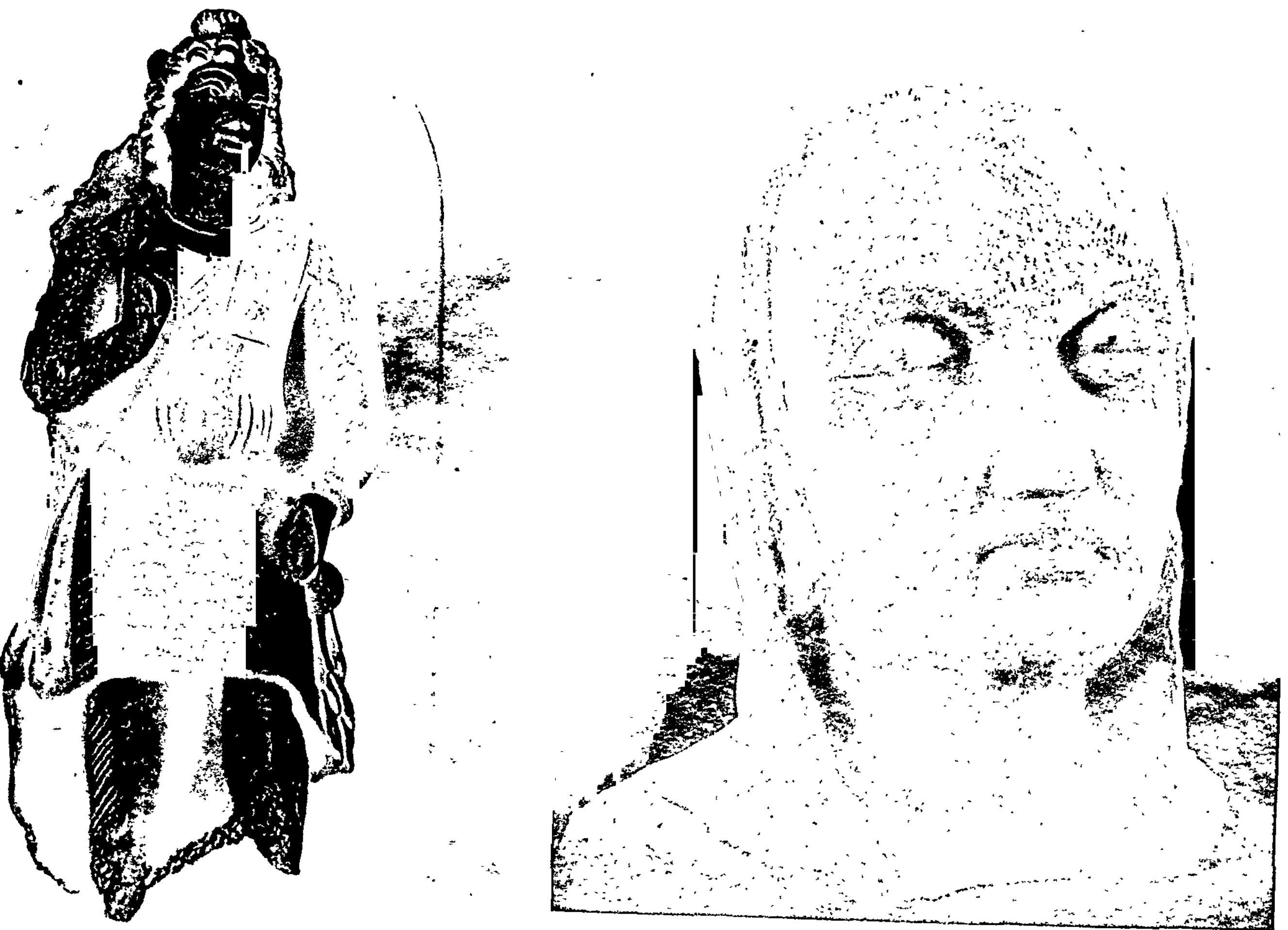


PLATE LIX



PLATE LX



PLATE LXI





PLATE LXIII



PLATE LXIV

SEMI-CHORUS : I

Reading the lacunae in stars
Firmamental:

SEMI-CHORUS : II

Reading tea-leaves in cupped sense
Or saucered faith. The root of
All bulbous minds, Ascendant Mars, is—

CHORUS

Filamental.

* * *

CHORUS

The wild comets fly
Over glaciers of darkness in the sky,
Illumining their hollows
Of insubstantial hope with gallows
And hell-fire.
Tragedy forfeits her dead
To oblivion; and feeds instead
On living fire.

* * *

CHORUS

There is silence in the human mind
And torture in silence
To grind un-welcome thought. The image
Of loveliness is shadowed from behind by
The terror of the looking glass
In telescopic lens.

SEMI-CHORUS : I

There is no pretence
In the emptiness of knowledge;
No magic in the laboratory of sense:
The agony of un-hallowed holiness haunts
The frontiers of courage.

SEMI-CHORUS : II

There is no camouflage
In the tropics of mind; no bird
Save mutilated emotion; no mirage
But willed action receding into a habit of thought;
And sorrowless suffering.

CHORUS

Silence is torment:
And torment is endless.
Knowledge is power:
And power is powerless.
Chains grow on chains on the wheel
Of reluctant brains; and emptiness like
A vulture on Mount Caucasus
Eats away a Titan
Mood-meal.

* * *

CHORUS

Over the desert comes the air
Swooning, swooning, swooning;
Ere the pulse of the night is bare
To the touch of loneliness
Distilled into sound.

* * *

CHORUS

On Mount Sinai the rocks sustain
Breezily, breezily, breezily;
While the wings of the night are spread
For flight through the land of loneliness,
Word-hillocked.

* * *

CHORUS

Feed thy fire with sandal wood
Pitying, pitying, pitying;
As the shadows of the night are sponged
To loneliness, and brood
On accent-beads.

* * *

CHORUS

Calmly the tuft of snow is shaken
Awaking, awaking, awaking,
The breath of the night mistaken
For an echo of loneliness
Spelling-bound.

* * *

CHORUS

None forsakes and none redeems
The atoms of the mighty streams;
And glow-worms build a fleeting nest
Of velvet light in the ebony breast
Of star-dark night:
Only a Titan must remain
Chained to a chainless brain
And fight for light.

1948

(*Translated from Marathi*)



DISILLUSION

(A playlet)

A. SRINIVASA RAGHAVAN

Tradition has it that the Tamil poet, Kamban, whose *Ramavatara* is the greatest epic poem in Tamil, lived as the court poet of the Chola when the Chola Empire was at the height of its greatness, and that his son Ambikapati was sentenced to death because he dared to raise his eyes in love to Amaravati, the Chola princess. This playlet is based on this tradition. The time of action of the play is the XII century A. D. No historical authority of any kind is claimed for what it presents.

SCENE I

(In the Imperial Palace of the Cholas)

The bright light of afternoon falls aslant through the open windows at the back on the huge red lotus worked on the blue carpet covering the apartment. A pink curtain sways in the left, the golden tigers worked on it moving like so many spasms of light. Ambikapati is standing near, looking out through the window. He seems to be unmindful of what is going on around him. On two carved settles on the right, Kamban, the poet, and the Chola Emperor are seated. They are engaged in earnest conversation as the curtain rises.

Chola: (*Laughing bitterly*) Yes, Master Poet, can you guess who it is who has committed this outrage?

Kamban : (*In a low voice, firmly*) No. But whoever it may be, the punishment is death.

Chola : Indeed? I wonder whether...Look here, Master Poet, are you sure you will not change when you know who it is?

Kamban : (*Smiling gently*) It is true, my King, that the poet's heart is soft. We poets feel at one with all living things and are filled with a boundless pity. But Kamban, for all that he is a poet, has never yet stirred against the sway of justice. Pity and sympathy have never yet clouded his clear vision. We are poets. The passions and the desires, the triumphs and the sorrows of all men are ours. But the span of *Dharma* covers the Universe. We who know never step beyond it into chaos. A crime is a crime, whoever the culprit may be.

Chola : (*Bitterly*) Oh, but it hurts me even to name him. Do you know who did this, who gloried in this sin?...Your son, Ambikapati.

Kamban : (*Taken aback*) What? Ambikapati? My son? I do not think....

Chola : (*Derisively*) Ah, that is a new poetic strain indeed!

Kamban : No, my King, I was only....

Chola : Why should we waste our breath? There he is, your son. Look at him. The truth is graven on his face, if only you are willing to read it. His downcast looks and silence proclaim his guilt to all the heavens.

Kamban: (*In a low, emotionless voice*) Ambikapati, is this true?....Speak out. Why are you silent ?

Ambikapati : (*Wearily*) What is there to say?

Chola : There! Do you see how the kid that I reared has gored me? I nourished Tamil. I worshipped the poet. I enthroned him in my heart....

Kamban : Your Majesty?

Chola : And what have I reaped? My heart is breaking, my honour is gone. The name of the Cholas, spotless through the centuries, is now branded with infamy.

Kamban : Will your Majesty deign to hear....?

Chola: Hear what? I have heard you enough. I will not be taken in by your words any more. All this is the result of your tacit encouragement. And you talk of poetry and beauty and ideals. Poetry indeed? Let low-born villains who uproot justice, burn *Dharma*, crush fairness and equity, and descend to fiendish acts wear the glittering cloak of poetry. I have no need for it.

Kamban : (*Starting up in anger*) What dost thou say?....Oh, no, it is not for me to lose my temper. What right have I when my own hand has wrought this cruelty to my eye? Your Majesty, I have no place here. But a word, however, before I go...You spoke of Ambikapati as my son. You hinted that I would cozen justice. You said that poetry was merely a cloak to my iniquity. But, Chola, you have not cared to remember this. In the world of friendship there is no room for all the wranglings of "yours" and "mine." My son is your son and your daughter is mine. You took me to be a living corpse battening on your charity. You forgot that I am a man, no, that I am a poet. Did you think that the poet whose breath is the ideal, whose life is noble endeavour, whose dwelling place is the Heaven of man's highest reaches ever burgeoning into the higher, did you think that the poet will for fear of suffering and pain give up the path of justice? Did you imagine that to me, who have pursued with the flaming word the course of Rama's *Dharma*, clear light will be denied in the problems of my petty life? You forgot that I am a poet. But I remember. You wanted me, did you not, to deliver my judgment. I do so here and now, before I go. I confirm my sentence. To safeguard *my* daughter's honour, to vindicate the great tradition of *my* Chola ancestors, I pronounce on Ambikapati the sentence of death. There, now I can go in peace.

(*Moves towards the door*)

Chola : (*Bewildered*) Sir, Sir, Poet....

Kamban : (*Stopping a moment*) No, King. I cannot continue here any longer. The world is larger than the Chola Empire. And I......I am a poet....

(*Exit*)

The Chola stops for a moment, hesitant and dazed, and then hurries out after the poet. Ambikapati takes a lotus from a tray nearby, and without looking up tears it slowly into petals, as the curtain falls.

SCENE II

(The same evening in Kamban's house)

At the back of the stage is a bronze statue of Goddess Saraswati on a pedestal. An oil lamp of intricate design hangs by a metallic chain in front of it. The lamp is lit. On the right is the door leading out into a verandah. Between the door and the statue is a low settle on which a tiger skin sprawls. On the left, one of Kamban's disciples squats on the ground, with the tambura, held vertical, resting on his lap, and the cadjan leaves of Kamban's epic spread before him on a wooden book-rest. As the curtain rises, the disciple is singing to the sruti *of the tambura.*

Disciple : Five with Guha, and then
With the son of him who circles round the mount Meru
We became six.
With you who have come to us in abounding love
Seven brothers are we, friend of my heart!
Fortunate indeed is our father
Who sent one son to the jungle
And earned three more.[1]

(Enter Kamban, wild and distracted)

Kamban : *(In a harsh grating voice)* Stop that noise, will you? I cannot bear to hear those wretched words.

Disciple : *(Bewildered)* Sir................

(Without looking at the disciple, Kamban moves across and throws himself wearily on dais).

Kamban : Yes. Do not sing that stanza any more. I now know what friendship is, and it tortures me. And, remember, not one of the stanzas of my *Ramavatara* is to be sung any more in my hearing. Is that clear?

Disciple : Sir , what am I to....I do not....

Kamban: *(Bitterly)* Of course you do not understand. How can you when it has taken me so long to do it? *(Rising from the dais)* Where are the cadjan leaves? Bring them here. They must be burnt. Yes, let us throw them into the fire. But ....but where is the primordial fire that can burn out my weakness, tell me, where! Come on, the cadjan leaves!

Disciple : *(Gathering the cadjan leaves in a hurry and backing from Kamban)* No, I cannot, I will not give them. They are no longer yours. They are our treasure, the immortal poetic treasure of our race.

Kamban : *(Advancing angrily)* What dost thou say?

Disciple: Yes, master. Even you cannot destroy the wonder you have created. Is it to burn them in the end that you wrung your life into word and song? These

[1] The words of Rama to Vibhishana, in Kamban's *Ramavatara.*

are not mere words, master, they are the shapes into which the immortal principle of your life has cast itself.

Kamban : (*In a firm voice*) Give me the leaves.

Disciple : No.

(*Enter Ambikapati*)

Here comes your son. He too is a poet. We shall ask him.

Kamban : (*In a strangled voice*) Ambikapati,...Has he come?

Disciple : (*Turning to Ambikapati*) Here, Sir, see what your father is about. He wants to burn the manuscript of *Ramavatara.*

Kamban : Ambikapati...my son...have you come?

Ambikapati : (*Serenely*) Yes, father. (*To the disciple in a low voice*) Look here, my friend. My father is not himself. Take the cadjan leaves and go. Remain outside within call. Remember to close the door behind you. And do not let any one in... Why do you tarry? Go.

(*The disciple goes out*)

Kamban : (*As though waking up*) Ambikapati, where does he go? Call him back. Let him bring the leaves. I must burn them.....Fate.....Fate.....Fate, cruel, inexorable! Who has the strength to conquer it? No, no, I cannot bear it any longer. Oh, God! I cannot bear it.

Ambikapati: (*In a tender voice*) Father!

Kamban : I am alright. They have not...You...You are...

Ambikapati : Calm yourself, father, I beseech you. See, they have not done any harm to me yet. But....

Kamban : But what? What can the Chola ever do to harm you? Come, we shall leave this unholy land. We shall shake this ungrateful dust off our feet. It is a sin even to tread on it.

Ambikapati : Leave?

Kamban : Yes, my son. There is no time to lose. I thought they had dragged you to the prison. Thank god, a little breathing space has been left to us. We shall use it to save your life and that of this old poet. Hurry!

Ambikapati : And then?

Kamban : And then we shall make anywhere our home. Is there any land which will not welcome us? Even if there is, we would have still left behind us this goodly land where Tamil is spoken. Goodly land indeed! Come, we shall forget words and earn our bread like the common run of men with the sweat of our brow, digging the earth and scattering the grain.

Ambikapati : Will bread alone do for men?

Kamban : You do not know what a terrible fire consumes me within. Nothing is now of any moment to me. I must save you and put this gnawing fire out. I am only a father.

Ambikapati : (*Laughing gently*) That was why....

Kamban : Forget it, oh, forget it. Some misbegotten idealism blinded me in the court today. Forgive me. I see clearly now. I am a father.

Ambikapati : What is there to forgive? Why should I forget when I am proud to remember? You were not wrong.

Kamban: How is that? Not wrong? Do you really mean it? Was there nothing, wrong in my condemning you, my son, in deciding that you—the life of my life—should die? Could stone be harder than this unfeeling heart of mine? And you say it was nothing wrong.

Ambikapati: The idealism of a poet never errs.

Kamban: Poetry! Who cares for poetry? Alas, my son, I have wasted my life. Trying in vain to coin my life into words, I have neglected to live. Now my eyes are opened. What a poor miserable fool have I been! Poetry indeed! Is there a greater poem than life? To have lived is to be the greatest of poets. And I, forgetting this, ruined my life trying to transmute it into mere words.

Ambikapati : (*Surprised*) Do I hear aright? Is it the poet who is speaking?

Kamban : It is I. But I am no longer occupied with the fond day-dream that men call poetry. I am awake. To save a son from the gallows! Even my Dasaratha did not have such an opportunity. Do you want me to lose it? I have had enough of dissecting experience and shaping it into story and song. I do not want my life to serve any longer as raw material for poetry. No, I want to live. I must live with life itself as an end. And if I lose you, how can I live?

Ambikapati : Yes, but if I do not die, how can I live? Think of that.

Kamban : I do not understand. My agony has burnt out my faculties. Only the passion to save you remains.

Ambikapati : Life for me is translating your poetry into action, making it come to stay here on this earth as something realised, something accomplished.

Kamban : What do you mean? My poetry?

Ambikapati : Yes. Little men dig trenches round themselves with their laws, fashion walls for their "protection" with custom and tradition. Poetry comes and releases men from this chilling prison-house. Your poetry has done it.

Kamban : So I am the cause for this terrible catastrophe? I was right. My poems should be burnt.

Ambikapati : Wait a moment. You may destroy the word, you may burn the cadjan leaves. But is it possible to burn the truth that they have expressed? If you close your eyes, is the sun extinguished? Even if your word vanishes, another poet may speak out tomorrow and open men's eyes.

Kamban : Am I the cause, Ambikapati? Am I the cause for all this agony?

Ambikapati : Yours is the triumph of having destroyed the littleness of life, of having raised man to the wonder-land of poetry.



PLATE LXV



PLATE LXVI

Kamban : Trying to touch the sky, I gave up the little earth that I held in my hand, fool that I am!

Ambikapati : No, you taught us the *mantra* that can convert the Earth into Heaven. I tried it and got Amaravati.

Kamban : Only to lose her....and to make me lose you. No, my son, I cannot endure this. Come, we shall fly this cursed land.

Ambikapati : Where can we fly? Wherever we go, my disillusion will pursue me. I believed in your poetry. I tried to live it. And I found that the society in which our lot is cast is a thatched hut that cannot endure the fire of the ideal. Afraid of my burning it, men stretch forth their hands and want to strangle me. Wherever I go, I cannot get over this disillusionment. My life is already empty. Death will get nothing out of it.

Kamban: No. This is only the first grief of youth. Time will heal the wound and make your heart whole. The bare tree will put forth tendrils again. But I, I am too old to respond to the healing touch of time. If I lose you, I am lost utterly. I plead for life at your hands. I who gave you life beg of you not to put me to death.

Ambikapati : What are we going to gain by living?

Kamban : We shall discard the idle dreams of the poet and learn to live like common men, sowing and reaping, taking little reckoning of aught else beyond the passing moment.

Ambikapati : Do you imagine that after having seen the vision of what friendship is, after having heard the words of your epic, "With Guha, we became five," I shall be content with the bartering that little men call friendship? Do you think, father, having known the love of Rama and Sita, I can bring myself to squat in the mud-hut of blind tradition?

Kamban : All that is a mirage. Forget it. The Chola is only a Chola, not my brother. Have you not seen it? He has turned into the relentless spirit of death baring its fangs. We must escape, we must escape from him.

Ambikapati : There is only one way of escape.

Kamban : What is it? We shall adopt it. Come, tell me what it is.

Ambikapati : To die.

Kamban: Was it for this that I wove my poems? Look here, Ambikapati, you say you tried to turn my *Kavya* into deeds. But have you not seen that my poetry itself is a vessel that has sprung a leak? The ideal is infinite, who can grasp it? Is not my epic merely the failure to strain the immeasurable into a measure?

Ambikapati : It may be so. That is your disillusion.

Kamban : What then?

Ambikapati: Your poems are not what you imagine them to be, lame creatures

limping towards the Absolute. They are the Absolute to me. Only, I have failed to realise it as life here in this cramped earth.

Kamban : You are not to blame for that.

Ambikapati : Never mind who is to blame. My heart is seared. I desired to weave moonlight and song, and Amaravati and love into one pattern of life. The shuttle broke down, the threads snapped and....there is nothing to live for.

Kamban : Is Amaravati nothing?

Ambikapati : I have not....but wait....What is that noise outside.?

(Voices are heard from outside)

Disciple : No, madam. No one is permitted to enter.

Amaravati : Who are you to stop me? The Princess of the Chola Empire orders you. Stand aside.

Ambikapati : *(In a low voice)* Amaravati is coming.

Kamban : Who is there? Open the door, come in. Come, Amaravati. *(Enter Amaravati. She rushes straight to Kamban and falls at his feet).*

Amaravati : *(Sobbing)* Forgive me, father, forgive this sinner.

Kamban : *(Tenderly)* Rise, my child!

Amaravati : Child? You call this devil that has brought ruin to your son a child? Do not your hands itch to crush me to death?

Kamban: Rise, my child. Turn your eyes and see who is here.

Amaravati: Oh, it is Ambikapati. Here is the viper that has bitten you. Tread on it, crush it.

Ambikapati : Amaravati, my love, what is it you are saying? It was your love that saved me. It was the one thing that reached the ideal.

Amaravati: Father, he is blameless. All this havoc has been wrought by the whirlwind of my passion. Oh, that my love should destroy what it clung to! Is a woman's desire so cruel? What am I to do, whatever am I to do? Is there no hope for me?

(Sobs bitterly)

Kamban : Calm yourself, child. Have you no faith in your love?

Amaravati: You are a poet, father. All men's hearts are an open book to you. Can you not see into this poor woman's heart? If he....If I lose him, I cannot live. I came here casting away all modesty. And you ask me whether........

Kamban : No, no, no, I believe you. Come, we three shall fly from the city to night. The world is wide enough, my dear, to give us a little space for nourishing the tender plant of your love.

Amaravati: It is too good to be true. Do I hear aright? Is it you who....

Kamban : Yes. It is the same automaton that condemned a son to death that speaks now. But I am now alive. My suffering has made me human. Forgive me, my child.

Amaravati: (*With dawning hope*) Father....

Kamban : Yes, my dear, come, we shall leave the land.

Amaravati : But can we escape from the King's wrath?

Kamban : (*Sadly*) I too am a king by rights. Let us try the worth of the imperial word of a poet. My son believes in it. Anyway, what else have we?

Amaravati : (*Eager and excited*) Yes, we shall, we must, fly. Let us start at once. Every moment spent here brings the gallows near to us. I know my father's blind will.

Ambikapati : But I am afraid you have not known me.

Kamban : No, Ambikapati. This is not the time for your subtleties. This poor child's grief must teach you to be a man.

Ambikapati : I am no longer the old Ambikapati. I am dead already.

Amaravati : Does he say he will not come?

Kamban : Ambikapati....!

Amaravati : (*Weeping gently*) Come, my love. My love is a pale frail plant, no doubt. But will it not grow strong and winsome under your protecting light? Let us follow our father's wisdom. Far away, in some unknown land, let us learn to forget all this nightmare of grief.

Ambikapati : It is beyond us.

Amaravati : You do not believe me? Slay me then, my love, with your hand. Is it my fault that I was born a princess? Will my birth destroy my womanhood, my tenderness? Is that your idea? Father, speak to him, speak to your son. Why does he stare so strangely at me?

Kamban : Gather yourself, my son. Forget the king and me. Remember only the love of this brave child.

Ambikapati : That will follow me, even after death. If I live, my disillusion will make it wither. If I live, if I live....but why should I? And how could I? Here they have come to take me....

(*Enter Captain of the Guard and soldiers*)

Kamban : Ah, Captain, to what do I owe this....

Captain : Forgive me....The King's orders are that your judgment should be carried out. I am only an instrument. I hope you will....Ambikapati, you are to come with us.

Amaravati : One moment, Captain. I, the Princess, I order you to desist.

Captain : (*Undecided*) Madam....Princess....I am only a humble soldier. I....the King's orders....

Ambikapati : No need to trouble yourself, Captain. Whoever has ordered it, I am coming with you. Why do you tarry? Start. Father, I go. Amaravati, I go

to earn the forgetfulness of which you spoke, in the unknown land beyond death. But one thing I will never forget, your love, my dear....The remedy for disillusion is death. I realise it now....The Great Healer's greatest balm for the ironies of birth is His boon of death. Come, Captain, we shall go.

(Ambikapati leaves wih the soldiers)

Kamban : *(Reeling, as though drunken, towards the closing door)* Ambikapati....my son!

Amaravati : *(Crying out as she falls down in a heap)* Father!

(Curtain)

May 1949

(Translated from Tamil)



THE CONSOLATION

BIBHUTI BHUSHAN BANERJI

As the bullock cart neared the village of Chandpur, Nanibala said; "Look, son, we are here."

"I am looking, mother, I am not asleep."

"This is where the village begins—that is the fisherman's quarter—"

"How far is the *brahmans'* quarter ?"

"A little further."

Nanibala was tense and excited; an unfamiliar emotion surged up within her. She recalled how she had entered the village once before thirty-odd years ago, as a newly-wedded bride. *He* was then with her—as the son, Suresh, is with her to-day. The same face, the same eyes, almost the same age........

Morning came, with the cawing of many crows, as they entered the village. Suresh climbed out and put the dust of the village to his forehead. Then he asked his mother: "When did you leave the village?"

"Just as many years ago as your age."

"Twenty-one years ago?"

"Yes. We broke with the village when *he* lost his job at the school."

"Wasn't Bapu sad?"

"Wasn't he just! In his last days he often used to say: 'If only we could go back to the village I might live a little longer. Women must be sitting now in the spring sunshine, drying jujube berries; in the bamboo clump the *koel* and the *cuckoo* must be calling—O! I want to go back to the village!' He always fidgeted in the little city house—it was so terribly hot!"

"If only I had been grown up then; I would certainly have brought him to the village."

Suresh is a scrawny youth, spare of limb, and tough. He plays football, and has joined a rifle club since Independence was declared. He will be finishing his railway apprenticeship this year and be posted to a good job. Even during his training he has made friends with the senior officers in the railway colony on account of his football; he has done well in his training too and been able to earn seventy to eighty rupees a month by giving tuition in mathematics.

Nanibala's husband died over ten years ago. Suresh was then at school. They had seen hard days—she had not even dreamt that they would recover from the blow. But every one at the railway colony had been most helpful; they had found her a house as the railway quarter had to be vacated, and the secretary of the railway Institute, Rai Bahadur Haricharan Bose, used to come personally to ask after their needs. The trustees of the Institute arranged for Suresh's education, and saw to it that the or-

phaned family did not starve. Even now Nanibala winces at the memory of those days—how much can one go through to live!

Today she thinks she can catch a glimpse of land across the sea. Everyone is saying that there will be no more suffering now that our country is free: sons will get good jobs and quick promotions and not have to drudge for a few paltry rupees. No one will go hungry on this free earth...She has heard of great things to come —people hold so many meetings and organise so many lectures. Only the other day they went round with a huge garlanded photograph of Gandhiji—perhaps it was the first anniversary of his death. Suresh sings very well; one of the songs he sings was a great favourite of Gandhiji's—so she is told: it is called *Ramdhun*:

Raghupati-Raghava Raja Ram
Patēta-pavan Seetaram....

* * *

It was broad daylight. Someone came out of the old *pucca* house in front of them and stood in the middle of the road, staring at the bullock cart. Nanibala whispered: "Suresh, I think that is your uncle Vinod—*his* cousin. Yes, I'm sure of it, you go and meet him. Tell him your name—and touch his feet, don't forget! He has been told of our coming."

The introduction took quite a few minutes. Then uncle Vinod came forward and took Nanibala home.

A daughter-in law of the village coming home after over a score of years was a major event. All the village brides and matrons came to see her. The wife of the barber Abhay came forward and said: "How are you, daughter-in-law? Where's the baby? How big has he grown? But let me touch your feet first!"—She made obeisance and sat down.

At the sight of Abhay's wife Nanibala was struck with surprise—and also with sorrow. Abhay's wife was at least twenty years older than she was—old enough to be her mother. Her hair had gone grey, though she did not show her age because the family was well-to-do. But Abhay's wife still wears *sindoor*[1] in her hair: Abhay is still alive. Come to think of it, there is nothing surprising in that—he could not be much more than seventy, but....

To this 'but' Nanibala had no answer. Had *he* reached an age to die? Nanibala saw next day that not only Abhay's wife but even older women still wore the red mark in their ripe hair. Why, then, had he alone deserted her so early? This question kept ringing in her mind over and over again when the village matrons came to see her.

Nanibala's father-in-law's house was to the south of uncle Vinod's house. The accumulated neglect of twenty-one years had left its mark on the house: the courtyard was densely overgrown with grass and thorn weeds; a wild fig tree had burst through the wall and was now in fruit; a thorny creeper overhung the window so that the shutters could hardly be seen.

[1] The auspicious red mark worn in the parting of the hair by the Indian housewife.

Suresh kept saying: "Mother, let us go to our own house. Why should we live in another's house in our own village?" It took her three or four days to get the weeds cleared, then she went to look over the house. Three rooms in a row, a verandah on both sides, kitchen and store across the courtyard—after how many years was she pacing this floor again....Twenty-one long years during which so much had happened....

Suresh says: "Mother, I cannot remember having lived in this house—"

"Silly!" chides Nanibala. "You were hardly nine months' old when we left this house and went away."

"Let us stay here for some time now, mother; I like this place very much."

"That is what I have come for, son; for the rest it will be as the merciful mother Chandi ordains."

Nanibala keeps herself busy dusting and sweeping and tidying up. The settled dust of twenty-one years! But she remembers only those blissful days and nights of her dream youth: *he* was a fresh youth then, and she a girl of fourteen....

There is that *niche* in front—*he* had once brought some sweets and hidden them there and made a fool of her....The sweets were kept in a cardboard box with a patent-medicine label; *he* had asked her to guess what was in the box, and she had answered airily: "How do I know about your things? Some foreign medicine, I suppose, what else?"

"Will you make a bet?"

"I don't know about that. Tell us what is in the box"

"*Rasagollas.*"[1]

"Go on! Not elephants?"

"I swear on your life—look! How many can you eat?"

And the two of them had struggled for the sweets....Thirty years ago—and it might have been yesterday. This house is full of memories of *him*—every room, every verandah, every corner of the house, the wooden settee, the little wooden seat in the kitchen, every little thing is wrapped up in memories of her first days as a bride. Her young husband moves from room to room; and she, like a bashful bride with her heart aflutter and her feet dyed red with henna, bustles about with work.

It seems to Nanibala that if she goes to the other room she will see *him* there, sitting on the wooden *takht.* When she goes to that room she is certain *he* is in this one. It is as if *he* is still playing hide-and-seek as in those days....

One day *he* had come home with the first ears of the new paddy and said: "Put these in the goddess's casket, this is the first gathering of the new field. Blow the conch; you are the deity of the house and it is your duty to blow the conch in worship".....

In the burning noonday heat, with the languid scent of *nim* blossom are wafted many old memories; Nanibala gazes fixedly at the bamboo clump while her mind tenses to some emotion-laden moment of the past. Sometimes at such moments

[1] An Indian sweet. (*Translator*)

Suresh suddenly calls: "Mother, could I have a drink of water?" and she starts from her reverie, ashamed lest her son should have read the trend of her thoughts.

She gives him a drink and then sits down to work on a spread of patchwork, or else picks up the kitchen knife and settles down to prepare the heap of tamarind beans gathered from the tree.

Then, again, her mind runs away with the memory of just such a day—she had sat down in the noonday heat to prepare a heap of tamarind beans gathered from the tree in the backyard....

He had tiptoed from behind and whispered: "Stop this drudgery. Garnish a little tamarind with salt and pepper and lemon leaves--"

"Sh-h, quiet; mother will hear you! Get away—do you want to get ill eating raw tamarind?"

"Oho! as if you won't eat too—do you think I am going to gobble it up alone? Mother's fast asleep. Come, get up quickly, there's a good girl! And tell me, truly, doesn't your mouth water at the thought of his tamarind relish?" Nanibala had to get up and move to the kitchen. *He* said: "I'll be back in a moment with the lemon leaves. Wash the tamarind well, otherwise it will taste gritty."

"Alright, know-all," Nanibala had said rudely, "one doesn't wash tamarind because it gets flat, go ask your mother."

The two had eaten up all the tamarind. The next day he had a sorethroat and a bad cold. Nanibala held up her finger and teased: 'Have some more tamarind! Didn't I warn you? But would you listen? Who listens to a nobody like me?'"

"Don't tell mother—"

"You bet I will. That will teach you! Shall I bring you some more tamarind, with salt and pepper and lemon leaves?" she mimicked.

Nanibala's eyes filled with tears. She wiped them quickly with the end of her sari—it would not do for her son to see them. If only *he* were still alive! It could easily had been: *he* was of no great age yet. What a wonderful day today would be then—the baby son had grown up and everyone spoke well of him; soon by the grace of the goddess Chandi he will get a good job in the railway. *He* could have sat back at home doing nothing; we wouldn't have bothered *him* for anything; *he* could have lived comfortably on the son's earnings....*He* would have sat here in this sultry noon and talked and talked; Suresh's wife would have done for us, and gathered in and prepared the tamarind...But she is alone on the earth; *he* has deserted her..........

Before her stretches the long road, disappearing into the horizon. How long she will have to go on walking this road, no one knows....But no, there is Suresh, God bless him. He will have to be married and set up; he is only a boy and does not know how to keep house yet. She will have to look after him....

When, suddenly, Suresh comes and says: "Mother, could you garnish some tamarind with salt and pepper and lemon leaves—"

Nanibala starts. She stares speechlessly at her son's eager young face, then turns away, struggling to hold back her tears. How did Suresh know how his father spoke? The same voice, the same tone....

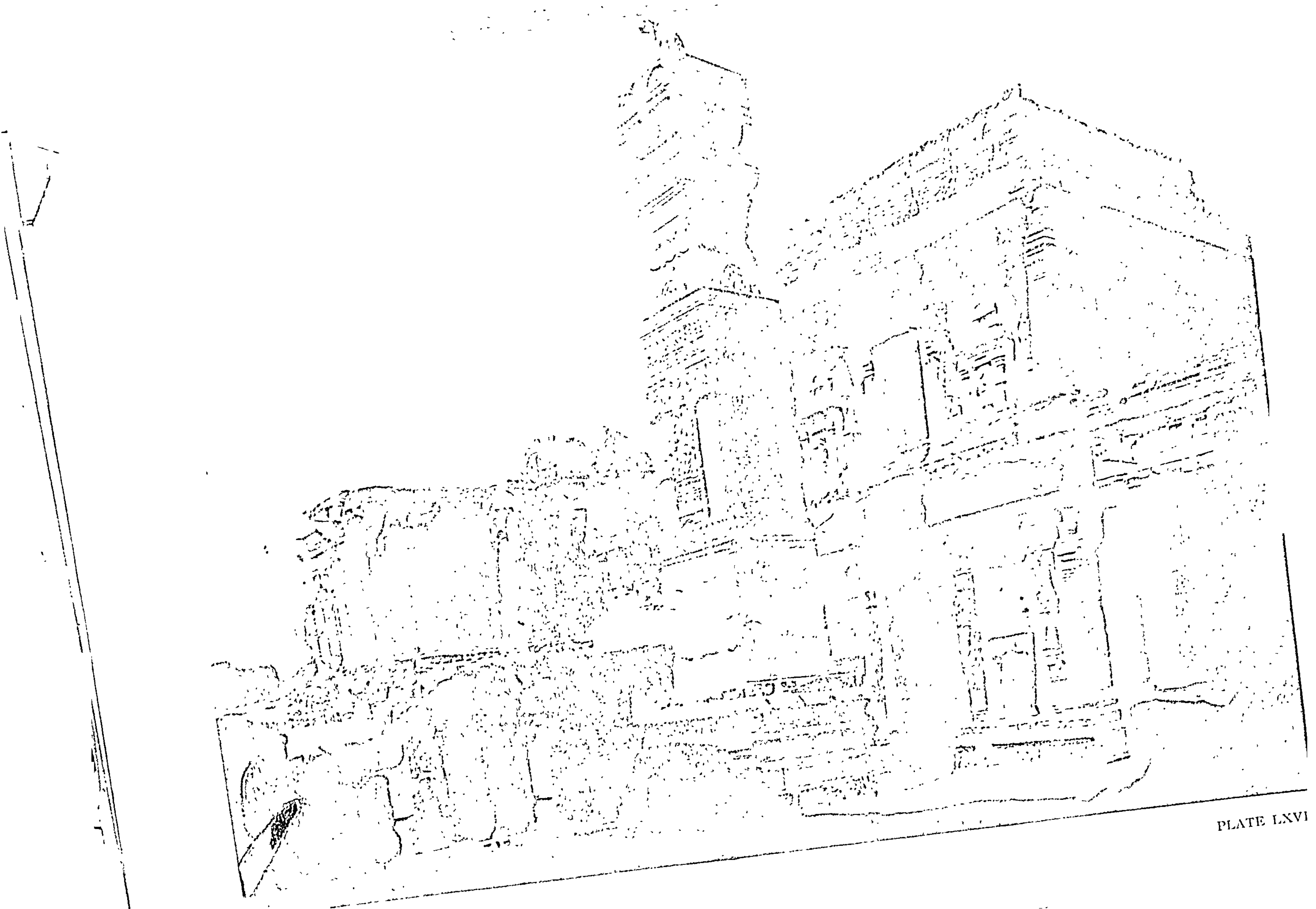


PLATE LXVI



PLATE L



PLATE LXIX



PLATE LXX

Since she came to the village, she has been hearing her husband's footsteps incessantly; she is listless and absent-minded; everything has suddenly become a meaningless empty shell, a ringing hollow....

* * *

One day Haridas Chakravarti from across the village came and invited all the women of the village to hear *Satyanarayan* recited and to partake of the *prasad*.[1] The *puja* had been arranged in the verandah of his old *pucca* house? Mats had been spread for the invited women: the men sat on the terrace outside. The full moon cast a shadow of the big coconut tree across the terrace. The verandah was redolent with the scent of newly gathered jasmine flowers.

Haridas's wife walked up to receive Nanibala, saying: "Come, sister. It is a long time since you came here last. You came once at the time of the *Anant Chaudas* fast—do you remember?"

Nanibala answered: "I remember very well."

"It was a year or two after your marriage—"

"About two years."

"How your face has changed!"

"Talk of faces, *didi*—what good is a face now? It is all over now—"

"It makes me very sad to think of it, sister; for he was only a young man yet—years younger than me. It was no age to go away. But fate has strange ways, what can one do?...."

Nanibala's eyes had filled with tears. She kept her face averted lest the tears should wet her cheeks. It would be a shame to show her tears to these people—they would not understand her pain, for they had no such store of bitter-sweet memories, engrossed in their petty affairs of hearth and home, and eating and feeding and making do as they were.... They could not even conceive of such experience as hers; they would only think she was displaying her misfortune.

Neighbour Kani Ganguli's daughter-in-law came and sat by her; the two began talking. She had not been married long, there was one daughter, nine months' old. She came from Habibpur near Shantipur, and had a definite town accent. She said: "Auntie, I had been wanting for several days to go and meet you—"

"Really? Who told you about me?"

"Oh, everyone. Mother-in-law was saying you were the best bride that ever came to this village, and wanted me to meet you. Auntie, how are you called?"

"Nanibala. And you?"

"Pritilata."

"It is a pretty name. And what is the daughter called?"

"We haven't given her a name yet—everyone calls her Tunu."

"When I come to visit you I shall ask you to choose a man for your grand-niece!"

[1] The fast of the full-moon is observed by hearing the story of *Satyanarayan* recited by a Pandit; the distribution of a little sweet is usual after such recitation: this is the *prasad* or blessed food. (*Translator*)

"Certainly. Come tomorrow. Do you sing?"

"After a fashion—nothing much. I would rather hear you sing. They were saying you sing beautifully—"

"I? My singing days are over, daughter."

But no....it just would not do, to let the eyes fill up with tears like that at the least provocation! With the whole village watching, too: She is well past the blubbering age—the mother of a grown up son....

Pritilata was good to look at—she must have been about eighteen. Nanibala steadied herself and said: "Do come. It is only the hope of everybody's goodwill that brought me back to this village—I depend on you."

The bustle increased. Something was about to start. But suddenly another woman of about her own age ran into her, caught her hands and asked: "Do you remember me, sister-in-law, do you remember me?"

Nanibala remembered very well. Her name was Kanak; she was a daughter of the village—yes, Upen Bhattacharji's daughter. Nanibala recalled how, when she had first come to the village as a bride, this same Kanak and the Rai Choudhuri's Suvasini both used to sit outside the closed door of her room upto midnight—eavesdropping! Their patience was astounding. One day—but no, it is better to let all that rest....Those crazy scent-laden days are gone for ever, lost in oblivion.... But all these village women seem to be singularly lacking in tact, or else why would they keep reminding her of what she is so heroically trying to forget? They ought to understand....The very sight of Kanak reminded her of those blissful days and nights, and the overpowering scent of jasmine and *champak*... Why do they keep coming before her—Why?

Nanibala forced a smile and murmured: "Yes, sister Kanak, how are you?"

"As you see."

"That I do, and it is such a pity! Do you remember how *dada* had smeared my face with a paste of powdered chalk, for peeping?—"

Can't they find another subject to talk about? Nanibala's silence abashed Kanak a little, she became silent too. The crowd had increased. The *prasad* had already been arranged on leaves and set in the courtyard. Nanibala and the women sat by them. The recitation began.

Presently an old man came hobbling up with a stick in one hand and a bowl in the other, and asked: "Is the recitation not over yet?"

Haridas Chakravarti's son answered: "Not yet, uncle, come and sit down."

"No, not here amongst the women; I shall go out. How long will it be?"

"Not long, uncle."

"I have to go back and cook my food—I hope it doesn't get very late."

Nanibala asked her neighbour who he was.

"This is old Chatterji. The sons are doing very well in Calcutta. They don't bother about the old man."

"Isn't the wife alive?"

"She is, to be sure. She lives in Calcutta with her sons."

"Why doesn't he go, and live with them too?"

"I don't know, sister. No one knows. He lives here, that is all I see. And you are one, too—how can I tell you about others when I don't even know about myself?"

The recitation went on late into the night. As Nanibala was walking home with her son, she saw the old man hobbling along in front of them. As they came up, he asked: "Who is it, son? I don't recognise you—"

Suresh introduced himself. Old man Chatterji was delighted. He showered blessings on Suresh and then said to Nanibala: "Daughter-in-law, I had seen you once just after your marriage—at the *bau-bhat*.[1] Come and visit us some time—why, come tomorrow—"

Which Nanibala, did, the following afternoon. It was an old-fashioned house, with a verandah in front, a wild fig-tree overhanging the courtyard, which also displayed a citrus tree and a papaya laden with green fruit.

The old man said: "What are you looking at, daughter-in-law?" I planted those trees with my own hands. I got the seeds from the Sabaipur Biswases nine years ago. They were all here then—"

"Who is 'they,' uncle?"

"Your aunt, daughter."

"Who cooks and does for you?".

"Why, I myself. I am a very good cook, you know. I am just going to fry a few *parathas.*"

"Doesn't aunt live here?"

"No, daughter. She lives in Calcutta with the eldest son."

"How many sons have you?"

"Three. I am not boasting, but they are all well-placed. They have a three-storey house in Shambazar, with electric fans. The eldest has a car. Everyone knows and respects him. You only have to say Mr. Chatterji and anyone in the Supply Department will tell you about him. He looks like a *sahib* too. Don't think I am saying this because he is my son."

The old man's eyes shone with pride. He chuckled to himself, and went on: "He was so little when he was born; his mother had to seek special intercession from Panchu Thakur of Phulpur to save him. When he was six a scorpion stung him and he went blue all over; he had to be treated with herb-juice and charmed oil and water. What a lot of bother it was to bring him up so he could be the *burra sahib* Nripen....But come and sit, daughter-in-law, talk to me while I fry these *parathas.*"

The old man scraped the inside of an earthen pot and produced half a *chattak*[2] of ghee. He showed her the pot and said: "This is *Dalda*—good *Dalda*. What can one do—ghee is eight rupees a *seer.*"

"Why, doesn't the son send anything?"

1 The ceremonious serving of rice by the bride to guests at the bridegroom's place. (*Translator*)

2 A *chattak*: 2 ounces. 16 *chattaks* make a *seer*. (*Translator*)

The old man answered quickly: "Who, Nripen? It is all he can do to maintain his own establishment—his expenses are as big as his income. I don't want to worry him. I have about three *bighas* of paddy fields, and I grow my own gourds and greens. I do myself very well, in fact. At *Puja* time Nripen had sent me a piece of cloth—fine cloth—I have put it by....Off and on I look at it and tell myself: 'He gave it to me. The eldest sent it to me.' The youngest was in Calcutta, too, but is now in Kanpur. He sent me a pair of sandals at *Puja* time."

All this time Nanibala had been busy with the rolling-pin, rolling *parathas*. "Will you fry them, or shall I?" she asked.

"No daughter, I will do it myself."

"Please let me do it, for once," pleaded Nanibala.

When the *parathas* were ready, she warmed the milk, spread a board for the old man to sit on, and waited on him while he ate. One could see it written on the old man's face that he had not been fed with such solicitude for a good many years.

"These *parathas* are wonderful," he said. "There is no relish in food unless it is made by a woman's hand—a woman's cooking is something altogether different. God bless you, daughter-in-law, it is after many many days that my mouth has tasted right."

"Why don't the daughters-in-law live here?"

"No—no, that is unthinkable. How could I ask them to live in this desolate, out-of-the-way hole? They would be very unhappy. I have been very poor, true, but I have managed somehow to bring up my sons and set them up decently. And I have married them all well, too. The eldest's father-in-law is a civil surgeon at Motihari. The second daughter-in-law is fatherless, but her uncle is a big contractor in Kidderpore. Have you heard of the Rai Chaudhuri Company? It is his firm. The youngest's father-in-law is a Sub-Divisional Officer in Bankura. The eldest daughter-in-law is a matriculate, the youngest has read upto B. A., though she didn't take the examination. She talks English like a *memsahib*—I've often overheard." The old man paused and went on: "Yes, daughter-in-law, you have to see all this to believe; otherwise you'll probably think the old man is telling you a tall story."

"Don't they ever come here?"

"The eldest came here once at *Puja* time—the time my eldest grandson had his *Annaprashna*.[1] That was celebrated here. This was twenty years ago. The lad is now studying medicine at the Medical College. Then, there are two daughters, both at school; one has just taken her matric. The youngest came with her husband once, in a car. They were all here for a few hours. I had asked them to come because I had not seen them for a long time—that's why he came with his bride. She only drank tea and coconut-juice, because village water causes malaria. She is highly educated, you see. They didn't stay overnight: just as well, perhaps, for there were no spreads and no mosquito-nets....I sleep in a torn net myself—mosquitoes keep biting all night. I can't see well enough to mend."

[1] The child's first ceremonial tasting of cereal food. (*Translator*)

Nanibala said; "Uncle, I will take it home to mend and bring it tomorrow."

"Thank you, daughter-in-law. Do come. And could you bring me a little *gur*—I would like to taste it. I could not buy any this year, the prices have gone up so. Palm *gur* goes so well with *parathas*." The old man finished eating. He fetched his coconut pipe and started stuffing it. Nanibala said good-bye. She felt strange.

At home she laid food for Suresh, and he said: "Mother, sit here in the moonlight, it is so lovely."

Nanibala asked suddenly: "Do you remember *him*?"

"Terribly. I recall how I used to sit with him in the morning, learning tables—" His voice thickened as he spoke.

"It is better so, better so," Nanibala told herself. "The son remembers *you* today because you are not here. May he always respect you and cherish your memory. Men change—who knows, if you had lived you might have suffered as old Chatterji uncle is suffering....It is better so, to go in dignity and pride...."

(*Translated from Bengali*)

June 1949



IN THE HOSPITAL

VYLOPILLIL SREEDHARA MENON

I

I remember
How in the bloom of my youth
I lay on the hospital sick-bed
Rotting like a wisp of sea-weed
In the ebb and high tide of fever;
And how my consciousness burnt with an intense hatred
Of the whole world of human beings.
There was the doctor with his gold teeth
Smiling consolation; and the nurses
Tending me like mechanical dolls
And the big crows cawing in the courtyard
Tearing at sinews and bones
Drawn from some heap of refuse
And the little children piercing the stillness of night
With their wails of birth or painful death.
And Death himself stood laughing in the electric light
Where doctors and nurses gathered, chaffing and joking.
Oh! How I hated the hospital
And the whole world, which seemed a hospital
With lives slowly rotting.
Is there any health in a world
Where lives simmer with the germs
Of inherited disease; where many-coloured pieces of clothing
Bandage raw sores; where faces
Are stamped with the hysterics of avarice.
Where the inner eyes of ideals are gone blind
And men rave and prattle in deliriums
Of seeming joy?
Oh! My friends, who come
Visiting me on my sick-bed,
And who, meanwhile, rape the nurses with your eyes,"
What ice-pack, what medicine, can cure you
Of your inordinate fever of sensual desire?
Perhaps the warmth of life itself denotes a fever;
And there is only one doctor;—Death.
Thus, even before my pulse ceased to beat
My heart was dead and stiff with bitterness.

II

There stands a tree in the courtyard of the hospital,
And I used to lie in bed
Looking through the window at that friend of mine.
Its foot oozed with many sores
And its climbing branches were twisted
And ugly with skin peeling off;
Yet its top
Of interwoven leafy twigs
Was a vision of beauty.
The cool winds came kissing it,
Counting its silken leaflets, one by one.
And every day at dawn
I turned anxious eyes towards the tree
To see its top flowering forth
With the red rays of the rising sun;
And in the hot mid-day sun
I could see through the ripples of the leaves
Broken bits of cool clear sky.
And when, in the evening
The crows of darkness roosted on its branches
And it faded away in the surroundings,
I could still imagine it standing there
And could see the lone stars twinkling like fireflies
Through the interstices of its spread.
Mango trees with *koels* cooing on them,
Asokas in flower,
Forests like clouds wreathed on mountain-height.
All these I had seen and loved
But never had I seen anything
So strong and cool, peaceful and beautiful
As that one tree in the hospital courtyard.
Ah, Mother Nature, who had sown
The seeds of sickness in me,
How kindly did she, with her other hand
Pour forth through those branches
Some green potion into my soul
To cool the misery of burning fever!

III

Of midnights
I could see in the verandah, a lonely, noble figure
Sitting in a circle of lamplight.

She was one of those white-gowned nurses
Who like doves of peace had come from distant Italy
To sew together lives
Torn with illness and misery,
While people made Hell
In the name of the Kingdom of Heaven,
Or heaven on earth,
She sat there knitting
While the silent moments sped by.
And while shadows lay spread all round
Like the feathery fringe of Darkness,
She, the virgin, sat there, pure as snow
In the pink glow of lamplight.
Raphael, with his brush of pure flame,
Has perhaps painted the aspect of her face
Radiating peace,
Sweetness, staunchness and faith.
What was she thinking of?
Of her native shores
With hills clad in stately pines
And spreading vines and olives?
Of her sister, who had loved and wed
And was fondling her child? Of her maternal home?
Of all the human miseries and follies she had witnessed
On many shores and at many times?
All the colours of the wild emotions of early days
Have faded from the horizon of her mind
And kindness alone remains—
The clear white day-light of kindness.
How many fever-stricken brows
Have not felt as a promise of health,
The touch of her palm,
Soft, moist, cool and sympathetic,
Like white cloth dipped in breastmilk?
How many withered lips have not been wreathed in smiles
At her soft and pleasant words
Couched in toddling native tongue?
I saw that tree and that lady,
And my soul was lit up with hope,
And I lived.

May 3, 1949 *(Translated from Malayalam)*

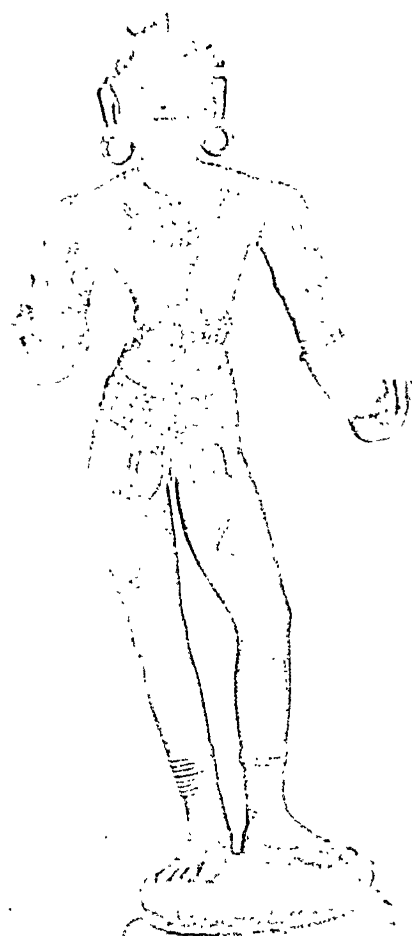


PLATE LXXI



PLATE LXXII

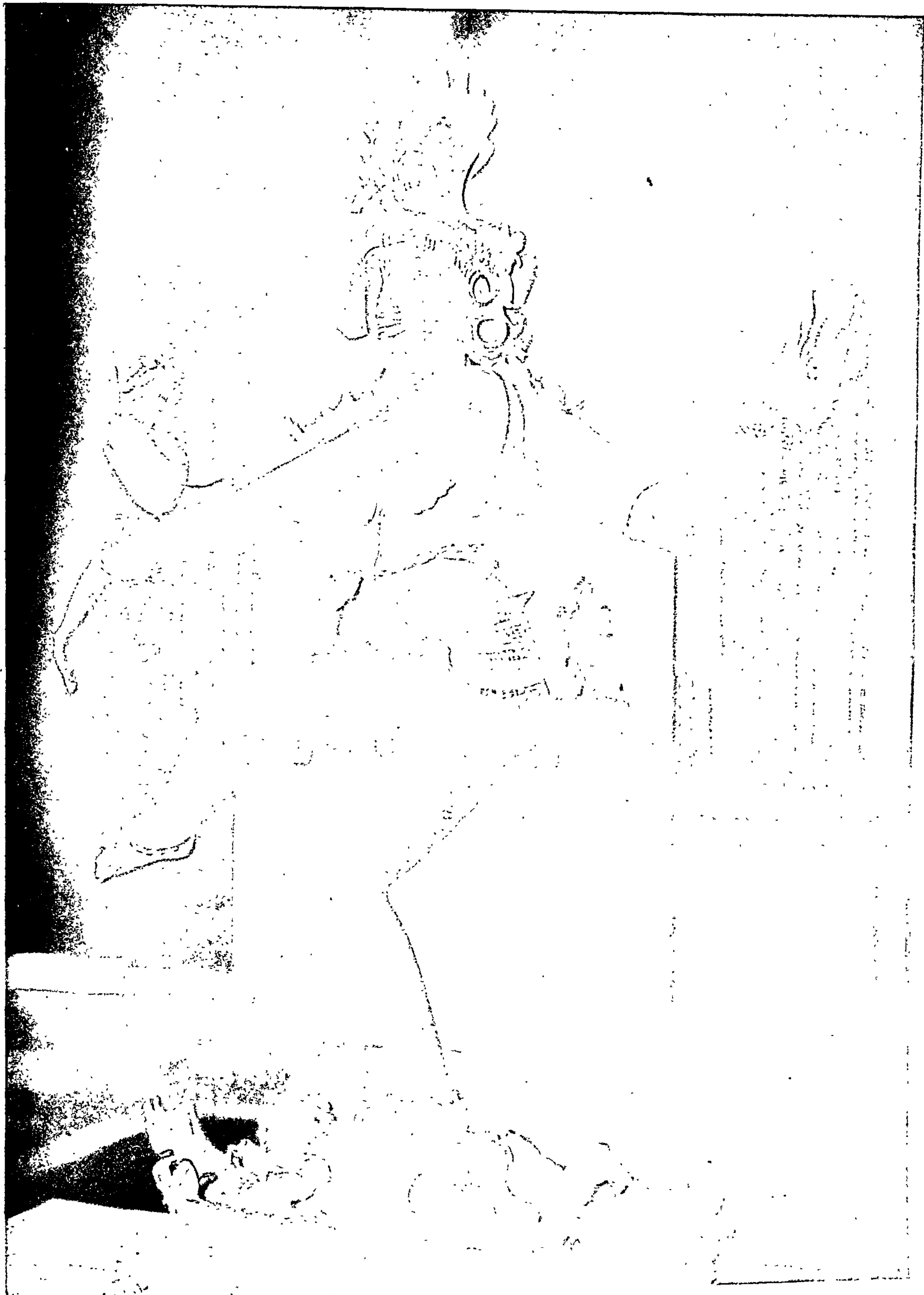




PLATE LXXIV

FLAME OF LIFE

VAMAN CHORGHADE

When Vishram reached home he saw Vithi sitting with her back to the door, grinding green chillies into a paste. Drops of sweat stood on her brow, glowing like red gold in the fire-light. Little droplets hung from her hair like pearls.

Vishram stood still watching her. For a moment his unhappy thoughts receded. He studied every movement of Vithi's body. Quickly she wiped her damp forehead with her sleeve, and pulled up with her teeth the end of her *sari* which had slipped from her shoulders. Both her hands were smeared with the paste she had been making.

He felt soothed. But even as he watched the hem of her *sari* his mind clouded again. In spite of her bone-breaking labour Vithi's *sari* was always a cluster of knots and patches. He sighed deeply; the little breath of joy that he had felt on entering the hut passed out of him. The emptiness within him became peopled with worries—eternal companions of the poor.

"Vithi, tie up some breakfast for me for tomorrow."

Vithi turned round and wiped her face again. Her query was written all over her face.

"I have to carry the master's letter to Chinchkhed, before dawn tomorrow."

"Chinchkhed?" Vithi paused after that solitary word, frightened at the thought of the forest that lay on the way. "Wouldn't it do to go after day-break? It isn't a good road—and the danger—"

"When you are another's slave, Vithi, what is good and what is not good? For one's belly—"

Seeing Vithi's crest-fallen face he tried to console her: "God looks after everyone. Why should you be afraid? In this life one looks to God; in the next perhaps there may be happiness."

There was a softness in his voice but it was the softness of unshed tears Surely, God's second gift to the poor after Himself is hope.

* * *

"You've got to go", said Vithi early in the morning, resting her hand gently on Vishram's arm. He sat up, rubbed his eyes and smiled.

"Didn't you sleep?" he asked gently.

"Um-m-no—I did," Vithi mumbled—not able to face Vishram with her manifest, lie she turned away.

"Vithi, it was God's will that such a nugget of gold as you are, should come to rest in this piece of patchwork." To the poor God is always a ready witness.

Vishram stuck his bundle of food on his stick and set out. There was little in his physique to catch the eye, and if one noticed him for anything at all it would

be for his emaciated body, his eyes quenched of light by endless worry and his bunioned feet, sore with walking. He walked briskly by the light of the morning star and presently was a long way from Vithi and home.

The bird of light had gleaned the sky of its scattered grains of pearl-seed. No star was visible, the horizon was mildly aglow and nature bore a mysterious rosy smile. Birds shook their feathers like the locks of a little, innocent girl waving in the breeze. Their first chirpings were like music heard in a dream.

But in the forest there dwelt also another world. On the trees the leaves were green, alive, and quivering; under them lay heaps of dead yellow leaves which crackled whenever some creature rustled over them.

Under one's feet were numberless little growths of green and brown with minute white and yellow flowers. No one had watered them; no one had grafted them. No tender hands had nursed or caressed them, no soft breath had touched them. How, then, did the flowers live, and why did they live? To blossom with all their infinitesimal power in the morning; at night to cast a glance at their fraternity and to hang their heads in grief, to be overwhelmed and die next morning—was that all they lived *for?* Nay! *They live, they blossom, and they die, but they leave their seed after them.* The seeds are wafted by the wind and nurtured by the rain. God makes the little mighty. The shoots grow tall, flower, fruit, cast their seed and die. The observer does not count. It does not matter whether they are cherished or not. Tell me, truly, what is the purpose of their living? In each flower to create another flower like itself? White, colourless, scentless, unbeautiful, anaemic and insipid, with no heritage but misfortune—

Even so, once in a while there is a butterfly, a moth, a bee. For howsoever fleeting a moment, these flowers have the power to attract and hold.

But Vishram could not rest in this delicate world. Between nature on the one hand, and Vishram and his mind on the other was a chasm. His heedless step trampled innumerable flowers, but as soon as he raised his foot again they threw up their heads with the same undiminished life-urge.

Vishram washed his hands and feet by a brook which he passed, washed his mouth, and bowed to the unrisen sun in the East: "God, O! saviour...."

Past the brook the forest thickened. Vishram had all along been trying to curb his imagination, fighting his fear; but he had not succeeded. The slightest sound would startle him but he would not look in the direction from which it came, afraid of his own fear growing. For to whom is the fear of life unknown?

The leaves did rustle. Vishram did not look. The leaves crackled again. "A fox, may be," Vishram chided himself, still resolute. The crackle came again. Vishram was shaken. He did not look yet, but halted in his step. The crackling stopped also. Vishram started walking again—the crackle also recommenced, measured and definite. Who could it be, trampling on the leaves? Vishram cast a look round——

He froze. "Golden tiger—that's what they call him," he mumbled soundlessly to himself. His eyes grew glassy. He tried to call upon god but failed. "Vithi", was all he could say in a quivering whisper. What was he?—nobody, a cipher, without

means of protection—neither weapons, nor power, nor learning—nor money. For with any of these he would not have needed to be there at all.

"God bless you, Vithi; he alone knows what is in His mind—"

Vishram felt his legs giving under him. He was about to collapse when the tiger came and stood right before him. Vishram too did stand! The tiger fixed him with his gaze. Vishram also looked at him steadily trying to hold himself together, summoning all his powers, latent and unknown.

The tiger stood still, surveying him. And then he lowered his head. Then he raised it again and closed his eyes. The king of the forest. The flow of muscles suggestive of power—enough power to eat up half-a-dozen such as Vishram. Yet he would not look Vishram steadily in the eye. He kept closing his eyelids and then looking right and left, his legs rooted to the ground. For, to whom is the fear of life unknown?

Vishram stood equally still not even blinking, his eyes. He had suddenly become aware of strength within him, and was now ready to outstare the tiger.

The first shaft of the sun struck the hillock to Vishram's right. Vishram made mental obeisance to the sun. Then, without moving his eyes from the tiger he began to walk backward step by step.

The distance between them increased. Vishram did not blink; his glance, steady, powerful, fiery; the tiger did not move!

Aware of a shrub by his side and the hope of shelter behind it, Vishram kept continuously falling back. Bit by bit he climbed up the slope of a little mound. The sun had risen clear, and one could feel the heat.

After a long while the tiger woke as if from a trance. With an angry growl he made a leap of 30 cubits and disappeared into thick jungle.

Vishram was safe. No weapons, no power—one torn shoulder-cloth, a dirty *dhoti*, a frail thumbstick and bare feet—and a pair of eyes, only eyes.

He had not even a pair of shoes to save, nothing but his master's letter.

* * *

All that is very well. But what I want from you is this. How do those flowers live and why?

(*Translated from Marathi*)

June 10, 1949

DREAMS OF HISTORY

G. Sankara Kurup

Behold! the wan and weary sickle moon
Once more, in yonder corner of the west,
Along the scudding cloud-banks' fringes creep,
And with a pale-red frontier line proclaim
The petty kingdom of its own pale light,
Deaf to the message of the waking storm
That shall earth's narrow barriers all destroy,
Blind to the starry souls that from the sky
Gaze down upon the world and see it One!

In Agra where beneath wrecked hopes and dreams—
Wrecked by the mighty march of history—
Entomb'd he lay, great Akbar startled woke
From sleep of centuries, and murmured thus:
"Ah! I proclaim'd God's Oneness, seeing it
In pages of fanatics' holy books,
But fail'd to find and prove *Man's* Oneness in
The Red of Blood, the Bitterness of Tears."

The wearied eyelids closed and on them fell
Sigh-blown, two petals from a scarlet rose
Like blood drops that from India's forehead drip,
When in the heat of fratricidal strife
The knife smites it. And Yamuna darkly flowed,
And swallowed, in each eddy, sorrow's lump,
As she saw shrines and mosques, and many a town
And village that Hindu with Muslim built
And prosperous made, turn culture's funeral pyre,
And burn in fire of hate 'twixt faith and faith.

In Delhi, in a coffin, sadly woke
Aurangzeb, and raked his memory.
Night holding in her hand the rosary
Of starry beads saw him and pallid turned:
Who could he be? And in those eyes that wet
The tomb with tears of contrition what change!

The victor great, Aurangzeb, had wound
His string of beads about his sceptre's head,

And twisted it so hard, the sacred string
Was awful to behold, and reeked of blood
And tears, until the sceptre itself crack'd.
He was a hero to his finger-tips,
Devout to inmost depth of his deep heart,
A son who from his royal father's hand—
Hand that with doubt and love and sorrow shook—
The golden sceptre seized, and lived to see
His empire crash to naught before his eyes,
Fade out a mighty dream of history.

The Emperor his tear-dewed eyes shut tight.
And like a smile sardonic on the mien
Of firmament, a sudden meteor flashed!

In Poona, too, upon an ancient pyre
Two eyes did dimly see a sorry sight:
"Glows still the dream of Hindu Sovereign sway
The destinies of history despite?
I could not bear to see the Muslim wear
On his high head the sovereign's crown. Nor could
Time brook the blood I shed to build the base
Whereon to rear imperial Hindu rule."

His tearful eyes Sivaji shut and opened
What time, in silence, listened to his words
The ambient hills with heads uplifted high.

"Dividing thoughts,—they are of darkness born.
Could true light bear to see such barriers live?
If but the rays reflecting Truth that's one
Remember would what vital kinship's theirs,
And each the other would in embrace hold,
And spreading sweetness such, a new Dawn broke!"

What time the silence of the sky caressed
These lovely thoughts, and sat unmovingly,
In Delhi, Punjab, Srinagar there rode
A wind, with smell of blood heavy, that licked
The heaps of corpses rotting in their streets.

And, as that evil wind, with freezing touch
Benumbing history itself, blew round,
The mighty bard of Bengal in whom lived
A deathless love for mankind, raised, from death's
Soft lap, his face with silver beard so fair,

And gazing round with eyes that blossomed big
Touched by pure rays of Beauty and of Truth,
His voice resounding 'gainst the eastern Sea's
Monotonous chant, thus did a new song sing!
"Pure Soul who taught love's language to the world
Oh! Father of our Nation, us forgive.
The prison-house that our dear country was,
Reeked of decaying culture's poisoned breath;
In thraldom's dungeon dark where breaks no light,
Our land lay rotting, when behold! thou didst
Unlock it with *Ahimsa's* golden key.
But freed, that poisoned breath its venom spread.
But our great land with thine own spirit's strength
Endued, shall this survive; and there will come
A time when India shall, before the world's
Astonished gaze, alone, the Orient lead;
The Light that rose from Rajghat's funeral pyre
Shall in the coming age the world illume."
And as the dawn of India's freedom built
A halo round the poet's noble head
The ocean waves in joy took up his song
And dancing sang it in a hundred tunes.

October 1948

(Translated from Malayalam By K. S. Anantha Subramony)



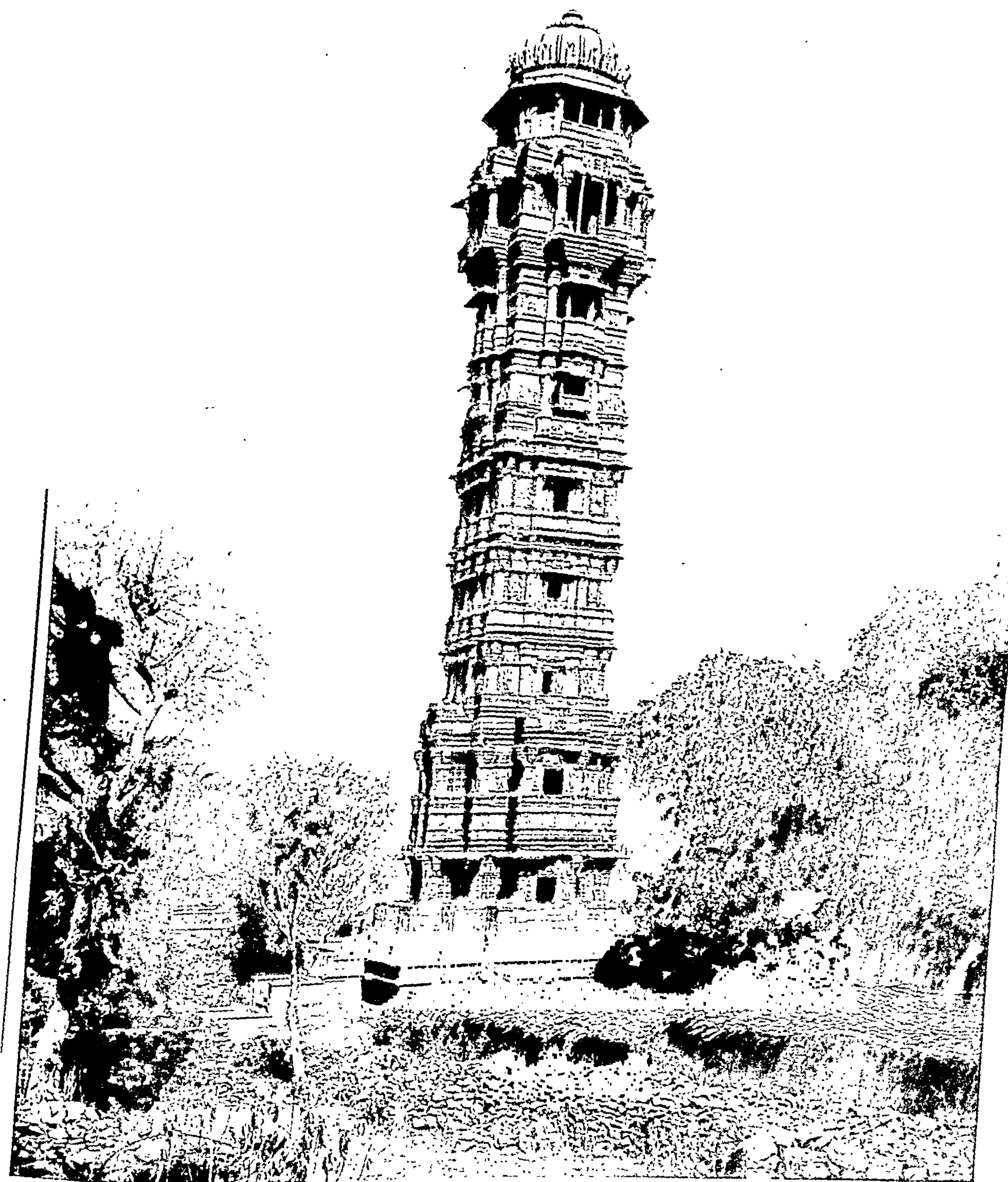


PLATE LXXV

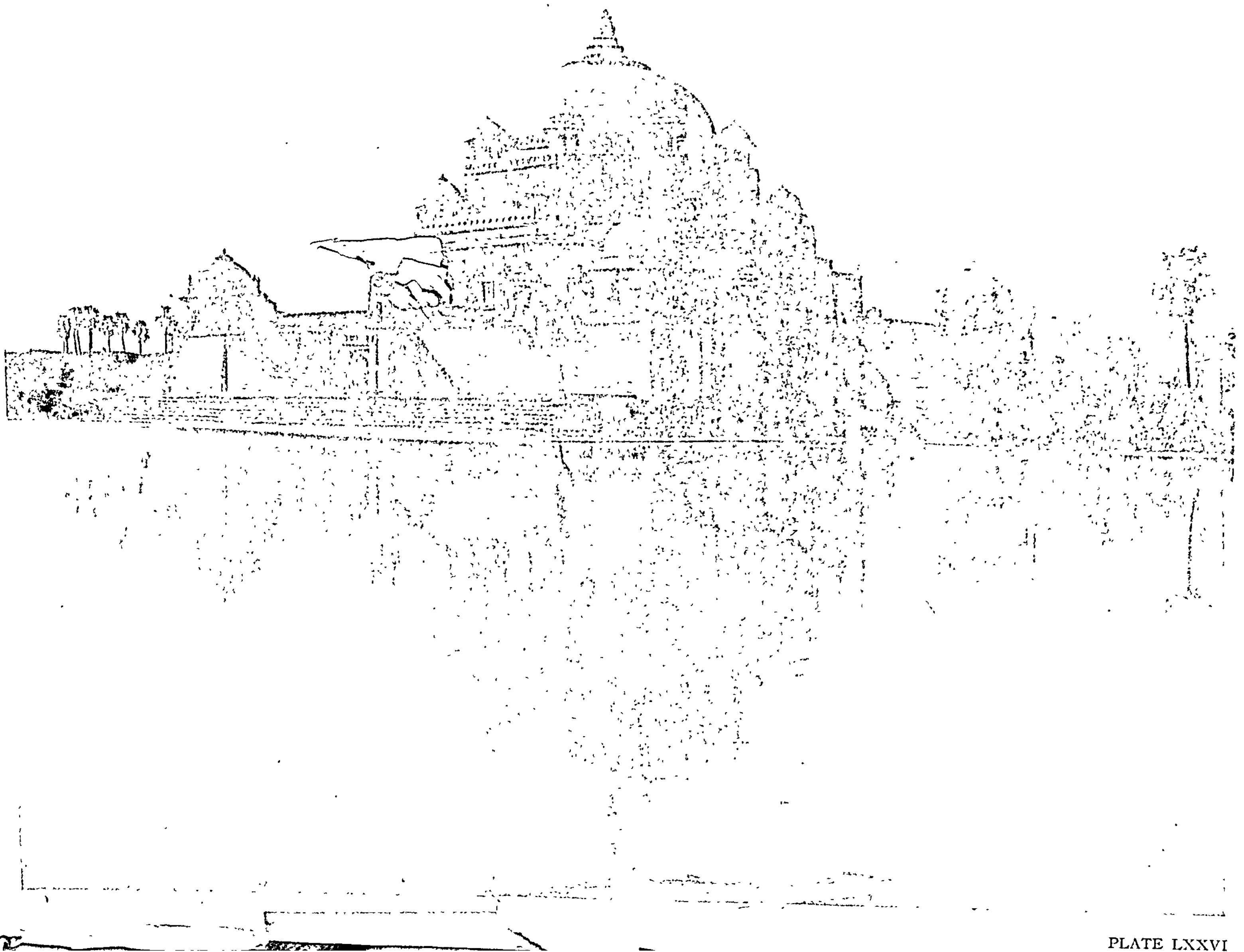


PLATE LXXVI

NEHRU CHRONOLOGY

NOVEMBER 14, 1889.	Born in Allahabad.
MAY 1905.	Left for England. Entered Harrow.
OCTOBER 1907.	Joined Trinity College, Cambridge.
1910.	Took Natural Science Tripos with Second Class Honours.
1912.	Called to the Bar.
	Returned to India.
	Visited Patna Congress as delegate.
1916.	First meeting with Gandhiji, Lucknow Congress.
	Married Shrimati Kamla Kaul.
1918.	Became member, All-India Congress Committee.
MAY, 1922.	Imprisoned for the first time, during the Prince of Wales's visit.
AUGUST 1922.	Released.
OCTOBER 1922	Imprisoned again for 'intimidating' foreign cloth dealers.
JANUARY 1923.	Released.
1923.	Elected Secretary, All-India Congress Committee.
	Imprisoned in Nabha jail for remaining in the State against the orders of the Resident.
1926-1927.	Congress delegate to the Anti-Imperialist Conference at Brussels.
	Travelled in Italy, Switzerland, England, Belgium, Germany and Russia.
NOVEMBER 1927.	Visited Moscow during the tenth anniversary celebrations of the Russian Revolution.
DECEMBER 1927.	Moved resolutions on Independence, War Danger, and association with the League against Imperialism at the meeting of the Indian National Congress at Madras and got them passed.
	Elected Secretary of the Congress.
1929.	Got the All-India Congress Committee to accept the U. P. C. C.'s Socialist programme, which he had sponsored three years earlier.
	Elected President of the Indian National Congress, Lahore.
	Published *Letters from a Father to His Daughter.*
	Persuaded Congress to pass his Independence Resolution, to change the Congress Constitution.
APRIL 1930.	Sentenced to six months' imprisonment for the Salt *Satyagraha.*
OCTOBER 1930.	Released from Prison.
	Re-arrested after attending a Peasants' Conference at Allahabad.
JANUARY 26, 1930.	Released.
FEBRUARY 6, 1931.	Death of Pandit Motilal Nehru.
1931.	Drafted resolution on economic policy, for the Karachi Congress, which is still the Congress creed.
DECEMBER 26, 1931.	Arrested during the agrarian trouble in the U. P. and sentenced to two years' rigorous imprisonment.

AUGUST 30, 1933.	Discharged from prison on account of mother's serious illness.
1934.	Toured Bihar after the earthquake and organized relief for sufferers.
FEBRUARY 16, 1934.	Sentenced to two years' imprisonment for 'seditious' speech in Calcutta.
AUGUST 11, 1934.	Released on eleven days' parole to visit Kamla Nehru during her serious illness.
	Published *Glimpses of World History.*
SEPTEMBER 4, 1935.	Released from prison because of Kamla Nehru's critical condition.
FEBRUARY 25, 1936.	Death of Kamla Nehru.
APRIL 1936.	Publication of *Autobiography.*
DECEMBER 1936.	Elected President of the Indian National Congress for the second time.
1937.	Again elected President of the Indian National Congress.
JULY 1938.	Visited Spain during the civil war and met Republican leaders.
1939.	Visited Ceylon and China.
1940.	Imprisoned during individual *Satyagraha,* following the outbreak of the Second World War.
1941.	Released before expiry of the term of imprisonment.
AUGUST 1942.	Arrested for the ninth (and the last) time, after the passage of "Quit India" Resolution at the A. I. C. C. session in Bombay.
JUNE 1945.	Released.
1945.	Organized Defence Council for the officers and men of the Indian National Army.
MARCH 1946.	Published *Discovery of India.*
JULY 1946.	Became President of the Indian National Congress for the fourth time.
SEPTEMBER 1946.	Joined the Interim Government as Member for External Affairs and Commonwealth Relations, and was nominated Vice-President of the Executive Council.
MARCH 1947.	Sponsored the Asian Relations' Conference, New Delhi.
AUGUST 15, 1947.	Partition of India and Pakistan.
	Became Prime Minister of India and Minister for External Affairs, Commonwealth Relations and Scientific Research.
JUNE 1948.	Inaugurated the third session of the U. N. Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East at Ootacamund.
OCTOBER 1948.	Attended the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, which led to the continued membership of Republican India in the Commonwealth, no longer *British* but with the King as symbolical head.
NOVEMBER 3, 1948.	Addressed a special session of the United Nations General Assembly in Paris.
APRIL 1949.	Attended Dominion Prime Ministers' conference.
OCTOBER 11, 1949.	Arrived in the U. S. A. on a triumphal good-will tour of the country, and was received by President Truman and his Cabinet at the airport in Washington.
OCTOBER 13, 1949.	Addressed the U. S. Congress, pledging India to work for "liberty, justice and peace."
OCTOBER 19, 1949.	Addressed the Trusteeship Committee of the General Assembly of the United Nations.
OCTOBER 24, 1949.	Addressed joint session of both the houses of Canadian Parliament.
NOVEMBER 14, 1949.	Celebrated completion of his sixtieth year.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE VOLUME

(*These biographical notes of contributors are arranged in the order in which their contributions appear in the Volume*—Editors).

APPRECIATIONS

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. Governor-General of India. Lawyer, politician and author, he is acknowledged to be one of the acutest minds in the country. For thirty years one of the principal participants on the political stage of India.

VALLABHBHAI PATEL. Affectionately known as the *Sardar*, trusted lieutenant of Mahatma Gandhi, Father of the Nation. Deputy Prime Minister, in charge of the Home, States and Information and Broadcasting Ministries of the Government of India. Elder statesman of the country.

RAJENDRA PRASAD. President, Constituent Assembly of India. Former President, Indian National Congress. Elder statesman. Author of *India Divided* and several books in English and Hindi dealing with India's freedom fight. Humanist.

TRIBUTES

ÉAMON DE VALÉRA. Irish revolutionary and patriot. Former Prime Minister of Eire. President of the Assembly of the League of Nations, 1938. Friend of India.

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UPTON SINCLAIR. World-famous writer and Pulitzer Prizeman. Author of *Money Writes*, *Marie Antoinette*, *Dragon's Teeth*, *Dragon Harvest* and *A World to Win.*

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ANNA KAMENSKY. Russian refugee-teacher. [illegible]askrit in India. Translated the *Gita* into French and Russian. President of the Swiss Theosophical Lodge.

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WILLIAM NUNN. British parliamentarian. Adviser on Customs and Excise, Siamese Government, 1909-24.

K. M. PANIKKAR. Indian Ambassador to China since 1948. Former Editor of *Hindustan Times*, New Delhi, and Foreign Minister of Patiala and Prime Minister of Bikaner, and India's Delegate to the Pacific Relations Conference, 1942, and the U.N.O. General Assembly, 1947. Author of numerous books on Indian history and sociology.

ULLA ALM-LINDSTRÖM. Swedish woman journalist and editor. Special Adviser on Housing to the Swedish Government Department of Trade. Member of Swedish Delegation to the U.N.O. General Assembly.

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of the All-Bengal Peasants' Party. President of first session of All-India Students Congress. Member of the Third General Conference of the U. N. E. S. C. O.

STUART CHASE. American economist and author. Consulting expert to the U. S. A. National Resources Committee, 1934, the Resettlement Administration, 1936, and the Securities and Exchange Commission, 1939.

SHEIKH MOHAMMAD ABDULLAH. Prime Minister of Jammu and Kashmir Government. Launched the *Quit Kashmir* Movement in 1946. Founder of Kashmir National Conference. Member, Indian Delegation to the U. N. O., 1948.

R. G. CAVELL. Canadian businessman and author. Captain in the Cavalry Branch of the Indian Army, and spent fourteen years in India. Chairman of the National Executive of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, and Chairman of the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs.

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RAVISHANKAR SHUKLA. Premier of the C.P. and Berar. Sponsored the *Vidya Mandir* scheme, 1937. Founder of the *Nagpur Times.*

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MURIEL LESTER. British Social Worker. Founder of the Kingsley Hall for the service of the poorer people of the East End of London. Friend and host of Mahatma Gandhi. Visited India several times and travelled extensively all over the world. Author of *My Host the Hindu* and *Entertaining Gandhiji.*

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JAWAHARLAL NEHRU : A STUDY IN BIOGRAPHY

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SPECIAL ARTICLES

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V. VENKATESWARA SASTRULU. Head of the well-known Telugu publishing firm, Vavilla Ramaswami Sastrulu and Sons, which had done yeoman service to Telugu language and literature, and Telugu scholar. One of the founders of Andhra Chamber of Commerce. Editor, *Trilinga* (Telugu Weekly) and *Federated India* (English Weekly).

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LAXMAN SHASTRI JOSHI. *Tarkateerth.* A *pandit* among *pandits* and a radical humanist among thinkers. Editor of *Dharmakosh*, and one of the prominent members of *Dharma Nirnaya Mandala.*

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MOTI CHANDRA. Authority on Indian Art and Archæology. Curator, Art Section, Prince of Wales Museum, Bombay. Published many papers on Indian costumes in the *Bharatiya Vidya*, Bombay, 1938, and in the *Journal of the Indian Society of Oriental Art.* Author of *Geographical and Economic Studies in the Mahabharata, Jain Miniature Painting in Western India*, and *Technique of Mughal Painting.*

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RAVISHANKAR M. RAVAL. Artist and painter. Former editor of *Kumar*, a journal of art and education. Former President of the Art Section of Gujerat *Sahitya Parishad*, Karachi, the Provincial Artists' Conference, Bombay, and the Art Society of India, Bombay. Vice-President, All-India Association of Fine Arts, and Chairman, *Bharat Kala Mandal*, Bombay.

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DEVENDRA SATYARTHI. Writer of short-stories and articles in English, Urdu, Panjabi and Hindi. Has made a special study of Indian folk songs. Travelled all over India and recorded thousands of songs in more than fifty languages and dialects. Editor in the publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India.

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INDIAN LETTERS

ADIVI BAPIRAJU. Well-known Telugu poet, artist and sculptor. Former Principal, National College, Masulipatam, and Editor, *Meezan* (Telugu Daily) of Hyderabad, Deccan. Author of *Narayana Rao, Tufan, Himabindu, Gona Ganna Reddy*, and *Tolakari.*

BUDDHADEVA BOSE. Journalist and author. Founder-Editor of the Bengali quarterly, *Kavita.* Author of over eighty volumes in Bengali, including poetry, fiction and criticism.

V. N. BHUSHAN. Poet in the English language, and writer. Principal and Professor of English, Bhavan's College, Bombay. Former Professor of English, Maharajah's College, Bikaner, and Wadia College, Poona. Published a large number of books, which include poetry and plays.

MULK RAJ ANAND. Well-known Indian author, novelist, art critic and journalist. Editor, *Mārg* Magazine, which is devoted to the arts. Leverhulme Fellow for research in Hindusthani literature. Author of the internationally-known *Coolie* and *Persian Art*.

"BONOPHUL." Pen-name of B. C. Mukherji, Bengali novelist and poet. Clinical pathologist by profession. Author of scores of books in the Bengali language.

N. S. PHADKE. Veteran educationist and man of letters. Founder of the Marathi magazine, *Ratnakara* and Editor, *Zankara*. Former President, All-Maharashtra Literary Conference. Prolific writer of books in Marathi. His English works include *Leaves in August Wind*, *Sex Problems in India* and *Birth Pangs of New Kashmir*.

K. S. KARANTH. Kannada author, novelist and playwright. Editor of *Kannada Dictionary*, and three volumes of *Kannada Encyclopædia for Children*. Author of *Maralinannige* (novel) and several plays.

"KALKI." Pen name for R. Krishnamurty. Editor of *Kalki*, popular Tamil literary monthly. Former personal secretary of Sri C. Rajagopalachari, and Assistant Editor of *Vimochanam* and Associate Editor of *Anandavikatan*. Author of several novels and short stories in Tamil. Secretary of the Tamil Academy.

V. K. GOKAK. Educationist and poet. Principal of Rajaram College, Kolhapur. Former President, Karnatak Poets' and Educational conference. Author in Kannada of *Song of Life* (lyrics), *Ijjodu* (novel), *Yugantara* (drama), and *Samudradache* (travel).

PREMA KANTAK. Well-known woman writer and politician. Founder of Sasawad *Gandhi Ashram*. Constructive worker of the Maharashtra Congress. Author of *Prasad-Deeksha* (the letters sent to her by Mahatma Gandhi), *Kam aur Kamini* (novel), and *Satyagrahi Maharashtra*.

B. S. MARDHEKAR. Marathi poet. Former Station Director, All-India Radio and Editor, *Indian Listener*. Author of *Shishir Agam*, *Ratreecha Diwas* (novel) and *Kanhee Kavita* (surrealistic poetry) in Marathi, and *Arts and Man* (English).

A. SRINIVASA RAGHAVAN. Noted Tamil *litterateur*. Head of the Department of English, Vivekananda College, Madras. Editor of *Chintanai* (Tamil monthly), and Associate Editor of *Triveni* (English monthly). Author in Tamil of *Avan Amaran* and *Nizhelgal* (Plays), and *Malkatru* (essays).

BHIBHUTI BHUSHAN BANERJI. Well-known poet and novelist of Bengal. President of the *Prabasi Bangiya Sahitya Sabha*, 1945. Author of many publications, which include *Pather Panchack*, *Aparajita*, *Aranyaka* etc.

VYLOPILLIL SREEDHARA MENON. Educationist and well-known Malayalam Poet. Member, Cultural Committee of the Pan Kerala Literary Academy. Honoured by Madras Government for his poetical work, *Kanni Korthu* (First Harvest).

VAMAN CHORGHADE. Marathi short-story writer and author. Professor of Navabharat College, Wardha. One of the editors of a *Hindusthani Dictionary*. Author of *Sushama*, *Havan*, *Prasthan*, and *Patheya*.

G. SANKARA KURUP. A poet of Kerala. Lecturer, Maharajah's College, Ernakulam, and Editor of the journal of the Pan-Kerala Literary Academy. Former Editor of *Kairalee*. Author of *Sahitya Kantukam*, *Visalhari*, and *Suryakanthi*.

ARTISTS IN THE VOLUME

ABANINDRANATH TAGORE. The first outstanding, and for long dominating figure in the renaissance of art in India, and "the fountain-head of aesthetic awakening of the nation in every branch of life." Collector, student, exponent and teacher of Indian Art, artist, leader of a new art movement, essayist, author and lecturer, a brilliant *recontenr* and an attractive personality, Abanindranath stands alone in his eminence. Receiving his early training in art under European teachers and in the Western academic style, he was later attracted and influenced by indigenous traditions, as also Chinese and Japanese painting. Amongst his best known pictures are the 'Krishna Lila' series, 'Queen Tishyarakshita and the Bodhi Tree,' portraits of Devendranath, Dwijendranath and Rabindranath Tagore, 'Death of Shahjahan,' illustrations of Gitanjali, Omar Khayyam and the Arabian Nights, the Darjeeling series, the 'playmate' series, the 'Krishnamangal' series, and The Last Journey. Was the Bagishwari Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Calcutta, and, for some years after the death of Rabindranath Tagore, President of the Visvabharati." Now lives in retirement in a Calcutta suburb. No album of his paintings is available, but the Abanindra Number of the Visvabharati Quarterly provides a representative selection.

GAGANENDRANATH TAGORE. Somewhat overshadowed by his younger brother Abanindranath, Gaganendranath who was an artist of outstanding merit, although the variety, richness and gusto of his experiments in various styles can be confusing. A man of wide culture and great personal charm, Gaganendranath was one of the founders of the Indian Society of Oriental Art, and its first Secretary. His work may be divided into the period of Japanese influence (and of the exquisite gold backgrounds), of the water colour paintings of rural Bengal and of Puri, of the Himalayan sketches, of the brilliant series of Sri Chaitanya pictures, of the caricatures of Indian life, and of the very original experiments in 'cubism.' These last as also the caricatures, some of which are of devastating quality, deserve to be much better known than they are.

NANDALAL BOSE. Distinguished disciple of Abanindranath, ("there can be no greater honour for me"), collaborator of Rabindranath in the Visvabharati, Director of the *Kala Bhavan* Santiniketan, Nandalal Bose has been the inspiration of art students from all over India and abroad, and always commanded their affection and respect. His paintings of classical and mythological subjects provide a remarkable palingenesis, and yet are truly original. His frescoes at the *Cheena Bhavan* in Santiniketan and the *Kirtimandir* in Baroda, his Buddhist and Siva paintings, illustrations of Rabindranath's books, pictures of common life and of the Santhals, his landscapes, his postcards, his remarkable series of folk paintings for the Haripura Congress, his decorative and ornamental work, design and *decor* offer a variety and vigour matching his Masters. "Line is his *metier* and there is nothing that he cannot do with it." A man of simple and austere habits, few words and great personal integrity, his life has been influenced by Ramakrishna, Rabindranath, Mahatma Gandhi and Sri Aurobindo. A book of his brief essays and conversations on art has been published by the Visvabharati under the name *Silpakatha*.

RAMENDRANATH CHAKRAVORTY. Taking his art training at the Government School of Art, Calcutta and the *Kalabhavan*, Santiniketan, Ramendranath Chakravorty visited London and Paris for study. He has exhibited his work in England and on the Continent. He was deputed by the Government of India to represent and organise an exhibition of Modern Art during the UNESCO-month celebrations (at the International Exhibition of Modern Art, Paris, 1946). Was head of the Art Department, Delhi Polytechnic, for some time and is now the Principal,

Government School of Art, Calcutta. Though he has worked in various media, etching is his *forte*. He has published several volumes of these.

RAMKINKAR. Took his art training at the *Kalabhavan*, Santiniketan, where he has been teaching art since 1925. His work is characterised by its freshness and vigour. As a sculptor his work executed in cement concrete as well as stone is both massive and modern; its elemental vigour, often running into strange shapes, characterises his essential outlook and execution. Little exhibited, his work is known through casual prints, but is respected by critics and connoisseurs.

KRIPAL SINGH SHEKHAWAT. Took his art training under Sri Bhoor Singh Shekhawat of Pilani, in Jaipur. After a year at the Lucknow Art School he went to Santiniketan, where he is now an art instructor. Kripalsingh has shown a special aptitude for the characteristic technique of mediaeval Indian art and *fresco*. "His brush and miniature work, wood engraving and graphic art claim special admiration."

RATHIN MAITRA. Took his early training at the Government School of Art, Calcutta, specialising in portrait painting. Took a prominent part in the formation of the 'Calcutta Group.' Is now teaching at the Government School of Art, Calcutta.

GOPAL GHOSE. Also a member of the Calcutta Group, Gopal Ghose took his art training in Jaipur and Madras, and also drew inspiration from Abanindranath Tagore and Nandalal Bose. "An intensely moving colour and a line in quest of speed and transformation are the main elements of his pictures." Gopal Ghose is now a lecturer on art at the Shibpur Engineering College. An album of his drawings has been published.

JAGANNATH AHIVASI. Coming originally from Mathura, where his father was a temple musician, Ahivasi is steeped in the Vaishnava tradition. Left a job as a drawing master to take art training at the Sir J. J. School of Art in Bombay, whence he qualified in 1926 winning a gold medal, followed by nemerous other medals and distinctions. Has held several exhibitions and done mural work on commission by the Government of India. The painting 'Departure of Mira' was presented by the Government of India to China.

K. K. HEBBAR. Starting with the painting of toys as a hobby, Hebbar took his art training at the Chamarajendra Technical Institute in Mysore, at the Sri Dandavati Mutt, and at the J. J. School of Art, Bombay, where he specialised in mural painting. Hebbar who is now Art Master at this school and is at present on a study tour of the European continent on a Government fellowship. Has won the gold medal of the Bombay Art Society and exhibited his work both in India and abroad.

BABU HERUR. Trained at the Sir J. J. School of Art, Bombay, Babu Herur has come to be known not so much by his output, which has been rather meagre, but by the quality of his paintings, the vitality of his craftmanship and the 'integrated outlook on life' evinced in his paintings. His series on the 1942 Movement and essays into folk forms are well-known.

SHIAVAX CHAVDA. Studied art at the Sir J. J. School of Art, Bombay, and at the Slade School, London, under Prof. Randolf Schwabe taking a diploma in Fine Arts. Spent a year in Paris studying at the Academie de la Grande Chaumiere. Chavda's favourite medium is tempera, though he has used other media and also executed powerful bas-reliefs.

PRADOSH DAS GUPTA. Graduating from the Calcutta University in 1932, Prodosh Das Gupta received his first training in modelling and sculpture under the guidance of Sri H. Roy Chowdhury and Sri Debiprasad Roy Chowdhury at Lucknow and Madras. Went abroad on an University fellowship, and studied at the Royal Academy of Arts under W. Macmillan, R. A. and Sir William Dick, R. A.

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In this section an attempt is made to bring together in alphabetical and chronological order, books and articles by and on Pandit Nehru in English and in the principal Indian languages. A recent book of the Publications Division of the Government of India, entitled Independence and After, *has brought together the principal official speeches of Pandit Nehru, in particular from September* 1946, *when he first assumed office, till May* 1949.

The Committee acknowledge with thanks the assistance received in compiling this bibliography from the authorities of the British Museum, London; the Library of the U. S. A. *Congress, Washington, D. C.; the Library, Columbia University, New York; the British Information Services, through the National Library, Calcutta; the Central Library, Baroda; the Library of the Banaras Hindu University, Banaras; the Library of the Calcutta University, Calcutta; and the Editor of* Indian Librarian, *Simla.*

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N. B:—For texts of the above, please refer to the issues of leading Indian Dailies, or the *Times*, London, around the dates shown against each item.

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